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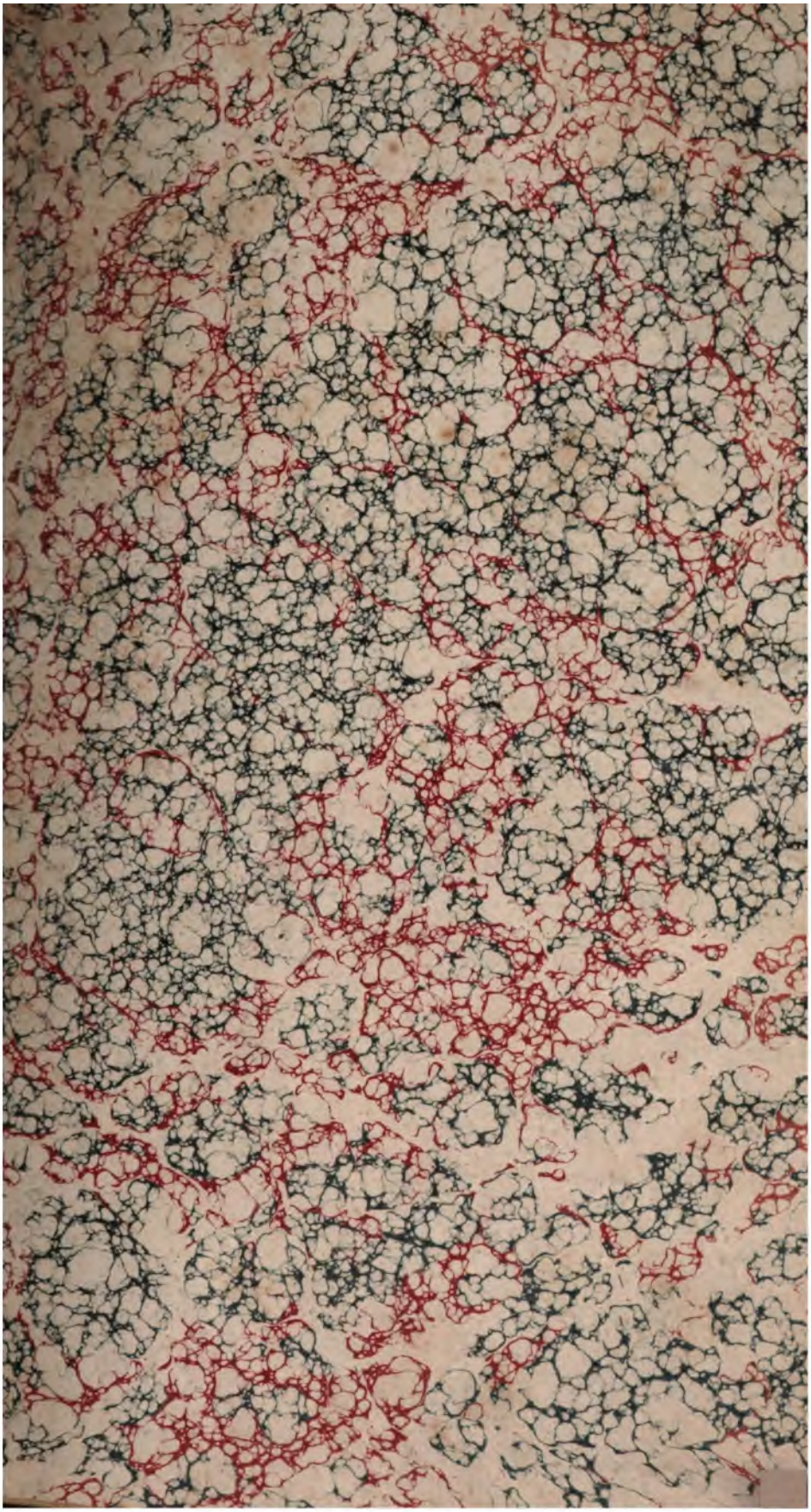

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COMPLETE WORKS

OF

LORD BYRON,

REPRINTED FROM THE LAST LONDON EDITION,

CONTAINING BESIDES THE

Notes and Illustrations

BY

MOORE, WALTER SCOTT, CAMPBELL, JEFFREY, EGERTON BRYDGES, WILSON, HOBHOUSE, DALLAS, HUNT, MILMAN, LOCKHART, BOWLES, HEBER, MEDWIN, GAMBA, CROLY, UGO FOSCOLO, ELLIS, KENNEDY, PARRY, STANHOPE, GALT, NATHAN, LADY BLESSINGTON, MRS. SHELLEY, ETC.

CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS AND ORIGINAL NOTES;

WITH

A MOST COMPLETE INDEX;

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A LIFE,

BY HENRY LYTTON BULWER.

IN ONE VOLUME.

PARIS

PUBLISHED BY A. AND W. GALIGNANI AND C°.

18, RUE VIVIENNE.

1837.

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Advertisement.

The Publishers, in adding this splendid Volume to the great Standard Works of English Literature, feel it but justice to themselves to state that it is the most complete and perfect edition of the Works of Lord Byron ever submitted to the attention of the Public.

By the kindness of several of the noble Poet's friends, which Messrs. Galignani beg leave here most gratefully to acknowledge, they have been personally favoured with numerous pieces, stanzas, and fragments, the product of his pen, never before published, and with a variety of interesting and curious notes, now also given to the public for the first time; to which are added a series of important critical annotations, which they have been enabled to collect from other authentic sources. The genuine admirer of Byron will estimate the value of these augmentations by the simple fact that they comprise many hundred lines of the Poet's composition, which are not, it is unnecessary to add, to be found in ANY OTHER EDITION EXTANT, not excepting the last published in London in seventeen volumes. That nothing may be wanting to render the present volume worthy the fame of the author, a Sketch of his Life is prefixed, from the pen of Henry Lytton Bulwer, whose name is a sufficient guarantee for the manner in which this portion of the work is executed.

The general order of the London Edition above alluded to has been strictly copied, except that the *Miscellaneous Poems*, for the greater convenience of the reader, have been placed together at the end of the volume, where they will be found each under its respective date. With this exception, which it is trusted will be found a desirable improvement, the works are arranged thoughout the Volume in chronological order, with the time, place, and circumstances—the history, as it were—of each composition adjoined, presenting a species of autobiography as true as it is curious and interesting—a mirror in which the Poet's mind is reflected under every aspect—in its grandeur and its weakness, in its gaiety and gloom—now radiant with hope and happiness, now darkening under the sense of unmerited wrong, and--still harder to be borne

> By haughty souls, to human honour tied—
> The sharp convulsive pang of agonizing pride.

The sources which supplied the ample biographical, critical, and historical notes of the London Edition, textually copied and embodied in the present volume, are thus referred to by the Editor of that work:—"Important details have been derived, partly from a private volume of his Lordship's Diaries and Letters (to which as yet in MS. the Editor had access), and partly from the information of his surviving friends. The writings of Mr. Moore and Sir John Cam Hobhouse, the *Conversations* published by the Countess of Blessington, with the various Memoirs, Sketches, and Essays, of which the noble author was the subject, by Walter Scott, Campbell, Jeffrey, Egerton Brydges, Wilson, Milman, Lockhart, Bowles, Heber, Croly, Hunt, Dallas, Medwin, Gamba,

Ugo Foscolo, Ellis, Kennedy, Parry, Stanhope, Galt, Nathan, Mrs. Shelley, etc., have been patiently consulted;—in fine, every page, however fugitive, which could throw a light upon an ambiguous passage, or in any manner mark the graduations of the Poet's genius towards that sublime pre-eminence it ultimately attained, has been carefully sought out, and incorporated in the copious notes of this edition. Besides the information thus furnished, the critical reader will find that the same process has supplied a rich store of various readings, many of them curious and not a few important. With these aids, several passages are now rendered intelligible by the substitution of names for initials or asterisks, and the addition of explanatory notes. Some splendid fragments which the author had rejected after having written, or at least never embodied in his poems, are in this edition appended to *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan*: certain complete Stanzas are now also for the first time subjoined, which Lord Byron was induced to withhold from the world only by tenderness for individuals now beyond the reach of satire."—The additional illustrations given in the Edition now offered to the Public are marked with the initials P. E. (Paris Editor).

It is felt that it would be an idle superfluity to allude in this place to the merits of particular Poems, splendidly illustrated as they all are in the following pages by the leading writers of the epoch in critical literature. Without therefore trespassing unnecessarily upon the attention of the Reader, the Publishers resign the volume to his hands, with the most perfect confidence that the claim of superiority which they here unhesitatingly assert for it will be amply supported by a reference to its pages, and that the present will be acknowledged as the most complete, or, they may be permitted to say, the only complete edition of the Works of Byron ever given to the world.

Lord Byron's controversy with Bowles, and his other Productions in Prose, are included in this volume.

The Index has been arranged with scrupulous and careful attention, and will be found in all respects the most perfect and comprehensive that has yet been published of Lord Byron's Works.

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The Life of Lord Byron,

BY HENRY LYTTON BULWER.

I.

It is now nearly fifteen years ago since, on a summer holiday's evening, I used to climb up to Harrow's old and venerable church-yard; amidst the humble monuments of which I would seek one humbler than the rest, and amidst the mournful yews of which I would seek the most mournful—(its trunk was withered, and some of its boughs were broken down)—for on that monument the pencil of Byron had traced lines religiously preserved—for under that yew-tree, if there be any truth in school-boy legend, Byron, albeit a stirring-minded stripling, would oftentimes meditatingly court a yet-unwilling Muse.

Oh! how well do I, even now, remember the kind of awful melancholy with which, in those twilight reveries, I would mantle our Poet's youth! how devotedly I looked upon, how fondly I lingered over, each little knoll and nook sacred to the romantic memory of the bard, who, himself a mystery, was then pursuing on far-distant shores that mysterious career, which excited almost as much of the marvel as of the admiration of his countrymen.

Little did I deem, at that time, that it would be my fate to share the intimacy of his nearest relatives and dearest friends—to hear of him from some whom he left, from others whom he never ceased to love; to stand, amidst strange faces and warlike garbs, on the very spot where a few weeks before he had breathed his last, as I once did—or to write his life for a foreign people, in a foreign land, as I am now doing.

Lord Byron was born in Holles Street, London, Jan. 22, 1788, and appeared at that time, however noble the blood in his veins, to be destined for the humbler walks of life. (1)

His mother, Miss Gordon, was a small heiress, the only daughter of a Mr. Gordon of Gight; and Captain Byron, his father, was a spendthrift gentleman, who married, as some eloquent Scotch rhymer of the day was obliging enough to prognosticate, for the purpose of

"Squandering the lands of Gight awa."

This indeed, to do him justice, he did so effectually as, in a very short time, to leave his lady with her liberty (a boon which he cheerfully restored), and but 150*l.* a-year to enjoy it upon. On such an income Mrs. Byron, not able to indulge in many of the extravagances, was likely even to want some of the necessaries, of what is called genteel existence: and to this poverty of his earlier years the passion which Lord Byron subsequently testified for fashion and fine people is to be traced.

Poor Byron's first misfortune, and the one which haunted him most bitterly during after-life, was that twist of the foot at his birth, which occasioned a deformity, singularly enough the characteristic of four of the most remarkable persons of our time—Sir Walter Scott, Marshal Soult, Monsieur de Talleyrand, and the author of *Childe Harold!*

Our deepest feelings are generally developed by misfortunes; nor is any misfortune so likely to have a lasting influence upon the character as one the sense of which must always be recurring. To the slight deformity he was born with, Lord Byron, even at the earliest age, seems to have been moodily sensible.

(1) He received the name of George Byron Gordon, in consequence of a condition imposed by the will of his maternal ancestor. The late Duke of Gordon was his godfather.

Our poet's pedigree was doubly Norman; for the Gordons, though an old Scottish family, are of French extraction; and his father was sprung from those Byrons who came over with the Conqueror. In Doomsday Book the name of Ralf de Burun ranks high among the tenants of land in Nottinghamshire; and in the succeeding reigns, under the title of Lords of Horestan Castle, we find his descendants holding considerable possessions in Derbyshire, to which afterwards, in the time of Edward I., were added the lands of Rochdale in Lancashire.

Lord Byron has boasted in his verses of his ancestors having led their vassals from Europe to Palestine in the Holy Wars. The circumstance which his Lordship imagined a warrant for this glory was the existence of some figures in the old panel-work of the chambers at Newstead. But these figures seem to establish no distinct proof of the Byrons ever having fought in the Holy Land. It is certain, however, that they distinguished themselves at the siege of Calais under Edward III., and in their respective wars on the fields of Cressy, Bosworth, and Marston Moor.

"I have been told by a gentleman of Glasgow," says Mr. Moore, "that a person who used often to join the nurse of Byron, when they were out with their respective charges, said one day to her, "What a pretty boy is Byron—what a pity he has such a leg!" On hearing this allusion to his infirmity, the child's eyes flashed with anger, and, striking at the woman with a little whip which he held in his hand, he exclaimed impatiently, "Dinna speak of it!"(1)

The taunts of a public school, and the unjust and ungenerous sarcasms of a mother, who in her fits of passion would call the boy "the lame brat,"(2) all fostered those sensations which were likely to create a froward and reckless disposition, and inspire into any one, thus afflicted, the daring desire to question the mercy and wisdom of a Providence which had, even at his entry into the world, branded him in apparent indignation.

When not quite five years old, young Byron was sent to a day-school at Aberdeen. The terms of this school were (as is usual in Scotland) five shillings a-quarter, and the scholar seems to have had the money's worth of education; for, having staid about a year, he was just able to decipher his letters. He then went through the tutorage of a Mr. Ross and a Mr. Pattison; the latter, as he says, being the son of a shoemaker, but a good scholar, and a rigid Presbyterian: from these gentlemen's hands he was at last transmitted to the Grammar-School at Aberdeen, where, to use his own words, he threaded all the classes to the fourth, when he was recalled to England by the demise of his uncle.

At the Grammar-School at Aberdeen, as afterwards at Harrow, Byron was more known for his daring energies, and his restless desire to excel in all manly sports—a desire which accompanied him through life—than by those more sober and studious qualities, which, in making the good boy, often mark the future incapacity of the active man, and led Dr. Johnson to the question of "What becomes of all the clever children?" Indeed, so little promise did Byron at this time give of future literary eminence, that when, in conformity with the custom of his school, the order of the class was so inverted as to make the highest and lowest boys change places, the master used to banter the future poet, who in this way alone attained the head of his class, by saying, "Now, George, man, let me see how soon you will be at the foot again!"

It was about this period that he first imbibed, in a visit to the Highlands in 1796, that passion for the wildness and grandeur of mountain scenery, which he afterwards transported to the Alps, the Apennines, and the revered Parnassus:—

"He who first met the Highlands' swelling blue
Will love each peak that shows a kindred hue;
Hail in each crag a friend's familiar face,
And clasp the mountain in his mind's embrace."(3)

At this period too, and an early one it was, we have to date the commencement of that passion, to which, as he said a short time before his death, the greater part of his life and writings were devoted. More precocious than Dante, who was nine years old when he fell in love with Beatrice, Byron says, *that he was utterly fond of a little girl, Mary Duff, when he was but eight*, with whom he used to sit gravely making love, while her sister Helen played with a doll.

The death of the grandson of the old Lord Byron, in 1794, had now made little Byron the next claimant to the title; and the old Lord's death happening at Newstead Abbey in 1798, Mrs. Byron and her son set out from Aberdeen to the old family place, *Mrs. Byron's furniture being sold for 75l.*

Placed under the hands of a Nottingham quack, of the name of Lavender, the young Lord derived no benefit from his attentions. Subsequently, removed to London, he was put under the care of Dr. Baillie, and also placed at the same time in the school of Dr. Glennie at Dulwich, where he appears to have been more addicted to reading history and poetry, as well as the Scriptures, than is usual with boys of his age.

At this time he was more amiable, in the common acceptation of the word, than at any other period of his life—a circumstance which may, perhaps, be owing to the benefit which he was at last deriving from medical assistance; his foot being now so restored as to enable him to put on a common boot; an event which he announced with great pride and gratification to his first nurse, whom he had left in Scotland, but to whom he seems to have recurred with all the warmth which ever characterised his earlier impressions.

In 1801, he accompanied his mother to Cheltenham, and revived the Highland recollections of his childhood by the sight of the Malvern Hills, which, he says, he used to watch every afternoon at sunset, with a sensation he could not describe.

Here, the affection which he bore through life to the marvellous, and which he seems to have inherited very naturally from his Scotch mother, was encouraged by a fortune-teller's prediction; this sybil telling Mrs.

(1) Mr. Moore gives frequent instances of his sensitiveness on this subject at different periods, and attributes the pique which his Lordship is now known, even during the best days of their friendship, to have entertained privately against Mr. Rogers, to a supposition that that gentleman had alluded to his lameness, when a link-boy, on their coming out of the theatre together, exclaimed, "Lord Byron, shall I get your lordship's carriage?"—"You see they know you!" "Ay," said Byron; "I am easily distinguished!"

(2) Mr. Moore, alluding to this circumstance, connects it with a passage in the *Deformed Transformed*,—

"*Bertha.* Out! Hunchback!
Arnold. I was born so, mother."

(3) "From this time," he says of himself, "I date my love of mountainous countries."

Byron, who had come to consult her as a maiden lady, that she was not only a married woman, but that she was the mother of a son who was lame, who should be in danger of poison before he was of age, and be twice married, the second time to a foreign lady—a prophecy which, in spite of the falsity of the poisoning part of it, seems to have had some influence in the durability of his attachment to Madame Guiccioli.

From Dr. Glennie's, Byron was removed to that school where, though many years after him, I found all the recorded recollections of his boyhood. Byron at Harrow was a bustling bullying boy, at the head of all *rows* against the master or the towns-people, and rather a leader in the sports than distinguished in the studies of the place.

He read a great deal, but his reading was of a desultory kind, and far from the course of school pursuits. But, though idle, there seems to have been that in his conduct and his exercises which attracted the attention of the head master, Dr. Drury, who informed the late Lord Carlisle that the young peer had ability which would add lustre to his rank. The talent for which he principally attracted notice was one, which he seems at this time to have possessed, for declamation: indeed, the common idea then was, that though Byron would never have done any thing else, he would most certainly distinguish himself as a capital orator in the House of Lords. And of his powers in this way he gave a remarkable instance.

"The upper part of the school composed declamations," says Dr. Drury, "which, after a revisal by the tutors, were submitted to the master: to him the authors repeated them, that they might be improved in manner and action before their public delivery. I certainly was much pleased with Lord Byron's attitude and gesture, as well as with his composition. All who spoke adhered as usual to the letter of their composition, as, in the earlier part of the speech, did Lord Byron; but to my surprise he suddenly diverged from the written composition, with a boldness and rapidity sufficient to alarm me, lest he should fail in memory as to the conclusion. There was no failure. He came round to the close of his composition without discovering any impediment and irregularity on the whole. I questioned him why he had altered his declamation. He declared he had made no alteration, and did not know, in speaking, that he had deviated from it one letter. I believed him; and, from a knowledge of his temperament, am convinced that, fully impressed with the sense and the substance of the subject, he was hurried on to expressions and colourings more striking than those which his pen had expressed."

Different extracts have been given from the Poet's note-books, that are interesting in respect to this period of his boyhood.

"My qualities," Lord Byron says, "were much more rhetorical and martial than poetical. My first verses, that is, English, as exercises, were received but coolly; no one had the least notion that I should subside into poesy. At Harrow, I fought my way very fairly. I lost but one battle out of seven, and the rascal did not win it, but by the unfair treatment of his own boarding-house where we boxed. I never forgave him, and I should be sorry to meet him now, as I am sure we should quarrel. My school friendships were with me passions, for I was always violent. P. Hunter, Curzon, Long, and Tattersall, were my principal friends. Clare, Dorset, Charles Gordon, de Bath, Claridge, and John Wingfield, were my juniors and favourites, whom I spoiled by indulgence. Of all human beings I was perhaps the most attached to poor Wingfield, who died at Coimbra, in 1811, before I returned to England." "Peel (the orator and statesman—that was, or is, or is to be) was my form-fellow, and we were both at the top of our remove—a public school phrase. We were on good terms, but his brother was my intimate friend: there were always great hopes of Peel amongst us all—masters and scholars—and he has not disappointed them. As a scholar he was greatly my superior; as a declaimer and actor I was reckoned at least his equal; as a schoolboy, out of school, I was always in scrapes—and he never; and in school he always knew his lesson, and I rarely—but when I knew it, I knew it nearly as well. In general information, history, etc., I think I was his superior, as well as of most boys of my standing."

An interesting anecdote is told of these two lads, redounding to Byron's credit for heroism and sensibility. A boyish tyrant, some few years older, was beating Peel—in a manner which I still remember, under the technical phrase of "holding up." While the stripes were succeeding each other, and poor Peel not very well contented under them, Byron came up to the scene of action, and with a blush of rage, tears in his eyes, and a voice trembling between terror and indignation, asked very humbly if * * * * * * would be pleased to tell him how many stripes he meant to inflict? "Why," returned the executioner, "you little rascal, what is that to you?" "Because, if you please," said Byron, holding out his arm, "I will take half."

Byron, in addition to his passion for Mary Duff, had, at the age of twelve, been also, according to his own account, enamoured with his young cousin, Miss Parker, who, as he says, inspired his "first dash into poetry." "I have long," he continues, "forgotten the verses; but it would be difficult for me to forget her dark eyes, her long eye-lashes, her completely Greek cast of face and figure. She died about a year or two afterwards, in consequence of a fall, which injured her spine, and induced consumption." In 1803, he was doomed to another affec-

tion, more deeply seated than the two former ones, and which really seems to have left traces not wholly obliterated by any of the passions which furrowed his subsequent career.

It is well known that the solitary and eccentric manner in which the old Lord Byron had passed the latter part of his life was confounded with, and generally believed to be caused by, the unfortunate and fatal affray he had had with a neighbour, Mr. Chaworth, for whose death, some unfairness having been suspected in the duel, he was tried by the House of Lords. This Mr. Chaworth had left a daughter and heiress, who resided with her family at Annesley, in the immediate neighbourhood of Newstead. The young lady was about eighteen years old, Lord Byron being sixteen, and combined, with much personal beauty, a singularly fascinating manner and amiable disposition.

Newstead Abbey being let, Mrs. Byron lived at this time in lodgings at Nottingham, where Byron passed his Harrow vacations, and had frequent opportunities of being acquainted with Mary Chaworth. He fell in love with her, and there was nothing this time, in his age, to render the romantic sentiment he experienced extraordinary. Of this attachment he says, "Our union would have healed feuds in which blood had been shed by our fathers; it would have joined lands broad and rich; it would have joined at least one heart and two persons, not ill-matched in years, and—and—and—what has been the result!"

The deformity to which I have alluded, and of which every event of his life seems predestined to have made him sensible, mingled itself deeply and bitterly with this his first real and most reasonable affection. With no fame at that time to atone for eccentricities, and even give an interest to personal defects, poor Byron was made daily sensible that he wanted many of those ways of pleasing which were likely to win the object of his love. He could not dance, and she danced. He was obliged to sit solitary and sullen, when some stranger pressed that hand and guided those steps which his eyes and his hopes too fondly followed. Even the last mortification of which his lameness rendered him susceptible was not spared him, and he heard his dear and his doted-on Mary Anne say, with womanish and coquettish contempt, "Do you think I could care any thing for that lame boy?" This speech, as he himself described it, was like a shot through his heart. Though late at night, when he heard it, he instantly darted out of the house, and, scarcely knowing whither he ran, never stopped till he found himself at Newstead.

Twelve months afterwards, on his bidding Miss Chaworth adieu, with a heart not the less convulsed from the calm into which he had wrought his countenance,—"The next time I see you," said he, "I suppose you will be Mrs. Chaworth;"(1) and her answer was,—"I hope so."

In the following year this marriage took place. "Take out your handkerchief, Byron," said his mother; "I have some news for you—Miss Chaworth is married!" An expression very peculiar, but impossible to describe, passed over the youth's pale face, and, hurrying his handkerchief into his pocket, with that mixture of cold sarcasm which seemed naturally to have alternated in his poesy and his passions, he said, "Is that all?" with an affected air of careless *nonchalance*, and dropped the conversation. The fate of Mrs. Chaworth, afterwards Mrs. Musters (taking the name of her husband), is one so melancholy, and Byron's subsequent matrimonial connection proved so unfortunate, that it is impossible not to linger with some feelings of regret over this episode in the history of both—an episode which, if it had had a different conclusion, might perchance have given a new direction to the stormy energies of Lord Byron's character, and led him, satisfied with his domestic affections, to have expended those faculties in a political career at home, which the disappointments of his youth, the uncertainty of his fortunes, and the wandering habits created by a restless and unsatisfied ambition, so differently disposed of. Oh! had such been the case, at the very moment at which I am speaking, instead of a tomb in Greece, our poet might have had a triumph preparing for him in that impending struggle, where in a school-fellow he would have found a competitor, while the names of Byron and Peel would have been linked by other than boyish chronicles together.

Here ends Lord Byron's boyhood, marked by his own acknowledgment, that it was one of the deadliest, heaviest feelings of his life to know that it was over.

College he seems to have disliked, and to have been principally known always thereat for keeping a bear, whose manners he was in a certain degree supposed to study, and for a skill in swimming, which was one of his most favourite boasts.(2)

In the summer vacation of 1806, he joined his mother at Southwell, and his disposition does not appear to have profited by that lady's society; in his disputes with whom, the chief argument seems to have

(1) Miss Chaworth continued her own name for some years after her marriage.

(2) A dialogue which took place between Lord Byron and Dr. Polidori, during their journey on the Rhine, is amusingly characteristic of both the persons concerned. "After all," said the physician, "what is there you can do that I cannot?" "Why, since you force me to say," answered the other, "I think there are three things I can do which you cannot." Polidori defied him to name them. "I can," said Lord Byron, "swim across that river; I can snuff out that candle with a pistol-shot at the distance of twenty paces; and I have written a poem of which fourteen thousand copies were sold in one day!"

been the poker and tongs, which both parties used with peculiar dexterity.

An anecdote relative to these disputes is worth mentioning, viz.:—that each was known to have gone privately, after one of them, to the apothecary's, inquiring anxiously whether the other had been to purchase poison, and cautioning the vender of drugs not to attend to such an application, if made.

It was at Newark that Byron, under the superintendence of Mr. Ridge, bookseller and publisher, first appeared as a poet. All the anecdotes told of him at this time are indicative of that passion for bull-dogs and Newfoundland dogs, and Wogden's pistols, which seems to have been as much blended with his character and pursuits as even the poetry which he was then preparing to produce; while, in some private theatricals, acting alternately Penruddock in the *Wheel of Fortune*, and the whimsical Tristram Fickle in the farce of the *Weathercock*, he even then displayed that powerful versatility and singular contrast of light and shade which in after-life became so conspicuous.

It would be difficult to give a more amiable and interesting account of his pursuits at this time than he gave in a letter to Lord Clare.

"Southwell, Notts, *February 6th*, 1807.

"My dearest Clare,

"Were I to make all the apologies necessary to atone for my late negligence, you would justly say you had received a petition instead of a letter, as it would be filled with prayers for forgiveness; but, instead of this, I will acknowledge my *sins* at once, and I trust to your friendship and generosity rather than to my own excuses. Though my health is not perfectly re-established, I am out of all danger, and have recovered every thing but my spirits, which are subject to depression. You will be astonished to hear I have lately written to Delawarr, for the purpose of explaining (as far as possible without involving some *old friends* of mine in the business) the cause of my behaviour to him during my last residence at Harrow (nearly two years ago), which you will recollect was rather '*en cavalier*.' Since that period I have discovered he was treated with injustice, both by those who misrepresented his conduct, and by me in consequence of their suggestions. I have made all the reparation in my power, by apologizing for my mistake, though with very faint hopes of success; indeed I never expected any answer, but desired one for form's sake; *that* has not yet arrived, and most probably never will. However, I have *eased* my own *conscience* by the atonement, which is humiliating enough to one of my disposition; yet I could not have slept satisfied with the reflection of having, *even unintentionally*, injured any individual. I have done all that could be done to repair the injury, and there the affair must end. Whether we renew our intimacy or not is of very trivial consequence.

"My time has lately been much occupied with very different pursuits. I have been *transporting* a servant (1) who cheated me,—rather a disagreeable event;—performing in private theatricals;—publishing a volume of poems (at the request of my friends, for their perusal);—making *love*,—and taking physic. The two last amusements have not had the best effect *in the world:* for my attentions have been divided amongst so many *fair damsels*, and the drugs I swallow are of such variety in their composition, that between Venus and Æsculapius I am harassed to death. However, I have still leisure to devote some hours to the recollections of past regretted friendships, and in the interval to take the advantage of the moment, to assure you how much I am, and ever will be, my dearest Clare,

"Your truly attached and sincere

"Byron."

The poems, first published for a few friends, were soon afterwards given to the public in general. These poems were, as it appears from his own account, received favourably, and noticed with eulogium in most of the periodical papers of the day, always excepting the *Edinburgh Review*, the severity of whose attack, as well as the consequences attendant thereupon, are well known. The celebrated article which called forth *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* was, as it is now pretty well ascertained, from the pen of our late Lord Chancellor, at that time Mr. Brougham, and who then seemed to feel no common pleasure in displaying the energy of his sneer on a bad poet, who happened to be a lord. It has been usual of late years to discover a merit in these poems, which would render the review in question not only most ungenerous (we don't expect generosity from reviewers), but also most unjust. For my own part, I confess that I do not think I have ever read, even among the most paltry of Lord Byron's juvenile imitators, a more decided specimen of the to-be-damned doggrel, than was then exhibited by Lord Byron himself, with a kind of absurd apology for a lord condescending to be a poet. The little volume, under the title of *Hours of Idleness*, gave small promise as to his Lordship's future hours being well employed. This does not justify the reviewer, since unnecessary severity is never justifiable; but it justifies, in a certain degree, the aspirations of other young scribblers, who, in testifying a propensity, should not be at once driven from indulging it, even if the early specimens of their taste should seem an accusation on their genius.

The value which Lord Byron set upon his aristocratical pretensions, and upon those who enjoy similar titles to respect, fully appears in the letter wherein he states himself, for these anti-poetic compositions, admired by duchesses, and much above the consideration of rustic readers:—"My *cousin*," he says, "*Lord* Alexander Gordon, who resided in the same hotel as myself, told me his mother, *her Grace of Gordon*, requested he would introduce my *poetical Lordship* to *her Highness*, as she had bought my volume, and admired it exceedingly, in common with the rest of the *fashionable* world." (2)

(1) His valet Frank.

(2) At this time he seems to have undertaken a poem in blank verse, on the subject of Bosworth Field; amidst the excitement of which he does not forget to inform his cor-

It is not however in his successes, but in his disappointments, that the genius of Byron seemed to delight: then all that was great and masculine in his character came forth. Instead of sickening, like the unfortunate Keats, at the Northern criticism of his work, it was that criticism which seemed to give a tone to his mind, and to awaken powers in his intellect which had hitherto lain dormant; the clang of battle struck upon the ears of a courser, who seemed to have an instinctive passion for the strife. A friend, who found him in the first moments of excitement after this attack, inquired anxiously whether he had just received a challenge, not knowing how else to account for the fierce defiance of his looks. It would indeed be difficult for a sculptor or painter to imagine a subject of more fearful beauty than the fine countenance of the young Poet, in the collected energy of this crisis, when, instead of despairing of poetic immortality, he drank three bottles of claret, and commenced at once twenty lines of that satire by which he ultimately avenged himself.

Lord Byron's situation was a singular one. High on the rolls of the aristocracy, without one single aristocratical acquaintance,—the heir to a property which had been for centuries in his family,—the expectant of wealth which, if not of the nature we are accustomed to consider concomitant with the British peerage, was still such as would in any other country have been considered a noble independence,—having a right to claim a relationship with some of the greatest names in the country, and yet ostensibly connected with only a vulgar and violent old woman, —having no home but a coffee-house,—little immediate income beyond the debts he could create,—totally unlinked from that society to which he was born, and just launched in a career which, if we consider the boyish talents, or the more manly propensities which he had evinced, seemed as little likely to suit his abilities and his character, as to be in harmony with his situation,—

> "Reft of his sire—too young such loss to know;
> Lord of himself—that heritage of woe;"

He seemed, indeed, in a position where, with everything to choose from, there was nothing eligible to decide upon. Half adventurer, half lord, still more inclined to be the peer than the poet, and driven as it were into poesy by his susceptibility to the rights of the peerage, there never was a man who appeared to owe less to Providence and more to fortune, or who, by the disadvantages he was assailed with, was so cast in spite of himself, as it were, upon a glorious career.

Outwardly occupied at this time by his passion for a prostitute, who accompanied him in man's clothes to Brighton, and laid the foundation of reports which subsequently blackened his reputation,—outwardly occupied with this disgraceful attachment, and with those hardly more honourable amusements that were to be found in Mr. Jackson's pugilistic academy, and d'Egville the ballet-master's and Grimaldi the clown's most intellectual entertainments,—his mind must have been inwardly the prey to a feverish anxiety after nobler pursuits; and it was the impatience, which would not permit him to pause before the different paths which might equally have led to fame, that made him at once take that path which was open to all ages, which required no patrons, and which was in harmony with the singular solitude in which a man of his rank and station is hardly ever similarly found.

Having determined to quit, for a time at all events, the country in which he was so unnaturally placed, he resolved to mark his passage from it by a meteor, which should warn the coming times that there was something to expect from his career. Mortified in his person, because the handsome intelligence of his countenance rather served to call a halt in his gait into notice than to extinguish its effects,—mortified in his love, since the only person for whom he seems to have felt a real affection had treated his pretensions with a contempt not easily, under similar circumstances, to be forgiven,—mortified in his ambition, since the effort which he made to show the injustice of the attack upon his muse proved his sensibility to it,—mortified also, in a greater degree, where he was most likely to be susceptible, having been nursed up in all those ideas of family pride and feudal consequence which poverty, allied to nobility and unexpectedly called to assume its honours, is sure to engender,—never had a man more elements in his mind, out of which to form a satirist, than young Lord Byron, when he flung in the face of the critics he was answering, and the country he was quitting, his refutation of one and his farewell to the other.

It was in the beginning of the year 1809, that he set out for London, in his way, as he then intended, for Persia, with the intention of first publishing his poem, and taking his seat with the peerage.

He first entered the House of Lords in this year, 1809, March 13, "more lone and unfriended," writes his biographer, "than perhaps any youth in his high station had ever been before," not having a single individual of his own class, either to take him by the hand as a friend, or to acknowledge him as an acquaintance. "His countenance," says Mr. Dallas, who accompanied him on this occasion, "paler than usual, showed that his mind was agitated. There was not a single member of the senate to which he belonged to whom he could or would apply to intro-

respondents that the Duke of York, the Marchioness of Headfort, and the again-to-be-mentioned Duchess of Gordon, were among the purchasers of his other publication.

dace him in a manner becoming his birth. I saw that he felt the situation, and I fully partook of his indignation." This indignation, indeed, was not diminished by certain difficulties that had attended the proof of his birth, and consequently the ceremonial claim of his station; the marriage of Admiral Byron with Miss Trevanion having taken place in a private chapel at Carhais, from which no regular certificate of the ceremony could be produced. Speaking of this, and of his reception by the Chancellor, Lord Eldon, whose cordial welcome to him was not very welcomely received, Lord Byron himself says:—"When I came of age, some delays, on account of birth and marriage certificates from Cornwall, occasioned me not to take my seat for several weeks; when these were over, and I had taken the oaths, the Chancellor apologised to me for the delay, observing that these forms were part of his duty. I begged him to make no apology, and added, as he had certainly shown no violent hurry, 'Your Lordship is exactly like *Tom Thumb*,' which was then being acted, 'you did your duty, and you did no more.'"

A few days after this, was published the bitter expression of those feelings which, even thus early, a variety of circumstances had excited: and now, wrapping himself up in his loneliness, and a desolation which his ardent temperament and poetic imagination led him naturally even to exaggerate, he retired to the seclusion of his cowl-haunted Abbey, in part to brood over the disappointments he had experienced, in part, perhaps, to indulge unchecked in those anticipations of brighter lands and more glorious days which the poem he was publishing, and the expedition he was undertaking, were likely to create. Not but that in his solitude—a solitude perhaps not the less lonely for a crowd—he was, if we may credit his own accounts (which his now sage companions do not disavow)—

> "Sore given to revel and ungodly glee;
> Few earthly things found favour in his sight
> Save concubines and carnal companie,
> And flaunting wassailers of high and low degree."

II.

In June he set sail with Mr. Hobhouse for Lisbon, describing the commencement of his undertaking in verses that do no disgrace to the author of *Beppo*.(1)

The following passage, in a prose letter to Mr. Hodgson, exhibits the same boyish and light-hearted spirit:—"I am very happy here (Lisbon), because I *loves* oranges, and *talks* bad Latin to the monks, who understand it, as it is like their own; and I *goes* into society (with my pocket-pistols), and I *swims* in the Tagus all across at once, and I *rides* on an ass and a mule, and *swears* Portuguese, and have got a diarrhœa, and bites from the musquitos. But what of that? Comfort must not be expected by folks that go a-pleasuring." Few boarding-school misses would have received this as an autograph note from the romantic author of *Childe Harold!*

Lord Byron's travels at this time form an epoch—and not the least important epoch—in his life. There was naturally in his character a strange assemblage of different and, as some would imagine, incompatible qualities. He had in that character much romance: his early verses, his early loves, his early friendships and fights, his mysterious passion for parading fire-arms, and even the anecdote of his disinterring and drinking out of the old monk's skull, are all proofs of this. He had also much common sense. This we see in his admiration of Pope, in his horror of the Lake-school, and the Cockney-school, in his careful imitation of the beauties of Shelley, and as careful abstainment from his faults. One of the memorialists of Byron has said, that he had much playfulness and satire; he might have said so from his works—from the *English Bards*, from *Beppo*, and from *Don Juan*: but this talent is far more visible in his incomparable letters, written evidently without effort or affectation, and totally free from that dressing and drapery for stage effect, which is seen in most of his other performances. Indeed, if Byron had one quality more naturally conspicuous than the rest, it was wit.

Had he not travelled at this time, left to the success of the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, and to his own strong taste and inclination, which, even amidst the mountains of Albania and the temples of Athens, did not wholly yield to more lone and magnificent aspirations,(2) it is very probable, not that his fame would have been less, but that it would have rested on a totally different basis from that which now forms the mystic pedestal of his genius.

His travels at this period, when his mind was most likely to be susceptible to their impressions, developed the romantic part of his character in such a manner as to throw the other parts of it into the shade. Remembering, as I do, the sensations which even saluted me on my first visiting a southern clime—remembering the strange and wild ecstacy with which I also at an early period of life first found myself on those shores, the images of which are, from their singularity as well as their associations, the most striking—remembering, as I well remember, the strange, exulting, and indescribable feeling with which I stood on the shores of Greece, hearing a new and yet half-familiar language, gazing on garbs wild and picturesque, and looking over, from the spot on which I stood, those plains so sacred to history and to song, and which mingled so naturally with all my youthful recollections and heroic reveries—remember-

(1) See page 851.

(2) See *Hints from Horace*.

ing my own sensations, as I well remember them, at such a time and in such scenes, it is not difficult for me to imagine what must have been the sensations of a more poetic and impassioned mind, which a passage through Portugal and Spain must have already deeply excited.

In Cadiz' white walls, indeed, the young poet seems to have experienced some of the effects of that Spanish beauty which I, judging very differently from Mr. Galt (1) on this subject, think he has so *voluptuously* described. Among those women "of long black hair, dark languishing eyes, clear olive complexions, and forms more graceful in motion than can be conceived by an Englishman, used to the drowsy listlessness of his countrywomen," he found one to whom he made earnest love, by the help of a dictionary. At Malta again, the interesting and romantic Mrs. S——, whom he has celebrated as Florence, drew from him those beautiful lines, which I still remember, though I have not read them since I was a boy at school:—

"Though far from Albin's craggy shore,
Divided by the dark blue main,
A few brief rolling seasons o'er,
Perchance I view her cliffs again:

"But wheresoe'er I now may roam,
Through scorching clime, and varied sea,
Though time restore me to my home,
I ne'er may bend my eyes on thee," etc. etc.

When I said that I could well conceive Lord Byron's feelings on this his first and least fatal visit to Greece, I ought to have added, that if one man was more likely than another to have deepened the impressions naturally produced by that land, and its people strange and wild, it was the Albanian chief to whose camp our Poet, on first arriving, directed his steps. On many of his subsequent pages fell the dark shadow of the daring Ruler of Albania; and, indeed, it is difficult to underrate the effect which such scenes as the following must have had upon a young and imaginative mind:—

"I shall never forget the singular scene on entering Tepaleen at five in the afternoon, as the sun was going down. It brought to my mind (with some change of *dress*, however) Scott's description of Branksome Castle in his *Lay*, and the feudal system. The Albanians, in their dresses (the most magnificent in the world, consisting of a long *white kilt*, gold-worked cloak, crimson velvet gold-laced jacket and waistcoat, silver-mounted pistols and daggers), the Tartars with their high caps, the Turks in their vast pelisses and turbans, the soldiers and black slaves with the horses, the former in groups in an immense large open gallery in front of the palace, the latter placed in a kind of cloister below it, two hundred steeds ready caparisoned to move in a moment, couriers entering or passing out with dispatches, the kettle-drums beating, boys calling the hour from the minaret of the mosque, altogether with the singular appearance of the building itself, formed a new and delightful spectacle to a stranger."

At last, after crossing Portugal, traversing the South of Spain, visiting Sardinia, Sicily, Malta, and thence passing through Albania, Illyria, and Chaonia, over the Gulf of Actium and the Achelous, tarrying in the Morea, visiting Thebes, Athens, Delphi, Parnassus, and finally Constantinople (2)—having lived with the highest and the lowest, been for days in a Pacha's palace, and nights in a cow-house,—having stored his mind with all that adventure, nature, art, and history, could pour into it,—having, moreover, stimulated and excited those passions which chimed in with the wild and wandering existence he had been leading,—the Childe returned to his native England, with much that had been doubtful in his destiny decided, and all that had been doubtful in his character confirmed. Before his journey, Lord Byron might have been any thing;—after it, he must have been—a Poet.

His welcome back again was certainly not an inviting one; and affords a new proof of the almost perpetual unhappiness in which persons, eminent in literature, seem usually to pass their lives:—"Indeed, my prospects are not very pleasant. Embarrassed in my private affairs, indifferent to public, solitary without the wish to be social, with a body a little enfeebled by a succession of fevers, but a spirit, I trust, yet unbroken, I am returning *home* without a hope, and almost without a desire. The first thing I shall have to encounter will be a lawyer, the next a creditor, then colliers, farmers, surveyors, and all the agreeable attachments to estates out of repair and contested coal-pits. In short, I am sick and sorry, and when I have a little repaired my irreparable affairs, away I shall march, either to campaign in Spain, or back again to the East, where I can at least have cloudless skies and a cessation from impertinence."—Such were his feelings on arriving; nor did fate seem to brighten with his stay.

A short time after his return, died Mrs. Byron, at Newstead. She died suddenly. "I heard," he says, "one day of her illness—the next, of her death."—Nor was this all: besides the loss of his mother, he had to mourn, within a few weeks, two of his most valued friends, Mr. Wingfield and Mr. Matthews. "Some curse," he writes to Mr. S. Davies, "hangs over me and mine. My mother lies a corpse in this house; one of my best friends is drowned (3) in a ditch. What can I say, or think, or do? Come to me, Scrope, I am almost desolate—left almost alone in the world." "Peace, however," he adds, in another

(1) See *Galt's Life of Byron*.
(2) He returned from Constantinople again to Greece.
(3) Mr. Matthews. Mr. Wingfield died at Coimbra.

letter,—"peace be with the dead. Regret cannot wake them. With a sigh to the departed, let us resume the dull business of life, in the certainty that we also shall have our repose."

And now, upshooting from these dark vexations, appeared the glories of his future career; for we are at the dawn of that fame which was soon to rise so brightly above all contemporary reputations.

Returning from his travels, Lord Byron had brought with him a kind of light satire, similar in many respects to the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, and another work which, as well, perhaps, from its novelty as its merit, created a sensation, which hardly any poem ever produced at its appearance. The first was called *Hints from Horace*, the second, *Childe Harold;* and, if we are to believe Mr. Dallas, the Poet gave his preference to the first, a very clever but by no means surprising performance. To account for this is not difficult; a writer who has been for some time employed over his work does not perceive the merits of its originality, while he trembles for his want of example; and Byron, seeing no existing model of his method, shrunk from doing that which nobody had done, nor saw that the very reason of his apprehensions would be the cause of his success.

Childe Harold succeeded more than, I think, the merits of the two first Cantos deserved; and not only was the success extraordinary, but of a description the most likely to please. It was not the poem that was admired only; it was the poet, about whom an interest was excited. The fictitious hero of the tale, between whom and the writer of it, we must confess, there was some kind of resemblance, was considered at once as an accurate portrait of the mysterious young noble who had just returned from the lands of romance and song, which he had been describing. If Lord Byron had been known in the world before his travels, the world would have viewed both himself and his travels differently; but, though a peer of England, he was unknown, as I have said, to English society; and those who for the first time now made inquiries respecting him, heard that he was the grand-nephew of the singular old lord who had been tried for killing Mr. Chaworth; that he had a ruined Abbey, and a damaged estate; that at college he had been known for keeping a bear; and on leaving college for drinking out of a skull; while numerous tales, not altogether without foundation, were circulated as to that life of licentiousness, under the satiety of which his pilgrimage was said to have been begun.

His previous satire, though popular and admired, had never awakened any of those stories, and Lord Byron after it, in spite of his bear, in spite of his skull, might have passed for any thing he pleased. But upon THE CHILDE they were all so much appropriate drapery, and set off, with a wilder horror, the enchanting young lord who wrote such beautiful poetry, and who seemed to have known every thing,—himself unknown. In a town always panting for novelty, and amidst that part of a town the curiosity of which is ever most alive, such a melancholy and romantic phœnix as the new poet, a gentleman who had been guilty of every misdemeanour, and, as he seemed to imply, of some dark and unutterable crimes; who had been to Lisbon and to Cadiz, to Athens, and to Constantinople, regions then much more unknown and remote than at the present time; and who, moreover, added to all these qualifications an old title, and a declaration that he had loved very much, and was determined never to love again; having, also, small ears and white hands, and curly hair, as he told the world Ali Pacha had told him, and a countenance peculiarly adapted to a frontispiece arrangement—was destined, for a year at least, to figure as the personage of the epoch.

It was at this time, however, when the moodiness of his supposed character added in no small degree to his reputation, that Byron's real character became more amiable and composed. His manners, too, lost that unevenness, betwixt pride and playfulness, which had formerly distinguished them. He was no longer so proud of being a peer, because he found his rank at last attended naturally by all those circumstances which a patrician by birth expected, and which, as a plebeian by acquaintance, he did not formerly enjoy. It was now that a long series of gallantries began, the most notorious of which, as well on account of the singularities as the talent of the lady, was that of Lady Caroline Lamb.

Whatever might have been the subsequent faults of this lady, her affection for Lord Byron was the first; and, though not beautiful, it would be difficult to imagine a person who, from the originality of her mind, and the fascination of her manners, was more likely to have attracted the attention, and, if the volatility of her character had permitted it, to have riveted the affections, of the Poet. Deeply attached to her he was at one time, and an elopement was meditated, which the lady had the merit of refusing. This refusal, and an offence to his personal vanity, which was supposed to have followed at no great distance of time, Lord Byron never forgave, and, up to the last hour of his existence, the lady in question, who adored his memory, was treated by him with ridicule and contempt. (1)

(1) That Lord Byron had in all his passions a kind of premeditation is no where better proved than by a circumstance which I venture to state, namely, that many of the most apparently inspired letters which he sent about this time, as the outpourings of a deep attachment were nothing more nor less than actual translations from a French novel,* which every libertine has studied, but of which few lovers have made so profligate a use

* *Les Liaisons Dangereuses.*

It was during this period that Lord Byron was, and acquired, as he says, the reputation of being, a dandy, or fine gentleman. But though there is no doubt that he took to this existence at first, and retained a kind of respect for it afterwards, because it was one to which, however high his rank, he seemed originally to have been debarred by his want of connections, he had not, to use the common expression, been "long about town" before he was as much sickened by its finer vices and more fashionable follies, as he had been previous to his quitting England, by the grosser pleasures of a college and coffee-house existence.

In a letter to Mr. Bankes from Cheltenham, in 1812, he says:—"I have been here some time drinking the waters, simply because there are waters to drink, and they are very medicinal, and sufficiently disgusting. In a few days I set out for Lord Jersey's, but return here, where I go out very little, and enjoy in its fullest extent the *dolce far' niente*. What you are about I cannot guess, even from your date—not dancing to the sound of the gittourney in the halls of the Lowthers. I heard that you passed through here, at the inn where I first alighted, the very day before I arrived in these parts. We had a very pleasant set here. At first the Jerseys, Melbournes, Cowpers, and Hollands, but all gone; and the only persons I know are the Rawdons and Oxfords, with some later acquaintances of less brilliant descent; but I do not trouble them much; and as for your rooms and your assemblies, they are not dreamed of in our philosophy." One can hardly see a better specimen than in this extract, of a dandy beginning to be tired of his vocation.

Again he says, Nov. 17, "I wish I could settle to reading again. My life is monotonous, yet desultory. I take up books and fling them down again."

Sunday, Feb. 27, 1814. "Here I am alone, instead of dining at Lord H.'s, where I was asked,—but *not inclined to go any where*. Hobhouse says I am growing a *loup-garou*—a solitary hobgoblin. True;—I am myself alone! The last week has been passed in reading, seeing plays, now and then visitors, sometimes yawning and sometimes sighing, but no writing, save of letters. If I could always read, I should never feel the want of society. Do I regret it? um! 'Man delights not me,' and only one woman—at a time."

It was perhaps the not-to-be-satisfied satisfaction of a morbid mind, as well as the embarrassments of the irregular *liaisons*, and an ill-regulated fortune, which first induced him to turn his thoughts upon marriage; and there seems to have been something of seriousness in the admiration he entertained for Lady Elizabeth Forbes. Of this Byron speaks in a letter to Mr. Moore; and what he says indicates at once the state of his dispositions, and shows pretty clearly that it was rather from a disease of the mind than of the heart that he sought a connection that would have opened to him a new species of life, and dissipated the satiety, if it did not add to the pleasure or fatigue, of existence. "I believe you think that I have not been quite fair with that alpha and omega of beauty, etc., with whom you would willingly have united me. But, if you consider what her sister said on the subject, you would still less wonder that my pride should have taken the alarm; particularly as nothing but the every-day flirtation of every-day people ever occurred between your heroine and myself. Had Lady —— appeared to wish it, or even not to oppose it, I would have gone on, or very possibly married (that is, if the other had been equally accordant) with the same indifference which has frozen over the Black Sea of almost all my passions. It is that very indifference which makes me so uncertain and apparently capricious. It is not eagerness of new pursuits, but that nothing impresses me sufficiently to *fix*; neither do I feel disgusted, but simply indifferent to almost all excitements. The proof of this is that obstacles, the slightest even, *stop* me. This can hardly be *timidity*, for I have done some impudent things too in my time; and in almost all cases opposition is a stimulus. In mine, it is not; if a straw were in my way, I could not stoop to pick it up. I have sent this long tirade, because I would not have you suppose that I have been *trifling* designedly with you or others. If you think so, in the name of St. Hubert (the patron of antlers and hunters) let me be married out of hand, —I don't care to whom, so it amuses any body else, and don't interfere with me much in the day-time."

Sept. 5, 1814, he writes, with a mind more made up to the taking of that step, from which he seems, however, at the very last moment to have instinctively shrunk, and which, as it might have proved a blessing, completed the curse which hung, even at its dawn, over his miserable though magnificent career. "Now for a little egotism. My affairs stand thus:—To-morrow I shall know whether a circumstance of importance enough to change many of my plans will occur or not. If it does not, I am off for Italy next month, and London in the mean time next week." The circumstance of importance to which he alludes in this letter was his second proposal for Miss Milbanke, his marriage with whom took place under circumstances that were certainly not very poetical. "A person," says Mr. Moore, "who had for some time stood high in his affectionate confidence, observing how cheerless and unsettled was his mind and prospects, advised him strenuously to marry." This person was, I believe, Lady Melbourne. She suggested to him one lady, Lord Byron mentioned another, and that other was Miss Milbanke. "No," said Lady Melbourne, "Miss Milbanke will not suit you. In the first place, she has no fortune now,

and you want money immediately. In the next place, you want a person who will have a great admiration for your genius, and she for this has too great an admiration of her own." "Well," said Lord Byron, "as you please;" and, sitting down, he wrote a letter to the lady recommended by Lady Melbourne. He received a refusal. "Now, you see," said Lord Byron, "that after all Miss Milbanke is to be the person—I will write to her." He wrote to her on the moment, and, as soon as he had finished, his friend, remonstrating still strongly against his choice, took up the letter, but, on reading it over, observed "well, really this is a very pretty letter,—it is a pity it should not go. I never read a prettier one." "Then it *shall* go," said Lord Byron; and in so saying sealed and sent off, on the instant, this fiat of his fate.

It is rather ludicrous, after this very drawing-straw or head-and-tail way of making a selection, to hear him say, in a letter to Lady ——, "Miss Milbanke is the good-natured person who has undertaken me, and of course I am very much in love, and as silly as all single gentlemen must be in that sentimental situation." "She is said to be an heiress," he says, "but of that I really know nothing, and shall not inquire." Yet the matter seems to have been pretty well canvassed over as to the young lady's fortune; nor does he forget her birth—"she is niece to Lady Melbourne, and cousin to Lady Cowper." His first meeting with this lady, who had, once before refused him, was at Melbourne House, where, from her quiet and unpretending air, he had taken her for a governess or companion; and she seems, as it often happens with those who are subsequently to have an influence over our fate, to have made, even at first sight, a peculiar impression upon him. Mr. Moore says, that at this time,—which is rather unfortunate, considering the advice he had so long and so eloquently bestowed,—he discovered that his friend was not fit for matrimony, and comments thereupon very sagely and shrewdly through a certain number of pages, in a homily which would have been better addressed at an earlier period to his friend, than preached, somewhat pompously as it is, over his misfortunes:—"The very habits of abstraction and self-study, to which the occupations of men of genius lead, are in themselves of an unsocial and detaching tendency. Those images of ideal good and beauty which surround the poet in his musings soon accustom him to consider all that is beneath this high standard unworthy of his care, till at length, the heart becoming chilled as the fancy warms, it too often happens that, in proportion as he has refined and elevated his theory of all the social affections, he has unfitted himself for the practice of them. In looking back through the lives of the most illustrious poets, the class of intellect in which the characteristic features of genius are, perhaps, most strongly marked, we shall find that, with scarcely one exception, from Homer down to Lord Byron, they have been, in their several degrees, restless and solitary spirits, with minds wrapt like silk-worms in their own tasks, either strangers or rebels to the mystic ties, and bearing about with them a deposit for posterity in their souls, to the jealous watching and enriching of which almost all other thoughts and considerations have been sacrificed." It is easy to acknowledge the truth, without admiring the elevation of Mr. Moore's simile; and, though Lord Byron was not equally a silk-worm, it is difficult to imagine that he could, in the ordinary sense of the word, have been "a good husband." But a man like Lord Byron is not to be considered, even by the woman he marries, as an ordinary mortal. She must be content to sacrifice some of that passion which love in general attaches to the person, or rather not to sacrifice, but to bestow it on the reputation of her life's partner—a reputation in which she shares.—After all, however, that man is rash who encumbers a literary life with a matrimonial connection.

Poor Lord Byron himself found, upon arriving in town after his acceptance, and inquiring into the state of his affairs, that they were in so utterly an embarrassed condition as to fill him with some alarm. From the position in which he stood, however, there was no honourable retreat, and at the seat of Sir Ralph Milbanke, his wife's father, on the 2d of January, 1815, he was married, amidst, as he says himself, "the quivering recollections of the past, and melancholy reflections on the future." He could see,

"Not that which was, nor that which should have been;"

but the old mansion, the accustomed hall, and the remembered chambers, where in earlier years he had loved and wooed and been rejected, came back at this hour and thrust their dark shadows between him and the light of his bridal. There is nothing except a few silly stories, circulated apparently without foundation, to induce us to suppose Lord Byron's honey-moon was not, what most honey-moons are, an effort on both sides to be peculiarly agreeable for a month, under the satisfactory consideration that there will be plenty of time afterwards to be otherwise.

"Since I wrote last," says he, 2d February 1815, "I have been transferred to my father-in-law's, with my lady and my lady's maid, etc. etc., and the treacle-moon is over, and I am awake, and find myself married. My spouse and I agree to—and in—admiration. Swift says, no wise man ever married, but, for a fool, I think it the most ambrosial of all possible future states. I still think one ought to marry upon lease; but I am very sure I should renew mine at the expiration, though the next term were for ninety-nine years."

In the course of this spring, Lord Byron first became personally acquainted with Sir Walter Scott,

for whom he seems to have entertained, throughout life, a sincere respect and affection. "It was in the spring of 1815," says Walter Scott, "that, chancing to be in London, I had the advantage of a personal introduction to Lord Byron. Report had prepared me to meet a man of peculiar habits and quick temper, and I had some doubts whether we were likely to suit each other in society. I was most agreeably disappointed in this respect. I found Lord Byron in the highest degree courteous, and even kind." To Scott, Lord Byron did not seem, at this time, to be particularly well informed, and he says, that he recommended him to read many things (which, no doubt, he could) that he had never read before. "The last time we met," Walter Scott continues, "was in 1815, after I returned from France: I never saw him so full of gaiety and good humour. After one of the gayest parties I ever was present at, I set off for Scotland, and never saw Lord Byron again." Several letters—one about every six months—passed between the two poets; and, after the fatal event at Missolonghi, we owe to "the Ariosto of the North" those kindly and beautiful expressions:—"The voice of just blame and malignant censure are at once silenced; and we feel almost as if the great luminary of heaven had suddenly disappeared from the sky, at the moment when every telescope was levelled for the examination of the spots which had dimmed its brightness!"

In the mean time his marriage, even yet, seems to have entered no very unfavourable signs of the hymeneal zodiac. "Lady B—," he says, "is better than three months advanced in her progress to maternity, and, we hope, likely to go well through with it. We have been very little out this season, and I wish her to keep quiet in her present situation."

But as love is pronounced impossible in a cottage but shabbily furnished, so it finds no comfortable abode in a mansion in Piccadilly where the furniture is under the sentence of execution. Lord Byron's increased expenditure, which the small sum of ready money he received from Lady Byron (10,000*l.*) could not, for any length of time, support, and the long accumulation of early embarrassments, which the supposition that he was married to an heiress now thrust upon him, exposed him daily to the deepest grievance of which a proud spirit can be susceptible—the necessity of denying that which you know you have a right to give. "As his difficulties augmented, his mention of the partner of his home became more rare and formal; and there was observable, through some of his letters, a feeling of unquiet. It was at this moment, at the topmost tide-mark of his misfortunes, that Lady Byron somewhat unexpectedly took the resolution of quitting him. She left London on a visit to her father, where she was to be joined by Lord Byron in a few weeks. They parted kindly, and even warmly, and Lady B. wrote her husband a fond and playful letter on the road. But no sooner had she arrived at Kirkby Mallory, than Sir R. Milbanke wrote to say she would return no more."

With an imagination that could conceive miseries which did not actually exist, Byron had a strength and rebelliousness of character which always supported him against real grievances; and his buoyant and poetical spirit sprang at once, in his reverses, to the blue skies and hallowed scenes of his early wanderings, where a proud and solitary soul knew that it would find companionship.

"I shall be glad to see you, if you like to call," he says to Mr. Rogers, "though I am at present contending with 'the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,' some of which have struck at me from a quarter whence I did not indeed expect them. But no matter, there is a *world elsewhere, and I will cut my way through it.*"

The circumstances of this separation,—Byron's eulogy and justification of his wife, I mean, immediately upon the separation (since he appears to have entertained far deeper feelings of a sense of injury at a subsequent period of his life),—the affectionate manner, also, in which his wife's last letter was written, and, notwithstanding this, the mysterious justification of her conduct by Dr. Lushington,—have all tended to give that extraordinary colouring, shed more or less over every event of Byron's life, to this, the most important.

Not long before his death, with that worldly knowledge for which he almost stands alone among minstrels, he himself said:—"The causes of my separation were too *simple*, my dear sir, to be easily found out." For my own part, if not easily discovered, I cannot help thinking that they are pretty easily explained. Lady Byron was, as it appears, almost singularly ignorant of the poetical character. She seems to have considered as distinctive marks of madness traits which, I will venture to say, no person of strong genius and passions ever passed a year in the society of another without displaying.

Byron was affected to hysterics at seeing Kean in the part of Sir Giles Overreach (a similar story is told of Alfieri); and he threw a favourite watch, in a fit of indignation, into the fire. Lady Byron thought him mad in consequence, and, with that agreeable prepossession in her mind, viewed every ordinary circumstance. No marvel, then, that ordinary circumstances all appeared extraordinary; and that, instead of regarding any incidental weakness with forgiveness, she looked upon it with horror. No marvel that the impression she made upon Dr. Lushington, as the result of her own impressions, should have dictated his advice. Nor is this all. Lord Byron, as many men,—for I have known several,—of an imaginative turn of mind, had a pleasure in alluding to himself and his life in a manner less careful of exciting sympathy than of awakening

interest. The train of thought which led him to the portraiture of Lara and Conrad led him also to pourtray himself, not unfrequently, in the dark and romantic garb of his heroes. Numerous proofs of this occur in his poetry; as many occurred in his conversation; and, if this be the case, it is hardly to be wondered at, that a prim and prudish lady, who already looked upon him as a madman, and heard him talk of himself as a criminal, should have felt rather uneasy under his protection, and have been able to prove, sufficiently to her lawyer though she might not to the world, the propriety of her resolution.

It was on the 25th of April, 1816, that Lord Byron sailed for the second and last time from England, at that time the author of the two cantos of *Childe Harold*, and of the beautiful tales of *The Giaour*, *The Bride of Abydos*, *The Siege of Corinth*, *Lara*, and *The Corsair;* all startling in their success, many of them written, as he says, in undressing from a ball, and some under feelings of great domestic misery and excitement. He left England for the last time; nor did ever man, who had brought such glory to his country, leave it under greater disgrace. "He had, in the course of one short year, gone through every variety of domestic misery; had seen his hearth eight or nine times profaned by the visitations of the law; and been only saved from a prison by the privileges of his rank." At war with the world, in which at all times the base predominate—who rejoice in an opportunity of mangling the fallen lion; at war with his wife and his own home; deeply involved in debt; blackened by defamation; the noble wanderer, with something of that reckless spirit in which Satan spread his wings when Paradise was lost, put boldly out to sea with his fortunes, and dared to hope for consolation on distant shores.

III.

Here commences a perfectly new epoch in Byron's life: from his infancy to his travels, from his travels to his marriage, from his separation to his death, form the three best divisions under which we can consider it. During the first, his individual character was developed; during the second, the romantic part of his character, as a poet; the last was memorable for the highest efforts of his Muse, in what some might call her loftier inspirations, and still more remarkable for that newly-discovered vein in his genius, which, though equally imbedded in his mind by nature, had not yet been wrought out by accident or art. Under the unhappy auspices I have described, his household gods shattered on his hearth, he recommenced his wanderings.

Passing along the Rhine, over the blue wave of which his verse breathed a charm more holy than that of olden legend; visiting the "place of skulls," our Waterloo—rendered ours doubly,—ours by the skill of our illustrious General, and ours by the glory of an as illustrious Bard,—wandering by the valley of sweet waters, and beneath

> "The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
> Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,"

he led for a while his lonely musings over Leman's consecrated Lake, living not in himself, but as a portion of that around him—*feeling* the high mountains and the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone—blending his being with the waves and skies, and earth-o'erhanging mountains; another apostle of that wild affliction which wrung overwhelming eloquence from Rousseau; another worshipper of that ideal beauty which threw over living words so heavenly a hue, and dedicated the classic Clarens to Julie and St. Preux.

At Diodati, near Geneva, Lord Byron wrote three of his most remarkable works:—the third Canto of *Childe Harold*, composed, as he says, "when I was half mad, between mountains, metaphysics, lakes, loves unquenchable, thoughts unutterable, and the nightmare of my own delinquencies;"(1) *The Prisoner of Chillon;* and *Manfred*, the third act of which, however, he subsequently re-wrote. In October, after a tour in the Bernese Alps, he set out with Mr. Hobhouse, his old-fellow traveller, for Italy, and lingering some little time at Milan, where his chief attraction seems to have been a love correspondence between Cardinal Bembo and Lucretia Borgia, and visiting Juliet's tomb at Verona, took up his abode at Venice, a city with the melancholy romance of which he was, even before seeing it, enchanted. "Venice,"(2) says he, "pleases me as much as I expected, and I expected much. It is one of those places which I know before I see them, and has always haunted me most after the East. I like the gloomy gaiety of its gondolas, and the silence of its canals. I do not even dislike the evident dreariness of the city, though I regret the singularity of its vanished costume." Nor was he long without annexing to this romantic city a romance of his own. He lodged with a merchant of Venice, whose wife, by name Marianna, was twenty-two years old, and answered to the following description:—

"Marianna is in her appearance altogether like an antelope; she has the large black oriental eyes, with that peculiar expression in them which is seen rarely among Europeans—even the Italians—and which many of the Turkish women give themselves by tinging the eyelids, an art not known out of that country, I believe. This expression she has *naturally*, and something more than this. In short, I cannot describe the effect of this kind of eye, at least upon me. Her features are

(1) Letter VIII. to Mr. Moore, Venice, Jan. 28, 1817.

(2) Letter to Mr. Murray, Nov. 25, 1816.

regular, and rather aquiline; mouth small, skin clear and soft, with a kind of hectic colour, forehead remarkably good; her hair is of the dark gloss, curl and colour of Lady J——'s; her figure is light and pretty; she is a famous songstress—scientifically so; her natural voice (in conversation I mean) is very sweet, and the naïveté of the Venetian dialect is always pleasing in the mouth of a woman."

With this lady, who, if beautiful, does not seem, from what I have heard, to have been of that description of beauty which is beyond all price, Lord Byron formed a kind of half sentimental attachment, strong enough to take him hastily back from Rome, which he had visited in the spring of 1817, though not before he had drawn from the eternal city an inspiration which has given it a new lease of immortality. On his return he composed the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, the most faultless in its magnificence of any of his poems.

And now, once more at Venice, he seems to have had that feverish thirst for pleasure which betokens any thing but a healthy enjoyment of it. "I will work the mine of my youth," he says, amidst the restless revels of a Venetian carnival, "till the last veins of the ore." Removing from the house of Marianna's husband, he took a palace on the grand canal, and as Mr. Moore says, with a hypocritical little shudder, "commenced a kind of life destructive to his physical energies, and degrading to those of the mind." For the life Lord Byron thought proper to adopt, there is little excuse, but it is certainly rather amusing to see the patrician morality of his courtly biographer, who adds that, "it was *unluckily* among the beauties of the *lower orders* (the ladies of the higher orders being '*uglies*' by the by), that Byron selected the companions of his disengaged hours."

It is but a fair justification of his tastes in this particular, to quote the description the Poet has given of the dark-eyed sultana of his low-lived haram:—

"Since you desire the story of Margarita Cogni, you shall be told it, though it may be lengthy.

"Her face is the fine Venetian cast of the old time; her figure, though perhaps too tall, is not less fine—and taken altogether in the national dress.

"In the summer of 1817, **** and myself were sauntering on horseback along the Brenta one evening, when, amongst a group of peasants, we remarked two girls as the prettiest we had seen for some time. About this period, there had been great distress in the country, and I had a little relieved some of the people. Generosity makes a great figure at very little cost in Venetian livres, and mine had probably been exaggerated as an Englishman's. Whether they remarked us looking at them or no, I know not; but one of them called out to me in Venetian, 'Why do not you, who relieve others, think of us also?' I turned round and answered her—'Cara, tu sei troppo bella e giovane per aver' bisogna del' soccorso mio.' She answered, 'If you saw my hut and my food, you would not say so.' All this passed half jestingly, and I saw no more of her for some days. A few evenings after, we met with these two girls again, and they addressed us more seriously, assuring us of the truth of their statement. They were cousins; Margarita married, the other single. As I doubted still of the circumstances, I took the business in a different light, and made an appointment with them for the next evening * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *
in short, in a few evenings we arranged our affairs; and for a long space of time she was the only one who preserved over me an ascendancy, which was often disputed, and never impaired.

"The reasons of this were, firstly, her person—very dark, tall, the Venetian face, very fine black eyes. She was two-and-twenty years old, * * * She was besides a thorough Venetian in her dialect, in her thoughts, in her countenance, in every thing, with all their naïveté and pantaloon humour. Besides, she could neither read nor write, and could not plague me with letters,—except twice that she paid sixpence to a public scribe, under the piazza, to make a letter for her, upon some occasion when I was ill, and could not see her. In other respects, she was somewhat fierce and 'prepotente,' that is, overbearing, and used to walk in whenever it suited her, with no very great regard to time, place, nor persons; and if she found any women in her way, she knocked them down.

"When I first knew her, I was in 'relazione' (liaison) with la Signora **, who was silly enough one evening at Dolo, accompanied by some of her female friends, to threaten her; for the gossips of the villeggiatura had already found out, by the neighing of my horse one evening, that I used to 'ride late in the night' to meet the Fornarina. Margarita threw back her veil (fazziolo), and replied in very explicit Venetian: '*You* are *not* his *wife: I* am *not* his *wife*: you are his *donna*, and *I* am his *donna:* your husband is a *becco*, and mine is another. For the rest, what *right* have you to reproach me? if he prefers me to you, is it my fault? If you wish to secure him, tie him to your petticoat-string. But do not think to speak to me without a reply, because you happen to be richer than I am.' Having delivered this pretty piece of eloquence, she went on her way, leaving a numerous audience, with Madame **, to ponder at her leisure on the dialogue between them.

"When I came to Venice for the winter, she followed; and, as she found herself out to be a favourite, she came to me pretty often. But she had inordinate self-love, and was not tolerant of other women. At the 'Cavalchina,' the masked ball on the last night of the Carnival, where all the world goes, she snatched off the mask of Madame Contarini, a lady noble by birth, and decent in conduct, for no other reason but because

she happened to be leaning on my arm. You may suppose what a cursed noise this made; but this is only one of her pranks.

"At last she quarrelled with her husband, and one evening ran away to my house. I told her this would not do: she said she would lie in the street, but not go back to him; that he beat her, (the gentle tigress!) spent her money, and scandalously neglected her. As it was midnight, I let her stay, and next day there was no moving her at all. Her husband came, roaring and crying, and entreating her to come back:—*not* she! He then applied to the police, and they applied to me: I told them and her husband to *take* her; I did not want her; she had come, and I could not fling her out of the window; but they might conduct her through that or the door if they chose it. She went before the commissary, but was obliged to return with that 'becco ettico,' as she called the poor man, who had a phthisic. In a few days she ran away again. After a precious piece of work, she fixed herself in my house, really and truly without my consent; but, owing to my indolence, and not being able to keep my countenance—for if I began in a rage, she always finished by making me laugh with some Venetian pantaloonery or another; and the gipsy knew this well enough, as well as her other powers of persuasion, and exerted them with the usual tact and success of all she-things;—high and low, they are all alike for that.

"Madame Benzoni also took her under her protection, and then her head turned. She was always in extremes, either crying or laughing, and so fierce when angered, that she was the terror of men, women, and children—for she had the strength of an Amazon, with the temper of Medea. She was a fine animal, but quite untameable. *I* was the only person that could at all keep her in any order, and when she saw me really angry (which they tell me is a savage sight), she subsided. But she had a thousand fooleries. In her fazziolo, the dress of the lower orders, she looked beautiful; but, alas! she longed for a hat and feathers; and all I could say or do (and I said much) could not prevent this travestie. I put the first into the fire; but I got tired of burning them before she did of buying them, so that she made herself a figure—for they did not at all become her.

"Then she would have her gowns with a *tail*—like a lady, forsooth; nothing would serve her but 'l'abita colla *coua*,' or *cua* (that is the Venetian for 'la cola,' the tail or train), and as her cursed pronunciation of the word made me laugh, there was an end of all controversy, and she dragged this diabolical tail after her every where

"In the mean time, she beat the women and stopped my letters. I found her one day pondering over one. She used to try to find out by their shape whether they were feminine or no; and she used to lament her ignorance, and actually studied her alphabet, on purpose (as she declared) to open all letters addressed to me and read their contents.

"I must not omit to do justice to her housekeeping qualities. After she came into my house as 'donna di governo,' the expenses were reduced to less than half,—the apartments were kept in order, and every thing and every body else, except herself.

"That she had a sufficient regard for me in her wild way, I had many reasons to believe. I will mention one. In the autumn, one day, going to the Lido with my gondoliers, we were overtaken by a heavy squall, and the gondola put in peril—hats blown away, boat filling, oar lost, tumbling sea, thunder, rain in torrents, night coming, and wind unceasing. On our return, after a tight struggle, I found her on the open steps of the Mocenigo palace, on the Grand Canal, with her great black eyes flashing through her tears, and the long dark hair, which was streaming, drenched with rain, over her brows and breast. She was perfectly exposed to the storm; and the wind blowing her hair and dress about her thin tall figure, and the lightning flashing round her, and the waves rolling at her feet, made her look like Medea alighted from her chariot, or the sibyl of the tempest that was rolling around her, the only living thing within hail at that moment except ourselves. On seeing me safe, she did not wait to greet me, as might have been expected, but calling out to me—'Ah! can' della Madonna, ne esto il tempo per andar' al' Lido!' (Ah! dog of the Virgin, is this a time to go to Lido!) ran into the house, and solaced herself with scolding the boatmen for not foreseeing the 'temporale.' I am told by the servants that she had only been prevented from coming in a boat to look after me, by the refusal of all the gondoliers of the canal to put out into the harbour in such a moment; and that then she sate down on the steps in all the thickest of the squall, and would neither be removed nor comforted. Her joy at seeing me again was moderately mixed with ferocity, and gave me the idea of a tigress over her recovered cubs.

"But her reign drew near a close. She became quite ungovernable some months after, and a concurrence of complaints, some true, and many false—'a favourite has no friends'—determined me to part with her. I told her quietly that she must return home (she had acquired a sufficient provision for herself and mother, etc. in my service), and she refused to quit the house. I was firm, and she went threatening knives and revenge. I told her that I had seen knives drawn before her time, and that if she chose to begin, there was a knife, and fork also, at her service on the table, and that intimidation would not do. The next day, while I was at dinner, she walked in (having broken open a glass door that led from the hall below to the staircase, by way of prologue), and, advancing straight up to the table, snatched the knife from my hand, cutting me slightly in the thumb in the operation. Whe-

ther she meant to use this against herself or me, I know not—probably against neither—but Fletcher disarmed her. I then called my boatmen, and desired them to get the gondola ready, and conduct her to her own house again, seeing carefully that she did herself no mischief by the way. She seemed quite quiet, and walked down stairs. I resumed my dinner.

"We heard a great noise, and went out and met them on the stair-case, carrying her up. She had thrown herself into the canal. That she intended to destroy herself, I do not believe: but when we consider the fear women and men who can't swim have of deep or even of shallow water (and the Venetians in particular, though they live on the waves), and that it was also night, and very cold, it shows that she had a devilish spirit of some sort within her. They had got her out without much damage, excepting the salt water she had swallowed, and the wetting she had undergone.

"I foresaw her intention to refix herself, and sent for a surgeon, inquiring how many hours it would require to restore her from her agitation; and he named the time. I then said, 'I give you that time, and more if you require it; but at the expiration of this prescribed period, if *she* does not leave the house, *I* will.'

"All my people were consternated. They had always been frightened at her, and were now paralysed: they wanted me to apply to the police, to guard myself, etc. etc. like a pack of snivelling servile boobies as they were. I did nothing of the kind, thinking that I might as well end that way as another; besides, I had been used to savage women, and knew their ways.

"I had her sent home quietly after her recovery, and never saw her since, except twice at the opera, at a distance amongst the audience. She made many attempts to return, but no more violent ones.—And this is the story of Margarita Cogni."

Who would not admire the fierce en rgies and noble beauty of this passionate peasant? But the magnificent Margarita was only one of many who had no more virtue and less magnanimity than herself. It was amidst the license of so wild a life that the first pages of *Don Juan* were composed.

But a new spell was to be breathed upon a destiny which seemed ever vibrating to female charms, at once outworn and sickened by those licentious amours, in which he had rather sought the outpouring of a restless and dissatisfied spirit, than the gratification of mere sensual enjoyment. Byron made, at Madame Benzoni's, the acquaintance of a young Romagnese lady, who had been taken at seventeen from a convent, in order to be consigned to the arms of a sexagenarian bridegroom, one of the richest nobles of Italy, and possessing no other title to the affections of his spouse.

From the impression Lord Byron made upon this lady, who says that his voice, his manners, his thousand enchantments, his noble and exquisitely beautiful countenance, inspired her at once with a passion, of which, until that moment, she had never had an idea—from the instantaneous impression which Lord Byron made upon Countess Guiccioli, it is easy to conjecture, the impression being mutual, that it was not long before mutual and not unpleasing confessions were made; and indeed these were made so quickly, that, by the middle of the month in which their acquaintance had begun (April, 1819), their liaison was at that point which, of some liaisons, is the end. At this period the lady was obliged to leave Venice for Ravenna with her husband, and to Ravenna, after some hesitation, Lord Byron followed her.

In August, the Guicciolis left Ravenna for Bologna, and to Bologna Lord Byron removed also. Here the Count left his wife a month afterwards, and on her health, which had been for some time affected, requiring the change, he with the most complaisant readiness permitted her to proceed to Venice with Lord Byron, and, on arriving there, the physicians of the Countess prescribing the open air of the country, she went—still with the consent of her husband—to reside at a villa hired by his Lordship, who "*gave up his villa to her, coming to reside there also.*" I here quote from Madame Guiccioli herself, who has certainly found an expression most peculiarly delicate for her acceptance of such a residence.

The only person, however, having a right to dispute the propriety of the proceeding, viz., the ancient Count himself, showed, at first, no disposition to do so, merely begging Lord Byron to lend him, the Count Guiccioli, 1,000*l.* at due and legal interest, the Count having only 30,000*l.* a-year; nor was it until this little accommodation was refused, that his honour became somewhat irritable and uneasy. For the moment, however, disputes were terminated by the Countess returning with her husband to Ravenna. It was not however in the solitudes of this old romantic town, haunted by the memories of the preceding summer, that the young Countess was likely to forget her illustrious admirer. She suffered, and suffered so severely, that the state of her heart affected her health; and at last, at the request of the lady's own relations, and the sanction of the lady's own husband, who had, unknown to the Countess, exacted from Byron a promise that he would not again visit them, the noble Poet, who had determined to depart for England, changed his mind and set out for Ravenna. His feelings he thus describes:—

"I could not summon up resolution enough to leave the country where you are without once more seeing you. On *yourself* it will depend whether I ever again shall leave you. Of the rest we shall speak when we meet. You ought by this time to know which is most to your welfare—my presence or my absence. For myself, I am a citizen of the world, all countries are alike to me. You have ever been, since our first acquaintance, *the sole object of my thoughts.* My opinion was,

that the best course I could adopt, both for your peace and that of all your family, would have been to depart, and go far, far away from you; since to have been near, and not approach you, would have been for me impossible. You have, however, decided that I am to return to Ravenna; I shall accordingly return, and shall *do* and *be* all that you wish. I cannot say more."—Nor was it possible to say this in a more true and touching tone. There is, indeed, a kind of quiet, tender, and melancholy plaintiveness in the short address I have quoted, which sinks into the heart, and tells us how its writer did not expect happiness in the destiny that he pursued, and had endured misery in struggling against it; and so in the subsequent pages of his connection with this beloved lady, there seems a softness and a resignation in his character—a sort of delivering himself up to fate, which in no other time or circumstance of his life was ever apparent.

At Ravenna, this time, he staid a considerable period, and seemed every day to contract a fonder attachment for the deep woods and dismantled quietude of the place. Here he composed *Marino Faliero*, *Sardanapalus*, the *Foscari*, *Cain*, the *Prophecy of Dante*, *Translation from Pulci*, and the third and fourth cantos of *Don Juan*.

In the summer of 1820, Countess Guiccioli was separated from her husband, not at his, the husband's suit, which may seem extraordinary, but at her own. This separation, however, did originate or at least had the appearance of being caused by the Count's *jealousy;* although a separation had been a few years before granted at Rome on the solicitation of the Countess, from the same cause, and it was only after repeated protestations of a change of conduct on the part of her husband that she consented to return to him at Venice. Notwithstanding this, however, he now began most unconscionably to murmur, and insisted that the Countess should not receive Byron in her apartments, although he resided in the palace;—a sufficient cause for which he described himself to have been the scandalous or scandalized eye-witness of. The whole society of Ravenna, shocked at his indelicacy, rose up against him; the most indulgent said that, after having submitted so long, it was too bad at last to protest; while the young lady's relations considered her so shamefully ill-used, that *they* insisted upon and procured a separation; the conditions being—1st, that the Countess should reside with her father; 2nd, that her husband should provide her maintenance. She went then to reside with Count Gamba, at the distance of about fifteen miles from Ravenna, where Lord Byron visited her once or twice a-month, passing the rest of his time in perfect solitude.

Italy was now in the fiery and fretful state of her own volcanos; and for a time it was allowed to persons, even less imaginative than Lord Byron, to indulge the fond belief that the great spirit of other times was not utterly quenched in the hearts of her sons. Into the plans, however, more perhaps than into the hopes, of this time, from the poesy, the daring every thing connected with the cause of Italian liberty, Byron rushed with enthusiasm. His palace was a place of council and a place of concealment to the conspirators of Romagna; and to the Neapolitan government he wrote the following address, which was intercepted:—

"An Englishman, a friend to liberty, having understood that the Neapolitans permit even foreigners to contribute to the good cause, is desirous that they should do him the honour of accepting a thousand louis, which he takes the liberty of offering. Having already, not long since, been an ocular witness of the despotism of the Barbarians in the States occupied by them in Italy, he sees, with the enthusiasm natural to a cultivated man, the generous determination of the Neapolitans to assert their well-won independence. As a member of the English House of Peers, he would be a traitor to the principles which placed the reigning family of England on the throne, if he were not grateful for the noble lesson so lately given both to people and to kings. The offer which he desires to make is small in itself, as must always be that presented from an individual to a nation; but he trusts that it will not be the last they will receive from his countrymen. His distance from the frontier, and the feeling of his personal incapacity to contribute efficaciously to the service of the nation, prevents him from proposing himself as worthy of the lowest commission, for which experience and talent might be requisite. But if, as a mere volunteer, his presence were not a burden to whomsoever he might serve under, he would repair to whatever place the Neapolitan government might point out, there to obey the orders and participate in the dangers of his commanding officer, without any other motive than that of sharing the destiny of a brave nation, defending itself against the self-called Holy Alliance, which but combines the vice of hypocrisy with despotism."

I pause upon this address for one moment, for I confess that I cannot help being overpowered by my, not I trust unnatural, feelings of indignation, when I think of the infamy, for infamy it was, with which the world—the mean, base, and cowardly part of the world—had contrived to encompass, as it were in a toil, the name and fame of a man who, stigmatized as the hater of mankind, never displayed a sympathy which was not hostile to the misrulers of mankind—who, at the very moment of which I am speaking, suffering under popular malignity, did not for that abjure and hate the people; and, an exile from his native land, remembered its history and its laws, in taking the side of freedom.

True and melancholy was it that he wrote his own destiny, when he said—"The scoundrels who have all along persecuted me will triumph, and when justice

is done to me it will be when this hand is as cold as the hearts that have stung me." Even then, however, justice was done to him in Italy; and the best and bravest spirits of that unhappy land, if they did not sympathize with the wrongs, acknowledged the virtues and the energies, of the illustrious sojourner amongst them. "But the Neapolitans betrayed themselves and all the world; and those who would have given their blood for Italy could only give her their tears."

The exile of such in the Papal states as had only been watching an opportunity for rising, like that of the hoped-for success of the Neapolitan patriots would have offered, followed as a matter of course, and among these were the Counts Gamba, father and son. The Countess Guiccioli was obliged to accompany her father. *The poor of Ravenna*, fearing a similar sentence for Lord Byron, at whom indeed the sentence of the Gambas was indirectly levelled, petitioned the Cardinal to procure permission for him to remain: and this was the man whom half the griping parsons of Ireland and England—disputing with an unhappy peasant for his last potatoe — called, forsooth! devil, fiend, or any other of those gentle names taught in their peculiar vocabulary of Christian charity.

From Ravenna, about October, 1821, Lord Byron departed, with many mournful presentiments, for Pisa, at which place the Countess and her family were then awaiting him; and in this town he received the intelligence of the death of a natural daughter, born of an English lady, who then resided at Florence. The little girl (named Allegra) died at the convent of Bagna Cavallo, where Lord Byron had placed her for education. For this child he had a strong affection, and at her death he appears to have been deeply affected. The body he sent embalmed to England, with instructions that it should be buried in Harrow church-yard, as near as possible to that spot which was often witness to his schoolboy reveries.

There seems to have been a kind of homeless desolation about him at this period, which, conspiring with his love for strange lands, wandering, and adventure, made him turn his thoughts to South America, on which subject he actually wrote, requesting advice, to Mr. Ellice, late Secretary at War.

This was the summer of the death of Mr. Shelley, of whom, since his residence at Geneva, Lord Byron had seen a great deal. He was drowned, with a Mr. Williams, in returning from Leghorn to Lerici. The bodies were found and burnt; the spot chosen for the ceremony being thus described:—

"Before us," says Mr. Trelawny, "was the sea, with islands; behind us the Apennines; beside us a large tract of thick wood, stunted and twisted into fantastic shapes by the sea-breeze." * * * * * "The weather," continues Mr. Hunt, "was beautifully fine. The Mediterranean, now soft and lucid, kissed the shores as if to make peace with it; the yellow sand and blue sky intensely contrasted with one another: marble mountains touched the air with coolness, and the flame of the fire bore away towards heaven in vigorous amplitude, waving and quivering with a brightness of inconceivable beauty."

The death of Mr. Shelley left Lord Byron alone with Mr. Hunt in *the Liberal*, a publication which he had commenced in common with his deceased friend and that gentleman, having long had the idea of such a scheme, and indeed written to Mr. Moore upon the subject. *The Liberal*, though it contained *Heaven and Earth*, and the *Vision of Judgment*, two of Lord Byron's most remarkable compositions, was unsuccessful, and neither Mr. Hunt nor himself seem to have been much satisfied with their literary companionship. The causes for dissatisfaction on both sides have been given to the public. Mr. Moore calls it "an unworthy alliance," which, in respect to the talents and the principles of the author of *Rimini*, it was not. Mr. Hunt says, it was an insincere and interested one, with apparently as little reason. At all events, to Lord Byron it was unpopular, and there is no doubt that he wished to get quit of it handsomely, though he resisted with spirit several attempts that were made to induce him to give up Mr. Hunt, immediately after Shelley's demise.

It might, perhaps, be in some degree to break off this connection, and to efface the recollection of it, that he turned his thoughts to Greece. But there were also many other causes tempting him to the noble and chivalrous enterprise with which his name is now entwined. The natural bent of his disposition, manifested as a boy, was for scenes of action and contention; and few persons, indeed, have ever contrived to mix, with what would be called a peaceful life, so much of struggling and adventure. But, from the time of his first publication to the day of his death, there seems to have been an impression upon his mind, that this, the active part of his genius, had not, in a literary career, sufficient scope for display. At a moment when troubles were expected in England, he talks of taking an active part in the fray. In his correspondence with Mr. Moore in Italy, he says:—"It may seem odd to you, but I do not think literature my vocation;" and so, when a rising was expected in that country, he was more fully prepared to fight against German domination than perhaps any one over whom it extended.

Greece, reviving his early recollections, and at the same time offering all that glory could hope for, in its then inspiring contest—Greece, at that period, and the battles of Greece—had every thing to captivate and influence a poetic mind; while the memorable and oft-repeated assurance, that

> "Freedom's battle, once begun,
> And thus bequeath'd from sire to son,
> Though baffled oft, is ever won,"

called on the Bard to assist in the achievement of his own prophecy. Other thoughts might there also be, more nearly affecting home and his return to that native land, with which he was connected by blood and inseparably linked by fame.

The cause of Greece, popular in England, had been adopted with warmth by many public men. The champion of that cause, Lord Byron came before his countrymen in a new and noble character, and might find it no difficult matter—if successful, from admiration,—if unfortunate, from sympathy—to unite around him those popular affections which, in his dark and meteoric career, had been estranged. With all that could excite him to the undertaking, he himself, however, seems to have entered upon it with much foreboding of disaster; and in the last evening that he spent with Lady Blessington, at Genoa, suffered himself to be overpowered by dark and melancholy emotions. "Here," said he, "we are now all together; but when and where shall we meet again? I have a sort of boding that we see each other for the last time; as something tells me I shall never again return from Greece."

It was in the beginning of April, 1823, that the noble subject of this memoir received a visit from Mr. Blaquiere, then on his road to the Morea. Almost immediately afterwards, he entered into correspondence with the Greek committee, and, in the latter end of July, left Italy to see it no more. Madame Guiccioli remained there. Her brother, Count Gamba, accompanied Lord Byron. His course was first bent to one of the Ionian Islands, whence it was thought he might be able to learn the exact position of affairs before he landed upon the continent. In Cephalonia he staid a considerable time, where he seems to have been principally occupied with the attempt to unravel the intricate politics of the scene he was about to enter upon, and in listening to the orthodox doctrines of a Mr. Kennedy, a very excellent and pious, but rather ill-judging, gentleman, who undertook, very confidently, to convert Lord B. to a full belief in every one of the Thirty-nine Articles, if he would but listen to him twelve hours at a time. Unfortunately, this condition was indispensable. Lord Byron sank, I think, beneath the second hour, otherwise (Dr. Kennedy always said) he would have been converted.

It was the end of December when Byron reached the coast of the Morea, and putting off again on the 5th of January, after some danger from adverse winds, arrived, in spite of the Turkish fleet blockading its port, at Missolonghi, where he landed amidst the exulting population of the place, who, amidst the mingled din of rejoicing shouts, wild music, and artillery, conducted him to the house prepared for him.

A few dull fools have always been ready to spread the doctrine that there exists some incompatibility between a poetical mind and a practical capacity. Unfortunately for them, history, which has preserved to us the names of Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon, furnishes hardly one solitary example of their theory; nor have they a spiteful consolation in the brief and chivalrous career which our noble Poet entered upon. Landed in Greece, once embarked in her cause, it was impossible for any one to have displayed a sounder judgment, a cooler courage, or a more daring spirit, during circumstances which might have fairly excused a want in either: beset by difficulties of every description,—amidst savage Suliotes, rushing at every moment into his room under the wild impulses of warlike insubordination—and legislative quacks, spouting forth their well-intentioned nonsense about a free press and a Benthamite republic,—accused here as a miser, because he reserved his means for objects of utility—attacked there as an oligarch and an aristocrat, because he contended that a government must be strong at home which had to fight against a foreign foe,—disappointed in all his darling schemes of distinguishing himself, by the folly or incapacity of those whom he had come to serve,—poked up in a pestilential city, decimated by fever and disturbed by dissensions,—he neither allowed himself to be irritated, nor disgusted, nor down-hearted. The only one who showed the least capacity for commanding, he was the only one of Greeks, Germans, or English, who showed the least inclination to obey. While Colonel Stanhope and Mr. Trelawny were leaguing with the Greek chief Ulysses, the Greeks, even in the Greek town in which he was, fighting amongst themselves, his guard actually refusing to march, and his artillery deserting—he himself says:—"As for me, I am willing to do what I am bidden, and to follow my instructions. I neither seek nor shun any thing that I may be wished to attempt. As for personal safety, besides that it ought not to be a consideration, I take it that a man is, on the whole, as safe in one place as another, and after all he had better end with a bullet than bark in his body. If we are not taken off with the sword, we are like to march off with an ague in this mud-basket; and to conclude with a very bad pun, to the ear rather than the eye, better *martially* than *marsh-ally*. The situation of Missolonghi is not unknown to you. The dykes of Holland, when broken down, are the deserts of Arabia for dryness in comparison."

In such a spot and under such circumstances was Lord Byron placed; not, let me say, by a ridiculous enthusiasm, for from first to last he fully understood the difficulties of his situation; but by an honourable desire for enterprise, a carelessness for death in a good cause, a desire, perchance, to be restored to the good esteem of his fellow-countrymen, and an ardent aspiration for the freedom of a celebrated country and a gallant people, long placed under a degrading and intolerable yoke.

His first endeavours were to mitigate the savage and atrocious character of the existing contest; and

in this, by a well-judged return of some Turkish prisoners, and a letter addressed to Yussuff Pacha, commanding in that district, he succeeded. His next object was to have stormed Lepanto. From this endeavour he was prevented by the insurrection of his troops. He then turned his attention to the formation of a brigade with which he might commence operations in the spring, and to the defence of Missolonghi, for the expense of which, he was willing to have advanced two-thirds of the money required.

In the midst of these plans he was seized, on the 15th of February, by a violent fit, which, though it lasted but a short time, seems to have made a deep impression upon his constitution; the pain he suffered during it being, as he himself said, of such an intolerable nature, that, if it had lasted a minute longer, he must have died.

From the time of this attack in February, Lord Byron continued weak, nervous, subject to tremors and vertigos, which he no doubt increased by an over spare diet, living wholly on toast, vegetables, and cheese, and restrained from exercise by the bad weather and a report of the plague; so that his only recreation was that of playing with his dog Lion, and going through the exercise of drilling with his officers, an exercise sometimes diversified by a game at single-stick. Under these circumstances, it wanted but a very little to animate the elements of destruction already existing in his constitution. A cold, caught from standing, in a state of violent perspiration, exposed to the rain in an open boat, brought on a fit of fever, accompanied with shiverings and rheumatic pains.

"At 8 that evening," says Count Gamba, "I entered his room; he was lying on a sofa restless and melancholy; he said to me, 'I suffer a great deal of pain: I do not care for death, but these agonies I cannot bear.'" The following morning, however, he rode out in the olive woods; but on his return complained of the saddle having been damp. This was the last time he crossed his horse's back.

His fever now rapidly increased. On the 12th he kept his bed all day, complaining he could not sleep, and taking no nourishment whatever. The two following days the fever seemed to have diminished, but he had become weaker, and complained of violent pains in the head. On the 14th his physician, Dr. Bruno, urged bleeding, which Lord Byron, however, from some boyish superstition, resolutely resisted. At this time he would have sent for Dr. Thomas at Zante, but a hurricane blowing into the port rendered all communication with that island impossible. On the 16th, alarmed at some hints from Mr. Millingen, that madness, of which he had great fear, might otherwise ensue, he submitted to bleeding;(1) but, as if to confirm his theory, the fever after the operation only became stronger than before. On the 17th, the bleeding was repeated, but the inflammation on the head hourly increased. On the 18th Lord Byron rose, and attempted to read, but found himself faint, and, tottering back to the room he had quitted, returned to bed. A consultation was then held among such gentlemen of the medical faculty as could be got together, Luca Vaga, Prince Mavrocordato's physician, Dr. Freiber, the medical assistant of Millingen, Dr. Bruno, and Millingen himself; and now, for the first time it appears, Lord Byron was sensible of his extreme danger. Millingen, Fletcher his valet, and Tita, an Italian servant of great fidelity, were standing by his bed, and in tears. The two first, unable to restrain their grief, left the room; the hand of the last was locked in Lord Byron's, so that he could not. "Oh! questa è una bella scena!" said Byron to him, with a faint smile, giving vent even at this moment to his sense of the theatrical, and deriving a kind of amusement from his own death-scene. He then seemed to reflect a moment, and said, "Call Parry!" Delirium immediately ensued, in which he was heard to say—"Forward! courage!" etc. etc., words, it may be remembered, almost similar to those uttered at a similar moment by Napoleon!

On recovering from this paroxysm, his approaching fate was still more apparent; and perhaps no death-bed scene was ever more sorrowful or exciting than the one which followed, as, between impatience to be understood, and the impossibility of utterance, poor Byron struggled vainly to make his last thoughts and wishes known to his faithful domestic.

"Go to my sister—tell her—go to Lady Byron—tell her—." Here he became indistinct, but continued muttering with great vehemence for some considerable time. No words were caught, however, except "Augusta," "Hobhouse," "Kinnaird ——." "Now," he said at last, "I've told you all." "My Lord," replied Fletcher, "I have not understood a word that your Lordship has been uttering." "Not understood me!" said Lord Byron, in the utmost distress; "what a pity! then it is too late; all is over." "I hope not," answered Fletcher; "but the Lord's will be done!" "Yes, not mine," said Byron. He was then heard to repeat the words, "my sister—my child!" Subsequently he was also heard to say,—"there are things that make the world dear to me; for the rest, I am content to die." He spoke also of Greece—"I have given her my time, my means, my health; and now I give her my life—what could I do more?" At six o'clock on the evening of this day, he said—"Now I shall go to sleep;" and, turning round, he fell into a slumber which lasted for twenty-four hours. At a quarter past six o'clock, on the following day (the 19th), he opened his eyes, and shut them again immediately. This was his last sign of life—the physicians felt his pulse—he was no more.

(1) There are contradictory accounts of the whole of these proceedings, but Mr. Moore's seems the best authenticated.

On the 22d of April, in the midst of his own brigade, the troops of the government, and the whole population, the most precious portion of his honoured remains was carried to the church where lie the bodies of Marco Botzaris and of General Normann. The coffin was a rude ill-constructed chest of wood; a black mantle served for a pall, and over it were placed a helmet, a sword, and a crown of laurel. But no funereal pomp could have left the impression, or spoken the feelings, of this simple ceremony. The wretchedness and desolation of the place itself, the wild and half-civilized warriors present, their deep-felt unaffected grief, the fond recollections, the disappointed hopes, the anxieties and sad presentiments, which might be read on every countenance—all contributed to form a scene more truly affecting than perhaps was ever before witnessed round the grave of a great man. The coffin was not closed till the 29th of the month.

On the 2d of May the remains of Lord Byron were embarked, under a salute from the guns of the fortress. After a passage of three days, the vessel reached Zante, where Colonel Stanhope shortly afterwards arrived from the Morea, and, as he was on his way back to England, he took charge of Lord Byron's remains, and embarked with them on board the *Florida*. On the 25th of May she sailed from Zante, and on the 29th of June entered the Downs. John Cam Hobhouse, Esq. and John Hanson, Esq., Lord Byron's executors, claimed the body from the *Florida*, and it was removed to the house of Sir Edward Knatchbull, Westminster, where it lay in state several days.

The interment took place on Friday, July 16th. Lord Byron was buried in the family vault, at the village of Hucknall, eight miles beyond Nottingham, and within two miles of the venerable Abbey of Newstead. He was accompanied to the grave by crowds of persons, eager to show this last testimony of respect to his memory. As in one of his earlier poems he had expressed a wish that his dust might mingle with his mother's, his coffin was placed in the vault next to hers. It bore the following inscription:—"George Gordon Noel Byron, Lord Byron, of Rochdale. Born in London, (1) Jan. 22, 1788, died at Missolonghi, in Western Greece, April 19th, 1824." An urn accompanied the coffin, and on it was inscribed:—"Within this urn are deposited the heart, brain, etc. of the deceased Lord Byron."—At the end of this memoir will be found a correct representation of the monument erected in Hucknall church, with the inscription it bears.

Such was the termination of Lord Byron's earthly career—the most remarkable poet of his epoch, and one of the most remarkable men that ever lived. Of high birth, a noble fortune (at the time of his death he had his wife's), of extraordinary abilities—all of which he was driven by bigotry, calumny, and prejudice, to dedicate to a foreign cause, in which he miserably but magnificently perished. The sensation which his death produced in Greece must have been tremendous, from the recollections of him which, on visiting that country afterwards, I still found there. Its effect in England was hardly less astounding.

There was something so boyish, even to the last, in Byron's character,—there was so much about him of promise, even when he had most performed,—that the idea of his death could, I think, have hardly occurred to any one. To me, perhaps, the news of it, a much younger enthusiast, came, considering I was unacquainted with him personally, with peculiar force. Educated at the same school, and, on coming into life, having become acquainted with some of his best friends,—at that very moment preparing, a youthful follower, to join him in his romantic enterprise,—I remained, with a sense of desolation pressing upon me, almost rooted to the spot where I was standing, when I heard the fatal intelligence. Over England in general I believe, indeed, the blow was felt as a private calamity, notwithstanding the injustice which had driven him from it. The very faults of Byron, which excited the hope and the expectation of amendment, if they had provoked reproaches on his life, enhanced the regrets at his death. Never, however, was death more poetical or more glorious. There are bards whose writings may compete with those of the author of *Childe Harold;* but there are none over whose personal existence such a spell and such a charm has been thrown. Even in his most beautiful compositions, we think less of the minstrelsy than the minstrel; and this feeling, which it seemed Lord Byron's peculiar destiny to excite during his existence, has been perpetuated by the cause for which he perished, and the spot in which he died.

As little has been said, since his leaving Italy, of the lady with whom he had been previously residing, I should observe, that with this lady he kept up an affectionate and continued correspondence; and from some verses, the last and among the most beautiful of any he wrote, he refers to the passion that had so long governed him, and which, even in what he thought his declining years, he still felt, with a poesy and a tenderness that did equal justice to his lady and his muse.

I know of few things to say within the short limits still assigned to me, that this narration has not already introduced.

As a man, Lord Byron was a person of good impulses and violent passions, which every circumstance in his life, from boyhood to manhood, tended to develop. As a christian, he performed many of the duties, without feeling strong faith in the creed, of Christ. For this weakness of faith he was attacked with a virulence such as few people, in civilized times, were ever assailed with for their religious

(1) Mr. Dallas says Dover.—P. E.

opinions; a virulence the more absurd, since he expressed no convictions, and never attempted to impress even his doubts upon the minds of others. As a poet, Lord Byron was one of the first, and certainly one of the most extraordinary, that ever lived,—uniting in himself the qualities of two men, than whom no two in England were ever more celebrated or more opposed. The best passages in *Comus* are not more sublime than some in *Manfred* and *Childe Harold;* nor did the author of *The Tale of a Tub* ever display more wit and humour than are to be found in *Beppo* and *Don Juan*. No writer, of any age or country, ever succeeded so well in so many different styles.

The *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, written when the author was nineteen, may be classed amongst the very best satirical compositions in our language. *The Giaour*, *The Corsair*, and *The Bride of Abydos*, are all poems original as well as powerful, and equally extraordinary in their language, their thoughts, and their conceptions. *Childe Harold* stands alone; *Don Juan* is without rival: and, if we wanted a new proof of the extraordinary genius of this great man, Mr. Moore has given it in a collection of letters to which I have once before alluded; letters which have all the wit of Horace Walpole's, without any of the affectation; and are not more remarkable for their humour than for their power.

As to the tendency of Byron's writings, no author of great celebrity, with the exception of Walter Scott, ever passed in England without, on this score, incurring reproach. Milton, Dryden, Swift, Pope, Smollett, Fielding, were all objects of abuse to the envious and canting hypocrites of their day, and with about as much justice as the poet of our own times. *Don Juan*, the most attacked of any of his works, is, on the ground of morality, perhaps, the least assailable, being one of the best and most useful satires on a vicious state of society which ever proceeded from human wit; and no more reprehensible, either for the things described, or for the manner of their description, than *Don Quixote* itself, which, for those who hunt after lewd readings and gross imaginings (witness the love-scene of Maritornes and the carrier), might furnish sufficient ground for snivelling reprehension.

Had Lord Byron chosen, or rather had he been driven by circumstances into, another career, I cannot help myself believing that he would have been equally successful in it; nor do his comparative failures in the House of Lords, at a time when his mind was delivered up to other pursuits, while his success in speaking, to which he had served no apprenticeship, was compared with his success in literature, which he had been long pursuing, offer any proof contradictory to this belief. Great energy, strong passions, a vivid imagination, and most excellent common sense, formed the ground-work of Lord Byron's poetical character, and suited him equally, and perhaps, as he himself thought, better, for an active than a literary life. At the time he engaged in the former, however, his body had already begun to yield to the pressure of the many griefs and passions it had undergone. The vital essence had almost burnt out, and all that he did in Greece as a hero was to die—as best became the memory of a poet.

As to his feelings respecting money matters, and the advances he made to the Greek cause, no man ever seems to have made such sacrifices with a better or more generous spirit; and though he might expect, and expect fairly, that, if the Greeks obtained resources of their own, they would repay him—not the health and energy devoted to their cause; that they could never repay—not the income devoted to their cause, since that went from day to day without account or reckoning—but such sums as, under no ordinary circumstances of risk, he advanced in the way of loan—(I know of few who would have been inclined to do as much)—yet the feelings he had upon the subject were those of a man who considered himself and his fortune at the service of the cause he had espoused. "So far," says he, in a private and confidential letter to Mr. Douglas Kinnaird, Feb. 21, 1824, "I have succeeded in supporting the government of Western Greece, which would otherwise have been dissolved. If you have received the eleven thousand and odd pounds, these, with what I have in hand, and my income for the current year, to say nothing of contingencies, will, or might, enable me to keep the sinews of war properly strung. If the Deputies be honest fellows, and obtain the loan, they will repay the 4000*l.* as agreed upon; and even then I shall save little, or indeed less than little, since I am maintaining nearly the whole machine—in this place at least—at my own cost: *but let the Greeks only succeed, and I don't care for myself.*"

The vulgar recklessness for money, which distinguished his early career, passed away, no doubt, in later life, and this change was marked, as all changes in people of warm temperament are marked, by a certain degree of enthusiasm in the new direction. His attention, for a time, to his expenses, keeping a slate by him constantly, on which the day's items were reckoned, never interfered with acts of charity or benevolence; and the debts which, in his former life, he had incurred, and which it was in every way desirable to pay, most fully excuse an economy which, if he adopted at all, he was sure to adopt with a certain poetical appearance of excess.

His most evident weakness was one to which I have alluded, and which, mentioned by all, has I think been too harshly dealt with by some of his biographers—I mean a strong prejudice in favour of birth and fashion, and a high estimate of his own importance, for having once figured as a dandy, and been by birth elevated to the peerage. This was a weakness,—

a vulgar weakness; but it naturally arose from his rank coming to him by accident, and from his position in the world having been obtained with difficulty. A peer, he had the faults of a *parvenu*, for he had laboured under many of the disadvantages, and derived many of the advantages, ordinarily attendant upon the circumstances of rising from a plebeian to a patrician station. In early youth, his mother, and the people surrounding his mother, must always have looked upon a peer of the realm as a mighty personage, and the ideas which the heir of Newstead thus imbibed could not but give him a high opinion of his lordly consequence, and a deep disgust with the world when it did not at once acknowledge it.

In the short literary connection which subsisted between Lord Byron and Mr. Hunt, less blame, as it appears to me, attaches to either party than the partisans of each have endeavoured to have it believed. The two persons were, from every circumstance of their lives, certain to be dissimilar; to have different ideas of gentlemanlike conduct, agreeable manners, and conversational ability. But there is this advantage to be given to Lord Byron—and no inconsiderable one it is—viz. that, of the two, he more appreciated the talents, and made more allowances for the feelings, of his coadjutor and companion.

And now, reader, you who, following me thus far, have sighed with a generous pity over the faults, and burnt with as generous an indignation at the wrongs, of my illustrious countryman, let the pages you have read inspire you with some kindly feeling for those in general, whose way to a reputation in after times is generally through the sneers and calumnies of their contemporaries.

Time has swept on; and the injured is in the tomb, and years, perchance, have effaced from the recollection of the injurers the aspersion and the scoff,—the whispered falsehood and the solemn wrong,—with which they wrung the heart that heaped upon them "the curse of its forgiveness!" But thou, O Nemesis! neither forgetting nor forgiving,—long after their worthless bones shall have rotted in the grave, wilt preserve their blasted fame, blackening by the side of that gentle and triumphant boast—

"My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,
And my frame perish even in conquering pain;
But there is that within me which shall tire
Torture and time, and breathe when I expire;
Something unearthly which they deem not of,
Like the remember'd tone of a mute lyre,
Shall on their soften'd spirits sink, and move,
In hearts all rocky now, the late remorse of love."

The scale of the above is one inch to a foot, the ground is dove the other parts statuary marble.

is all I shall derive from these productions; and I shall never attempt to replace its fading leaves, or pluck a single additional sprig from groves where I am, at best, an intruder. Though accustomed in my younger days to rove, a careless mountaineer, on the Highlands of Scotland, I have not, of late years, had the benefit of such pure air, or so elevated a residence, as might enable me to enter the lists with genuine bards, who have enjoyed both these advantages. But they derive considerable fame, and a few not less profit, from their productions; while I shall expiate my rashness as an interloper, certainly without the latter, and in all probability with a very slight share of the former. I leave to others "virûm volitare per ora." I look to the few who will hear with patience "dulce est desipere in loco." To the former worthies I resign, without repining, the hope of immortality, and content myself with the not very magnificent prospect of ranking amongst "the mob of gentlemen who write"—my readers must determine whether I dare say "with ease,"—or the honour of a posthumous page in *The Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*, a work to which the Peerage is under infinite obligations, inasmuch as many names of considerable length, sound, and antiquity, are thereby rescued from the obscurity which unluckily overshadows several voluminous productions of their illustrious bearers.

With slight hopes, and some fears, I publish this first and last attempt. To the dictates of young ambition may be ascribed many actions more criminal and equally absurd. To a few of my own age the contents may afford amusement: I trust they will, at least, be found harmless. It is highly improbable, from my situation and pursuits hereafter, that I should ever obtrude myself a second time on the public; nor even, in the very doubtful event of present indulgence, shall I be tempted to commit a future trespass of the same nature. The opinion of Dr. Johnson on the Poems of a noble relation of mine,(1) "That when a man of rank appeared in the character of an author, he deserved to have his merit handsomely allowed,"(2) can have little weight with verbal and still less with periodical censors; but, were it otherwise, I should be loth to avail myself of the privilege, and would rather incur the bitterest censure of anonymous criticism, than triumph in honours granted solely to a title.

(1) The Earl of Carlisle, whose works have long received the meed of public applause, to which, by their intrinsic worth, they were well entitled.

(2) The passage referred to by Lord Byron occurs in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, vol. iv. p. 486. (Croker's edition, 1831.) Dr. Johnson's letter to Mrs. Chapone, criticising, on the whole favourably, the Earl's tragedy of *The Father's Revenge*, is inserted in the same work, vol. v. p. 136.—L. E.

(3) The author claims the indulgence of the reader more for this piece than, perhaps, any other in the collection; but as it was written at an earlier period than the rest (being composed at the age of fourteen), and his first essay, he preferred submitting it to the indulgence of his friends in its present state, to making either addition or alteration.

(4) "My first dash into poetry was as early as 1800. It was the ebullition of a passion for my first cousin, Margaret Parker (daughter and grand-daughter of the two Admirals Parker), one of the most beautiful of evanescent beings. I have long forgotten the verse; but it would be difficult for me to forget her—her dark eyes—her long eye-lashes—her completely Greek cast of face and figure! I was then about twelve—she rather older, perhaps a year. She died about a year or two afterwards, in consequence of a fall, which injured her spine, and induced consumption. Her sister, Augusta (by some thought still more beautiful), died of the same malady; and it was, indeed, in attending her, that Margaret met with the accident which occasioned her death. My sister told me, that when she went to see her, shortly before her death, upon accidentally mentioning my name, Margaret coloured, throughout the paleness of mortality, to the eyes, to the great astonishment of my sister, who knew nothing of our attachment, nor could conceive why my name should affect her at such a time. I knew nothing of her illness—being at Harrow and in the country—till she was gone. Some years after, I made an attempt at an elegy—a very dull one. I do not recollect scarcely any thing equal to the transparent beauty of my cousin, or to the sweetness of her temper, during the short period of our intimacy. She looked as if she had been made out of a rainbow—all beauty and peace."—*Byron's Diary*, 1821.—L. E.

In this practice of dating his juvenile poems, Byron followed the example of Milton, who (says Johnson), "by affixing the dates to his first compositions, a boast of which the learned Politian had given him an example, seems to commend the earliness of his own compositions to the notice of posterity."—*Moore*.—P. E.

(5) This little poem, and some others in the collection, refer to a boy of Lord Byron's own age, son of one of his tenants at Newstead, for whom he had formed a romantic attachment, of earlier date than any of his school friendships.—L. E.

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY,

COUSIN TO THE AUTHOR, AND VERY DEAR TO HIM. (3)

HUSH'D are the winds, and still the evening gloom,
Not e'en a zephyr wanders through the grove,
Whilst I return, to view my Margaret's tomb,
And scatter flowers on the dust I love.

Within this narrow cell reclines her clay,
That clay, where once such animation beam'd;
The King of Terrors seized her as his prey,
Nor worth, nor beauty, have her life redeem'd.

Oh! could that King of Terrors pity feel,
Or Heaven reverse the dread decrees of fate!
Not here the mourner would his grief reveal,
Not here the muse her virtues would relate.

But wherefore weep? Her matchless spirit soars
Beyond where splendid shines the orb of day;
And weeping angels lead her to those bowers
Where endless pleasures virtue's deeds repay.

And shall presumptuous mortals Heaven arraign,
And, madly, godlike Providence accuse?
Ah! no, far fly from me attempts so vain;—
I'll ne'er submission to my God refuse.

Yet is remembrance of those virtues dear,
Yet fresh the memory of that beauteous face;
Still they call forth my warm affection's tear,
Still in my heart retain their wonted place.

1802. (4)

TO E——. (5)

LET Folly smile, to view the names
Of thee and me in friendship twined;
Yet Virtue will have greater claims
To love, than rank with vice combined.

And though unequal is thy fate,
Since title deck'd my higher birth!
Yet envy not this gaudy state;
Thine is the pride of modest worth.

In vain to clasp,
A hand alone could sever,
But — grant — grasp
Thy Breast forever.

True, from my Breast
Burn beneath thy Seat,
Thy rage still must rest
Until cease to beat —

Our souls at least congenial meet,
Nor can thy lot my rank disgrace;
Our intercourse is not less sweet,
Since worth of rank supplies the place.

November, 1802.

TO D——.(1)

In thee I fondly hoped to clasp
A friend, whom death alone could sever;
Till envy, with malignant grasp,
Detach'd thee from my breast for ever.

True, she has forced thee from my breast,
Yet, in my heart thou keep'st thy seat;
There, there thine image still must rest,
Until that heart shall cease to beat.

And, when the grave restores her dead,
When life again to dust is given,
On thy dear breast I'll lay my head—
Without thee, where would be my heaven?

February, 1803.

ON LEAVING NEWSTEAD ABBEY.(2)

"Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy tower to-day: yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes, it howls in thy empty court."
Ossian.

Through thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle;
Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay;
In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock and thistle
Have choked up the rose which late bloom'd in the way.

Of the mail-cover'd barons, who proudly to battle
Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain,(3)
The escutcheon and shield, which with every blast rattle,
Are the only sad vestiges now that remain.

No more doth old Robert, with harp-stringing numbers,
Raise a flame in the breast for the war-laurell'd wreath;
Near Askalon's towers, John of Horistan (4) slumbers,
Unnerved is the hand of his minstrel by death.

Paul and Hubert, too, sleep in the valley of Cressy;(5)
For the safety of Edward and England they fell:
My fathers! the tears of your country redress ye;
How you fought, how you died, still her annals can tell.

On Marston,(6) with Rupert,(7) 'gainst traitors contending,
Four brothers enrich'd with their blood the bleak field;
For the rights of a monarch their country defending,
Till death their attachment to royalty seal'd.(8)

Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant, departing
From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu!
Abroad, or at home, your remembrance imparting
New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.

Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation,
'T is nature, not fear, that excites his regret;
Far distant he goes, with the same emulation,
The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.

(1) The idea of printing a collection of his Poems first occurred to Lord Byron in the parlour of that cottage, which, during his visit to Southwell, had become his adopted home. Miss Pigot, who was not before aware of his turn for versifying, had been reading aloud the Poems of Burns, when young Byron said, "that he, too, was a poet sometimes, and would write down for her some verses of his own which he remembered." He then, with a pencil, wrote these lines, "To D——." *A fac-simile of this fronts this page.*—L. E.

(2) The priory of Newstead, or de Novo Loco, in Sherwood, was founded about the year 1170, by Henry II., and dedicated to God and the Virgin. It was in the reign of Henry VIII., on the dissolution of the monasteries, that, by a royal grant, it was added, with the lands adjoining, to the other possessions of the Byron family. The favourite upon whom they were conferred was the grand-nephew of the gallant soldier who fought by the side of Richmond at Bosworth, and is distinguished from the other knights of the same Christian name, in the family, by the title of "Sir John Byron the Little, with the great beard." A portrait of this personage was one of the few family pictures with which the walls of the Abbey, while in the possession of the poet, were decorated.—L. E.

(3) There being no record of any of Lord Byron's ancestors having been engaged in the Holy Wars, Mr. Moore suggests, that the poet may have had no other authority for this notion than the tradition which he found connected with certain strange groups of heads, which are represented on the old panel-work in some of the chambers at Newstead. In one of these groups, consisting of three heads, strongly carved and projecting from the panel, the centre figure evidently represents a Saracen or Moor, with a European female on one side of him, and a Christian soldier on the other. In a second group, the female occupies the centre, while on either side is the head of a Saracen, with the eyes fixed earnestly upon her. Of the exact meaning of these figures there is nothing known; but the tradition is, that they refer to a love adventure of the age of the Crusades.—L. E.

"It is not probable," says Galt, in his *Life of Byron*, "that the figures referred to any transactions in Palestine in which the Byrons were engaged, if they were put up by the Byrons at all. They were probably placed in their present situation while the building was in possession of the churchmen. One of the groups, consisting of a female and two Saracens with eyes earnestly fixed upon her, may have been the old favourite ecclesiastical story of Susanna and the Elders. The other, which represents a Saracen, with a European female between him and a christian soldier, is perhaps an ecclesiastical allegory, descriptive of the Saracen and the christian warrior contending for the liberation of the church. These sort of allegorical stories were common among monastic ornaments, and the famous legend of St. George and the Dragon is one of them."—P. E.

(4) "In the park of Horseley," says Thoroton, "there was a castle, some of the ruins of which are yet visible, called Horistan Castle, which was the chief mansion of Ralph de Burun's successors."

(5) Two of the family of Byron are enumerated as serving with distinction in the siege of Calais, under Edward III. and as among the knights who fell on the glorious field of Cressy.—L. E.

(6) The battle of Marston Moor, where the adherents of Charles I. were defeated.

(7) Son of the Elector Palatine, and nephew to Charles I. He afterwards commanded the fleet in the reign of Charles II.

(8) Sir Nicholas Byron served with distinction in the Low Countries; and, in the Great Rebellion, he was one of the first to take up arms in the royal cause. After the battle of Edgehill, he was made colonel-general of Cheshire and Shropshire, and governor of Chester. "He was," says Clarendon, "a person of great affability and dexterity, as well as martial knowledge, which gave great life to the designs of the well-affected; and, with the encouragement of some gentlemen of North Wales, he raised such a power of horse and foot, as made frequent skirmishes with the enemy, sometimes with notable advantage, never with signal loss."

In 1643, Sir John Byron was created Baron Byron of Rochdale in the county of Lancaster; and seldom has a title been bestowed for such high and honourable services as those

That fame, and that memory, still will be cherish;
He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown;
Like you will he live, or like you will he perish;
When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with your own!

1803.

A FRAGMENT.

When, to their airy hall, my fathers' voice
Shall call my spirit, joyful in their choice;
When, poised upon the gale, my form shall ride,
Or, dark in mist, descend the mountain's side;
Oh! may my shade behold no sculptured urns
To mark the spot where earth to earth returns!
No lengthen'd scroll, no praise-encumber'd stone;
My epitaph shall be my name alone: (1)
If *that* with honour fail to crown my clay,
Oh! may no other fame my deeds repay!
That, only *that*, shall single out the spot;
By that remember'd, or with that forgot.

1803.

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND. (2)

"Ἀστὴρ πρὶν μὲν λαμπες ἐνὶ ζωοῖσιν ἐῶος."—Laertius.

Oh, Friend! for ever loved, for ever dear!
What fruitless tears have bathed thy honour'd bier!
What sighs re-echo'd to thy parting breath,
Whilst thou wast struggling in the pangs of death!
Could tears retard the tyrant in his course;
Could sighs avert his dart's relentless force;
Could youth and virtue claim a short delay,
Or beauty charm the spectre from his prey;
Thou still hadst lived to bless my aching sight,
Thy comrades' honour and thy friend's delight.
If yet thy gentle spirit hover nigh
The spot where now thy mouldering ashes lie,
Here wilt thou read, recorded on my heart,
A grief too deep to trust the sculptor's art.
No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,
But living statues there are seen to weep;
Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb,
Affliction's self deplores thy youthful doom.
What though thy sire lament his failing line?
A father's sorrows cannot equal mine!
Though none, like thee, his dying hour will cheer,
Yet other offspring soothe his anguish here:
But who, with me, shall hold thy former place?
Thine image what new friendship can efface?
Ah, none!—a father's tears will cease to flow,
Time will assuage an infant brother's woe;
To all, save one, is consolation known,
While solitary friendship sighs alone.

1803.

LINES

WRITTEN IN "LETTERS OF AN ITALIAN NUN AND AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN: BY J. J. ROUSSEAU: FOUNDED ON FACTS."

"Away, away! your flattering arts
May now betray some simpler hearts;
And you will smile at their believing,
And they shall weep at your deceiving."

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING, ADDRESSED TO MISS ——.

Dear, simple girl, those flattering arts,
From which thou 'dst guard frail female hearts,
Exist but in imagination,—
Mere phantoms of thine own creation;

by which he deserved the gratitude of his royal master. Through almost every page of the History of the Civil Wars, we trace his name in connection with the varying fortunes of the king, and find him faithful, persevering, and disinterested to the last. "Sir John Biron," says Mrs. Hutchinson, "afterwards Lord Biron, and all his brothers, bred up in arms, and valiant men in their own persons, were all passionately the king's." We find also, in the reply of Colonel Hutchinson, when governor of Nottingham, to his cousin-german Sir Richard Byron, a noble tribute to the chivalrous fidelity of the race. Sir Richard, having sent to prevail on his relative to surrender the castle, received for answer, that "except he found his own heart prone to such treachery, he might consider there was, if nothing else, so much of a Byron's blood in him, that he should very much scorn to betray or quit a trust he had undertaken."

On the monument of Richard, the second Lord Byron, who lies buried in the chancel of Hucknal-Tokard church, there is the following inscription:—"Beneath, in a vault, is interred the body of Richard Lord Byron, who, with the rest of his family, being seven brothers, faithfully served King Charles the First in the civil wars, who suffered much for their loyalty, and lost all their present fortunes: yet it pleased God so to bless the humble endeavours of the said Richard Lord Byron, that he re-purchased part of their ancient inheritance, which he left to his posterity, with a laudable memory for his great piety and charity."—L. E.

(1) Of the sincerity of this youthful aspiration, the poet has left repeated proofs. By his will, drawn up in 1811, he directed that "no inscription, save his name and age, should be written on his tomb;" and, in 1819, he wrote thus to Mr. Murray:—"Some of the epitaphs at the Certosa cemetery, at Ferrara, pleased me more than the more splendid monuments at Bologna; for instance—

'Martini Luigi
Implora pace.'

Can any thing be more full of pathos? I hope whoever may survive me will see those two words, and no more, put over me."—L. E.

(2) This poem appears to have been, in its original state, intended to commemorate the death of the same lowly-born youth, to whom the affectionate verses, given in page 2, were addressed:—

"Though low thy lot, since in a cottage born," etc.

But, in the altered form of the Epitaph, not only this passage, but every other containing an allusion to the low rank of his young companion, is omitted; while, in the added parts, the introduction of such language as—

"What though thy sire lament his failing line?"

seems calculated to give an idea of the youth's station in life, wholly different from that which the whole tenour of the original Epitaph warrants. That he grew more conscious of his high station, as he approached to manhood, is not improbable, and this wish to sink his early friendship with the young cottager may have been a result of that feeling. —*Moore.*

The following is a copy of the lines, as they first appeared in the private volume:—

"Oh, Boy! for ever loved, for ever dear!
What fruitless tears have bathed thy honour'd bier!
What sighs re-echoed to thy parting breath,
While thou wast struggling in the pangs of death!
Could tears retard the tyrant in his course;
Could sighs avert his dart's relentless force;
Could youth and virtue claim a short delay,
Or beauty charm the spectre from his prey,
Thou still hadst lived to bless my aching sight,
Thy comrades' honour and thy friend's delight.
Though low thy lot, since in a cottage born,
No titles did thy humble name adorn:
To me far dearer was thy artless love,
Than all the joys wealth, fame, and friends could prove.
For thee alone I lived, or wish'd to live;
Oh God! if impious, this rash word forgive!
Heart-broken now, I wait an equal doom,
Content to join thee in thy turf-clad tomb;
Where, this frail form composed in endless rest,
I 'll make my last cold pillow on thy breast;
That breast where oft in life I 've laid my head,
Will yet receive me mouldering with the dead:
This life resign'd, without one parting sigh,
Together in one bed of earth we 'll lie!
Together share the fate to mortals given;
Together mix our dust, and hope for heaven."—L. E.

For he who views that witching grace,
That perfect form, that lovely face,
With eyes admiring, oh! believe me,
He never wishes to deceive thee.
Once in thy polish'd mirror glance,
Thou'lt there descry that elegance
Which from our sex demands such praises,
But envy in the other raises:
Then he who tells thee of thy beauty,
Believe me, only does his duty:
Ah! fly not from the candid youth;
It is not flattery,—'t is truth.

July, 1804.

ADRIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL WHEN DYING.(1)

[Animula! vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?—
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos.]

Ah! gentle, fleeting, wav'ring sprite,
Friend and associate of this clay!
To what unknown region borne,
Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight?
No more with wonted humour gay,
But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn.

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

AD LESBIAM.

Equal to Jove that youth must be—
Greater than Jove he seems to me—
Who, free from Jealousy's alarms,
Securely views thy matchless charms.
That cheek, which ever dimpling glows,
That mouth, from whence such music flows,
To him, alike, are always known,
Reserved for him, and him alone.
Ah! Lesbia! though 'tis death to me,
I cannot choose but look on thee;
But, at the sight, my senses fly;
I needs must gaze, but, gazing, die;
Whilst trembling with a thousand fears,
Parch'd to the throat my tongue adheres,
My pulse beats quick, my breath heaves short,
My limbs deny their slight support,
Cold dews my pallid face o'erspread,
With deadly languor droops my head,
My ears with tingling echoes ring,
And life itself is on the wing;
My eyes refuse the cheering light,
Their orbs are veiled in starless night:
Such pangs my nature sinks beneath,
And feels a temporary death.

IMITATION OF TIBULLUS.

"Sulpicia ad Cerinthum."—*Lib.* 4.

Cruel Cerinthus! does the fell disease
Which racks my breast your fickle bosom please?
Alas! I wish'd but to o'ercome the pain,
That I might live for love and you again:
But now I scarcely shall bewail my fate:
By death alone I can avoid your hate.

(1) This and several little pieces that follow appear to be fragments of school exercises done at Harrow.—L. E.

TRANSLATION OF THE EPITAPH ON VIRGIL AND TIBULLUS.

BY DOMITIUS MARSUS.

He who sublime in epic numbers roll'd,
And he who struck the softer lyre of love,
By Death's (2) unequal hand alike controll'd,
Fit comrades in Elysian regions move!

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

[Lugete, Veneres, Cupidinesque, etc.]

Ye Cupids, droop each little head!
Nor let your wings with joy be spread,
My Lesbia's favourite bird is dead,
Whom dearer than her eyes she loved:
For he was gentle, and so true,
Obedient to her call he flew,
No fear, no wild alarm, he knew,
But lightly o'er her bosom moved:

And, softly fluttering here and there,
He never sought to cleave the air,
But chirupp'd oft, and, free from care,
Tuned to her ear his grateful strain.
Now having pass'd the gloomy bourne
From whence he never can return,
His death and Lesbia's grief I mourn,
Who sighs, alas! but sighs in vain.

Oh! curst be thou, devouring grave!
Whose jaws eternal victims crave,
From whom no earthly power can save,
For thou hast ta'en the bird away:
From thee my Lesbia's eyes o'erflow,
Her swollen cheeks with weeping glow;
Thou art the cause of all her woe,
Receptacle of life's decay.

TRANSLATION FROM HORACE.

[Justum et tenacem propositi virum, etc.]

The man of firm and noble soul
No factious clamours can control;
No threat'ning tyrant's darkling brow
Can swerve him from his just intent:
Gales the warring waves which plough,
By Auster on the billows spent
To curb the Adriatic main,
Would awe his fix'd determined mind in vain.

Ay, and the red right arm of Jove,
Hurtling his lightnings from above,
With all his terrors there unfurl'd,
He would, unmoved, unawed, behold.
The flames of an expiring world,
Again in crashing chaos roll'd,
In vast promiscuous ruin hurl'd,
Might light his glorious funeral pile:
Still dauntless 'midst the wreck of earth he'd smile.

IMITATED FROM CATULLUS.

TO ELLEN.

Oh! might I kiss those eyes of fire,
A million scarce would quench desire:
Still would I steep my lips in bliss,
And dwell an age on every kiss;

(2) The hand of Death is said to be most unjust or unequal, as Virgil was considerably older than Tibullus at his decease.

Nor then my soul should sated be,
Still would I kiss and cling to thee:
Nought should my kiss from thine dissever;
Still would we kiss, and kiss for ever;
E'en though the numbers did exceed
The yellow harvest's countless seed.
To part would be a vain endeavour:
Could I desist?—ah! never—never.

FROM THE PROMETHEUS VINCTUS OF ÆSCHYLUS.

[Μηδάμ' ὁ πάντα νέμων, κ. τ. λ.]

GREAT Jove, to whose almighty throne
Both gods and mortals homage pay,
Ne'er may my soul thy power disown,
Thy dread behests ne'er disobey.
Oft shall the sacred victim fall
In sea-girt Ocean's mossy hall;
My voice shall raise no impious strain
'Gainst him who rules the sky and azure main.

How different now thy joyless fate,
Since first Hesione thy bride,
When placed aloft in godlike state,
The blushing beauty by thy side,
Thou satt'st, while reverend Ocean smiled,
And mirthful strains the hours beguiled!
The Nymphs and Tritons danced around,
Nor yet thy doom was fix'd, nor Jove relentless frown'd. (1)

Harrow, Dec. 1, 1804.

FROM ANACREON.

[Μεσονυκτίοις τοῦ' ὥραις, κ. τ. λ.]

'TWAS now the hour when Night had driven
Her car half round yon sable heaven;
Boötes, only, seem'd to roll
His arctic charge around the Pole;
While mortals, lost in gentle sleep,
Forgot to smile, or ceased to weep:
At this lone hour, the Paphian boy,
Descending from the realms of joy,
Quick to my gate directs his course,
And knocks with all his little force.
My visions fled, alarm'd I rose,—
"What stranger breaks my blest repose?"
"Alas!" replies the wily child,
In faltering accents sweetly mild,
"A hapless infant here I roam,
Far from my dear maternal home.
Oh! shield me from the wintry blast!
The nightly storm is pouring fast;
No prowling robber lingers here,
A wandering baby who can fear?"
I heard his seeming artless tale,
I heard his sighs upon the gale:
My breast was never pity's foe,
But felt for all the baby's woe.
I drew the bar, and by the light
Young Love, the infant, met my sight;
His bow across his shoulders flung,
And thence his fatal quiver hung
(Ah! little did I think the dart
Would rankle soon within my heart).
With care I tend my weary guest,
His little fingers chill my breast;
His glossy curls, his azure wing,
Which droop with nightly showers, I wring:
His shivering limbs the embers warm.
And now, reviving from the storm,
Scarce had he felt his wonted glow,
Than swift he seized his slender bow:—
"I fain would know, my gentle host,"
He cried, "if this its strength has lost;
I fear, relax'd with midnight dews,
The strings their former aid refuse."
With poison tipt, his arrow flies,
Deep in my tortured heart it lies;
Then loud the joyous urchin laugh'd:—
"My bow can still impel the shaft:
'Tis firmly fix'd, thy sighs reveal it;
Say, courteous host, canst thou not feel it?"

FROM ANACREON.

[Θέλω λέγειν ἀτρείδας, κ. τ. λ.]

I WISH to tune my quivering lyre
To deeds of fame and notes of fire;
To echo, from its rising swell,
How heroes fought and nations fell,
When Atreus' sons advanced to war,
Or Tyrian Cadmus roved afar;
But still, to martial strains unknown,
My lyre recurs to love alone.
Fired with the hope of future fame,
I seek some nobler hero's name;
The dying chords are strung anew,
To war, to war, my harp is due:
With glowing strings, the epic strain
To Jove's great son I raise again;
Alcides and his glorious deeds,
Beneath whose arm the Hydra bleeds;
All, all in vain! my wayward lyre
Wakes silver notes of soft desire.
Adieu, ye chiefs renown'd in arms!
Adieu the clang of war's alarms!
To other deeds my soul is strung,
And sweeter notes shall now be sung;
My harp shall all its powers reveal
To tell the tale my heart must feel;
Love, Love alone, my lyre shall claim,
In songs of bliss and sighs of flame.

TO EMMA.

SINCE now the hour is come at last,
When you must quit your anxious lover;
Since now our dream of bliss is past,
One pang, my girl, and all is over.

Alas! that pang will be severe,
Which bids us part to meet no more;
Which tears me far from one so dear,
Departing for a distant shore.

Well! we have pass'd some happy hours,
And joy will mingle with our tears

(1) Lord Byron in one of his diaries says, "My first Harrow verses (that is, English, as exercises), a translation of a chorus from the *Prometheus* of Æschylus, were received by Dr. Drury, my grand patron (our head master) but coolly. No one had, at that time, the least notion that I should subside into poesy."—L. E.

When thinking on these ancient towers,
The shelter of our infant years;

Where, from this Gothic casement's height,
We view'd the lake, the park, the dell,
And still, though tears obstruct our sight,
We, lingering, look a last farewell

O'er fields through which we used to run,
And spend the hours in childish play,
O'er shades where, when our race was done,
Reposing on my breast you lay;

Whilst I, admiring, too remiss,
Forgot to scare the hovering flies,
Yet envied every fly the kiss
It dared to give your slumbering eyes:

See still the little painted bark,
In which I row'd you o'er the lake;
See there, high waving o'er the park,
The elm I clamber'd for your sake.

These times are past—our joys are gone,
You leave me, leave this happy vale;
These scenes I must retrace alone:
Without thee what will they avail?

Who can conceive, who has not proved,
The anguish of a last embrace,
When, torn from all you fondly loved,
You bid a long adieu to peace?

This is the deepest of our woes,
For this these tears our cheeks bedew;
This is of love the final close,
Oh, God! the fondest, last adieu!

TO M. S. G.

Whene'er I view those lips of thine,
Their hue invites my fervent kiss;
Yet I forego that bliss divine,
Alas! it were unhallow'd bliss.

Whene'er I dream of that pure breast,
How could I dwell upon its snows!
Yet is the daring wish represt,
For that—would banish its repose.

A glance from thy soul searching eye
Can raise with hope, depress with fear;
Yet I conceal my love—and why?
I would not force a painful tear.

I ne'er have told my love, yet thou
Hast seen my ardent flame too well;
And shall I plead my passion now,
To make thy bosom's heaven a hell?

No! for thou never canst be mine,
United by the priest's decree:
By any ties but those divine,
Mine, my beloved, thou ne'er shalt be.

Then let the secret fire consume,
Let it consume, thou shalt not know:
With joy I court a certain doom,
Rather than spread its guilty glow.

I will not ease my tortured heart,
By driving dove-eyed peace from thine;
Rather than such a sting impart,
Each thought presumptuous I resign.

Yes! yield those lips, for which I'd brave
More than I here shall dare to tell;
Thy innocence and mine to save,—
I bid thee now a last farewell.

Yes! yield that breast, to seek despair,
And hope no more thy soft embrace;
Which to obtain my soul would dare
All, all reproach, but thy disgrace.

At least from guilt shalt thou be free,
No matron shall thy shame reprove;
Though cureless pangs may prey on me,
No martyr shalt thou be to love.

TO CAROLINE.

Think'st thou I saw thy beauteous eyes,
Suffused in tears, implore to stay;
And heard unmoved thy plenteous sighs,
Which said far more than words can say?

Though keen the grief thy tears exprest,
When love and hope lay both o'erthrown;
Yet still, my girl, this bleeding breast
Throbb'd with deep sorrow as thine own.

But when our cheeks with anguish glow'd,
When thy sweet lips were join'd to mine,
The tears that from my eyelids flow'd
Were lost in those which fell from thine.

Thou couldst not feel my burning cheek,
Thy gushing tears had quench'd its flame;
And as thy tongue essay'd to speak,
In sighs alone it breathed my name.

And yet, my girl, we weep in vain,
In vain our fate in sighs deplore;
Remembrance only can remain,—
But that will make us weep the more.

Again, thou best beloved, adieu!
Ah! if thou canst, o'ercome regret,
Nor let thy mind past joys review,—
Our only hope is to forget!

TO CAROLINE.

Oh! when shall the grave hide for ever my sorrow?
Oh! when shall my soul wing her flight from this clay?
The present is hell, and the coming to-morrow
But brings, with new torture, the curse of to-day.

From my eye flows no tear, from my lips flow no curses,
I blast not the fiends who have hurl'd me from bliss;
For poor is the soul which bewailing rehearses
Its querulous grief, when in anguish like this.

Was my eye, 'stead of tears, with red fury flakes bright'ning,
Would my lips breathe a flame which no stream could assuage,
On our foes should my glance lanch in vengeance its lightning,
With transport my tongue give a loose to its rage.

But now tears and curses, alike unavailing,
Would add to the souls of our tyrants delight;
Could they view us our sad separation bewailing,
Their merciless hearts would rejoice at the sight.

Yet still, though we bend with a feign'd resignation,
Life beams not for us with one ray that can cheer;
Love and hope upon earth bring no more consolation,
In the grave is our hope, for in life is our fear.

Oh! when, my adored, in the tomb will they place me,
Since, in life, love and friendship for ever are fled?
If again in the mansion of death I embrace thee,
Perhaps they will leave unmolested the dead.

TO CAROLINE.

When I hear you express an affection so warm,
Ne'er think, my beloved, that I do not believe;
For your lip would the soul of suspicion disarm,
And your eye beams a ray which can never deceive.

Yet, still, this fond bosom regrets, while adoring,
That love, like the leaf, must fall into the sear;
That age will come on, when remembrance, deploring,
Contemplates the scenes of her youth with a tear;

That the time must arrive when, no longer retaining
Their auburn, those locks must wave thin to the breeze,
When a few silver hairs of those tresses remaining,
Prove nature a prey to decay and disease.

'T is this, my beloved, which spreads gloom o'er my features,
Though I ne'er shall presume to arraign the decree
Which God has proclaim'd as the fate of his creatures,
In the death which one day will deprive you of me.

Mistake not, sweet sceptic! the cause of emotion,
No doubt can the mind of your lover invade;
He worships each look with such faithful devotion,
A smile can enchant, or a tear can dissuade.

But as death, my beloved, soon or late shall o'ertake us,
And our breasts, which alive with such sympathy glow,
Will sleep in the grave till the blast shall awake us,
When calling the dead, in earth's bosom laid low,—

Oh! then let us drain, while we may, draughts of pleasure,
Which from passion like ours may unceasingly flow;
Let us pass round the cup of love's bliss in full measure,
And quaff the contents as our nectar below.

1805.

STANZAS TO A LADY,

WITH THE POEMS OF CAMOENS. (1)

This votive pledge of fond esteem,
Perhaps, dear girl! for me thou'lt prize!
It sings of Love's enchanting dream,
A theme we never can despise.

Who blames it but the envious fool,
The old and disappointed maid;
Or pupil of the prudish school,
In single sorrow doom'd to fade?

Then read, dear girl! with feeling read,
For thou wilt ne'er be one of those;
To thee in vain I shall not plead
In pity for the poet's woes.

He was in sooth a genuine bard;
His was no faint fictitious flame:
Like his, may love be thy reward,
But not thy hapless fate the same. (2)

THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE.

Ἁ βάβδινα δὶ γραῖαι
Ἔρωτα μόνον ἴσαι. Anacreon.

Away with your fictions of flimsy romance;
Those tissues of falsehood which folly has wove!
Give me the mild beam of the soul-breathing glance,
Or the rapture which dwells on the first kiss of love.

Ye rhymers, whose bosoms with phantasy glow,
Whose pastoral passions are made for the grove;
From what blest inspiration your sonnets would flow,
Could you ever have tasted the first kiss of love!

If Apollo should e'er his assistance refuse,
Or the Nine be disposed from your service to rove,
Invoke them no more, bid adieu to the muse,
And try the effect of the first kiss of love.

I hate you, ye cold compositions of art!
Though prudes may condemn me, and bigots reprove,
I court the effusions that spring from the heart,
Which throbs with delight to the first kiss of love.

Your shepherds, your flocks, those fantastical themes,
Perhaps may amuse, yet they never can move:
Arcadia displays but a region of dreams;
What are visions like these to the first kiss of love?

Oh! cease to affirm that man, since his birth,
From Adam till now, has with wretchedness strove;
Some portion of paradise still is on earth,
And Eden revives in the first kiss of love.

When age chills the blood, when our pleasures are past—
For years fleet away with the wings of the dove—
The dearest remembrance will still be the last,
Our sweetest memorial the first kiss of love.

FRAGMENT,

WRITTEN SHORTLY AFTER THE MARRIAGE OF MISS CHAWORTH.

Hills of Annesley, bleak and barren,
Where my thoughtless childhood stray'd,
How the northern tempests, warring,
Howl above thy tufted shade!

(1) Lord Strangford's translations of Camoens' Amatory Poems are mentioned by Mr. Moore as having been at this period a favourite study of Lord Byron.—L. E.

(2) The latter years of Camoens present a mournful picture, not merely of individual calamity, but of national ingratitude. He whose best years had been devoted to the service of his country, he who had taught her literary fame to rival the proudest efforts of Italy itself, and who seemed born to revive the remembrance of ancient gentility and Lusian heroism, was compelled to wander through the streets, a wretched dependant on casual contribution. One friend alone remained, to smooth his downward path, and guide his steps to the grave with gentleness and consolation. It was Antonio, his slave, a native of Java, who had accompanied Camoens to Europe, after having rescued him from the waves, when shipwrecked at the mouth of the Mecon. This faithful attendant was wont to seek alms throughout Lisbon, and at night shared the produce of the day with his poor and broken-hearted master. But his friendship was employed in vain. Camoens sank beneath the pressure of penury and disease, and died in an alms-house, early in the year 1579.—*Strangford.*

Now no more, the hours beguiling,
Former favourite haunts I see;
Now no more my Mary smiling
Makes ye seem a heaven to me.(1)

1805.

TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.(2)

Dorset! whose early steps with mine have stray'd,
Exploring every path of Ida's glade;
Whom still affection taught me to defend,
And made me less a tyrant than a friend,
Though the harsh custom of our youthful band
Bade *thee* obey, and gave *me* to command;(3)
Thee, on whose head a few short years will shower
The gift of riches and the pride of power;
E'en now a name illustrious is thine own,
Renown'd in rank, not far beneath the throne.
Yet, Dorset! let not this seduce thy soul
To shun fair science, or evade control;
Though passive tutors,(4) fearful to dispraise
The titled child, whose future breath may raise,
View ducal errors with indulgent eyes,
And wink at faults they tremble to chastise.
When youthful parasites, who bend the knee
To wealth, their golden idol, not to thee,—
And even in simple boyhood's opening dawn
Some slaves are found to flatter and to fawn,—
When these declare, "that pomp alone should wait
On one by birth predestined to be great;
That books were only meant for drudging fools,
That gallant spirits scorn the common rules;"
Believe them not;—they point the path to shame,
And seek to blast the honours of thy name.
Turn to the few in Ida's early throng,
Whose souls disdain not to condemn the wrong;
Or if, amidst the comrades of thy youth,
None dare to raise the sterner voice of truth,
Ask thine own heart; 't will bid thee, boy, forbear;
For *well* I know that virtue lingers there.
Yes! I have mark'd thee many a passing day,
But now new scenes invite me far away;
Yes! I have mark'd within that generous mind
A soul, if well matured, to bless mankind.
Ah! though myself, by nature haughty, wild,
Whom Indiscretion hail'd her favourite child;
Though every error stamps me for her own,
And dooms my fall, I fain would fall alone;
Though my proud heart no precept now can tame,
I love the virtues which I cannot claim.
'T is not enough, with other sons of power,
To gleam the lambent meteor of an hour;
To swell some peerage page in feeble pride,
With long-drawn names that grace no page beside;
Then share with titled crowds the common lot—
In life just gazed at, in the grave forgot;
While nought divides thee from the vulgar dead,
Except the dull cold stone that hides thy head,
The mouldering 'scutcheon, or the herald's roll,
That well-emblazon'd but neglected scroll,
Where lords, unhonour'd, in the tomb may find
One spot, to leave a worthless name behind;
There sleep, unnoticed as the gloomy vaults
That veil their dust, their follies, and their faults,
A race, with old armorial lists o'erspread,
In records destined never to be read.
Fain would I view thee, with prophetic eyes,
Exalted more among the good and wise,
A glorious and a long career pursue,
As first in rank, the first in talent too:
Spurn every vice, each little meanness shun;
Not Fortune's minion, but her noblest son.
Turn to the annals of a former day;
Bright are the deeds thine earlier sires display.
One, though a courtier, lived a man of worth,
And call'd, proud boast! the British drama forth.(5)
Another view, not less renown'd for wit;
Alike for courts, and camps, or senates fit;
Bold in the field, and favour'd by the Nine;
In every splendid part ordain'd to shine;
Far, far distinguish'd from the glittering throng,
The pride of princes, and the boast of song.(6)
Such were thy fathers: thus preserve their name;
Not heir to titles only, but to fame.

(1) The circumstances which lent so peculiar an interest to Lord Byron's introduction to the family of Chaworth are sufficiently explained in Moore's *Life*. "The young lady herself combined," says the writer, "with the many worldly advantages that encircled her, much personal beauty, and a disposition the most amiable and attaching. Though already fully alive to her charms, it was at this period (1804) that the young poet seems to have drunk deepest of that fascination whose effects were to be so lasting; six short weeks which he passed in her company being sufficient to lay the foundation of a feeling for all life. With the summer holidays ended this dream of his youth. He saw Miss Chaworth once more in the succeeding year, and took his last farewell of her on that hill near Annesley, which, in his poem of *The Dream*, he describes so happily as 'crowned with a peculiar diadem.'" In August, 1805, she was married to John Musters, Esq.; and died at Wiverton Hall, in February, 1832, in consequence, it is believed, of the alarm and danger to which she had been exposed during the sack of Colwick Hall by a party of rioters from Nottingham. The unfortunate lady had been in a feeble state of health for several years, and she and her daughter were obliged to take shelter from the violence of the mob in a shrubbery, where, partly from cold, partly from terror, her constitution sustained a shock which it wanted vigour to resist. —L. E.

(2) In looking over my papers to select a few additional poems for this second edition, I found the above lines, which I had totally forgotten, composed in the summer of 1805, a short time previous to my departure from Harrow. They were addressed to a young schoolfellow of high rank, who had been my frequent companion in some rambles through the neighbouring country: however, he never saw the lines, and most probably never will. As, on a re-perusal, I found them not worse than some other pieces in the collection, I have now published them, for the first time, after a slight revision.

[George-John-Frederick, fourth Duke of Dorset, born November 15, 1793. This amiable nobleman was killed by a fall from his horse, while hunting near Dublin, February 22, 1815, being on a visit at the time to his mother, the duchess-dowager, and her second husband, Charles Earl of Whitworth, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. —L. E.]

(3) At every public school the junior boys are completely subservient to the upper forms, till they attain a seat in the higher classes. From this state of probation, very properly, no rank is exempt; but, after a certain period, they command in turn those who succeed.

(4) Allow me to disclaim any personal allusions, even the most distant. I merely mention generally what is too often the weakness of preceptors.

(5) "Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, created Earl of Dorset by James I. was one of the earliest and brightest ornaments to the poetry of his country, and the first who produced a regular drama."—*Anderson's Poets.*

(6) "Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, esteemed the most accomplished man of his day, was alike distinguished in the voluptuous court of Charles II. and the gloomy one of William III. He behaved with great gallantry in the sea-fight with the Dutch in 1665; on the day previous to which he composed his celebrated song, 'To all you ladies now at land.' His character has been drawn in the highest colours by Dryden, Pope, Prior, and Congreve."—*Anderson's Poets.*

The school where, loud warn'd by the bell, we resorted,
To pore o'er the precepts by pedagogues taught.

Again I behold where for hours I have ponder'd,
As reclining, at eve, on yon tombstone (1) I lay;
Or round the steep brow of the churchyard I wander'd,
To catch the last gleam of the sun's setting ray.

I once more view the room, with spectators surrounded,
Where, as Zanga (2), I trod on Alonzo o'erthrown;
While, to swell my young pride, such applauses resounded,
I fancied that Mossop (3) himself was outshone:

Or, as Lear, I pour'd forth the deep imprecation,
By my daughters of kingdom and reason deprived;
Till, fired by loud plaudits (4) and self-adulation,
I regarded myself as a Garrick revived.

Ye dreams of my boyhood, how much I regret you!
Unfaded your memory dwells in my breast;
Though sad and deserted, I ne'er can forget you:
Your pleasures may still be in fancy possest.

To Ida full oft may remembrance restore me,(5)
While fate shall the shades of the future unroll!
Since darkness o'ershadows the prospect before me,
More dear is the beam of the past to my soul.

But if, through the course of the years which await me,
Some new scene of pleasure should open to view,
I will say, while with rapture the thought shall elate me,
"Oh! such were the days which my infancy knew."

1806.

TO M. S. G.

When I dream that you love me, you'll surely forgive;
Extend not your anger to sleep;
For in visions alone your affection can live,—
I rise, and it leaves me to weep.

Then, Morpheus! envelop my faculties fast,
Shed o'er me your languor benign;
Should the dream of to-night but resemble the last,
What rapture celestial is mine!

They tell us that Slumber, the sister of Death,
Mortality's emblem is given;
To fate how I long to resign my frail breath,
If this be a foretaste of heaven!

Ah! frown not, sweet lady! unbend your soft brow,
Nor deem me too happy in this;
If I sin in my dream, I atone for it now,
Thus doom'd but to gaze upon bliss.

Though in visions, sweet lady! perhaps you may smile,
Oh! think not my penance deficient!
When dreams of your presence my slumbers beguile,
To awake will be torture sufficient.

TO M——.

Oh! did those eyes, instead of fire,
With bright but mild affection shine,
Though they might kindle less desire,
Love, more than mortal, would be thine.

For thou art form'd so heavenly fair,
Howe'er those orbs may wildly beam,
We must admire, but still despair;
That fatal glance forbids esteem.

When Nature stamp'd thy beauteous birth,
So much perfection in thee shone,
She fear'd that, too divine for earth,
The skies might claim thee for their own:

Therefore, to guard her dearest work,
Lest angels might dispute the prize,
She bade a secret lightning lurk
Within those once-celestial eyes.

These might the boldest sylph appal,
When gleaming with meridian blaze;
Thy beauty must enrapture all;
But who can dare thine ardent gaze?

'Tis said that Berenice's hair
In stars adorns the vault of heaven;
But they would ne'er permit thee there,
Thou wouldst so far outshine the seven.

For did those eyes as planets roll,
Thy sister-lights would scarce appear:
E'en suns, which systems now control,
Would twinkle dimly through their sphere.(6)

1806.

TO MARY,

ON RECEIVING HER PICTURE.(7)

This faint resemblance of thy charms,
Though strong as mortal art could give,
My constant heart of fear disarms,
Revives my hopes, and bids me live.

Here I can trace the locks of gold
Which round thy snowy forehead wave,
The cheeks which sprung from beauty's mould,
The lips which made me beauty's slave.

(1) They show a tomb in the churchyard at Harrow, commanding a view over Windsor, which was so well known to be his favourite resting-place, that the boys called it "Byron's Tomb;" and here, they say, he used to sit for hours, wrapt in thought.—L. E.

(2) For the display of his declamatory powers, on the speech-days, he selected always the most vehement passages; such as the speech of Zanga over the body of Alonzo, and Lear's address to the storm.—L. E.

(3) Mossop, a contemporary of Garrick, famous for his performance of Zanga.

(4) "My grand patron, Dr. Drury, had a great notion that I should turn out an orator, from my fluency, my turbulence, my voice, my copiousness of declamation, and my action."—*Diary*.

(5) In the private volume the two last stanzas ran—

"I thought this poor brain, fever'd even to madness,
Of tears, as of reason, for ever was drain'd;
But the drops which now flow down this bosom of sadness
Convince me the springs have some moisture retain'd.

"Sweet scenes of my childhood! your blest recollection
Has wrung from these eyelids, lo weeping long dead,
In torrents the tears of my warmest affection,
The last and the fondest I ever shall shed."—L. E.

(6) "Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do intreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return."—*Shakesp.*

(7) Of this "Mary," who is not to be confounded with the heiress of Annesley, or "Mary" of Aberdeen, all that has been ascertained is, that she was of an humble, if not equivocal, station in life,—and that she had long light golden hair, "of which," says Moore, "he used to show a lock, as well as her picture, among his friends."—L. E.

Here I can trace—ah, no! that eye,
  Whose azure floats in liquid fire,
Most all the painter's art defy,
  And bid him from the task retire.

Here I behold its beauteous hue;
  But where's the beam so sweetly straying (1)
Which gave a lustre to its blue,
  Like Luna o'er the ocean playing?

Sweet copy! far more dear to me,
  Lifeless, unfeeling as thou art,
Than all the living forms could be,
  Save her who placed thee next my heart.

She placed it, sad, with needless fear,
  Lest Time might shake my wavering soul,
Unconscious that her image there
  Held every sense in fast control.

Thro' hours, thro' years, thro' time, 't will cheer;
  My hope, in gloomy moments, raise;
In life's last conflict 't will appear,
  And meet my fond expiring gaze.

TO LESBIA.

Lesbia! since far from you I've ranged,
  Our souls with fond affection glow not;
You say 't is I, not you, have changed,
  I'd tell you why,—but yet I know not.

Your polish'd brow no cares have crost;
  And, Lesbia! we are not much older,
Since, trembling, first my heart I lost,
  Or told my love, with hope grown bolder.

Sixteen was then our utmost age,
  Two years have lingering past away, love!
And now new thoughts our minds engage,
  At least I feel disposed to stray, love!

'T is I that am alone to blame,
  I, that am guilty of love's treason;
Since your sweet breast is still the same,
  Caprice must be my only reason.

I do not, love! suspect your truth,
  With jealous doubt my bosom heaves not;
Warm was the passion of my youth,
  One trace of dark deceit it leaves not.

No, no, my flame was not pretended;
  For, oh! I loved you most sincerely;
And—though our dream at last is ended—
  My bosom still esteems you dearly.

No more we meet in yonder bowers;
  Absence has made me prone to roving;
But older, firmer, hearts than ours
  Have found monotony in loving.

Your cheek's soft bloom is unimpair'd,
  New beauties still are daily bright'ning,
Your eye for conquest beams prepared,
  The forge of Love's resistless lightning.

Arm'd thus, to make their bosoms bleed,
  Many will throng to sigh like me, love!
More constant they may prove, indeed;
  Fonder, alas! they ne'er can be, love!

TO WOMAN.

Woman! experience might have told me
That all must love thee who behold thee:
Surely experience might have taught
Thy firmest promises are nought;
But, placed in all thy charms before me,
All I forget, but to adore thee.
Oh memory! thou choicest blessing,
When join'd with hope, when still possessing;
But how much cursed by every lover
When hope is fled and passion 's over!
Woman, that fair and fond deceiver,
How prompt are striplings to believe her!
How throbs the pulse when first we view
The eye that rolls in glossy blue,
Or sparkles black, or mildly throws
A beam from under hazel brows!
How quick we credit every oath,
And hear her plight the willing troth!
Fondly we hope 't will last for aye,
When, lo! she changes in a day.
This record will for ever stand,
"Woman, thy vows are traced in sand." (2)

LINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

[As the author was discharging his pistols in a garden, two ladies passing near the spot were alarmed by the sound of a bullet hissing near them; to one of whom the following stanzas were addressed the next morning.] (3)

Doubtless, sweet girl! the hissing lead,
  Wafting destruction o'er thy charms,
And hurtling (4) o'er thy lovely head,
  Has fill'd that breast with fond alarms.

(1) In the private volume—

"But where 's the beam of soft desire?
Which gave a lustre to its blue,
Love, only love, could e'er inspire."—L. E.

(2) The last line is almost a literal translation from a Spanish proverb.

(3) The occurrence took place at Southwell, and the beautiful lady to whom the lines were addressed was Miss Houson.—L. E.

Pistol-firing at a mark seems to have been a favourite pastime of Lord Byron. "He always," says Captain Medwin, in his *Conversations*, "has pistols in his holster, and eight or ten pair, by the first makers in London, carried by his courier." Moore, in his *Life* says—"Such a passion, indeed had he for arms of every description, that there generally lay a small-sword by the side of his bed, with which he used to amuse himself, as he lay awake in the morning, by thrusting it through the bed-hangings. The person who purchased the bed at the sale of Mrs. Byron's furniture, on her removal to Newstead, gave out, with the view of attaching a stronger interest to the holes in the curtains, that they were pierced by the same sword with which the old Lord had killed Mr. Chaworth, and which his descendant always kept as a memorial by his bed-side. Such is the ready process by which fiction is often engrafted upon fact."

"Lord Byron had one little hobby which he has shared, I believe, with many distinguished men. He had a great fondness for curious arms of every description. He never saw a handsome or a useful sabre, a curious or a good pair of pistols, or a carbine of a peculiar construction, but he coveted it, and generally contrived to obtain it, at however great a cost. He had, consequently, a perfect magazine of curious and extraordinary, but at the same time useful, weapons."—*Parry*.—P. E.

(4) This word is used by Gray, in his poem of *The Fatal Sisters*:—

"Iron sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles through the darken'd air."

Surely some envious demon's force,
Vex'd to behold such beauty here,
Impell'd the bullet's viewless course,
Diverted from its first career.

Yes! in that nearly fatal hour
The ball obey'd some hell-born guide;
But Heaven, with interposing power,
In pity turn'd the death aside.

Yet, as perchance one trembling tear
Upon that thrilling bosom fell;
Which I, the unconscious cause of fear,
Extracted from its glistening cell:

Say, what dire penance can atone
For such an outrage done to thee?
Arraign'd before thy beauty's throne,
What punishment wilt thou decree?

Might I perform the judge's part,
The sentence I should scarce deplore;
It only would restore a heart
Which but belong'd to thee before.

The least atonement I can make
Is to become no longer free;
Henceforth I breathe but for thy sake,
Thou shalt be all in all to me.

But thou, perhaps, may'st now reject
Such expiation of my guilt:
Come then, some other mode elect;
Let it be death, or what thou wilt.

Choose then, relentless! and I swear
Nought shall thy dread decree prevent;
Yet hold—one little word forbear!
Let it be aught but banishment.

LOVE'S LAST ADIEU.

Ἀεὶ, δ'ἀεὶ με φεύγει.—ANACREON.

THE roses of love glad the garden of life,
Though nurtured 'mid weeds dropping pestilent dew,
Till time crops the leaves with unmerciful knife,
Or prunes them for ever, in love's last adieu!

In vain with endearments we soothe the sad heart,
In vain do we vow for an age to be true;
The chance of an hour may command us to part,
Or death disunite us in love's last adieu!

Still Hope, breathing peace through the grief-swollen breast,
Will whisper, "Our meeting we yet may renew:"
With this dream of deceit half our sorrow's represt,
Nor taste we the poison of love's last adieu!

Oh! mark you yon pair: in the sunshine of youth
Love twined round their childhood his flow'rs as they grew;
They flourish awhile in the season of truth,
Till chill'd by the winter of love's last adieu!

Sweet lady! why thus doth a tear steal its way
Down a cheek which outrivals thy bosom in hue?
Yet why do I ask?—to distraction a prey,
Thy reason has perish'd with love's last adieu!

Oh! who is yon misanthrope, shunning mankind?
From cities to caves of the forest he flew:
There, raving, he howls his complaint to the wind;
The mountains reverberate love's last adieu!

Now hate rules a heart which in love's easy chains
Once passion's tumultuous blandishments knew;
Despair now inflames the dark tide of his veins;
He ponders in frenzy on love's last adieu!

How he envies the wretch with a soul wrapt in steel!
His pleasures are scarce, yet his troubles are few,
Who laughs at the pang that he never can feel,
And dreads not the anguish of love's last adieu!

Youth flies, life decays, even hope is o'ercast;
No more with love's former devotion we sue:
He spreads his young wing, he retires with the blast;
The shroud of affection is love's last adieu!

In this life of probation, for rapture divine
Astrea declares that some penance is due;
From him who has worshipp'd at love's gentle shrine,
The atonement is ample in love's last adieu!

Who kneels to the god, on his altar of light
Must myrtle and cypress alternately strew:
His myrtle, an emblem of purest delight;
His cypress, the garland of love's last adieu!

TO A LADY,

WHO PRESENTED TO THE AUTHOR A LOCK OF HAIR BRAIDED WITH HIS OWN, AND APPOINTED A NIGHT IN DECEMBER TO MEET HIM IN THE GARDEN. (1)

THESE locks, which fondly thus entwine,
In firmer chains our hearts confine
Than all the unmeaning protestations
Which swell with nonsense love orations.
Our love is fix'd, I think we've proved it,
Nor time, nor place, nor art, have moved it;
Then wherefore should we sigh and whine,
With groundless jealousy repine,
With silly whims and fancies frantic,
Merely to make our love romantic?
Why should you weep, like Lydia Languish,
And fret with self-created anguish?
Or doom the lover you have chosen,
On winter nights to sigh half-frozen;
In leafless shades to sue for pardon,
Only because the scene's a garden?
For gardens seem, by one consent,
Since Shakspeare set the precedent,
Since Juliet first declared her passion,
To form the place of assignation. (2)
Oh! would some modern muse inspire,
And seat her by a sea-coal fire;
Or had the bard at Christmas written,
And laid the scene of love in Britain,
He surely, in commiseration,
Had changed the place of declaration.
In Italy I've no objection;
Warm nights are proper for reflection;
But here our climate is so rigid,
That love itself is rather frigid!

(1) See *ante*, p. 12, col. 2, note 7.—P. E.

(2) In the above little piece the author has been accused by some *candid readers* of introducing the name of a lady from whom he was some hundred miles distant at the time this was written; and poor Juliet, who has slept so long in "the tomb of all the Capulets," has been converted, with a trifling alteration of her name, into an English damsel, walking in a garden of their own creation, during the month of *December*, in a village where the author never passed a winter. Such has been the candour of some ingenious critics. We would advise these *liberal* commentators on taste and arbiters of decorum to read *Shakspeare*.

Think on our chilly situation,
And curb this rage for imitation;
Then let us meet, as oft we've done,
Beneath the influence of the sun;
Or, if at midnight I must meet you,
Within your mansion let me greet you:
There we can love for hours together,
Much better, in such snowy weather,
Than placed in all the Arcadian groves
That ever witness'd rural loves.
Then, if my passion fail to please,
Next night I'll be content to freeze;
No more I'll give a loose to laughter,
But curse my fate for ever after. (1)

TO MARION.

Marion! why that pensive brow?
What disgust to life hast thou?
Change that discontented air;
Frowns become not one so fair.
'Tis not love disturbs thy rest,
Love's a stranger to thy breast;
He in dimpling smiles appears,
Or mourns in sweetly timid tears,
Or bends the languid eyelid down,
But shuns the cold forbidding frown.
Then resume thy former fire,
Some will love, and all admire;
While that icy aspect chills us,
Nought but cool indifference thrills us.
Wouldst thou wandering hearts beguile?
Smile at least, or seem to smile.
Eyes like thine were never meant
To hide their orbs in dark restraint;
Spite of all thou fain wouldst say,
Still in truant beams they play.
Thy lips—but here my modest Muse
Her impulse chaste must needs refuse:
She blushes, curtsies, frowns,—in short she
Dreads lest the subject should transport me;
And, flying off in search of reason,
Brings prudence back in proper season.
All I shall therefore say (whate'er
I think, is neither here nor there)
Is, that such lips, of looks endearing,
Were form'd for better things than sneering.
Of soothing compliments divested,
Advice at least's disinterested:
Such is my artless song to thee,
From all the flow of flattery free.
Counsel like mine is as a brother's,
My heart is given to some others;
That is to say, unskill'd to cozen,
It shares itself among a dozen.
Marion, adieu! oh, pr'ythee slight not
This warning, though it may delight not;
And, lest my precepts be displeasing
To those who think remonstrance teasing,
At once I'll tell thee our opinion
Concerning woman's soft dominion:
Howe'er we gaze with admiration
On eyes of blue or lips carnation,
Howe'er the flowing locks attract us,
Howe'er those beauties may distract us,
Still fickle, we are prone to rove,
These cannot fix our souls to love:
It is not too severe a stricture
To say they form a pretty picture;
But wouldst thou see the secret chain
Which binds us in your humble train,
To hail you queens of all creation,
Know, in a word, 'tis Animation.

DAMÆTAS.

In law an infant (2), and in years a boy,
In mind a slave to every vicious joy;
From every sense of shame and virtue wean'd;
In lies an adept, in deceit a fiend;
Versed in hypocrisy, while yet a child;
Fickle as wind, of inclinations wild;
Woman his dupe, his heedless friend a tool;
Old in the world, though scarcely broke from school,
Damætas ran through all the maze of sin,
And found the goal when others just begin:
Even still conflicting passions shake his soul,
And bid him drain the dregs of pleasure's bowl;
But, pall'd with vice, he breaks his former chain;
And what was once his bliss appears his bane. (3)

OSCAR OF ALVA. (4)

A TALE.

How sweetly shines, through azure skies,
The lamp of heaven on Lora's shore!
Where Alva's hoary turrets rise,
And hear the din of arms no more.

But often has yon rolling moon
On Alva's casques of silver play'd;
And view'd, at midnight's silent noon,
Her chiefs in gleaming mail array'd:

And on the crimson'd rocks beneath,
Which scowl o'er ocean's sullen flow,
Pale in the scatter'd ranks of death,
She saw the gasping warrior low;

(1) Having heard that a very severe and indelicate censure has been passed on the above poem, I beg leave to reply in a quotation from an admired work, Carr's *Stranger in France*.—"As we were contemplating a painting on a large scale, in which, among other figures, is the uncovered whole-length of a warrior, a prudish-looking lady, who seemed to have touched the age of desperation, after having attentively surveyed it through her glass, observed to her party, that there was a great deal of indecorum in that picture. Madame S. shrewdly whispered in my ear, 'that the indecorum was in the remark.'"

(2) In law every person is an infant who has not attained the age of twenty-one.

(3) "When I went up to Trinity, in 1805, at the age of seventeen and a half, I was miserable and untoward to a degree. I was wretched at leaving Harrow—wretched at going to Cambridge instead of Oxford—wretched from some private domestic circumstances of different kinds; and, consequently, about as unsocial as a wolf taken from the troop." *Diary*.—Mr. Moore adds, "The sort of life which young Byron led at this period, between the dissipations of London and of Cambridge, without a home to welcome, or even the roof of a single relative to receive him, was but little calculated to render him satisfied either with himself or the world. Unrestricted as he was by deference to any will but his own, even the pleasures to which he was naturally most inclined prematurely palled upon him, for want of those best zests of all enjoyment—rarity and restraint."—L. E.

(4) The catastrophe of this tale was suggested by the story of "Jeronymo and Lorenzo," in the first volume of Schiller's *Armenian, or the Ghost-Seer*. It also bears some resemblance to a scene in the third act of *Macbeth*.

While many an eye, which ne'er again
Could mark the rising orb of day,
Turn'd feebly from the gory plain,
Beheld in death her fading ray.

Once to those eyes the lamp of Love,
They blest her dear propitious light;
But now she glimmer'd from above,
A sad, funereal torch of night.

Faded is Alva's noble race,
And grey her towers are seen afar;
No more her heroes urge the chase,
Or roll the crimson tide of war.

But, who was last of Alva's clan?
Why grows the moss on Alva's stone?
Her towers resound no steps of man,
They echo to the gale alone.

And when that gale is fierce and high,
A sound is heard in yonder hall;
It rises hoarsely through the sky,
And vibrates o'er the mouldering wall.

Yes, when the eddying tempest sighs,
It shakes the shield of Oscar brave;
But there no more his banners rise,
No more his plumes of sable wave.

Fair shone the sun on Oscar's birth,
When Angus hail'd his eldest-born;
The vassals round their chieftain's hearth
Crowd to applaud the happy morn.

They feast upon the mountain deer,
The pibroch raised its piercing note; (1)
To gladden more their Highland cheer,
The strains in martial numbers float:

And they who heard the war-notes wild
Hoped that one day the pibroch's strain
Should play before the hero's child,
While he should lead the tartan train.

Another year is quickly past,
And Angus hails another son;
His natal day is like the last,
Nor soon the jocund feast was done.

Taught by their sire to bend the bow,
On Alva's dusky hills of wind,
The boys in childhood chased the roe,
And left their hounds in speed behind.

But ere their years of youth are o'er,
They mingle in the ranks of war;
They lightly wheel the bright claymore,
And send the whistling arrow far.

Dark was the flow of Oscar's hair,
Wildly it stream'd along the gale;
But Allan's locks were bright and fair,
And pensive seem'd his cheek, and pale.

But Oscar own'd a hero's soul,
His dark eye shone through beams of truth;
Allan had early learn'd control,
And smooth his words had been from youth.

Both, both were brave; the Saxon spear
Was shiver'd oft beneath their steel;
And Oscar's bosom scorn'd to fear,
But Oscar's bosom knew to feel;

While Allan's soul belied his form,
Unworthy with such charms to dwell:
Keen as the lightning of the storm,
On foes his deadly vengeance fell.

From high Southannon's distant tower
Arrived a young and noble dame;
With Kenneth's lands to form her dower,
Glenalvon's blue-eyed daughter came;

And Oscar claim'd the beauteous bride,
And Angus on his Oscar smiled:
It soothed the father's feudal pride
Thus to obtain Glenalvon's child.

Hark to the pibroch's pleasing note!
Hark to the swelling nuptial song!
In joyous strains the voices float,
And still the choral peal prolong.

See how the heroes' blood-red plumes
Assembled wave in Alva's hall;
Each youth his varied plaid assumes,
Attending on their chieftain's call.

It is not war their aid demands,
The pibroch plays the song of peace;
To Oscar's nuptials throng the bands,
Nor yet the sounds of pleasure cease.

But where is Oscar? sure 't is late:
Is this a bridegroom's ardent flame?
While thronging guests and ladies wait,
Nor Oscar nor his brother came.

At length young Allan join'd the bride:
"Why comes not Oscar," Angus said:
"Is he not here?" the youth replied;
"With me he roved not o'er the glade:

"Perchance, forgetful of the day,
'T is his to chase the bounding roe;
Or ocean's waves prolong his stay;
Yet Oscar's bark is seldom slow."

"Oh, no!" the anguish'd sire rejoin'd,
"Nor chase, nor wave, my boy delay;
Would he to Mora seem unkind?
Would aught to her impede his way?

"Oh, search, ye chiefs! oh, search around!
Allan, with these through Alva fly;
Till Oscar, till my son is found,
Haste, haste, nor dare attempt reply."

All is confusion—through the vale
The name of Oscar hoarsely rings,
It rises on the murmuring gale,
Till night expands her dusky wings;

It breaks the stillness of the night,
But echoes through her shades in vain:
It sounds through morning's misty light,
But Oscar comes not o'er the plain.

(1) Lord Byron falls into a very common error, that of mistaking *pibroch*, which means a particular sort of tune, for the instrument on which it is played, the bagpipe. Almost every foreign tourist, Nodier, for example, does the same. The reader will find this little slip noticed in the article from the *Edinburgh Review* appended.—L. E.

Three days, three sleepless nights, the Chief
For Oscar search'd each mountain cave;
Then hope is lost; in boundless grief,
His locks in grey torn ringlets wave.

"Oscar! my son!—thou God of heaven,
Restore the prop of sinking age!
Or, if that hope no more is given,
Yield his assassin to my rage.

"Yes, on some desert rocky shore
My Oscar's whiten'd bones must lie;
Then grant, thou God! I ask no more,
With him his frantic sire may die!

"Yet he may live,—away, despair!
Be calm, my soul! he yet may live;
T' arraign my fate, my voice forbear!
O God! my impious prayer forgive.

"What, if he live for me no more,
I sink forgotten in the dust,
The hope of Alva's age is o'er:
Alas! can pangs like these be just?"

Thus did the hapless parent mourn,
Till Time, who soothes severest woe,
Had bade serenity return,
And made the tear-drop cease to flow.

For still some latent hope survived
That Oscar might once more appear;
His hope now droop'd and now revived,
Till Time had told a tedious year.

Days roll'd along, the orb of light
Again had run his destined race;
No Oscar bless'd his father's sight,
And sorrow left a fainter trace.

For youthful Allan still remain'd,
And now his father's only joy:
And Mora's heart was quickly gain'd,
For beauty crown'd the fair-hair'd boy.

She thought that Oscar low was laid,
And Allan's face was wondrous fair;
If Oscar lived, some other maid
Had claim'd his faithless bosom's care.

And Angus said, if one year more
In fruitless hope was pass'd away,
His fondest scruples should be o'er,
And he would name their nuptial day.

Slow roll'd the moons, but blest at last
Arrived the dearly destined morn;
The year of anxious trembling past,
What smiles the lovers' cheeks adorn!

Hark to the pibroch's pleasing note!
Hark to the swelling nuptial song!
In joyous strains the voices float,
And still the choral peal prolong.

Again the clan, in festive crowd,
Throng through the gate of Alva's hall;
The sounds of mirth re-echo loud,
And all their former joy recall.

But who is he, whose darken'd brow
Glooms in the midst of general mirth?
Before his eyes' far fiercer glow
The blue flames curdle o'er the hearth.

Dark is the robe which wraps his form,
And tall his plume of gory red;
His voice is like the rising storm,
But light and trackless is his tread.

'T is noon of night: the pledge goes round,
The bridegroom's health is deeply quaff'd;
With shouts the vaulted roofs resound,
And all combine to hail the draught.

Sudden the stranger-chief arose,
And all the clamorous crowd are hush'd;
And Angus' cheek with wonder glows,
And Mora's tender bosom blush'd.

"Old man!" he cried, "this pledge is done;
Thou saw'st 't was duly drunk by me;
It hail'd the nuptials of thy son:
Now will I claim a pledge from thee.

"While all around is mirth and joy,
To bless thy Allan's happy lot,
Say, hadst thou ne'er another boy?
Say, why should Oscar be forgot?"

"Alas!" the hapless sire replied,
The big tear starting as he spoke,
"When Oscar left my hall, or died,
This aged heart was almost broke.

"Thrice has the earth revolved her course
Since Oscar's form has bless'd my sight;
And Allan is my last resource,
Since martial Oscar's death or flight."

"'T is well!" replied the stranger stern,
And fiercely flash'd his rolling eye;
"Thy Oscar's fate I fain would learn;
Perhaps the hero did not die.

"Perchance, if those whom most he loved
Would call, thy Oscar might return;
Perchance the chief has only roved;
For him thy Beltane(1) yet may burn.(2)

"Fill high the bowl the table round,
We will not claim the pledge by stealth;
With wine let every cup be crown'd;
Pledge me departed Oscar's health."

"With all my soul," old Angus said,
And fill'd his goblet to the brim;
"Here 's to my boy! alive or dead,
I ne'er shall find a son like him."

"Bravely, old man, this health has sped;
But why does Allan trembling stand!
Come, drink remembrance of the dead,
And raise thy cup with firmer hand."

The crimson glow of Allan's face
Was turn'd at once to ghastly hue;
The drops of death each other chase
Adown in agonizing dew.

Thrice did he raise the goblet high,
And thrice his lips refused to taste;
For thrice he caught the stranger's eye
On his with deadly fury placed.

"And is it thus a brother hails
A brother's fond remembrance here?
If thus affection's strength prevails,
What might we not expect from fear?"

(1) Beltane Tree, a Highland festival on the first of May, held near fires lighted for the occasion.

(2) *Beal-tain* means the fire of Baal, and the name still preserves the primeval origin of this Celtic superstition.—L.E.

Roused by the sneer, he raised the bowl,
"Would Oscar now could share our mirth!"
Internal fear appall'd his soul;
He said, and dash'd the cup to earth.

"'T is he! I hear my murderer's voice!"
Loud shrieks a darkly-gleaming form;
"A murderer's voice!" the roof replies,
And deeply swells the bursting storm.

The tapers wink, the chieftains shrink,
The stranger's gone,—amidst the crew
A form was seen in tartan green,
And tall the shade terrific grew.

His waist was bound with a broad belt round,
His plume of sable stream'd on high; [there,
But his breast was bare, with the red wounds
And fix'd was the glare of his glassy eye.

And thrice he smiled, with his eye so wild,
On Angus bending low the knee;
And thrice he frown'd on a chief on the ground,
Whom shivering crowds with horror see.

The bolts lond roll, from pole to pole,
The thunders through the welkin ring, [storm,
And the gleaming form, through the mist of the
Was borne on high by the whirlwind's wing.

Cold was the feast, the revel ceased.
Who lies upon the stony floor?
Oblivion press'd old Angus' breast,
At length his life-pulse throbs once more.

"Away! away! let the leech essay
To pour the light on Allan's eyes:"
His sand is done,—his race is run;
Oh! never more shall Allan rise!

But Oscar's breast is cold as clay,
His locks are lifted by the gale;
And Allan's barbed arrow lay
With him in dark Glentanar's vale.

And whence the dreadful stranger came
Or who, no mortal wight can tell;
But no one doubts the form of flame,
For Alva's sons knew Oscar well.

Ambition nerved young Allan's hand,
Exulting demons wing'd his dart;
While Envy waved her burning brand,
And pour'd her venom round his heart.

Swift is the shaft from Allan's bow;
Whose streaming life-blood stains his side?
Dark Oscar's sable crest is low,
The dart has drunk his vital tide.

And Mora's eye could Allan move,
She bade his wounded pride rebel:
Alas! that eyes which beam'd with love
Should urge the soul to deeds of hell!

Lo! seest thou not a lonely tomb
Which rises o'er a warrior dead?
It glimmers through the twilight gloom;
Oh! that is Allan's nuptial bed.

Far, distant far, the noble grave
Which held his clan's great ashes stood;
And o'er his corse no banners wave,
For they were stain'd with kindred blood.

What minstrel grey, what hoary bard,
Shall Allan's deeds on harp-strings raise?
The song is glory's chief reward,
But who can strike a murderer's praise?

Unstrung, untouch'd, the harp must stand,
No minstrel dare the theme awake;
Guilt would benumb his palsied hand,
His harp in shuddering chords would break.

No lyre of fame, no hallow'd verse,
Shall sound his glories high in air:
A dying father's bitter curse,
A brother's death-groan, echoes there.

THE EPISODE OF NISUS AND EURYALUS.

A PARAPHRASE FROM THE ÆNEID, LIB. IX.

Nisus, the guardian of the portal, stood,
Eager to gild his arms with hostile blood;
Well skill'd in fight the quivering lance to wield,
Or pour his arrows through the embattled field:
From Ida torn, he left his sylvan cave,
And sought a foreign home, a distant grave.
To watch the movements of the Dauman host,
With him Euryalus sustains the post;
No lovelier mien adorn'd the ranks of Troy,
And beardless bloom yet graced the gallant boy;
Though few the seasons of his youthful life,
As yet a novice in the martial strife,
'T was his, with beauty, valour's gifts to share—
A soul heroic, as his form was fair:
These burn with one pure flame of generous love;
In peace, in war, united still they move;
Friendship and glory form their joint reward;
And now combined they hold their nightly guard.

"What god," exclaim'd the first, "instils this fire?
Or, in itself a god, what great desire?
My labouring soul, with anxious thought oppress'd,
Abhors this station of inglorious rest;
The love of fame with this can ill accord,
Be 't mine to seek for glory with my sword.
Seest thou yon camp, with torches twinkling dim,
Where drunken slumbers wrap each lazy limb?
Where Confidence and Ease the watch disdain,
And drowsy Silence holds her sable reign?
Then hear my thought:—In deep and sullen grief
Our troops and leaders mourn their absent chief:
Now could the gifts and promised prize be thine
(The deed, the danger, and the fame be mine),
Were this decreed, beneath yon rising mound,'
Methinks an easy path, perchance, were found;
Which pass'd, I speed my way to Pallas' walls,
And lead Æneas from Evander's halls."

With equal ardour fired, and warlike joy,
His glowing friend address'd the Dardan boy:—
"These deeds, my Nisus, shalt thou dare alone?
Must all the fame, the peril, be thine own?
Am I by thee despised, and left afar,
As one unfit to share the toils of war?
Not thus his son the great Opheltes taught;
Not thus my sire in Argive combats fought;
Not thus, when Ilion fell by heavenly hate,
I track'd Æneas through the walks of fate:
Thou know'st my deeds, my breast devoid of fear,
And hostile life-drops dim my gory spear.
Here is a soul with hope immortal burns,
And life, ignoble life, for *glory* spurns.

Fame, fame is cheaply earn'd by fleeting breath:
The price of honour is the sleep of death."

Then Nisus,—"Calm thy bosom's fond alarms:
Thy heart beats fiercely to the din of arms.
More dear thy worth and valour than my own,
I swear by him who fills Olympus' throne!
So may I triumph, as I speak the truth,
And clasp again the comrade of my youth!
But should I fall,—and he who dares advance
Through hostile legions must abide by chance,—
If some Rutulian arm, with adverse blow,
Should lay the friend who ever loved thee low,
Live thou! such beauties I would fain preserve,
Thy budding years a lengthen'd term deserve.
When humbled in the dust, let some one be
Whose gentle eyes will shed one tear for me;
Whose manly arm may snatch me back by force,
Or wealth redeem from foes my captive corse:
Or, if my destiny these last deny,
If in the spoiler's power my ashes lie,
Thy pious care may raise a simple tomb,
To mark thy love, and signalize my doom.
Why should thy doting wretched mother weep
Her only boy, reclined in endless sleep!
Who, for thy sake, the tempest's fury dared,
Who, for thy sake, war's deadly peril shared;
Who braved what woman never braved before,
And left her native for the Latian shore."
"In vain you damp the ardour of my soul,"
Replied Euryalus; "it scorns control!
Hence, let us haste!"—Their brother guards arose,
Roused by their call, nor court again repose;
The pair, buoy'd up on Hope's exulting wing,
Their stations leave, and speed to seek the king.

Now o'er the earth a solemn stillness ran,
And lull'd alike the cares of brute and man;
Save where the Dardan leaders nightly hold
Alternate converse, and their plans unfold.
On one great point the council are agreed,
An instant message to their prince decreed;
Each lean'd upon the lance he well could wield,
And poised with easy arm his ancient shield;
When Nisus and his friend their leave request
To offer something to their high behest.
With anxious tremors, yet unawed by fear,
The faithful pair before the throne appear:
Iulus greets them; at his kind command,
The elder first address'd the hoary band.

"With patience" (thus Hyrtacides began)
"Attend, nor judge from youth our humble plan.
Where yonder beacons half-expiring beam,
Our slumbering foes of future conquest dream,
Nor heed that we a secret path have traced,
Between the ocean and the portal placed.
Beneath the covert of the blackening smoke,
Whose shade securely our design will cloak!
If you, ye chiefs, and fortune will allow,
We'll bend our course to yonder mountain's brow,
Where Pallas' walls at distance meet the sight,
Seen o'er the glade, when not obscured by night:
Then shall Æneas in his pride return,
While hostile matrons raise their offspring's urn;
And Latian spoils and purpled heaps of dead
Shall mark the havoc of our hero's tread.
Such is our purpose, not unknown the way;
Where yonder torrent's devious waters stray,
Oft have we seen, when hunting by the stream,
The distant spires above the valleys gleam."

Mature in years, for sober wisdom famed,
Moved by the speech, Alethes here exclaim'd—
"Ye parent gods! who rule the fate of Troy,
Still dwells the Dardan spirit in the boy;
When minds like these in striplings thus ye raise,
Yours is the godlike act, be yours the praise;
In gallant youth, my fainting hopes revive,
And Ilion's wonted glories still survive."
Then in his warm embrace the boys he press'd,
And, quivering, strain'd them to his aged breast;
With tears the burning cheek of each bedew'd,
And, sobbing, thus his first discourse renew'd:
"What gift, my countrymen, what martial prize
Can we bestow, which you may not despise?
Our deities the first best boon have given—
Internal virtues are the gift of Heaven.
What poor rewards can bless your deeds on earth
Doubtless await such young exalted worth.
Æneas and Ascanius shall combine
To yield applause far, far surpassing mine."
Iulus then:—"By all the powers above!
By those Penates who my country love!
By hoary Vesta's sacred fane, I swear,
My hopes are all in you, ye generous pair!
Restore my father to my grateful sight,
And all my sorrows yield to one delight.
Nisus! two silver goblets are thine own,
Saved from Arisba's stately domes o'erthrown!
My sire secured them on that fatal day,
Nor left such bowls an Argive robber's prey;
Two massy tripods, also, shall be thine;
Two talents polish'd from the glittering mine!
An ancient cup, which Tyrian Dido gave,
While yet our vessels press'd the Punic wave:
But when the hostile chiefs at length bow down,
When great Æneas wears Hesperia's crown,
The casque, the buckler, and the fiery steed
Which Turnus guides with more than mortal speed,
Are thine; no envious lot shall then be cast,
I pledge my word, irrevocably past:
Nay more, twelve slaves, and twice six captive dames,
To soothe thy softer hours with amorous flames,
And all the realms which now the Latins sway,
The labours of to-night shall well repay.
But thou, my generous youth, whose tender years
Are near my own, whose worth my heart reveres,
Henceforth affection, sweetly thus begun,
Shall join our bosoms and our souls in one;
Without thy aid, no glory shall be mine;
Without thy dear advice, no great design;
Alike through life esteem'd, thou godlike boy!
In war my bulwark, and in peace my joy."

To him Euryalus:—"No day shall shame
The rising glories which from this I claim.
Fortune may favour, or the skies may frown,
But valour, spite of fate, obtains renown.
Yet, ere from hence our eager steps depart,
One boon I beg, the nearest to my heart:
My mother, sprung from Priam's royal line,
Like thine ennobled, hardly less divine,
Nor Troy nor king Acestes' realms restrain
Her feeble age from dangers of the main;
Alone she came, all selfish fears above,
A bright example of maternal love.

Unknown the secret enterprise I brave,
Lest grief should bend my parent to the grave;
From this alone no fond adieus I seek,
No fainting mother's lips have press'd my cheek;
By gloomy night and thy right hand I vow
Her parting tears would shake my purpose now:
Do thou, my prince, her failing age sustain,
In thee her much-loved child may live again;
Her dying hours with pious conduct bless,
Assist her wants, relieve her fond distress:
So dear a hope must all my soul inflame,
To rise in glory, or to fall in fame."
Struck with a filial care so deeply felt,
In tears at once the Trojan warriors melt:
Faster than all, Iulus' eyes o'erflow;
Such love was his, and such had been his woe.
"All thou hast ask'd, receive," the prince replied;
"Nor this alone, but many a gift beside.
To cheer thy mother's years shall be my aim,
Creusa's(1) style but wanting to the dame.
Fortune an adverse wayward course may run,
But bless'd thy mother in so dear a son.
Now, by my life!—my sire's most sacred oath—
To thee I pledge my full, my firmest troth,
All the rewards which once to thee were vow'd,
If thou shouldst fall, on her shall be bestow'd."
Thus spoke the weeping prince, then forth to view
A gleaming falchion from the sheath he drew;
Lycaon's utmost skill had graced the steel,
For friends to envy and for foes to feel:
A tawny hide, the Moorish lion's spoil,
Slain 'midst the forest, in the hunter's toil,
Mnestheus to guard the elder youth bestows,
And old Alethes' casque defends his brows.
Arm'd, thence they go, while all the assembled train,
To aid their cause, implore the gods in vain.
More than a boy, in wisdom and in grace,
Iulus holds amidst the chiefs his place:
His prayer he sends; but what can prayers avail,
Lost in the murmurs of the sighing gale!

The trench is pass'd, and, favour'd by the night,
Through sleeping foes they wheel their wary flight.
When shall the sleep of many a foe be o'er?
Alas! some slumber who shall wake no more!
Chariots and bridles, mix'd with arms, are seen;
And flowing flasks, and scatter'd troops between:
Bacchus and Mars to rule the camp combine;
A mingled chaos this of war and wine.
"Now," cries the first, "for deeds of blood prepare,
With me the conquest and the labour share:
Here lies our path; lest any hand arise,
Watch thou, while many a dreaming chieftain dies:
I'll carve our passage through the heedless foe,
And clear thy road with many a deadly blow."
His whispering accents then the youth repress'd,
And pierced proud Rhamnes through his panting breast:
Stretch'd at his ease, the incautious king reposed:
Debauch, and not fatigue, his eyes had closed:
To Turnus dear, a prophet and a prince,
His omens more than augur's skill evince;
But he, who thus foretold the fate of all,
Could not avert his own untimely fall.
Next Remus' armour-bearer, hapless, fell,
And three unhappy slaves the carnage swell;
The charioteer along his courser's sides
Expires, the steel his sever'd neck divides;
And, last, his lord is number'd with the dead:
Bounding, convulsive, flies the gasping head;
From the swoll'n veins the blackening torrents pour,
Stain'd is the couch and earth with clotting gore.
Young Lamyrus and Lamus next expire,
And gay Serranus, fill'd with youthful fire;
Half the long night in childish games was pass'd;
Lull'd by the potent grape, he slept at last:
Ah! happier far had he the morn survey'd,
And till Aurora's dawn his skill display'd.

In slaughter'd folds, the keepers lost in sleep,
His hungry fangs a lion thus may steep;
'Mid the sad flock, at dead of night he prowls,
With murder glutted, and in carnage rolls;
Insatiate still, through teeming herds he roams;
In seas of gore the lordly tyrant foams.

Nor less the other's deadly vengeance came,
But falls on feeble crowds without a name;
His wound unconscious Fadus scarce can feel,
Yet wakeful Rhæsus sees the threatening steel;
His coward breast behind a jar he hides,
And vainly in the weak defence confides;
Full in his heart, the falchion search'd his veins,
The reeking weapon bears alternate stains;
Through wine and blood, commingling as they flow,
One feeble spirit seeks the shades below.
Now where Messapus dwelt they bend their way,
Whose fires emit a faint and trembling ray;
There, unconfined, behold each grazing steed,
Unwatch'd, unheeded, on the herbage feed:
Brave Nisus here arrests his comrade's arm,
Too flush'd with carnage, and with conquest warm:
"Hence let us haste, the dangerous path is pass'd;
Full foes enough to-night have breathed their last:
Soon will the day those eastern clouds adorn;
Now let us speed, nor tempt the rising morn."

What silver arms, with various art embosa'd,
What bowls and mantles in confusion toss'd,
They leave regardless! yet one glittering prize
Attracts the younger hero's wandering eyes:
The gilded harness Rhamnes' coursers felt,
The gems which stud the monarch's golden belt:
This from the pallid corse was quickly torn,
Once by a line of former chieftains worn.
The exulting boy the studded girdle wears,
Messapus' helm his head in triumph bears;
Then from the tents their cautious steps they bend,
To seek the vale where safer paths extend.

Just at this hour, a band of Latian horse
To Turnus' camp pursue their destined course:
While the slow foot their tardy march delay,
The knights, impatient, spur along the way:
Three hundred mail-clad men, by Volscens led,
To Turnus with their master's promise sped:
Now they approach the trench, and view the walls,
When, on the left, a light reflection falls;
The plunder'd helmet, through the waning night,
Sheds forth a silver radiance, glancing bright.
Volscens with question loud the pair alarms:—
"Stand, stragglers! stand! why early thus in arms?
From whence, to whom?"—He meets with no reply:
Trusting the covert of the night, they fly:
The thicket's depth with hurried pace they tread,
While round the wood the hostile squadron spread.

(1) The mother of Iulus, lost on the night when Troy was taken.

With brakes entangled, scarce a path between,
Dreary and dark appears the sylvan scene:
Euryalus his heavy spoils impede,
The boughs and winding turns his steps mislead;
But Nisus scours along the forest's maze
To where Latinus' steeds in safety graze,
Then backward o'er the plain his eyes extend,
On every side they seek his absent friend.
"O God! my boy," he cries, "of me bereft,
In what impending perils art thou left!"
Listening he runs—above the waving trees,
Tumultuous voices swell the passing breeze;
The war-cry rises, thundering hoofs around
Wake the dark echoes of the trembling ground.
Again he turns, of footsteps hears the noise;
The sound elates, the sight his hope destroys:
The hapless boy a ruffian train surround,
While lengthening shades his weary way confound;
Him with loud shouts the furious knights pursue,
Struggling in vain, a captive to the crew.
What can his friend 'gainst thronging numbers dare?
Ah! must he rush, his comrade's fate to share?
What force, what aid, what stratagem essay,
Back to redeem the Latian spoiler's prey?
His life a votive ransom nobly give,
Or die with him for whom he wish'd to live?
Poising with strength his lifted lance on high,
On Luna's orb he cast his frenzied eye:—
"Goddess serene, transcending every star!
Queen of the sky, whose beams are seen afar!
By night heaven owns thy sway, by day the grove,
When, as chaste Dian, here thou deign'st to rove;
If e'er myself, or sire, have sought to grace
Thine altars with the produce of the chase,
Speed, speed my dart to pierce yon vaunting crowd,
To free my friend, and scatter far the proud."
Thus having said, the hissing dart he flung;
Through parted shades the hurtling weapon sung;
The thirsty point in Sulmo's entrails lay,
Transfix'd his heart, and stretch'd him on the clay:
He sobs, he dies,—the troop in wild amaze,
Unconscious whence the death, with horror gaze.
While pale they stare, through Tagus' temples riven,
A second shaft with equal force is driven;
Fierce Volscens rolls around his lowering eyes;
Veil'd by the night, secure the Trojan lies.
Burning with wrath, he view'd his soldiers fall:
"Thou youth accurst, thy life shall pay for all!"
Quick from the sheath his flaming glaive he drew,
And, raging, on the boy defenceless flew.
Nisus no more the blackening shade conceals,
Forth, forth he starts, and all his love reveals;
Aghast, confused, his fears to madness rise,
And pour these accents, shrieking as he flies:
"Me, me,—your vengeance hurl on me alone;
Here sheathe the steel, my blood is all your own.
Ye starry spheres! thou conscious Heaven! attest!
He could not—durst not—lo! the guile confest!
All, all was mine,—his early fate suspend;
He only loved too well his hapless friend:
Spare, spare, ye chiefs! from him your rage remove;
His fault was friendship, all his crime was love."
He pray'd in vain; the dark assassin's sword
Pierced the fair side, the snowy bosom gored;
Lowly to earth inclines his plume-clad crest,
And sanguine torrents mantle o'er his breast:
As some young rose, whose blossom scents the air,
Languid in death, expires beneath the share;
Or crimson poppy, sinking with the shower,
Declining gently, falls a fading flower;
Thus, sweetly drooping, bends his lovely head,
And lingering beauty hovers round the dead.

But fiery Nisus stems the battle's tide,
Revenge his leader, and despair his guide;
Volscens he seeks amidst the gathering host,
Volscens must soon appease his comrade's ghost;
Steel, flashing, pours on steel, foe crowds on foe;
Rage nerves his arm, fate gleams in every blow:
In vain beneath unnumber'd wounds he bleeds,
Nor wounds, nor death, distracted Nisus heeds;
In viewless circles wheel'd, his falchion flies,
Nor quits the hero's grasp till Volscens dies;
Deep in his throat its end the weapon found,
The tyrant's soul fled groaning through the wound.
Thus Nisus all his fond affection proved—
Dying, revenged the fate of him he loved;
Then on his bosom sought his wonted place,
And death was heavenly in his friend's embrace!

Celestial pair! if aught my verse can claim,
Wafted on Time's broad pinion, yours is fame!
Ages on ages shall your fate admire,
No future day shall see your names expire,
While stands the Capitol, immortal dome!
And vanquish'd millions hail their empress, Rome!

TRANSLATION FROM THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES.

[Ἔρωτες ὑπὲρ μὲν ἄγαν, κ. τ. λ.]

When fierce conflicting passions urge
The breast where love is wont to glow,
What mind can stem the stormy surge
Which rolls the tide of human woe?
The hope of praise, the dread of shame,
Can rouse the tortured breast no more;
The wild desire, the guilty flame,
Absorbs each wish it felt before.

But if affection gently thrills
The soul by purer dreams possest,
The pleasing balm of mortal ills
In love can soothe the aching breast:
If thus thou comest in disguise,
Fair Venus! from thy native heaven,
What heart unfeeling would despise
The sweetest boon the gods have given?

But never from thy golden bow
May I beneath the shaft expire!
Whose creeping venom, sure and slow,
Awakes an all-consuming fire:
Ye racking doubts! ye jealous fears!
With others wage internal war;
Repentance, source of future tears,
From me be ever distant far!

May no distracting thoughts destroy
The holy calm of sacred love!
May all the hours be wing'd with joy,
Which hover faithful hearts above!
Fair Venus! on thy myrtle shrine
May I with some fond lover sigh,
Whose heart may mingle pure with mine—
With me to live, with me to die!

My native soil! beloved before,
Now dearer as my peaceful home,
Ne'er may I quit thy rocky shore,
A hapless banish'd wretch to roam!
This very day, this very hour,
May I resign this fleeting breath!
Nor quit my silent humble bower;
A doom to me far worse than death.

Have I not heard the exile's sigh,
And seen the exile's silent tear,
Through distant climes condemn'd to fly,
A pensive weary wanderer here?
Ah! hapless dame! (1) no sire bewails,
No friend thy wretched fate deplores,
No kindred voice with rapture hails
Thy steps within a stranger's doors.

Perish the fiend whose iron heart,
To fair affection's truth unknown,
Bids her he fondly loved depart,
Unpitied, helpless, and alone;
Who ne'er unlocks with silver key (2)
The milder treasures of his soul,—
May such a friend be far from me,
And ocean's storms between us roll!

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A COLLEGE EXAMINATION.

HIGH in the midst, surrounded by his peers,
MAGNUS (3) his ample front sublime uprears:
Placed on his chair of state, he seems a god,
While Sophs and Freshmen tremble at his nod.
As all around sit wrapt in speechless gloom,
His voice in thunder shakes the sounding dome;
Denouncing dire reproach to luckless fools,
Unskill'd to plod in mathematic rules.

Happy the youth in Euclid's axioms tried,
Though little versed in any art beside;
Who, scarcely skill'd an English line to pen,
Scans Attic metres with a critic's ken.
What though he knows not how his fathers bled,
When civil discord piled the fields with dead,
When Edward bade his conquering bands advance,
Or Henry trampled on the crest of France?

Though marvelling at the name of Magna Charta,
Yet well he recollects the laws of Sparta;
Can tell what edicts sage Lycurgus made,
While Blackstone 's on the shelf neglected laid;
Of Grecian dramas vaunts the deathless fame,
Of Avon's bard remembering scarce the name.

Such is the youth whose scientific pate
Class-honours, medals, fellowships, await;
Or even, perhaps, the declamation prize,
If to such glorious height he lifts his eyes.
But lo! no common orator can hope
The envied silver cup within his scope.
Not that our heads much eloquence require,
The ATHENIAN'S (4) glowing style, or Tully's fire.
A manner clear or warm is useless, since
We do not try by speaking to convince.
Be other orators of pleasing proud,
We speak to please ourselves, not move the crowd:
Our gravity prefers the muttering tone,
A proper mixture of the squeak and groan:
No borrow'd grace of action must be seen;
The slightest motion would displease the Dean; (5)
Whilst every staring graduate would prate
Against what he could never imitate.

The man who hopes to obtain the promised cup
Must in one posture stand, and ne'er look up;
Nor stop, but rattle over every word—
No matter what, so it can *not* be heard.
Thus let him hurry on, nor think to rest:
Who speaks the fastest 's sure to speak the best;
Who utters most within the shortest space
May safely hope to win the wordy race.

The sons of science these, who, thus repaid,
Linger in ease in Granta's sluggish shade;
Where on Cam's sedgy banks supine they lie
Unknown, unhonour'd live, unwept for die:
Dull as the pictures which adorn their halls,
They think all learning fix'd within their walls:
In manners rude, in foolish forms precise,
All modern arts affecting to despise;
Yet prizing Bentley's, Brunck's, or Porson's (6) note,
More than the verse on which the critic wrote:
Vain as their honours, heavy as their ale,
Sad as their wit, and tedious as their tale;

(1) Medea, who accompanied Jason to Corinth, was deserted by him for the daughter of Creon, king of that city. The chorus from which this is taken here addresses Medea; though a considerable liberty is taken with the original, by expanding the idea, as also in some other parts of the translation.

(2) The original is Καλαμῶν ἀνοίξαντι κλῆδα φρενῶν, literally "disclosing the bright key of the mind."

(3) No reflection is here intended against the person mentioned under the name of Magnus. He is merely represented as performing an unavoidable function of his office. Indeed, such an attempt could only recoil upon myself; as that gentleman is now as much distinguished by his eloquence, and the dignified propriety with which he fills his situation, as he was in his younger days for wit and conviviality.

[Dr. William Lort Mansel was, in 1798, appointed to the head-ship of Trinity College, by Mr. Pitt. He was indebted to the influence of his fellow collegian, the late Mr. Perceval, for his subsequent promotion to the see of Bristol. He is supposed to have materially assisted in the *Pursuits of Literature*. His Lordship died at Trinity Lodge, in June, 1820. —L. E.]

His Lordship's name appears to have afforded occasion for a somewhat profane pun; and, to Byron's gay and thoughtless intimates at Cambridge, the opportunity was too tempting to be resisted. Some of them were wont to rouse the Doctor from his slumbers, in the lodge of Trinity, and when he appeared at the window, foaming with wrath, and crying out, "I know you, gentlemen, I know you!" he was immediately greeted with the response of—"We beseech thee to hear us, good *Lort!*—Good *Lort* deliver us!"—P. E.

(4) Demosthenes.

(5) In most colleges, the Fellow who superintends the chapel service is called *Dean*.—L. E.

(6) The present Greek professor at Trinity College, Cambridge; a man whose powers of mind and writings may, perhaps, justify their preference.

[Lord Byron, in a letter written in 1818, says:—"I remember to have seen Porson at Cambridge, in the hall of our college, and in private parties; and I never can recollect him except as drunk or brutal, and generally both. I mean in an evening; for, in the hall, he dined at the Dean's table, and I at the Vice-master's; and he then and there appeared sober in his demeanour; but I have seen him, in a private party of under-graduates, take up a poker to them, and heard him use language as blackguard as his action. Of all the disgusting brutes, sulky, abusive, and intolerable, Porson was the most bestial, as far as the few times I saw

To friendship dead, though not untaught to feel
When Self and Church demand a bigot zeal.
With eager haste they court the lord of power,
Whether 'tis Pitt or Petty rules the hour; (1)
To him, with suppliant smiles, they bend the head,
While distant mitres to their eyes are spread.
But should a storm o'erwhelm him with disgrace,
They'd fly to seek the next who fill'd his place.
Such are the men who learning's treasures guard!
Such is their practice, such is their reward!
This much, at least, we may presume to say—
The premium can't exceed the price they pay.

1806.

TO A BEAUTIFUL QUAKER.

Sweet girl! though only once we met,
That meeting I shall ne'er forget;
And though we ne'er may meet again,
Remembrance will thy form retain.
I would not say, "I love," but still
My senses struggle with my will:
In vain, to drive thee from my breast,
My thoughts are more and more represt;
In vain I check the rising sighs,
Another to the last replies:
Perhaps this is not love, but yet
Our meeting I can ne'er forget.

What though we never silence broke?
Our eyes a sweeter language spoke!
The tongue in flattering falsehood deals,
And tells a tale it never feels:
Deceit the guilty lips impart;
And hush the mandates of the heart;
But soul's interpreters, the eyes,
Spurn such restraint, and scorn disguise.
As thus our glances oft conversed,
And all our bosoms felt rehearsed,
No spirit, from within, reproved us,
Say rather, "'twas the spirit moved us."
Though what they utter'd I repress,
Yet I conceive thou 'lt partly guess;
For as on thee my memory ponders,
Perchance to me thine also wanders.
This for myself, at least, I'll say,
Thy form appears through night, through day:
Awake, with it my fancy teems;
In sleep, it smiles in fleeting dreams;
The vision charms the hours away,
And bids me curse Aurora's ray
For breaking slumbers of delight
Which make me wish for endless night.
Since, oh! whate'er my future fate,
Shall joy or woe my steps await,
Tempted by love, by storms beset,
Thine image I can ne'er forget.

Alas! again no more we meet,
No more our former looks repeat;
Then let me breathe this parting prayer,
The dictate of my bosom's care:
"May Heaven so guard my lovely quaker,
That anguish never can o'ertake her;
That peace and virtue ne'er forsake her,
But bliss be aye her heart's partaker!
Oh! may the happy mortal, fated
To be, by dearest ties, related,
For her each hour new joys discover,
And lose the husband in the lover!
May that fair bosom never know
What 'tis to feel the restless woe
Which stings the soul, with vain regret,
Of him who never can forget!" (2)

THE CORNELIAN. (3)

No specious splendour of this stone
Endears it to my memory ever;
With lustre only once it shone,
And blushes modest as the giver. (4)

him went. He was tolerated in this state amongst the young men for his talents; as the Turks think a madman inspired, and bear with him. He used to recite, or rather vomit, pages of all languages, and could hiccup Greek like a Helot: and certainly Sparta never shocked her children with a grosser exhibition than this man's intoxication." 1818.—L. E.]

(1) Since this was written, Lord Henry Petty has lost his place, and subsequently (I had almost said consequently) the honour of representing the University. A fact so glaring requires no comment. [Lord Henry Petty is now Marquess of Lansdowne.—L. E.]

(2) These verses were written at Harrowgate, in August 1806.—L. E.

(3) The cornelian of these verses was given to Lord Byron by the Cambridge chorister, Eddlestone, whose musical talents first introduced him to the young poet's acquaintance, and for whom he appears to have entertained, subsequently, a sentiment of the most romantic friendship.—L. E.

Moore mentions another instance of a similar sentiment, entertained by the noble bard during the period of his stay in Greece, for an individual of far inferior rank to his own. The object of this warm and enthusiastic feeling was a Greek youth, named Nicolo Giraud, the son of a widow lady, in whose house the artist Lusieri lodged. In this young man he appears to have taken the most lively and even brotherly interest; so much so, as not only to have presented to him, on their parting at Malta, a considerable sum of money, but to have subsequently designed for him a still more munificent, as well as permanent, provision. In the rough draught of his intended will, transmitted by him to his solicitor, he bequeaths to Nicolo Giraud the sum of £7000, to be paid on his attaining the age of twenty-one years.—P. E.

(4) In a letter to Miss Pigot, of Southwell, written in June, 1807, Lord Byron thus describes Eddlestone:—"He is exactly to an hour two years younger than myself, nearly my height, very thin, very fair complexion, dark eyes, and light locks. My opinion of his mind you already know; I hope I shall never have occasion to change it." Eddlestone, on leaving his choir, entered into a mercantile house in the metropolis, and died of a consumption, in 1811. Lord Byron, on hearing of his death, thus writes to the mother of his fair correspondent:—"I am about to write to you on a silly subject, and yet I cannot well do otherwise. You may remember a cornelian, which some years ago I consigned to Miss Pigot, indeed gave to her, and now I am about to make the most selfish and rude of requests. The person who gave it to me, when I was very young, is dead, and though a long time has elapsed since we met, as it was the only memorial I possessed of that person (in whom I was very much interested), it has acquired a value by this event I could have wished it never to have borne in my eyes. If, therefore, Miss Pigot should have preserved it, I must, under these circumstances, beg her to excuse my requesting it to be transmitted to me, and I will replace it by something she may remember me by equally well. As she was always so kind as to feel interested in the fate of him who formed the subject of our conversation, you may tell her that the giver of that cornelian died in May last, of a consumption, at the age of twenty-one,—making the sixth, within four months, of friends and relations that I have lost between May and the end of August."—The cornelian heart was returned accordingly; and, indeed, Miss Pigot reminded Lord Byron that he had left it with her as a deposit, not a gift. It is now in the possession of the Hon. Mrs. Leigh.—L. E.

Some, who can sneer at friendship's ties,
  Have, for my weakness, oft reproved me;
Yet still the simple gift I prize,—
  For I am sure the giver loved me.

He offer'd it with downcast look,
  As fearful that I might refuse it;
I told him when the gift I took,
  My only fear should be to lose it.

This pledge attentively I view'd,
  And sparkling as I held it near,
Methought one drop the stone bedew'd,
  And ever since I've loved a tear.

Still, to adorn his humble youth,
  Nor wealth nor birth their treasures yield;
But he who seeks the flowers of truth
  Must quit the garden for the field.

'Tis not the plant uprear'd in sloth
  Which beauty shows, and sheds perfume;
The flowers which yield the most of both
  In Nature's wild luxuriance bloom.

Had Fortune aided Nature's care,
  For once forgetting to be blind,
His would have been an ample share,
  If well proportion'd to his mind.

But had the goddess clearly seen,
  His form had fix'd her fickle breast;
Her countless hoards would his have been,
  And none remain'd to give the rest.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

DELIVERED PREVIOUS TO THE PERFORMANCE OF "THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE" AT A PRIVATE THEATRE.(1)

SINCE the refinement of this polish'd age
Has swept immoral raillery from the stage;
Since taste has now expunged licentious wit,
Which stamp'd disgrace on all an author writ;
Since now to please with purer scenes we seek,
Nor dare to call the blush from Beauty's cheek;
Oh! let the modest Muse some pity claim,
And meet indulgence, though she find not fame.
Still, not for her alone we wish respect,
Others appear more conscious of defect:
To-night no veteran Roscii you behold,
In all the arts of scenic action old;
No Cooke, no Kemble, can salute you here,
No Siddons draw the sympathetic tear;
To-night you throng to witness the *début*(2)
Of embryo actors, to the Drama new:
Here then, our almost unfledged wings we try;
Clip not our pinions ere the birds can fly:
Failing in this our first attempt to soar,
Drooping, alas! we fall to rise no more.
Not one poor trembler only fear betrays,
Who hopes, yet almost dreads, to meet your praise;
But all our dramatis personæ wait,
In fond suspense, this crisis of their fate.
No venal views our progress can retard,
Your generous plaudits are our sole reward;
For these, each Hero all his power displays,
Each timid Heroine shrinks before your gaze.
Surely the last will some protection find?
None to the softer sex can prove unkind:
While Youth and Beauty form the female shield,
The sternest censor to the fair must yield.
Yet, should our feeble efforts nought avail,
Should, after all, our best endeavours fail,
Still let some mercy in your bosoms live,
And, if you can't applaud, at least forgive.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. FOX,

THE FOLLOWING ILLIBERAL IMPROMPTU APPEARED IN A MORNING PAPER.

"OUR nation's foes lament on Fox's death,
But bless the hour when PITT resign'd his breath:
These feelings wide, let sense and truth unclue,
We give the palm where Justice points it due."

TO WHICH THE AUTHOR OF THESE PIECES SENT THE FOLLOWING REPLY.

OH factious viper! whose envenom'd tooth
Would mangle still the dead, perverting truth;
What though our "nation's foes" lament the fate,
With generous feeling, of the good and great,
Shall dastard tongues essay to blast the name
Of him whose meed exists in endless fame?
When PITT expired in plenitude of power,
Though ill success obscured his dying hour,
Pity her dewy wings before him spread,
For noble spirits "war not with the dead:"
His friends, in tears, a last sad requiem gave,
As all his errors slumber'd in the grave;

(1) "When I was a youth, I was reckoned a good actor. Besides Harrow speeches, in which I shone, I enacted Penruddock, in *The Wheel of Fortune*, and Tristram Fickle, in the farce of *The Weathercock*, for three nights, in some private theatricals at Southwell, in 1806, with great applause. The occasional prologue for our volunteer play was also of my composition. The other performers were young ladies and gentlemen of the neighbourhood; and the whole went off with great effect upon our good-natured audience." *Diary*, 1821.—L. E.

(2) This prologue was written by the young poet, between stages, on his way from Harrowgate. On getting into the carriage at Chesterfield, he said to his companion, "Now, Pigot, I'll spin a prologue for our play;" and before they reached Mansfield he had completed his task,—interrupting, only once, his rhyming reverie, to ask the proper pronunciation of the French word "*debut*," and, on being answered (not, it would seem, very correctly), exclaiming, "Ay, that will do for rhyme to '*new*.'" The epilogue, which was from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Becher, was delivered by Lord Byron.—L. E.

"In order to afford to his Lordship an opportunity of displaying his powers of mimicry, this composition consisted of good-humoured portraits of all the persons concerned in the representation. Some intimation of this design having got among the actors, an alarm was felt instantly at the ridicule thus in store for them. To quiet their apprehensions, the author was obliged to assure them that if, after having heard his epilogue at rehearsal, they did not of themselves pronounce it harmless, and even request that it should be preserved, he would most willingly withdraw it. In the mean time it was concerted between this gentleman and Lord Byron, that the latter should, on the morning of rehearsal, deliver the verses in a tone as innocent, and as free from all point, as possible, reserving his mimicry, in which the whole sting of the pleasantry lay, for the evening of representation. The desired effect was produced. All the personages of the green-room were satisfied, and even wondered how a suspicion of waggery could have attached itself to so well-bred a production. Their wonder, however, was of a different nature a night or two after, when, on hearing the audience convulsed with laughter at this same composition, they discovered at last the trick which the unsuspected mimic had played on them, and had no other resource than that of joining in the laugh which his playful imitation of the whole dramatis personæ excited."—*Moore*.—P. E.

He sunk, an Atlas bending 'neath the weight
Of cares o'erwhelming our conflicting state;
When, lo! a Hercules in Fox appear'd,
Who for a time the ruin'd fabric rear'd:
He, too, is fall'n, who Britain's loss supplied,
With him our fast-reviving hopes have died;
Not one great people only raise his urn,
All Europe's far-extended regions mourn.
"These feelings wide, let sense and truth unclue,
To give the palm where Justice points it due;"
Yet let not canker'd Calumny assail,
Or round our statesman wind her gloomy veil.
Fox! o'er whose corse a mourning world must weep,
Whose dear remains in honour'd marble sleep;
For whom, at last, e'en hostile nations groan,
While friends and foes alike his talents own;
Fox shall in Britain's future annals shine,
Nor e'en to PITT the patriot's palm resign,
Which Envy, wearing Candour's sacred mask,
For PITT, and PITT alone, has dared to ask.(1)

THE TEAR.

"O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
Felix! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit."—*Gray.*

WHEN Friendship or Love our sympathies move,
When Truth in a glance should appear,
The lips may beguile with a dimple or smile,
But the test of affection's a Tear.

Too oft is a smile but the hypocrite's wile,
To mask detestation or fear;
Give me the soft sigh, whilst the soul-telling eye
Is dimm'd for a time with a Tear.

Mild Charity's glow, to us mortals below,
Shows the soul from barbarity clear;
Compassion will melt where this virtue is felt,
And its dew is diffused in a Tear.

The man doom'd to sail with the blast of the gale,
Through billows Atlantic to steer,
As he bends o'er the wave which may soon be his grave,
The green sparkles bright with a Tear.

The soldier braves death for a fanciful wreath
In Glory's romantic career;
But he raises the foe when in battle laid low,
And bathes every wound with a Tear.

If with high-bounding pride he return to his bride,
Renouncing the gore-crimson'd spear,
All his toils are repaid when, embracing the maid,
From her eyelid he kisses the Tear.

Sweet scene of my youth! (2) seat of Friendship and Truth,
Where love chased each fast-fleeting year,
Loth to leave thee, I mourn'd, for a last look I turn'd,
But thy spire was scarce seen through a Tear.

Though my vows I can pour to my Mary no more,
My Mary, to Love once so dear,
In the shade of her bower I remember the hour
She rewarded those vows with a Tear.

By another possest, may she live ever blest!
Her name still my heart must revere:
With a sigh I resign what I once thought was mine,
And forgive her deceit with a Tear.

Ye friends of my heart, ere from you I depart,
This hope to my breast is most near:
If again we shall meet in this rural retreat,
May we meet, as we part, with a Tear.

When my soul wings her flight to the regions of night,
And my corse shall recline on its bier,
As ye pass by the tomb where my ashes consume,
Oh! moisten their dust with a Tear.

May no marble bestow the splendour of woe
Which the children of vanity rear;
No fiction of fame shall blazon my name,
All I ask—all I wish—is a Tear.

October 26th, 1806.

REPLY

TO SOME VERSES OF J. M. B. PIGOT, ESQ., ON THE CRUELTY OF HIS MISTRESS.

WHY, Pigot, complain of this damsel's disdain,
Why thus in despair do you fret?
For months you may try, yet, believe me, a sigh
Will never obtain a coquette.

Would you teach her to love? for a time seem to rove;
At first she may frown in a pet;
But leave her awhile, she shortly will smile,
And then you may kiss your coquette.

For such are the airs of these fanciful fairs,
They think all our homage a debt:
Yet a partial neglect soon takes an effect,
And humbles the proudest coquette.

Dissemble your pain, and lengthen your chain,
And seem her hauteur to regret;
If again you shall sigh, she no more will deny
That yours is the rosy coquette.

If still, from false pride, your pangs she deride,
This whimsical virgin forget;
Some other admire, who will melt with your fire,
And laugh at the little coquette.

For me, I adore some twenty or more,
And love them most dearly; but yet,
Though my heart they enthral, I 'd abandon them all,
Did they act like your blooming coquette.

No longer repine, adopt this design,
And break through her slight-woven net;
Away with despair, no longer forbear
To fly from the captious coquette.

Then quit her, my friend! your bosom defend,
Ere quite with her snares you're beset:
Lest your deep-wounded heart, when incensed by the smart,
Should lead you to curse the coquette.

October 27th, 1806.

TO THE SIGHING STREPHON.

YOUR pardon, my friend, if my rhymes did offend,
Your pardon, a thousand times o'er;
From friendship I strove your pangs to remove,
But I swear I will do so no more.

(1) The "illiberal impromptu" appeared in the *Morning Post*, and Lord Byron's "reply" in the *Morning Chronicle*.—L. E.

(2) Harrow.

Since your beautiful maid your flame has repaid,
No more I your folly regret;
She's now most divine, and I bow at the shrine
Of this quickly-reform'd coquette.

Yet still, I must own, I should never have known
From your verses, what else she deserved;
Your pain seem'd so great, I pitied your fate,
As your fair was so devilish reserved.

Since the balm-breathing kiss of this magical miss
Can such wonderful transports produce;
Since the "world you forget, when your lips once have met,"
My counsel will get but abuse.

You say, when "I rove, I know nothing of love;"
'Tis true, I am given to range:
If I rightly remember, I've loved a good number,
Yet there's pleasure, at least, in a change.

I will not advance, by the rules of romance,
To humour a whimsical fair;
Though a smile may delight, yet a frown won't affright,
Or drive me to dreadful despair.

While my blood is thus warm I ne'er shall reform,
To mix in the Platonist's school;
Of this I am sure, was my passion so pure,
Thy mistress would think me a fool.

And if I should shun every woman for one,
Whose image must fill my whole breast—
Whom I must prefer, and sigh but for her—
What an insult 't would be to the rest!

Now, Strephon, good bye; I cannot deny
Your passion appears most absurd;
Such love as you plead is pure love indeed,
For it only consists in the word.

TO ELIZA. (1)

Eliza, what fools are the Mussulman sect,
Who to woman deny the soul's future existence!
Could they see thee, Eliza, they'd own their defect,
And this doctrine would meet with a general resistance.

Had their Prophet possess'd half an atom of sense,
He ne'er would have women from paradise driven;
Instead of his houris, a flimsy pretence!
With women alone he had peopled his heaven.

Yet still, to increase your calamities more,
Not content with depriving your bodies of spirit,
He allots one poor husband to share amongst four!—
With souls you'd dispense; but this last, who could bear it?

His religion to please neither party is made;
On husbands 'tis hard, to the wives most uncivil:
Still I can't contradict, what so oft has been said,
"Though women are angels, yet wedlock's the devil."

LACHIN Y GAIR. (2)

Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses!
In you let the minions of luxury rove;
Restore me the rocks, where the snow-flake reposes,
Though still they are sacred to freedom and love:
Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,
Round their white summits though elements war;
Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth-flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd;
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid; (3)
On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd,
As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade:
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;
For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

"Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?"
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland vale.
Round Loch na Garr while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car:
Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers;
They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na Garr.

"Ill starr'd, (4) though brave, did no visions foreboding
Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause?"
Ah! were you destined to die at Culloden, (5)
Victory crown'd not your fall with applause:
Still were you happy in death's earthy slumber,
You rest with your clan in the caves of Braemar; (6)
The pibroch resounds, to the piper's loud number,
Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch na Garr.

(1) Miss Elizabeth Pigot, of Southwell, to whom several of Lord Byron's earliest letters were addressed.—L. E.

(2) *Lachin y Gair*, or, as it is pronounced in the Erse, *Loch-na-Garr*, towers proudly pre-eminent in the Northern Highlands, near Invercauld. One of our modern tourists mentions it as the highest mountain, perhaps, in Great Britain. Be this as it may, it is certainly one of the most sublime and picturesque amongst our "Caledonian Alps." Its appearance is of a dusky hue, but the summit is the seat of eternal snows. Near Lachin y Gair I spent some of the early part of my life, the recollection of which has given birth to these stanzas.

["As a picturesque object, few mountains in the Grampian range are more interesting than Lachin y Gair. Though its summit stretches horizontally to a great extent, it is far from presenting a heavy or inelegant contour, for even where its broad front is displayed to the spectator, the brow of it is diversified by gentle inflections or pointed asperities. The most sublime feature of Lachin y Gair consists in those immense perpendicular cliffs of granite which give such impressive grandeur to its north-eastern aspect. This stupendous precipice extends upwards of a mile and a half in length, and its height is from 950 to 1300 feet." *Robson's Scenery of the Grampians.*—P. E.]

(3) This word is erroneously pronounced *plad*: the proper pronunciation (according to the Scotch) is shown by the orthography.

(4) I allude here to my maternal ancestors, "the *Gordons*," many of whom fought for the unfortunate Prince Charles, better known by the name of the Pretender. This branch was nearly allied by blood, as well as attachment, to the Stuarts. George, the second Earl of Huntly, married the Princess Annabella Stuart, daughter of James the First of Scotland. By her he left four sons; the third, Sir William Gordon, I have the honour to claim as one of my progenitors.

(5) Whether any perished in the battle of Culloden, I am not certain; but, as many fell in the insurrection, I have used the name of the principal action, "pars pro toto."

(6) A tract of the Highlands so called. There is also a Castle of Braemar.

Years have roll'd on, Loch na Garr, since I left you,
Years must elapse ere I tread you again:
Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,
Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain.
England! thy beauties are tame and domestic
To one who has roved on the mountains afar:
Oh for the crags that are wild and majestic!
The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr! (1)

TO ROMANCE.

Parent of golden dreams, Romance!
Auspicious queen of childish joys,
Who lead'st along, in airy dance,
Thy votive train of girls and boys;
At length, in spells no longer bound,
I break the fetters of my youth;
No more I tread thy mystic round,
But leave thy realms for those of Truth.

And yet 't is hard to quit the dreams
Which haunt the unsuspicious soul,
Where every nymph a goddess seems,
Whose eyes through rays immortal roll;
While Fancy holds her boundless reign,
And all assume a varied hue;
When virgins seem no longer vain,
And even woman's smiles are true.

And must we own thee but a name,
And from thy hall of clouds descend?
Nor find a sylph in every dame,
A Pylades (2) in every friend?
But leave at once thy realms of air
To mingling bands of fairy elves;
Confess that woman 's false as fair,
And friends have feeling for—themselves?

With shame I own I've felt thy sway;
Repentant, now thy reign is o'er:
No more thy precepts I obey,
No more on fancied pinions soar.
Fond fool! to love a sparkling eye,
And think that eye to truth was dear;
To trust a passing wanton's sigh,
And melt beneath a wanton's tear!

Romance! disgusted with deceit,
Far from thy motley court I fly,
Where Affectation holds her seat,
And sickly Sensibility:
Whose silly tears can never flow
For any pangs excepting thine;
Who turns aside from real woe,
To steep in dew thy gaudy shrine.

Now join with sable Sympathy,
With cypress crown'd, array'd in weeds,
Who heaves with thee her simple sigh,
Whose breast for every bosom bleeds;
And call thy sylvan female choir,
To mourn a swain for ever gone,
Who once could glow with equal fire,
But bends not now before thy throne.

Ye genial nymphs, whose ready tears
On all occasions swiftly flow;
Whose bosoms heave with fancied fears,
With fancied flames and frenzy glow;
Say, will you mourn my absent name,
Apostate from your gentle train?
An infant bard at least may claim
From you a sympathetic strain.

Adieu, fond race! a long adieu!
The hour of fate is hovering nigh;
E'en now the gulf appears in view,
Where unlamented you must lie:
Oblivion's blackening lake is seen,
Convulsed by gales you cannot weather;
Where you, and eke your gentle queen,
Alas! must perish altogether.

ANSWER TO SOME ELEGANT VERSES

SENT BY A FRIEND TO THE AUTHOR, COMPLAINING THAT ONE OF HIS DESCRIPTIONS WAS RATHER TOO WARMLY DRAWN.

"But if any old lady, knight, priest, or physician,
Should condemn me for printing a second edition;
If good Madam Squintem my work should abuse,
May I venture to give her a smack of my muse?"
New Bath Guide.

Candour compels me, Becher! (3) to commend
The verse which blends the censor with the friend;
Your strong yet just reproof extorts applause
From me, the heedless and imprudent cause.
For this wild error which pervades my strain,
I sue for pardon,—must I sue in vain?
The wise sometimes from Wisdom's ways depart,
Can youth then hush the dictates of the heart?

(1) In *The Island*, a poem written a year or two before Lord Byron's death, we have these lines:—

"He who first met the Highland's swelling blue
Will love each peak that shows a kindred hue,
Hail in each crag a friend's familiar face,
And clasp the mountain in his mind's embrace.
Long have I roam'd through lands which are not mine,
Adored the Alp, and loved the Apennine,
Revered Parnassus, and beheld the steep
Jove's Ida and Olympus crown the deep:
But 't was not all long ages' lore, nor all
Their nature held me in their thrilling thrall;
The infant rapture still survived the boy,
And Loch na Garr with Ida look'd o'er Troy,
Mix'd Celtic memories with the Phrygian mount,
And Highland linns with Castalie's clear fount."

"When very young," (he adds in a note) "about eight years of age, after an attack of the scarlet fever at Aberdeen, I was removed, by medical advice, into the Highlands, and from this period I date my love of mountainous countries. I can never forget the effect, a few years afterwards, in England, of the only thing I had long seen, even in miniature, of a mountain, in the Malvern Hills. After I returned to Cheltenham, I used to watch them every afternoon, at sunset, with a sensation which I cannot describe."—L. E.

In "The Adieu" (published among his occasional pieces), Lord Byron again mentions Lachin y Gair, or Loch-na-Garr, in a manner that marks the impressions made upon his feelings by the scenes of his boyhood:—

"Adieu, ye mountains of the clime,
Where grew my youthful years;
Where Loch-na-Garr, in snows sublime,
His giant summit rears."—P. E.

(2) It is hardly necessary to add, that Pylades was the companion of Orestes, and a partner in one of those friendships which, with those of Achilles and Patroclus, Nisus and Euryalus, Damon and Pythias, have been handed down to posterity as remarkable instances of attachments which, in all probability, never existed beyond the imagination of the poet, or the page of an historian, or modern novelist.

(3) The Rev. John Becher, prebendary of Southwell, the well-known author of several philanthropic plans for the amelioration of the condition of the poor. In this gentleman the youthful poet found not only an honest and judicious critic, but a sincere friend. To his care the superintendence of the second edition of *Hours of Idleness*, during its progress through a country press, was intrusted, and at his suggestion several corrections and omissions were made.

Precepts of prudence curb, but can't control,
The fierce emotions of the flowing soul.
When Love's delirium haunts the glowing mind,
Limping Decorum lingers far behind:
Vainly the dotard mends her prudish pace,
Outstript and vanquish'd in the mental chase.
The young, the old, have worn the chains of love,
Let those they ne'er confined my lay reprove:
Let those whose souls contemn the pleasing power
Their censures on the hapless victim shower.
Oh! how I hate the nerveless frigid song,
The ceaseless echo of the rhyming throng,
Whose labour'd lines in chilling numbers flow,
To paint a pang the author ne'er can know!
The artless Helicon I boast is youth;—
My lyre, the heart; my muse, the simple truth.
Far be't from me the "virgin's mind" to "taint:"
Seduction's dread is here no slight restraint.
The maid whose virgin breast is void of guile,
Whose wishes dimple in a modest smile,
Whose downcast eye disdains the wanton leer,
Firm in her virtue's strength, yet not severe—
She whom a conscious grace shall thus refine
Will ne'er be "tainted" by a strain of mine.
But for the nymph whose premature desires
Torment her bosom with unholy fires,
No net to snare her willing heart is spread;
She would have fallen, though she ne'er had read.
For me, I fain would please the chosen few,
Whose souls, to feeling and to nature true,
Will spare the childish verse, and not destroy
The light effusions of a heedless boy.
I seek not glory from the senseless crowd;
Of fancied laurels I shall ne'er be proud:
Their warmest plaudits I would scarcely prize,
Their sneers or censures I alike despise.

November 26, 1806.

ELEGY ON NEWSTEAD ABBEY. (1)

"It is the voice of years that are gone! they roll before me with all their deeds."—*Ossian.*

NEWSTEAD! fast-falling, once-resplendent dome!
Religion's shrine! repentant HENRY's (2) pride!
Of warriors, monks, and dames the cloister'd tomb,
Whose pensive shades around thy ruins glide:

Hail to thy pile! more honour'd in thy fall
Than modern mansions in their pillar'd state;
Proudly majestic frowns thy vaulted hall,
Scowling defiance on the blasts of fate.

No mail-clad serfs (3), obedient to their lord,
In grim array the crimson cross (4) demand;
Or gay assemble round the festive board
Their chief's retainers, an immortal band:

Else might inspiring Fancy's magic eye
Retrace their progress through the lapse of time,
Marking each ardent youth, ordain'd to die
A votive pilgrim in Judea's clime.

But not from thee, dark pile! departs the chief;
His feudal realm in other regions lay:
In thee the wounded conscience courts relief,
Retiring from the garish blaze of day.

Yes! in thy gloomy cells and shades profound
The monk abjured a world he ne'er could view;
Or blood-stain'd guilt repenting solace found,
Or innocence from stern oppression flew.

A monarch bade thee from that wild arise,
Where Sherwood's outlaws once were wont to prowl;
And Superstition's crimes, of various dyes,
Sought shelter in the priest's protecting cowl.

Where now the grass exhales a murky dew,
The humid pall of life-extinguish'd clay,
In sainted fame the sacred fathers grew,
Nor raised their pious voices but to pray.

Where now the bats their wavering wings extend,
Soon as the gloaming (5) spreads her waning shade,
The choir did oft their mingling vespers blend,
Or matin orisons to Mary (6) paid.

Years roll on years; to ages, ages yield;
Abbots to abbots, in a line, succeed:
Religion's charter their protecting shield
Till royal sacrilege their doom decreed.

One holy HENRY rear'd the gothic walls,
And bade the pious inmates rest in peace;
Another HENRY (7) the kind gift recalls,
And bids devotion's hallow'd echoes cease.

Vain is each threat or supplicating prayer;
He drives them exiles from their blest abode,
To roam a dreary world in deep despair—
No friend, no home, no refuge, but their God.

"I must return you," says Lord Byron, in a letter written in February, 1808, "my best acknowledgments for the interest you have taken in me and my poetical bantlings, and I shall ever be proud to show how much I esteem the *advice* and the *adviser*."—L. E.

To Mr. Becher, as we learn from Moore's *Life*, was presented the first copy of Lord Byron's early poetical effusions, printed for private circulation amongst his friends. The Reverend gentleman, in looking over its pages, among many things to commend and admire, as well as some almost too boyish to criticise, found one poem in which, as it appeared to him, the imagination of the young bard had indulged itself in a luxuriousness of colouring beyond what even youth could excuse. Immediately, as the most gentle mode of conveying his opinion, he sat down and addressed to Lord Byron some expostulatory verses on the subject, to which the poetical "answer" now before the reader was as promptly returned by the noble poet, with, at the same time, a note in plain prose, to say that he felt fully the justice of his friend's censure, and that, rather than allow the poem in question to be circulated, he would instantly recall all the copies that had been sent out, and cancel the whole impression. On the very same evening, this prompt sacrifice was carried into effect. Mr. Becher saw every copy of the edition burned, with the exception of that which he retained in his own possession, and another which had been despatched to Edinburgh, and could not be recalled.—P. E.

(1) As one poem on this subject is already printed, the author had, originally, no intention of inserting the following. It is now added, at the particular request of some friends.

(2) Henry II. founded Newstead soon after the murder of Thomas à Becket. [See *ante*, p. 3, c. 1, note 2.—P. E.]

(3) This word is used by Walter Scott, in his poem, "The Wild Huntsman," as synonymous with vassal.

(4) The red cross was the badge of the crusaders.

(5) As "gloaming," the Scottish word for twilight, is far more poetical, and has been recommended by many eminent literary men, particularly by Dr. Moore in his Letters to Burns, I have ventured to use it on account of its harmony.

(6) The priory was dedicated to the Virgin.

(7) At the dissolution of the monasteries, Henry VIII. bestowed Newstead Abbey on Sir John Byron. [See *ante*, p. 3. c. 1. note 2.—P. E.]

Hark how the hall, resounding to the strain,
Shakes with the martial music's novel din!
The heralds of a warrior's haughty reign,
High-crested banners wave thy walls within.

Of changing sentinels the distant hum,
The mirth of feasts, the clang of burnish'd arms,
The braying trumpet and the hoarser drum,
Unite in concert with increased alarms.

An abbey once, a regal fortress (1) now,
Encircled by insulting rebel powers,
War's dread machines o'erhang thy threatening brow,
And dart destruction in sulphureous showers.

Ah vain defence! the hostile traitor's siege,
Though oft repulsed, by guile o'ercomes the brave;
His thronging foes oppress the faithful liege,
Rebellion's reeking standards o'er him wave.

Not unavenged the raging baron yields;
The blood of traitors smears the purple plain;
Unconquer'd still, his falchion there he wields,
And days of glory yet for him remain.

Still in that hour the warrior wished to strew
Self-gather'd laurels on a self-sought grave;
But Charles' protecting genius hither flew,
The monarch's friend, the monarch's hope, to save.

Trembling, she snatched him (2) from the unequal [strife,
In other fields the torrent to repel;
For nobler combats, here, reserved his life,
To lead the band where godlike FALKLAND (3) fell.

From thee, poor pile! to lawless plunder given,
While dying groans their painful requiem sound,
Far different incense now ascends to heaven,
Such victims wallow on the gory ground.

There many a pale and ruthless robber's corse,
Noisome and ghast, defiles thy sacred sod;
O'er mingling man, and horse commix'd with horse,
Corruption's heap, the savage spoilers trod.

Graves, long with rank and sighing weeds o'erspread,
Ransack'd, resign perforce their mortal mould:
From ruffian fangs escape not e'en the dead,
Raked from repose in search for buried gold.

Hush'd is the harp, unstrung the warlike lyre,
The minstrel's palsied hand reclines in death;
No more he strikes the quivering chords with fire,
Or sings the glories of the martial wreath.

At length the sated murderers, gorged with pray,
Retire; the clamour of the fight is o'er;
Silence again resumes her awful sway,
And sable Horror guards the massy door.

Here Desolation holds her dreary court:
What satellites declare her dismal reign!
Shrieking their dirge, ill-omened birds resort,
To flit their vigils in the hoary fane.

Soon a new morn's restoring beams dispel
The clouds of anarchy from Britain's skies;
The fierce usurper seeks his native hell,
And Nature triumphs as the tyrant dies.

With storms she welcomes his expiring groans;
Whirlwinds, responsive, greet his labouring breath;
Earth shudders as her caves receive his bones,
Loathing (4) the offering of so dark a death.

The legal ruler (5) now resumes the helm,
He guides through gentle seas the prow of state;
Hope cheers, with wonted smiles, the peaceful realm,
And heals the bleeding wounds of wearied hate.

The gloomy tenants, Newstead! of thy cells,
Howling, resign their violated nest;
Again the master on his tenure dwells,
Enjoy'd, from absence, with enraptured zest.

Vassals, within thy hospitable pale,
Loudly carousing, bless their lord's return;
Culture again adorns the gladdening vale,
And matrons, once lamenting, cease to mourn.

A thousand songs on tuneful echo float,
Unwonted foliage mantles o'er the trees;
And hark! the horns proclaim a mellow note,
The hunters' cry hangs lengthening on the breeze.

Beneath their coursers' hoofs the valleys shake:
What fears, what anxious hopes, attend the chase!
The dying stag seeks refuge in the Lake; (6)
Exulting shouts announce the finish'd race.

Ah happy days! too happy to endure!
Such simple sports our plain forefathers knew:
No splendid vices glitter'd to allure;
Their joys were many, as their cares were few.

From these descending, sons to sires succeed;
Time steals along, and Death uprears his dart;
Another chief impels the foaming steed,
Another crowd pursue the panting hart.

Newstead! what saddening change of scene is thine!
Thy yawning arch betokens slow decay;
The last and youngest of a noble line
Now holds thy mouldering turrets in his sway.

Deserted now, he scans thy grey worn towers;
Thy vaults, where dead of feudal ages sleep;
Thy cloisters, pervious to the wintry showers;
These, these he views, and views them but to weep.

(1) Newstead sustained a considerable siege in the war between Charles I. and his parliament.

(2) Lord Byron, and his brother Sir William, held high commands in the royal army. The former was general in chief in Ireland, lieutenant of the Tower, and governor to James, Duke of York, afterwards the unhappy James II.; the latter had a principal share in many actions.

(3) Lucius Carey, Lord Viscount Falkland, the most accomplished man of his age, was killed at the battle of Newbury, charging in the ranks of Lord Byron's regiment of cavalry.

(4) This is an historical fact. A violent tempest occurred immediately subsequent to the death or interment of Cromwell, which occasioned many disputes between his partisans and the Cavaliers: both interpreted the circumstance into divine interposition; but whether as approbation or condemnation, we leave to the casuists of that age to decide. I have made such use of the occurrence as suited the subject of my poem.

(5) Charles II.

(6) During the lifetime of the fifth Lord Byron, there was found in this Lake—where it is supposed to have been thrown for concealment by the Monks—a large brass eagle, in the body of which, on its being sent to be cleaned, was discovered a secret aperture, concealing within it a number of ancient documents connected with the rights and privileges of the foundation. At the sale of the old Lord's effects, in 1776, this eagle was purchased by a watchmaker of Nottingham; and it now forms, through the liberality of Sir Richard Kaye, an appropriate ornament of the fine old church of Southwell.—L. E.

Yet are his tears no emblem of regret:
  Cherish'd affection only bids them flow.
Pride, hope, and love, forbid him to forget,
  But warm his bosom with impassion'd glow.

Yet he prefers thee to the gilded domes
  Or gewgaw grottos of the vainly great;
Yet lingers 'mid thy damp and mossy tombs,
  Nor breathes a murmur 'gainst the will of fate.(1)

Haply thy sun, emerging, yet may shine,
  Thee to irradiate with meridian ray;(2)
Hours splendid as the past may still be thine,
  And bless thy future as thy former day.(3)

CHILDISH RECOLLECTIONS.(4)

"I cannot but remember such things were,
And were most dear to me."

When slow Disease, with all her host of pains,
Chills the warm tide which flows along the veins;
When Health, affrighted, spreads her rosy wing,
And flies with every changing gale of spring;
Not to the aching frame alone confined,
Unyielding pangs assail the drooping mind:
What grisly forms, the spectre-train of woe,
Bid shuddering Nature shrink beneath the blow,
With Resignation wage relentless strife,
While hope retires appall'd, and clings to life!
Yet less the pang when, through the tedious hour,
Remembrance sheds around her genial power,
Calls back the vanish'd days to rapture given,
When love was bliss, and beauty form'd our heaven;
Or, dear to youth, portrays each childish scene,
Those fairy bowers, where all in turn have been.
As when through clouds that pour the summer storm
The orb of day unveils his distant form,
Gilds with faint beams the crystal dews of rain,
And dimly twinkles o'er the watery plain;
Thus, while the future dark and cheerless gleams,
The sun of memory, glowing through my dreams,
Though sunk the radiance of his former blaze,
To scenes far distant points his paler rays;
Still rules my senses with unbounded sway,
The past confounding with the present day.

Oft does my heart indulge the rising thought,
Which still recurs, unlook'd for and unsought;
My soul to Fancy's fond suggestion yields,
And roams romantic o'er her airy fields;
Scenes of my youth, developed, crowd to view,
To which I long have bade a last adieu!
Seats of delight, inspiring youthful themes;
Friends lost to me for aye, except in dreams;
Some who in marble prematurely sleep,
Whose forms I now remember but to weep;
Some who yet urge the same scholastic course
Of early science, future fame the source;
Who, still contending in the studious race,
In quick rotation fill the senior place.
These with a thousand visions now unite,
To dazzle, though they please, my aching sight.(5)
Ida! blest spot, where Science holds her reign,
How joyous once I join'd thy youthful train!
Bright in idea gleams thy lofty spire,
Again I mingle with thy playful quire;
Our tricks of mischief, every childish game,
Unchanged by time or distance, seem the same;
Through winding paths along the glade, I trace
The social smile of every welcome face;
My wonted haunts, my scenes of joy and woe,
Each early boyish friend, or youthful foe,
Our feuds dissolved, but not my friendship past:—
I bless the former, and forgive the last.
Hours of my youth! when, nurtured in my breast,
To love a stranger, friendship made me blest;—
Friendship, the dear peculiar bond of youth,
When every artless bosom throbs with truth;
Untaught by worldly wisdom how to feign,
And check each impulse with prudential rein;
When all we feel, our honest souls disclose—
In love to friends, in open hate to foes;
No varnish'd tales the lips of youth repeat,
No dear-bought knowledge purchased by deceit.
Hypocrisy, the gift of lengthen'd years,
Matured by age, the garb of prudence wears.

(1) "Come what may," wrote Byron to his mother, in March 1809, "Newstead and I stand or fall together. I have now lived on the spot; I have fixed my heart upon it; and no pressure, present or future, shall induce me to barter the last vestige of our inheritance. I have that pride within me which will enable me to support difficulties. I can endure privations; but could I obtain, in exchange for Newstead Abbey, the first fortune in the country, I would reject the proposition. Set your mind at ease on that score; I feel like a man of honour, and I will not sell Newstead."—L. E.

(2) "We cannot," said the *Critical Review* for September, 1807, "but hail with something of prophetic rapture, the hope conveyed in the closing stanza—

"Haply thy sun, emerging, yet may shine, etc."—L. E.

(3) The reader who turns from this Elegy to the stanzas descriptive of Newstead Abbey and the surrounding scenery, in the thirteenth canto of Don Juan, cannot fail to remark how frequently the leading thoughts in the two pieces are the same; or to be delighted and instructed, in comparing the juvenile sketch with the bold touches and mellow colouring of the master's picture.—L. E.

(4) These verses were composed while Lord Byron was suffering under severe illness and depression of spirits. "I was laid," he says, "on my back, when that schoolboy thing was written, or rather dictated—expecting to rise no more, my physician having taken his sixteenth fee." In the private volume the poem opened with the following lines:—

"Hence! thou unvarying song of varied loves,
Which youth commends, maturer age reproves;
Which every rhyming bard repeats by rote,
By thousands echo'd to the self-same note:
Tired of the dull, unceasing, copious strain,
My soul is panting to be free again.
Farewell! ye nymphs propitious to my verse,
Some other Damon will your charms rehearse;
Some other paint his pangs, in hope of bliss,
Or dwell in rapture on your nectar'd kiss.
Those beauties, grateful to my ardent sight,
No more entrance my senses in delight;
Those bosoms, form'd of animated snow,
Alike are tasteless and unfeeling now.
These to some happier lover I resign—
The memory of those joys alone is mine.
Censure no more shall brand my humble name,
The child of passion and the fool of fame.
Weary of love, of life, devour'd with spleen,
I rest a perfect Timon, not nineteen.
World! I renounce thee! all my hope's o'ercast:
One sigh I give thee, but that sigh 's the last.
Friends, foes, and females, now alike adieu!
Would I could add remembrance of you too!
Yet though the future dark and cheerless gleams,
The curse of memory, hovering in my dreams,
Depicts with glowing pencil all those years,
Ere yet my cup, empoison'd, flow'd with tears;
Still rules my senses with tyrannic sway,
The past confounding with the present day.
"Alas! in vain I check the maddening thought;
It still recurs, unlook'd for and unsought:
My soul to Fancy's," etc. etc., as at line 29.—L. E.

(5) The next fifty-six lines to—

"Here first remember'd be the joyous hand,"

were added in the first edition of *Hours of Idleness*.—L. E.

When now the boy is ripen'd into man,
His careful sire chalks forth some wary plan;
Instructs his son from candour's path to shrink,
Smoothly to speak, and cautiously to think;
Still to assent, and never to deny—
A patron's praise can well reward the lie:
And who, when Fortune's warning voice is heard,
Would lose his opening prospects for a word;
Although against that word his heart rebel,
And truth indignant all his bosom swell?

Away with themes like this! not mine the task
From flattering fiends to tear the hateful mask;
Let keener bards delight in satire's sting;
My fancy soars not on Detraction's wing:
Once, and but once, she aim'd a deadly blow,
To hurl defiance on a secret foe;
But when that foe, from feeling or from shame,
The cause unknown, yet still to me the same,
Warn'd by some friendly hint perchance, retired,
With this submission all her rage expired:
From dreaded pangs that feeble foe to save,
She hush'd her young resentment, and forgave.
Or, if my muse a pedant's portrait drew,
Pomposus'(1) virtues are but known to few:
I never fear'd the young usurper's nod,
And he who wields must sometimes feel the rod.
If since on Granta's failings, known to all
Who share the converse of a college hall,
She sometimes trifled in a lighter strain,
'Tis past, and thus she will not sin again;
Soon must her early song for ever cease,
And all may rail when I shall rest in peace.

Here first remember'd be the joyous band,
Who hail'd me chief,(2) obedient to command;
Who join'd with me in every boyish sport—
Their first adviser, and their last resort;
Nor shrunk beneath the upstart pedant's frown,
Or all the sable glories of his gown;(3)
Who, thus transplanted from his father's school—
Unfit to govern, ignorant of rule—
Succeeded him whom all unite to praise,
The dear preceptor of my early days;
Probus (4), the pride of science, and the boast,
To Ida now, alas! for ever lost.
With him, for years, we search'd the classic page,
And fear'd the master, though we loved the sage;
Retired at last, his small yet peaceful seat
From learning's labour is the blest retreat.
Pomposus fills his magisterial chair;
Pomposus governs,—but, my muse! forbear:(5)
Contempt, in silence, be the pedant's lot;
His name and precepts be alike forgot;
No more his mention shall my verse degrade,—
To him my tribute is already paid.

High, through those elms, with hoary branches crown'd,
Fair Ida's bower adorns the landscape round;
There Science, from her favour'd seat, surveys
The vale where rural Nature claims her praise;
To her awhile resigns her youthful train,
Who move in joy, and dance along the plain;
In scatter'd groups each favour'd haunt pursue;
Repeat old pastimes, and discover new;
Flush'd with his rays, beneath the noontide sun,
In rival bands, between the wickets run,
Drive o'er the sward the ball with active force,
Or chase with nimble feet its rapid course.
But these with slower steps direct their way,
Where Brent's cool waves in limpid currents stray;
While yonder few search out some green retreat,
And arbours shade them from the summer heat:
Others, again, a pert and lively crew,
Some rough and thoughtless stranger placed in view,
With frolic quaint their antic jests expose,
And tease the grumbling rustic as he goes;
Nor rest with this, but many a passing fray
Tradition treasures for a future day:—
"'Twas here the gather'd swains for vengeance fought,
And here we earn'd the conquest dearly bought;
Here have we fled before superior might,
And here renew'd the wild tumultuous fight."
While thus our souls with early passions swell,
In lingering tones resounds the distant bell;
The allotted hour of daily sport is o'er,
And Learning beckons from her temple's door.

(1) Dr. Butler, head-master of Harrow school. Had Lord Byron published another edition of these poems, it appears, from a loose sheet in his handwriting, to have been his intention, instead of the passage beginning—

"Or if my muse a pedant's portrait drew,"

to insert—

"If once my muse a harsher portrait drew,
Warm with her wrongs, and deem'd the likeness true,
By cooler judgment taught, her fault she owns,—
With noble minds a fault confess'd atones."—L. E.

(2) When Dr. Drury retired, in 1805, three candidates presented themselves for the vacant chair, Messrs. Drury, Evans, and Butler. "On the first movement to which this contest gave rise in the school, young Wildman," says Moore, "was at the head of the party for Mark Drury, while Byron held himself aloof from any. Anxious, however, to have him as an ally, one of the Drury faction said to Wildman—'Byron, I know, will not join, because he does not choose to act second to any one, but, by giving up the leadership to him, you may at once secure him.'" This Wildman accordingly did, and Byron took the command.—L. E.

(3) Instead of this couplet, the private volume has the following four lines:—

"Careless to soothe the pedant's furious frown,
Scarcely respecting his majestic gown;
By which, in vain, he gain'd a borrow'd grace,
Adding new terror to his sneering face."—L. E.

(4) Dr. Drury. This most able and excellent man retired from his situation in March, 1805, after having resided thirty-five years at Harrow; the last twenty as head-master; an office he held with equal honour to himself and advantage to the very extensive school over which he presided. Panegyric would here be superfluous: it would be useless to enumerate qualifications which were never doubted. A considerable contest took place between three rival candidates for his vacant chair: of this I can only say,

Si mea cum vestris valuissent vota, Pelasgi!
Non foret ambiguus tanti certaminis heres.

[Such was Byron's parting eulogy on Dr. Drury. It may be interesting to see by the side of it the Doctor's own account of his pupil, when first committed to his care:—"I took," says the Doctor, "my young disciple into my study, and endeavoured to bring him forward by inquiries as to his former amusements, employments, and associates, but with little or no effect; and I soon found that a wild mountain colt had been submitted to my management. But there was mind in his eye. His manner and temper soon convinced me, that he might be led by a silken string to a point, rather than by a cable;—and on that principle I acted."]—L. E.

(5) To this passage, had Lord Byron published another edition of *Hours of Idleness*, it was his intention to give the following turn:—

"Another fills his magisterial chair;
Reluctant Ida owns a stranger's care;
Oh! may like honours crown his future name:
If such his virtues, such shall be his fame."—L. E.

No splendid tablets grace her simple hall,
But ruder records fill the dusky wall;
There, deeply carved, behold! each tyro's name
Secures its owner's academic fame;
Here mingling view the names of sire and son—
The one long graved, the other just begun:
These shall survive alike when son and sire
Beneath one common stroke of fate expire: (1)
Perhaps their last memorial these alone,
Denied in death a monumental stone,
Whilst to the gale in mournful cadence wave
The sighing weeds that hide their nameless grave.
And here my name, and many an early friend's,
Along the wall in lengthen'd line extends.
Though still our deeds amuse the youthful race,
Who tread our steps, and fill our former place,
Who young obey'd their lords in silent awe,
Whose nod commanded, and whose voice was law;
And now, in turn, possess the reins of power,
To rule, the little tyrants of an hour;—
Though sometimes, with the tales of ancient day,
They pass the dreary winter's eve away:—
"And thus our former rulers stemm'd the tide,
And thus they dealt the combat side by side;
Just in this place the mouldering walls they scaled,
Nor bolts nor bars against their strength avail'd; (2)
Here PRIOUS came, the rising fray to quell,
And here he falter'd forth his last farewell;
And here one night abroad they dared to roam,
While bold POMFRETS bravely staid at home!"
While thus they speak, the hour must soon arrive,
When names of these, like ours, alone survive:
Yet a few years, one general wreck will whelm
The faint remembrance of our fairy realm.

Dear honest race! though now we meet no more,
One last long look on what we were before—
Our first kind greetings, and our last adieu:—
Drew tears from eyes unused to weep with you.
Through splendid circles, fashion's gaudy world,
Where folly's glaring standard waves unfurl'd,
I plunged to drown in noise my fond regret,
And all I sought or hoped was to forget.
Vain wish! if chance some well-remember'd face,
Some old companion of my early race,
Advanced to claim his friend with honest joy,
My eyes, my heart, proclaim'd me still a boy.
The glittering scene, the fluttering groups around,
Were quite forgotten when my friend was found:
The smiles of beauty—(for, alas! I've known
What 'tis to bend before Love's mighty throne)—
The smiles of beauty, though those smiles were dear,
Could hardly charm me, when that friend was near:
My thoughts bewilder'd in the fond surprise,
The woods of INA danced before my eyes:
I saw the sprightly wanderers pour along,
I saw and join'd again the joyous throng;
Panting, again I traced her lofty grove,
And friendship's feelings triumph'd over love. (3)

Yet, why should I alone with such delight
Retrace the circuit of my former flight?
Is there no cause beyond the common claim
Endear'd to all in childhood's very name?
Ah! sure some stronger impulse vibrates here,
Which whispers friendship will be doubly dear
To one who thus for kindred hearts must roam,
And seek abroad the love denied at home.
Those hearts, dear INA, have I found in thee—
A home, a world, a paradise to me.
Stern Death forbade my orphan youth to share
The tender guidance of a father's (4) care.
Can rank, or e'en a guardian's name, supply
The love which glistens in a father's eye?

(1) During a rebellion at Harrow, the poet prevented the school-room from being burnt down, by pointing out to the boys the names of their fathers and grandfathers on the walls.—L. E.

(2) Lord Byron elsewhere thus describes his usual course of life while at Harrow:—"Always cricketing, rebelling, rowing, and in all manner of mischiefs." One day, in a fit of defiance, he tore down all the gratings from the window of the hall; and when called upon by Dr. Butler to say why he had committed this violence, answered, with stern coolness, "because they darkened the room."—L. E.

(3) This description of what the young poet felt in 1806, on encountering in the world any of his former schoolfellows, falls far short of the page in which he records an accidental meeting with Lord Clare, on the road between Imola and Bologna, in 1821. "This meeting," he says, "annihilated for a moment all the years between the present time and the days of Harrow. It was a new and inexplicable feeling, like rising from the grave, to me. Clare, too, was much agitated—more in appearance than was myself; for I could feel his heart beat to his fingers' ends, unless, indeed, it was the pulse of my own which made me think so. We were but five minutes together, and on the public road; but I hardly recollect an hour of my existence which could be weighed against them."—We may also quote the following interesting sentences of Madame Guiccioli:—"In 1822 (says she), a few days before leaving Pisa, we were one evening seated in the garden of the Palazzo Lanfranchi. At this moment a servant announced Mr. Hobhouse. The slight shade of melancholy diffused over Lord Byron's face gave instant place to the liveliest joy; but it was so great, that it almost deprived him of strength. A fearful paleness came over his cheeks, and his eyes were filled with tears as he embraced his friend: his emotion was so great that he was forced to sit down."—L. E.

(4) In all the lives of Lord Byron hitherto published, the character of the poet's father has been alluded to in terms of unmitigated reprobation, for which the ascertained facts of his history afford but a slender pretext. He had, like his son, the misfortune of being brought up by a mother alone.—Admiral Byron, his father, being kept at a distance from his family by professional duties. His education was completed at a foreign military academy, not, in those days at least, a very favourable school; and from this, on receiving a commission in the Coldstream Guards, he was plunged, while yet a boy, into all the temptations to which a person of singular beauty, and manners of the most captivating grace, can expose the heir of a noble name in our luxurious metropolis. The unfortunate intrigue, which has been gravely talked of as marking his character with something like horror, occurred when he was hardly of age. At all events, as Captain Byron, who died in his thirty-fifth year, could have had no influence in determining the course of his son's education or pursuits, it is difficult to understand on what grounds his personal qualities have been made the theme of discussion, to say nothing of angry vituperation, either in Memoirs of Lord B. or Reviews of those Memoirs.

Some unworthy reflections on the subject were hazarded in a biographical sketch of the noble Poet, prefixed to a French translation of one of his works, which appeared very shortly before he left Genoa for Greece; and the remarks which these drew from the son at the time will probably go far to soften the general impression respecting the father. As the letter which Lord Byron addressed to the gentleman who had forwarded the offensive tract from Paris has not hitherto been printed, and was probably the last he wrote before quitting Italy, we make no apology for the length of the following extract:—

"Genoa, 10th July, 1823.

"As to the Essay, etc., I have nothing to object to it, with regard to what concerns myself personally, though naturally there are some of the facts in it discoloured, and

For this can wealth or title's sound atone,
Made, by a parent's early loss, my own?
What brother springs a brother's love to seek?
What sister's gentle kiss has prest my cheek?
For me how dull the vacant moments rise,
To no fond bosom link'd by kindred ties!
Oft in the progress of some fleeting dream
Fraternal smiles collected round me seem;
While still the visions to my heart are prest,
The voice of love will murmur in my rest:
I hear—I wake—and in the sound rejoice;
I hear again,—but, ah! no brother's voice.
A hermit, 'midst of crowds, I fain must stray
Alone, though thousand pilgrims fill the way;
While these a thousand kindred wreaths entwine,
I cannot call one single blossom mine:
What then remains? in solitude to groan,
To mix in friendship, or to sigh alone. (1)
Thus must I cling to some endearing hand,
And none more dear than IDA's social band.

ALONZO! (2) best and dearest of my friends,
Thy name ennobles him who thus commends:

From this fond tribute thou canst gain no praise;
The praise is his who now that tribute pays.
Oh! in the promise of thy early youth,
If hope anticipate the words of truth,
Some loftier bard shall sing thy glorious name,
To build his own upon thy deathless fame.
Friend of my heart! and foremost of the list
Of those with whom I lived supremely blest,
Oft have we drain'd the font of ancient lore;
Though drinking deeply, thirsting still the more.
Yet, when confinement's lingering hour was done, (3)
Our sports, our studies, and our souls were one:
Together we impell'd the flying ball;
Together waited in our tutor's hall;
Together join'd in cricket's manly toil,
Or shared the produce of the river's spoil;
Or, plunging from the green declining shore,
Our pliant limbs the buoyant billows bore;
In every element, unchanged, the same,
All, all that brothers should be, but the name.

Nor yet are you forgot, my jocund boy!
DAVUS, (4) the harbinger of childish joy;

several errors into which the author has been led by the accounts of others. I allude to facts, and not criticisms. But the same author has cruelly calumniated my father and my grand-uncle, but more especially the former. So far from being 'brutal,' he was, according to the testimony of all who knew him, of an extremely amiable and joyous character, but careless and dissipated. He had consequently the reputation of a good officer, and showed himself such in America. The facts themselves refute the assertion. It is not by 'brutality' that a young officer of the guards seduces and carries off a Marchioness, and marries two heiresses. It is true that he was a very handsome man, which goes a good way. His first wife (Lady Conyers and Marchioness of Carmarthen) did not die of grief, but of a malady which she caught by having imprudently insisted upon accompanying my father to a hunt, before she was completely recovered from the accouchement which gave birth to my sister Augusta. His second wife, my respectable mother, had, I assure you, too proud a spirit to bear with the ill usage of any man, no matter who he might be; and this she would have soon proved. I should add, that he lived a long time at Paris, and was in habits of intimacy with the old Marshal Biron, commandant of the French guards, who, from the similarity of names, and Norman origin of our family, supposed that there was some distant relationship between us. He died some years before the age of forty; and whatever may have been his faults, they were certainly not those of harshness and grossness. If the notice should reach England, I am certain that the passage relative to my father will give much more pain to my sister even than to me. Augusta and I have always loved the memory of our father as much as we loved each other; and this at least forms a presumption, that the stain of harshness was not applicable to it. If he dissipated his fortune, that concerns us alone, for we are his heirs; and till we reproach him with it, I know no one else who has a right to do so.

"As to the Lord Byron who killed Mr. Chaworth in a duel, so far from retiring from the world, he made the tour of Europe, and was appointed Master of the Stag-hounds, after that event; and did not give up society until his son had offended him by marrying in a manner contrary to his duty. So far from feeling any remorse for having killed Mr. Chaworth, who was a *spadassin*, and celebrated for his quarrelsome disposition, he always kept the sword which he used upon that occasion in his bedchamber, and there it still was when he died. It is singular enough, that when very young, I formed a strong attachment for the grand-niece and heiress of Mr. Chaworth, who stood in the same degree of relationship as myself to Lord Byron; and at one time it was thought that a union would have taken place. This is a long letter, and principally about my family; but it is the fault of my benevolent biographer. He may say of me whatever of good or evil pleases him; but I desire that he should speak of my relations only as they deserve. If you could find an occasion of making him rectify the facts relative to my father, and publish them, you would do me a great service; for I cannot bear to have him unjustly spoken of.

"P.S.—The 11th or 12th of this month I shall embark for Greece. Should I return, I shall pass through Paris, and shall be much flattered in meeting you and your friends. *Should I not return*, give me as affectionate a place in your remembrance as possible."—L. E.

(1) "It has been reserved for our own time to produce one distinguished example of the Muse having descended upon a bard of a wounded spirit, and lent her lyre to tell, and we trust to soothe, afflictions of no ordinary description; afflictions originating probably in that singular combination of feeling, which has been called the poetical temperament, and which has so often saddened the days of those on whom it has been conferred. If ever a man could lay claim to that character in all its strength and all its weakness, with its unbounded range of enjoyment, and its exquisite sensibility of pleasure and of pain, it must certainly be granted to Lord Byron. His own tale is partly told in two lines of *Lara:*

'Left by his sire, too young such loss to know,
Lord of himself—that heritage of woe!'" *Sir Walter Scott.*—L. E.

(2) The Hon. John Wingfield, of the Coldstream Guards, brother to Richard, fourth Viscount Powerscourt. He died of a fever, in his twentieth year, at Coimbra, May 14th, 1811.—"Of all human beings," says Lord Byron, "I was, perhaps, at one time the most attached to poor Wingfield. I had known him the better half of his life, and the happiest part of mine."

On hearing of the death of his beloved schoolfellow, he added the following stanzas to the first canto of *Childe Harold*:—

"And thou, my friend!—since unavailing woe
Bursts from my heart, and mingles with the strain—
Had the sword laid thee with the mighty low,
Pride might forbid ev'n Friendship to complain:
But thus unlaurel'd to descend in vain,
By all forgotten, save the lonely breast,
And mix unblended with the boasted slain,
While Glory crowns so many a meaner crest!
What hadst thou done to sink so peacefully to rest?

"Oh, known the earliest, and esteem'd the most!
Dear to a heart where nought was left so dear!
Though to my hopeless days for ever lost,
In dreams deny me not to see thee here!" etc.—L. E.

(3) "There needs no better record," says Moore, "of his mode of life as a schoolboy, than what these fondly circumstantial effusions supply. Thus the sports he delighted and excelled in are here enumerated."—P. E.

(4) The Rev. John Cecil Tattersall, B. A., of Christ Church, Oxford; who died Dec. 8, 1812, at Hall's Place, Kent, aged twenty-four. "His mind," says a writer in the *Gent. Mag.*, "was comprehensive and perspicuous; his affections warm and sincere. Through extreme aversion to hypocrisy, he was so far from assuming the false appearances of virtue, that much of his real excellence was unseen, whilst he was eager to acknowledge every fault into which

For ever foremost in the ranks of fun,
The laughing herald of the harmless pun;
Yet with a breast of such materials made—
Anxious to please, of pleasing half afraid;
Candid and liberal, with a heart of steel
In danger's path, though not untaught to feel.
Still I remember, in the factious strife,
The rustic's musket aim'd against my life:(1)
High poised in air the massy weapon hung,
A cry of horror burst from every tongue;
Whilst I, in combat with another foe,
Fought on, unconscious of the impending blow;
Your arm, brave boy, arrested his career—
Forward you sprung, insensible to fear;
Disarm'd and baffled by your conquering hand,
The grovelling savage roll'd upon the sand:
An act like this, can simple thanks repay?(2)
Or all the labours of a grateful lay?
Oh no! whene'er my breast forgets the deed,
That instant, DAVUS, it deserves to bleed.

LYCUS!(3) on me thy claims are justly great:
Thy milder virtues could my muse relate,
To thee alone, unrivall'd, would belong
The feeble efforts of my lengthen'd song.(4)
Well canst thou boast, to lead in senates fit,
A Spartan firmness with Athenian wit:
Though yet in embryo these perfections shine,
LYCUS! thy father's fame will soon be thine.
Where learning nurtures the superior mind,
What may we hope from genius thus refined!

When time at length matures thy growing years,
How wilt thou tower above thy fellow peers!
Prudence and sense, a spirit bold and free,
With honour's soul, united beam in thee.

Shall fair EURYALUS(5) pass by unsung?
From ancient lineage, not unworthy, sprung:
What though one sad dissension bade us part,
That name is yet embalm'd within my heart;
Yet at the mention does that heart rebound,
And palpitate, responsive to the sound.
Envy dissolved our ties, and not our will:
We once were friends,—I'll think we are so still.(6)
A form unmatch'd in nature's partial mould,
A heart untainted, we in thee behold:
Yet not the senate's thunder thou shalt wield,
Nor seek for glory in the tented field;
To minds of ruder texture these be given—
Thy soul shall nearer soar its native heaven.
Haply, in polish'd courts might be thy seat,
But that thy tongue could never forge deceit:
The courtier's supple bow and sneering smile,
The flow of compliment, the slippery wile,
Would make that breast with indignation burn,
And all the glittering snares to tempt thee spurn.
Domestic happiness will stamp thy fate;
Sacred to love, unclouded e'er by hate;
The world admire thee, and thy friends adore;—
Ambition's slave alone would toil for more.

Now last, but nearest, of the social band,
See honest, open, generous CLEON(7) stand;

I've seen those sympathetic eyes o'erflow
With kind compassion for thy comrade's woe;
Or when less mournful subjects form'd our themes,
We tried a thousand fond romantic schemes,
Oft hast thou sworn, in friendship's soothing tone,
Whatever wish was mine must be thine own."—L. E.

he was led. He was an ardent friend, a stranger to feelings of enmity; he lived in good faith towards men, and died with hope in God."—L. E.

(1) The "factious strife" here recorded, was accidentally brought on by the breaking up of school, and the dismissal of some volunteers from drill, both happening at the same hour. On this occasion, it appears, the butt-end of a musket was aimed at Byron's head, and would have felled him to the ground, but for the interposition of Tattersall.—L. E.

(2) In the private volume:—

"Thus did you save that life I scarcely prize—
A life unworthy such a sacrifice."—L. E.

(3) John Fitzgibbon, second Earl of Clare, born June 2, 1792. His father, whom he succeeded Jan. 28, 1802, was for nearly twelve years Lord Chancellor of Ireland. See *ante*, p. 32, c. 1, note 3. His Lordship is now (1834) Governor of Bombay. "I never," Lord Byron says, in 1821, "hear the word '*Clare*,' without a beating of the heart even *now*; and I write it with the feelings of 1803–4–5, ad infinitum." Of the tenaciousness with which he clung to all the kindly impressions of his youth, there can be no stronger proof than the interesting fact, that after his death almost all the notes and letters which his principal school favourites had ever addressed to him were found carefully preserved among his papers. The following is the endorsement upon one of them:—"This and another letter were written at Harrow, by my *then* and, I hope, *ever* beloved friend, Lord Clare, when we were both schoolboys; and sent to my study in consequence of some *childish* misunderstanding,—the only one which ever arose between us. It was of short duration, and I retain this note solely for the purpose of submitting it to his perusal, that we may smile over the recollection of the insignificance of our first and last quarrel."—L. E.

(4) In the private volume, the following lines conclude this character:—

"For ever to possess a friend in thee,
Was bliss unhoped, though not unsought, by me.
Thy softer soul was form'd for love alone,
To ruder passions and to hate unknown;
Thy mind, in union with thy beauteous form,
Was gentle, but unfit to stem the storm;
That face, an index of celestial worth,
Proclaim'd a heart abstracted from the earth.
Oft, when depress'd with sad foreboding gloom
I sat reclined upon our favourite tomb,

(5) George-John, fifth Earl Delawarr, born Oct. 26, 1791; succeeded his father, John-Richard, July 28, 1795. This ancient family have been barons by the male line from 1342; their ancestor, Sir Thomas West, having been summoned to parliament as Lord West, the 16th Edw. II. We find the following notices in some hitherto unpublished letters of Lord Byron:—

"*Harrow*, Oct. 25, 1804.—I am happy enough and comfortable here. My friends are not numerous, but select. Among the principal, I rank Lord Delawarr, who is very amiable, and my particular friend." "Nov. 2, 1804.—Lord Delawarr is considerably younger than me, but the most good-tempered, amiable, clever fellow in the universe. To all which he adds the quality (a good one in the eyes of women) of being remarkably handsome. Delawarr and myself are, in a manner, connected, for one of my forefathers, in Charles the First's time, married into their family."—L. E.

(6) It is impossible to peruse the following extract of a letter, addressed to Lord Clare in February, 1807, without acknowledging the noble candour and conscientiousness of the writer.—"You will be astonished to hear I have lately written to Delawarr, for the purpose of explaining (as far as possible, without involving some *old friends* of mine in the business,) the cause of my behaviour to him during my last residence at Harrow, which you will recollect was rather *en cavalier*. Since that period I have discovered he was treated with injustice, both by those who misrepresented his conduct, and by me in consequence of their suggestions. I have, therefore, made all the reparation in my power, by apologizing for my mistake, though with very faint hopes of success. However, I have eased my own conscience by the atonement, which is humiliating enough to one of my disposition; yet I could not have slept satisfied with the reflection of having, even unintentionally, injured any individual. I have done all that could be done to repair the injury."—L. E.

(7) Edward Noel Long, Esq.—to whom a subsequent poem is addressed. See p. 40.—L. E.

With scarce one speck to cloud the pleasing scene,
No vice degrades that purest soul serene.
On the same day our studious race begun,
On the same day our studious race was run;
Thus side by side we pass'd our first career,
Thus side by side we strove for many a year;
At last concluded our scholastic life,
We neither conquer'd in the classic strife:
As speakers(1) each supports an equal name,
And crowds allow to both a partial fame:
To soothe a youthful rival's early pride,
Though CLEON's candour would the palm divide,
Yet candour's self compels me now to own
Justice awards it to my friend alone.

Oh! friends regretted, scenes for ever dear,
Remembrance hails you with her warmest tear!
Drooping, she bends o'er pensive Fancy's urn,
To trace the hours which never can return;
Yet with the retrospection loves to dwell,(2)
And soothe the sorrows of her last farewell!
Yet greets the triumph of my boyish mind,
As infant laurels round my head were twined,
When PROBUS' praise repaid my lyric song,(3)
Or placed me higher in the studious throng;
Or when my first harangue received applause,(4)
His sage instruction the primeval cause,
What gratitude to him my soul possest
While hope of dawning honours fill'd my breast!
For all my humble fame, to him alone
The praise is due, who made that fame my own.(5)
Oh! could I soar above these feeble lays,
These young effusions of my early days,
To him my muse her noblest strain would give:
The song might perish, but the theme might live.
Yet why for him the needless verse essay?
His honour'd name requires no vain display:
By every son of grateful IDA blest,
It finds an echo in each youthful breast;
A fame beyond the glories of the proud,
Or all the plaudits of the venal crowd.(8)

IDA! not yet exhausted is the theme,
Nor closed the progress of my youthful dream.
How many a friend deserves the grateful strain!
What scenes of childhood still unsung remain!

(1) This alludes to the public speeches delivered at the school where the author was educated.

(2) Thus in the private volume:—

"Yet in the retrospection finds relief,
And revels in the luxury of grief."—L. E.

(3) "I remember," says Byron, "that my first declamation astonished Dr. Drury into some unwonted (for he was economical of such) and sudden compliments, before the declaimers at our first rehearsal." *Diary.*—L. E.

(4) "I certainly was much pleased with Lord Byron's attitude, gesture, and delivery, as well as with his composition. All who spoke on that day adhered, as usual, to the letter of their composition, as in the earlier part of his delivery did Lord Byron. But, to my surprise, he suddenly diverged from the written composition, with a boldness and rapidity sufficient to alarm me, lest he should fail in memory as to the conclusion. There was no failure;—he came round to the close of his composition without discovering any impediment and irregularity on the whole. I questioned him, why he had altered his declamation? He declared he had made no alteration, and did not know, in speaking, that he had deviated from it one letter. I believed him, and from a knowledge of his temperament am convinced, that, fully impressed with the sense and substance of the subject, he was hurried on to expressions and colourings more striking than what his pen had expressed." *Dr. Drury.*—L. E.

(5) In the private volume the poem concludes thus:—

"When, yet a novice in the mimic art,
I feign'd the transports of a vengeful heart—
When as the Royal Slave I trod the stage,
To vent in Zanga more than mortal rage—
The praise of Probus made me feel more proud
Than all the plaudits of the list'ning crowd.
"Ah! vain endeavour in this childish strain
To soothe the woes of which I thus complain!
What can avail this fruitless loss of time,
To measure sorrow in a jingling rhyme!
No social solace from a friend is near,
And heartless strangers drop no feeling tear.
I seek not joy in woman's sparkling eye:
The smiles of beauty cannot check the sigh.
Adieu, thou world! thy pleasure's still a dream
Thy virtue but a visionary theme;
Thy years of vice on years of folly roll,
Till grinning death assigns the destined goal,
Where all are hastening to the dread abode,
To meet the judgment of a righteous God;
Mix'd in the concourse of the thoughtless throng,
A mourner midst of mirth, I glide along;
A wretched, isolated, gloomy thing,
Curs't by reflection's deep corroding sting;
But not that mental sting which stabs within,
The dark avenger of unpunish'd sin;
The silent shaft which goads the guilty wretch
Extended on a rack's untiring stretch:
Conscience that sting, that shaft to him supplies—
His mind the rack from which he ne'er can rise.
For me, whate'er my folly, or my fear,
One cheerful comfort still is cherish'd here:
No dread internal haunts my hours of rest,
No dreams of injured innocence infest;(6)
Of hope, of peace, of almost all bereft,
Conscience, my last but welcome guest, is left.
Slander's empoison'd breath may blast my name,
Envy delights to blight the buds of fame;
Deceit may chill the current of my blood,
And freeze affection's warm impassion'd flood;
Presaging horror darken every sense;—
Even here will conscience be my best defence.
My bosom feeds no 'worm which ne'er can die:' (7)
Not crimes I mourn, but happiness gone by.
Thus crawling on with many a reptile vile,
My heart is bitter, though my cheek may smile:
No more with former bliss my heart is glad;
Hope yields to anguish, and my soul is sad:
From fond regret no future joy can save;
Remembrance slumbers only in the grave."—L. E.

(6) "I am not a Joseph," said Lord Byron, in 1821, "nor a Scipio; but I can safely affirm, that I never in my life seduced any woman."—L. E.

(7) "We know enough even of Lord Byron's private history to give our warrant that, though his youth may have shared somewhat too largely in the indiscretions of those left too early masters of their own actions and fortunes, falsehood and malice alone can impute to him any real cause for hopeless remorse, or gloomy melancholy." *Sir Walter Scott.*—L. E.

(8) "To Dr. Drury," observes Moore, "Lord Byron has left on record a tribute of affection and respect, which, like the reverential regard of Dryden for Dr. Busby, will long associate together honourably the names of the poet and the master." The above is not, however, the only one. In a note to the fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*, he says, "My preceptor was the best and worthiest friend I ever possessed, whose warnings I have remembered but too well, though too late—when I have erred, and whose counsels I have but followed when I have done well or wisely. If ever this imperfect record of my feelings towards him should reach his eyes, let it remind him of one who never thinks of him but with gratitude and veneration—of one who would more gladly boast of having been his pupil, if, by more closely following his injunctions, he could reflect any honour upon his instructor." We extract the following from some unpublished letters of Lord Byron:—

"*Harrow*, Nov. 2, 1804. There is so much of the gentleman, so much mildness and nothing of pedantry, in his character, that I cannot help liking him, and will remember his instructions with gratitude as long as I live. He is the best master we ever had, and at the same time respected and feared."—"Nov. 11, 1804. I revere Dr. Drury. He is never violent, never outrageous. I dread offending him;—not, however, through fear; but the respect I bear him makes me unhappy when I am under his displeasure."—L. E.

Yet let me hush this echo of the past,
This parting song, the dearest and the last;
And brood in secret o'er those hours of joy,(1)
To me a silent and a sweet employ,
While future hope and fear alike unknown,
I think with pleasure on the past alone;
Yes, to the past alone my heart confine,
And chase the phantom of what once was mine.

IDA! still o'er thy hills in joy preside,
And proudly steer through time's eventful tide;
Still may thy blooming sons thy name revere,
Smile in thy bower, but quit thee with a tear;—
That tear, perhaps, the fondest which will flow
O'er their last scene of happiness below.
Tell me, ye hoary few, who glide along,
The feeble veterans of some former throng,
Whose friends, like autumn leaves by tempests whirl'd,
Are swept for ever from this busy world;
Revolve the fleeting moments of your youth,
While Care as yet withheld her venom'd tooth;
Say if remembrance days like these endears
Beyond the rapture of succeeding years?
Say, can ambition's fever'd dream bestow
So sweet a balm to soothe your hours of woe?
Can treasures, hoarded for some thankless son,
Can royal smiles, or wreaths by slaughter won,
Can stars or ermine, man's maturer toys
(For glittering baubles are not left to boys)
Recall one scene so much beloved to view,
As those where Youth her garland twined for you?
Ah, no! amidst the gloomy calm of age
You turn with faltering hand life's varied page;
Peruse the record of your days on earth,
Unsullied only where it marks your birth;
Still lingering pause above each chequer'd leaf,
And blot with tears the sable lines of grief;
Where Passion o'er the theme her mantle threw,
Or weeping Virtue sigh'd a faint adieu;
But bless the scroll which fairer words adorn,
Traced by the rosy finger of the morn;
When Friendship bow'd before the shrine of truth,
And Love, without his pinion,(2) smiled on youth.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. J. T. BECHER, ON HIS ADVISING THE AUTHOR TO MIX MORE WITH SOCIETY.

DEAR Becher, you tell me to mix with mankind;—
I cannot deny such a precept is wise;
But retirement accords with the tone of my mind:
I will not descend to a world I despise.

Did the senate or camp my exertions require,
Ambition might prompt me, at once, to go forth;
When infancy's years of probation expire,
Perchance I may strive to distinguish my birth.

The fire in the cavern of Etna conceal'd,
Still mantles unseen in its secret recess;—
At length, in a volume terrific reveal'd,
No torrent can quench it, no bounds can repress.(3)

Oh! thus, the desire in my bosom for fame
Bids me live but to hope for posterity's praise;
Could I soar with the phœnix on pinions of flame,
With him I would wish to expire in the blaze.

For the life of a Fox, of a Chatham the death,
What censure, what danger, what woe would I brave!
Their lives did not end when they yielded their breath;
Their glory illumines the gloom of their grave.

Yet why should I mingle in Fashion's full herd?
Why crouch to her leaders, or cringe to her rules!
Why bend to the proud, or applaud the absurd?
Why search for delight in the friendship of fools?

I have tasted the sweets and the bitters of love;
In friendship I early was taught to believe;
My passion the matrons of prudence reprove;
I have found that a friend may profess, yet deceive.

To me what is wealth? it may pass in an hour,
If tyrants prevail, or if Fortune should frown.
To me what is title?—the phantom of power;
To me what is fashion?—I seek but renown.

Deceit is a stranger as yet to my soul;
I still am unpractised to varnish the truth:
Then why should I live in a hateful control?
Why waste upon folly the days of my youth?

1806.

ANSWER TO A BEAUTIFUL POEM,

ENTITLED "THE COMMON LOT."(4)

MONTGOMERY! true, the common lot
Of mortals lies in Lethe's wave;
Yet some shall never be forgot—
Some shall exist beyond the grave.

"Unknown the region of his birth,"
The hero(5) rolls the tide of war;
Yet not unknown his martial worth,
Which glares a meteor from afar.

(1) In a note to the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, Lord Byron says:—"No one could, or can be, more attached to Harrow than I have always been, and with reason;—a part of the time passed there was the happiest of my life."—L. E.

(2) "L'Amitié est l'Amour sans ailes," is a French proverb. [See a subsequent poem, under this title, p. 39.—L. E.]

(3) The true reason of the haughty distance at which Byron, both at this period and afterwards, stood apart from his more opulent neighbours, is to be found (says Moore) "in his mortifying consciousness of the inadequacy of his own means to his rank, and the proud dread of being made to feel his own inferiority by persons to whom, in every other respect, he knew himself superior." Mr. Becher frequently expostulated with him on this unsociableness; and one of his friendly remonstrances drew forth these lines, so remarkably prefiguring the splendid burst with which Lord Byron's volcanic genius was ere long to open upon the world.—L. E.

Such, according to Moore, was Byron's horror of new faces, that, whilst on a visit to one of the few families at Southwell, with whom he was intimate, he frequently jumped out of the window when he saw strangers approaching the house.—P. E.

(4) Written by James Montgomery author of *The Wanderer in Switzerland*, etc.

(5) No particular hero is here alluded to. The exploits of Bayard, Nemours, Edward the Black Prince, and, in more modern times the fame of Marlborough, Frederick the Great, Count Saxe, Charles of Sweden, etc. are familiar to every historical reader, but the exact places of their birth are known to a very small proportion of their admirers.

His joy or grief, his weal or woe,
Perchance may 'scape the page of fame;
Yet nations now unborn will know
The record of his deathless name.

The patriot's and the poet's frame
Must share the common tomb of all:
Their glory will not sleep the same;
That will arise, though empires fall.

The lustre of a beauty's eye
Assumes the ghastly stare of death;
The fair, the brave, the good must die,
And sink the yawning grave beneath.

Once more the speaking eye revives,
Still beaming through the lover's strain;
For Petrarch's Laura still survives:
She died, but ne'er will die again.

The rolling seasons pass away,
And Time, untiring, waves his wing;
Whilst honour's laurels ne'er decay,
But bloom in fresh unfading spring.

All, all must sleep in grim repose,
Collected in the silent tomb;
The old and young, with friends and foes,
Festering alike in shrouds, consume.

The mouldering marble lasts its day,
Yet falls at length, a useless fane;
To ruin's ruthless fangs a prey,
The wrecks of pillar'd pride remain.

What, though the sculpture be destroy'd,
From dark oblivion meant to guard?
A bright renown shall be enjoy'd
By those whose virtues claim reward.

Then do not say the common lot
Of all lies deep in Lethe's wave;
Some few, who ne'er will be forgot,
Shall burst the bondage of the grave.

1806.

REMEMBRANCE.

'Tis done!—I saw it in my dreams:
No more with Hope the future beams;
My days of happiness are few:
Chill'd by misfortune's wintry blast,
My dawn of life is overcast;
Love, Hope, and Joy, alike adieu!—
Would I could add Remembrance too!

1806. [Now first published.]

TO A LADY

WHO PRESENTED THE AUTHOR WITH THE VELVET BAND WHICH BOUND HER TRESSES.

This Band, which bound thy yellow hair,
Is mine, sweet girl! thy pledge of love;
It claims my warmest, dearest care,
Like relics left of saints above.

Oh! I will wear it next my heart;
'Twill bind my soul in bonds to thee;
From me again 't will ne'er depart,
But mingle in the grave with me.

The dew I gather from thy lip
Is not so dear to me as this;
That I but for a moment sip,
And banquet on a transient bliss:

This will recall each youthful scene,
E'en when our lives are on the wane;
The leaves of Love will still be green
When Memory bids them bud again.

Oh! little lock of golden hue,
In gently waving ringlet curl'd,
By the dear head on which you grew,
I would not lose you for a world:

Not though a thousand more adorn
The polish'd brow where once you shone,
Like rays which gild a cloudless morn,
Beneath Columbia's fervid zone.

1806. [Now first published.]

THE DEATH OF CALMAR AND ORLA.

AN IMITATION OF MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN. (1)

Dear are the days of youth! Age dwells on their remembrance through the mist of time. In the twilight he recalls the sunny hours of morn. He lifts his spear with trembling hand. "Not thus feebly did I raise the steel before my fathers!" Past is the race of heroes! But their fame rises on the harp; their souls ride on the wings of the wind; they hear the sound through the sighs of the storm, and rejoice in their hall of clouds! Such is Calmar. The grey stone marks his narrow house. He looks down from eddying tempests: he rolls his form in the whirlwind, and hovers on the blast of the mountain.

In Morven dwelt the chief; a beam of war to Fingal. His steps in the field were marked in blood. Lochlin's sons had fled before his angry spear; but mild was the eye of Calmar; soft was the flow of his yellow locks: they streamed like the meteor of the night. No maid was the sigh of his soul: his thoughts were given to friendship,—to dark-haired Orla, destroyer of heroes! Equal were their swords in battle; but fierce was the pride of Orla:—gentle alone to Calmar. Together they dwelt in the cave of Oithona.

From Lochlin, Swaran bounded o'er the blue waves. Erin's sons fell beneath his might. Fingal roused his chiefs to combat. Their ships cover the ocean. Their hosts throng on the green hills. They come to the aid of Erin.

Night rose in clouds. Darkness veils the armies: but the blazing oaks gleam through the valley. The sons of Lochlin slept: their dreams were of blood. They lift the spear in thought, and Fingal flies. Not so the host of Morven. To watch was the post of Orla. Calmar stood by his side. Their spears were in their hands. Fingal called his chiefs: they stood around. The king was in the midst. Grey were his locks, but strong was the arm of the king. Age withered not his powers. "Sons of Morven," said the hero, "to-morrow we meet the foe. But where is Cuthullin, the shield of Erin? He rests in the halls of Tura; he knows not of our coming. Who

(1) It may be necessary to observe, that the story, though considerably varied in the catastrophe, is taken from "Nisus and Euryalus," of which episode a translation is already given.

will speed through Lochlin to the hero, and call the chief to arms? The path is by the swords of foes; but many are my heroes. They are thunderbolts of war. Speak, ye chiefs! Who will arise?"

"Son of Trenmor! mine be the deed," said dark-haired Orla, "and mine alone. What is death to me? I love the sleep of the mighty, but little is the danger. The sons of Lochlin dream. I will seek car-borne Cuthullin. If I fall, raise the song of bards, and lay me by the stream of Lubar." "And shalt thou fall alone?" said fair-haired Calmar. "Wilt thou leave thy friend afar? Chief of Oithona! not feeble is my arm in fight. Could I see thee die, and not lift the spear? No Orla! ours has been the chase of the roebuck, and the feast of shells; ours be the path of danger: ours has been the cave of Oithona; ours be the narrow dwelling on the banks of Lubar." "Calmar," said the chief of Oithona, "why should thy yellow locks be darkened in the dust of Erin? Let me fall alone. My father dwells in his hall of air: he will rejoice in his boy; but the blue-eyed Mora spreads the feast for her son in Morven. She listens to the steps of the hunter on the heath, and thinks it is the tread of Calmar. Let him not say, 'Calmar has fallen by the steel of Lochlin: he died with gloomy Orla, the chief of the dark brow.' Why should tears dim the azure eye of Mora? Why should her voice curse Orla, the destroyer of Calmar? Live, Calmar! Live to raise my stone of moss; live to revenge me in the blood of Lochlin. Join the song of bards above my grave. Sweet will be the song of death to Orla, from the voice of Calmar. My ghost shall smile on the notes of praise." "Orla," said the son of Mora, "could I raise the song of death to my friend? Could I give his fam to the winds? No, my heart would speak in sighs: faint and broken are the sounds of sorrow. Orla! our souls shall hear the song together. One cloud shall be ours on high: the bards will mingle the names of Orla and Calmar."

They quit the circle of the chiefs. Their steps are to the host of Lochlin. The dying blaze of the oak dim twinkles through the night. The northern star points the path to Tura. Swaran, the king, rests on his lonely hill. Here the troops are mixed: they frown in sleep; their shields beneath their heads. Their swords gleam at distance in heaps. The fires are faint; their embers fail in smoke. All is hushed; but the gale sighs on the rocks above. Lightly wheel the heroes through the slumbering band. Half the journey is past, when Mathon, resting on his shield, meets the eye of Orla. It rolls in flame, and glistens through the shade. His spear is raised on high. "Why dost thou bend thy brow, chief of Oithona?" said fair-haired Calmar: "we are in the midst of foes. Is this a time for delay?" "It is a time for vengeance," said Orla of the gloomy brow. "Mathon of Lochlin sleeps: seest thou his spear? Its point is dim with the gore of my father. The blood of Mathon shall reek on mine; but shall I slay him sleeping, son of Mora? No! he shall feel his wound: my fame shall not soar on the blood of slumber. Rise, Mathon, rise! The son of Connal calls; thy life is his; rise to combat." Mathon starts from sleep; but did he rise alone? No: the gathering chiefs bound on the plain. "Fly! Calmar, fly!" said dark-haired Orla. "Mathon is mine. I shall die in joy: but Lochlin crowds around. Fly through the shade of night." Orla turns. The helm of Mathon is cleft; his shield falls from his arm: he shudders in his blood. He rolls by the side of the blazing oak. Strumon sees him fall: his wrath rises: his weapon glitters on the head of Orla: but a spear pierced his eye. His brain gushes through the wound, and foams on the spear of Calmar. As roll the waves of the ocean on two mighty barks of the north, so pour the men of Lochlin on the chiefs. As, breaking the surge in foam, proudly steer the barks of the north, so rise the chiefs of Morven on the scattered crests of Lochlin. The din of arms came to the ear of Fingal. He strikes his shield; his sons throng around; the people pour along the heath. Ryno bounds in joy. Ossian stalks in his arms. Oscar shakes the spear. The eagle wing of Fillan floats on the wind. Dreadful is the clang of death! many are the widows of Lochlin! Morven prevails in its strength.

Morn glimmers on the hills: no living foe is seen! but the sleepers are many; grim they lie on Erin. The breeze of ocean lifts their locks; yet they do not awake. The hawks scream above their prey.

Whose yellow locks wave o'er the breast of a chief? Bright as the gold of the stranger, they mingle with the dark hair of his friend. 'Tis Calmar: he lies on the bosom of Orla. Theirs is one stream of blood. Fierce is the look of the gloomy Orla. He breathes not; but his eye is still a flame. It glares in death unclosed. His hand is grasped in Calmar's; but Calmar lives! he lives, though low. "Rise," said the king, "rise, son of Mora: 'tis mine to heal the wounds of heroes. Calmar may yet bound on the hills of Morven."

"Never more shall Calmar chase the deer of Morven with Orla," said the hero. "What were the chase to me alone? Who would share the spoils of battle with Calmar? Orla is at rest! Rough was thy soul, Orla! yet soft to me as the dew of morn. It glared on others in lightning: to me a silver beam of night. Bear my sword to blue-eyed Mora; let it hang in my empty hall. It is not pure from blood: but it could not save Orla. Lay me with my friend. Raise the song when I am dark!"

They are laid by the stream of Lubar. Four grey stones mark the dwelling of Orla and Calmar. When Swaran was bound, our sails rose on the blue waves. The winds gave our barks to Morven:—the bards raised the song.

What form rises on the roar of clouds? Whose dark ghost gleams on the red streams of tempests? His voice rolls on the thunder. 'Tis Orla, the brown chief of Oithona. He was unmatched in war. Peace to thy soul, Orla! thy fame will not perish. Nor thine, Calmar! Lovely wast thou, son of blue-eyed Mora; but not harmless was thy sword. It hangs in thy cave. The ghosts of Lochlin shriek around its steel. Hear thy praise, Calmar! It dwells on the voice of the mighty. Thy name shakes on the echoes of Morven. Then raise thy fair locks, son of Mora. Spread them on the arch of the rainbow; and smile through the tears of the storm." (1)

(1) I fear Laing's late edition has completely overthrown every hope that Macpherson's *Ossian* might prove the translation of a series of poems complete in themselves; but, while the imposture is discovered, the merit of the work remains undisputed, though not without faults—particularly, in some parts, turgid and bombastic diction. The present humble imitation will be pardoned by the admirers of the original as an attempt, however inferior, which evinces an attachment to their favourite author.

L'AMITIÉ EST L'AMOUR SANS AILES. (1)

[*Written December*, 1806.]

Why should my anxious breast repine,
Because my youth is fled?
Days of delight may still be mine;
Affection is not dead.
In tracing back the years of youth,
One firm record, one lasting truth
Celestial consolation brings;
Bear it, ye breezes, to the seat
Where first my heart responsive beat,—
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

Through few, but deeply chequer'd years,
What moments have been mine!
Now half obscured by clouds of tears,
Now bright in rays divine;
Howe'er my future doom be cast,
My soul, enraptured with the past,
To one idea fondly clings;
Friendship! that thought is all thine own,
Worth worlds of bliss, that thought alone—
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

Where yonder yew-trees lightly wave
Their branches on the gale,
Unheeded heaves a simple grave,
Which tells the common tale;
Round this unconscious schoolboys stray,
Till the dull knell of childish play
From yonder studious mansion rings;
But here whene'er my footsteps move,
My silent tears too plainly prove
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

Oh Love! before thy glowing shrine
My early vows were paid;
My hopes, my dreams, my heart was thine,
But these are now decay'd:
For thine are pinions like the wind,
No trace of thee remains behind,
Except, alas! thy jealous stings.
Away, away! delusive power,
Thou shalt not haunt my coming hour;
Unless, indeed, without thy wings.

Seat of my youth! (2) thy distant spire
Recalls each scene of joy;
My bosom glows with former fire,—
In mind again a boy.
Thy grove of elms, thy verdant hill,
Thy every path delights me still,
Each flower a double fragrance flings;
Again, as once, in converse gay,
Each dear associate seems to say
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

My Lycus! (3) wherefore dost thou weep?
Thy falling tears restrain;
Affection for a time may sleep,
But, oh, 't will wake again. (4)
Think, think, my friend, when next we meet,
Our long-wish'd interview, how sweet!
From this my hope of rapture springs;
While youthful hearts thus fondly swell,
Absence, my friend, can only tell,
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

In one, and one alone, deceived,
Did I my error mourn?
No—from oppressive bonds relieved,
I left the wretch to scorn.
I turn'd to those my childhood knew,
With feelings warm, with bosoms true,
Twined with my heart's according strings;
And till those vital chords shall break,
For none but these my breast shall wake
Friendship, the power deprived of wings!

Ye few! my soul, my life is yours,
My memory and my hope;
Your worth a lasting love ensures,
Unfetter'd in its scope;
From smooth deceit and terror sprung,
With aspect fair and honey'd tongue,
Let Adulation wait on kings:
With joy elate, by snares beset,
We, we, my friends, can ne'er forget
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

Fictions and dreams inspire the bard
Who rolls the epic song;
Friendship and Truth be my reward—
To me no bays belong;
If laurell'd Fame but dwells with lies,
Me the enchantress ever flies,
Whose heart and not whose fancy sings;
Simple and young, I dare not feign;
Mine be the rude yet heartfeld strain,
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

THE PRAYER OF NATURE. (5)

[*Written December* 29, 1806.]

Father of Light! great God of Heaven!
Hear'st thou the accents of despair?
Can guilt like man's be e'er forgiven?
Can vice atone for crimes by prayer?

Father of Light, on thee I call!
Thou see'st my soul is dark within;
Thou, who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
Avert from me the death of sin.

(1) See *ante*, p. 36, c. I, note. We insert this poem here on account of the date of its composition. It was not however included in the publication of 1807.—L. E.

(2) Harrow. (3) The Earl of Clare.—L. E.

(4) The young poet had recently received from Lord Clare an epistle containing this passage:—"I think, by your last letter, that you are very much piqued with most of your friends; and, if I am not much mistaken, a little so with me. In one part you say, 'there is little or no doubt a few years, or months, will render us as politely indifferent to each other, as if we had never passed a portion of our time together:' indeed, Byron, you wrong me; and I have no doubt—at least I hope—you wrong yourself."—L. E.

(5) It is difficult to conjecture for what reason, but these stanzas were not included in the publication of 1807; though few will hesitate to place them higher than any thing given in that volume. "Written when the author was not nineteen years of age, this remarkable poem shows," says Moore, "how early the struggle between natural piety and doubt began in his mind." In reading the celebrated critique of the *Edinburgh Review* on the *Hours of Idleness*, the fact that the volume did not include this "Prayer of Nature" ought to be kept in mind.—L. E.

This little poem, on the whole, affords a tolerably correct notion of Lord Byron's religious creed, though the contradictory nature of his writings renders it impossible to set that question positively at rest. He probably had no precise opinion on the subject of religion, and considered it, as he himself says in *Don Juan*,

"——a pleasant voyage, perhaps to float
Like Pyrrho, on a sea of speculation."

To a memorandum of the writers on Divinity, whose works

No shrine I seek, to sects unknown;
Oh point to me the path of truth!
Thy dread omnipotence I own;
Spare, yet amend, the faults of youth.

Let bigots rear a gloomy fane,
Let Superstition hail the pile,
Let priests, to spread their sable reign,
With tales of mystic rights beguile.

Shall man confine his Maker's sway
To Gothic domes of mouldering stone?
Thy temple is the face of day;
Earth, ocean, heaven thy boundless throne.(1)

Shall man condemn his race to hell,
Unless they bend in pompous form;
Tell us that all, for one who fell,
Must perish in the mingling storm?

Shall each pretend to reach the skies,
Yet doom his brother to expire,
Whose soul a different hope supplies,
Or doctrines less severe inspire?

Shall these, by creeds they can't expound,
Prepare a fancied bliss or woe?
Shall reptiles, groveling on the ground,
Their great Creator's purpose know?

Shall those, who live for self alone,
Whose years float on in daily crime—
Shall they by faith for guilt atone,
And live beyond the bounds of Time?

Father! no prophet's laws I seek,—
Thy laws in Nature's works appear;—
I own myself corrupt and weak,
Yet will I pray, for thou wilt hear!

Thou, who canst guide the wandering star
Through trackless realms of æther's space;
Who calm'st the elemental war,
Whose hand from pole to pole I trace:—

Thou, who in wisdom placed me here,
Who, when thou wilt, can take me hence,
Ah! whilst I tread this earthly sphere,
Extend to me thy wide defence.

To Thee, my God, to thee I call!
Whatever weal or woe betide,
By thy command I rise or fall,
In thy protection I confide.

If, when this dust to dust 's restored,
My soul shall float on airy wing,
How shall thy glorious name adored
Inspire her feeble voice to sing!

But, if this fleeting spirit share
With clay the grave's eternal bed,
While life yet throbs I raise my prayer,
Though doom'd no more to quit the dead.

To Thee I breathe my humble strain,
Grateful for all thy mercies past,
And hope, my God, to thee again
This erring life may fly at last.

TO EDWARD NOEL LONG, ESQ.(2)

"Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico."—Hor.

Dear Long, in this sequester'd scene,
While all around in slumber lie,
The joyous days which ours have been
Come rolling fresh on Fancy's eye:
Thus if amidst the gathering storm,
While clouds the darken'd noon deform,
Yon heaven assumes a varied glow,
I hail the sky's celestial bow,
Which spreads the sign of future peace,
And bids the war of tempests cease.
Ah! though the present brings but pain,
I think those days may come again;
Or if, in melancholy mood,
Some lurking envious fear intrude,

he had perused, he is stated by Moore to have subjoined the following remark: "I abhor books of religion, though I reverence and love my God, without the blasphemous notions of sectaries, or belief in their absurd and damnable heresies, mysteries, and thirty-nine articles."

In a letter to Mr. Dallas, quoted by that gentleman in his *Correspondence*, Byron thus vaguely expresses himself: "I hold virtue in general, or the virtues severally, to be only in the disposition; each a *feeling*, not a principle. I believe truth the prime attribute of the Deity, and death an eternal sleep, at least of the body."

"I remember saying to him," observes Sir Walter Scott, "that I really thought that, if he lived a few years, he would alter his sentiments. He answered, rather sharply, 'I suppose you are one of those who prophesy I will turn methodist?' I replied, 'No—I don't expect your conversion to be of such an ordinary kind. I would rather look to see you retreat upon the Catholic faith, and distinguish yourself by the austerity of your penances. The species of religion to which you must, or may, one day attach yourself, must exercise a strong power on the imagination.' He smiled gravely, and seemed to allow I might be right."

"I am no bigot to infidelity," says Lord Byron, in a letter to Mr. Gifford, "and did not expect that, because I doubted the immortality of man, I should be charged with denying the existence of a God. It was the comparative insignificance of ourselves and our world, when placed in comparison with the mighty whole, of which it is an atom, that first led me to imagine that our pretensions to eternity might be overrated."

"To say the truth," Byron, on one occasion, confessed, "I find it equally difficult to know what to believe in this world, and what not to believe. There are as many plausible reasons for inducing me to die a bigot, as there have been to make me hitherto live a free-thinker." *Millington.*—P.E.

(1) The poet appears to have had in his mind one of Mr. Southey's juvenile pieces, beginning,

"Go, thou, unto the house of prayer,
I to the woodlands will repair."—L. E.

(2) This young gentleman, who was with Lord Byron both at Harrow and Cambridge, afterwards entered the Guards, and served with distinction in the expedition to Copenhagen. He was drowned early in 1809, when on his way to join the army in the Peninsula; the transport in which he sailed being run foul of in the night by another of the convoy. "Long's father," says Lord Byron, "wrote to me to write his son's epitaph. I promised—but I had not the heart to complete it. He was such a good, amiable being as rarely remains long in this world; with talent and accomplishments, too, to make him the more regretted." *Diary*, 1821.—L. E.

In the diary from which the above is an extract, Lord Byron gives the following strange instance of the moody melancholy that occasionally preyed on the mind of his old schoolfellow and College companion: "Though a cheerful companion," says his Lordship, "he had strange melancholy thoughts sometimes. I remember once that we were going to his uncle's, I think I went to accompany him to the door merely, in some Upper or Lower Grosvenor or Brook street, I forget which, but it was in a street leading out of some square; he told me that the night before he had taken up a pistol, not knowing or examining whether it was loaded or no, and had snapped it at his head, leaving it to chance whether it might or might not be charged."—P. E.

To check my bosom's fondest thought,
  And interrupt the golden dream,
I crush the fiend with malice fraught,
  And still indulge my wonted theme.
Although we ne'er again can trace,
  In Granta's vale, the pedant's lore;
Nor through the groves of Ida chase
  Our raptured visions as before;
Though Youth has fl wn on rosy pinion,
And Manhood claims his stern dominion—
Age will not every hope destroy,
But yield some hours of sober joy.

  Yes, I will hope that Time's broad wing
Will shed around some dews of spring:
But if his scythe must sweep the flowers
Which bloom among the fairy bowers,
Where smiling Youth delights to dwell,
And hearts with early rapture swell;
If frowning Age, with cold control,
Confines the current of the soul,
Congeals the tear of Pity's eye,
Or checks the sympathetic sigh,
Or hears unmoved misfortune's groan,
And bids me feel for self alone;
Oh! may my bosom never learn
  To soothe its wonted heedless flow;
Still, still despise the censor stern,
  But ne'er forget another's woe.
Yes, as you knew me in the days
O'er which Remembrance yet delays,
Still may I rove, untutor'd, wild,
And even in age at heart a child.

Though now on airy visions borne,
  To you my soul is still the same.
Oft has it been my fate to mourn,
  And all my former joys are tame.
But, hence! ye hours of sable hue!
  Your frowns are gone, my sorrows o'er:
By every bliss my childhood knew,
  I'll think upon your shade no more.
Thus, when the whirlwind's rage is past,
  And caves their sullen roar enclose,
We heed no more the wintry blast,
  When lull'd by Zephyr to repose.

Full often has my infant Muse
  Attuned to love her languid lyre;
But now, without a theme to choose,
  The strains in stolen sighs expire.
My youthful nymphs, alas! are flown;
  E—— is a wife, and C—— a mother,
And Carolina sighs alone,
  And Mary's given to another;
And Cora's eye, which roll'd on me,
  Can now no more my love recall:
In truth, dear Long, 'twas time to flee,
  For Cora's eye will shine on all.
And though the sun, with genial rays,
His beams alike to all displays,
And every lady's eye's a *sun*,
These last should be confined to one.

The soul's meridian don't become her,
Whose sun displays a general *summer!*
Thus faint is every former flame,
And passion's self is now a name.
As, when the ebbing flames are low,
  The aid which once improved their light,
And bade them burn with fiercer glow,
  Now quenches all their sparks in night;
Thus has it been with passion's fires,
  As many a boy and girl remembers,
While all the force of love expires,
  Extinguish'd with the dying embers.

But now, dear Long, 't is midnight's noon,
And clouds obscure the watery moon,
Whose beauties I shall not rehearse,
Described in every stripling's verse;
For why should I the path go o'er,
Which every bard has trod before?
Yet ere yon silver lamp of night
  Has thrice perform'd her stated round,
Has thrice retraced her path of light,
  And chased away the gloom profound,
I trust that we, my gentle friend,
Shall see her rolling orbit wend
Above the dear-loved peaceful seat
Which once contain'd our youth's retreat;(1)
And then with those our childhood knew,
We'll mingle in the festive crew;
While many a tale of former day
Shall wing the laughing hours away;
And all the flow of souls shall pour
The sacred intellectual shower,
Nor cease till Luna's waning horn
Scarce glimmers through the mist of morn.

TO A LADY.(2)

Oh! had my fate been join'd with thine,
  As once this pledge appear'd a token,
These follies had not then been mine,
  For then my peace had not been broken.(3)

To thee these early faults I owe,
  To thee, the wise and old reproving:
They know my sins, but do not know
  'T was thine to break the bonds of loving.

For once my soul, like thine, was pure,
  And all its rising fires could smother;
But now thy vows no more endure,
  Bestow'd by thee upon another.

Perhaps his peace I could destroy,
  And spoil the blisses that await him;
Yet let my rival smile in joy,
  For thy dear sake I cannot hate him.

Ah! since thy angel form is gone,
  My heart no more can rest with any;
But what it sought in thee alone,
  Attempts, alas! to find in many.

Then fare thee well, deceitful maid!
  'T were vain and fruitless to regret thee;

(1) The two friends were both passionately attached to Harrow; and sometimes made excursions thither together, to revive their schoolboy recollections.—L. E.

(2) Mrs. Musters.—L. E.

(3) "Our union would have healed feuds in which blood had been shed by our fathers—it would have joined lands broad and rich—it would have joined at least *one* heart, and two persons not ill matched in years (she is two years my elder), and—and—and—*what* has been the result?" *Diary*, 1821.—L. E.

Nor Hope nor Memory yield their aid,
  But Pride may teach me to forget thee.

Yet all this giddy waste of years,
  This tiresome round of palling pleasures;
These varied loves, these matron's fears,
  These thoughtless strains to passion's measures,

If thou wert mine, had all been hush'd:—
  This cheek, now pale from early riot,
With passion's hectic ne'er had flush'd,
  But bloom'd in calm domestic quiet.

Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,
  For nature seem'd to smile before thee;(1)
And once my breast abhorr'd deceit,—
  For then it beat but to adore thee.

But now I seek for other joys;
  To think would drive my soul to madness;
In thoughtless throngs and empty noise,
  I conquer half my bosom's sadness.

Yet, even in these a thought will steal,
  In spite of every vain endeavour,—
And fiends might pity what I feel,—
  To know that thou art lost for ever.

TO GEORGE, EARL DELAWARR.

Oh! yes, I will own we were dear to each other;
  The friendships of childhood, though fleeting, are true;
The love which you felt was the love of a brother,
  Nor less the affection I cherish'd for you.

But Friendship can vary her gentle dominion;
  The attachment of years in a moment expires:
Like Love, too, she moves on a swift-waving pinion,
  But glows not, like Love, with unquenchable fires.

Full oft have we wander'd through Ida together,
  And blest were the scenes of our youth, I allow:
In the spring of our life, how serene is the weather!
  But winter's rude tempests are gathering now.

No more with affection shall memory, blending,
  The wonted delights of our childhood retrace:
When pride steels the bosom, the heart is unbending,
  And what would be justice appears a disgrace.

However, dear George, for I still must esteem you—
  The few whom I love I can never upbraid—
The chance which has lost may in future redeem you,
  Repentance will cancel the vow you have made.

I will not complain, and though chill'd is affection,
  With me no corroding resentment shall live:
My bosom is calm'd by the simple reflection,
  That both may be wrong, and that both should forgive.

You knew that my soul, that my heart, my existence,
  If danger demanded, were wholly your own;
You knew me unalter'd by years or by distance,
  Devoted to love and to friendship alone.

You knew,—but away with the vain retrospection!
  The bond of affection no longer endures;
Too late you may droop o'er the fond recollection,
  And sigh for the friend who was formerly yours.

For the present, we part,—I will hope not for ever;
  For time and regret will restore you at last:
To forget our dissension we both should endeavour;
  I ask no atonement, but days like the past.

TO THE EARL OF CLARE.

"Tu semper amoris
Sis memor, et cari comitis ne abscedat imago."—Val. Flac.

Friend of my youth! when young we roved,
Like striplings, mutually beloved,
  With friendship's purest glow,
The bliss which wing'd those rosy hours
Was such as pleasure seldom showers
  On mortals here below.

The recollection seems alone
Dearer than all the joys I've known,
  When distant far from you:
Though pain, 'tis still a pleasing pain,
To trace those days and hours again,
  And sigh again, adieu!

My pensive memory lingers o'er
Those scenes to be enjoy'd no more,
  Those scenes regretted ever;
The measure of our youth is full,
Life's evening dream is dark and dull,
  And we may meet—ah! never!

As when one parent spring supplies
Two streams which from one fountain rise,
  Together join'd in vain;
How soon, diverging from their source,
Each, murmuring, seeks another course,
  Till mingled in the main!

Our vital streams of weal or woe,
Though near, alas! distinctly flow,
  Nor mingle as before:
Now swift or slow, now black or clear,
Till death's unfathom'd gulf appear,
  And both shall quit the shore.

Our souls, my friend! which once supplied
One wish, nor breathed a thought beside,
  Now flow in different channels:
Disdaining humbler human sports,
'Tis yours to mix in polish'd courts,
  And shine in fashion's annals.

'Tis mine to waste on love my time,
Or vent my reveries in rhyme,
  Without the aid of reason;
For sense and reason (critics know it)
Have quitted every amorous poet,
  Nor left a thought to seize on.

(1) "Our meetings," says Lord Byron in 1822, "were stolen ones, and a gate leading from Mr. Chaworth's grounds to those of my mother was the place of our interviews. But the ardour was all on my side. I was serious; she was volatile: she liked me as a younger brother, and treated and laughed at me as a boy; she, however, gave me her picture, and that was something to make verses upon. Had I married her, perhaps the whole tenor of my life would have been different."—L. E.

The picture alluded to in the foregoing note was inseparable from his Lordship's person. "He had always," says Captain Medwin, "a black ribbon round his neck, to which was attached a locket, containing hair and a picture. We had been playing at billiards one night, till the balls appeared double, when all at once he searched hastily for something under his waistcoat, and said, in great alarm, Good God! I have lost my ———!' but before he had finished the sentence, he discovered the hidden treasure."—*Medwin's Conversations of Lord Byron.*—P. E.

Poor LITTLE! sweet, melodious bard!
Of late esteem'd it monstrous hard
That he, who sang before all,—
He who the lore of love expanded,—
By dire reviewers should be branded
As void of wit and moral.(1)

And yet, while Beauty's praise is thine,
Harmonious favourite of the Nine!
Repine not at thy lot;
Thy soothing lays may still be read,
When Persecution's arm is dead,
And critics are forgot.

Still I must yield those worthies merit,
Who chasten, with unsparing spirit,
Bad rhymes, and those who write them;
And though myself may be the next
By critic sarcasm to be vext,
I really will not fight them.(2)

Perhaps they would do quite as well
To break the rudely-sounding shell
Of such a young beginner:
He who offends at pert nineteen,
Ere thirty may become, I ween,
A very harden'd sinner.

Now, Clare, I must return to you;
And, sure, apologies are due:
Accept, then, my concession.
In truth, dear Clare, in fancy's flight
I soar along from left to right;
My muse admires digression.

I think I said 't would be your fate
To add one star to royal state;—
May regal smiles attend you!
And should a noble monarch reign,
You will not seek his smiles in vain,
If worth can recommend you.

Yet since in danger courts abound,
Where specious rivals glitter round,
From snares may saints preserve you!
And grant your love or friendship ne'er
From any claim a kindred care,
But those who best deserve you!

Not for a moment may you stray
From truth's secure unerring way!
May no delights decoy!
O'er roses may your footsteps move,
Your smiles be ever smiles of love,
Your tears be tears of joy!

Oh! if you wish that happiness
Your coming days and years may bless,
And virtues crown your brow;
Be still as you were wont to be,
Spotless as you've been known to me,—
Be still as you are now.(3)

And though some trifling share of praise,
To cheer my last declining days,
To me were doubly dear;
Whilst blessing your beloved name,
I'd waive at once a *poet's* fame,
To prove a *prophet* here.

WHEN I ROVED A YOUNG HIGHLANDER.

WHEN I roved a young Highlander o'er the dark heath,
And climb'd thy steep summit, O Morven of snow! (4)
To gaze on the torrent that thunder'd beneath,
Or the mist of the tempest that gather'd below, (5)
Untutor'd by science, a stranger to fear,
And rude as the rocks where my infancy grew,
No feeling, save one, to my bosom was dear;
Need I say, my sweet Mary, (6) 't was centred in you?

(1) These stanzas were written soon after the appearance of a severe critique, in a northern review, on a new publication of the British Anacreon.—[See *Edinburgh Review*, July, 1807, article on *Epistles, Odes, and other Poems*, by Thomas Little, Esq.—L. E.]

(2) A bard (horresco referens) defied his reviewer to mortal combat. If this example becomes prevalent, our periodical censors must be dipped in the river Styx; for what else can secure them from the numerous host of their enraged assailants?

(3) "Of all I have ever known, Clare has always been the least altered in every thing from the excellent qualities and kind affections which attached me to him so strongly at school. I should hardly have thought it possible for society (or the world, as it is called) to leave a being with so little of the leaven of bad passions. I do not speak from personal experience only, but from all I have ever heard of him from others, during absence and distance."—*Diary*, 1821.—L. E.

(4) Morven, a lofty mountain in Aberdeenshire. "Gormal of Snow," is an expression frequently to be found in Ossian.

(5) This will not appear extraordinary to those who have been accustomed to the mountains. It is by no means uncommon, on attaining the top of Ben-e-vis, Ben-e-bourd, etc. to perceive, between the summit and the valley, clouds pouring down rain, and occasionally accompanied by lightning, while the spectator literally looks down upon the storm, perfectly secure from its effects.

(6) In Lord Byron's *Diary* for 1813, he says, "I have been thinking lately a good deal of Mary Duff. How very odd that I should have been so utterly, devotedly, fond of that girl, at an age when I could neither feel passion, nor know the meaning of the word! And the effect! My mother used always to rally me about this childish amour; and, at last, many years after, when I was sixteen, she told me one day: 'Oh, Byron, I have had a letter from Edinburgh, from Miss Abercromby, and your old sweetheart, Mary Duff, is married to a Mr. Cockburn.' [Robert Cockburn, Esq. of Edinburgh.] And what was my answer? I really cannot explain or account for my feelings at that moment; but they nearly threw me into convulsions—to the horror of my mother, and the astonishment of every body. And it is a phenomenon in my existence (for I was not eight years old), which has puzzled, and will puzzle me to the latest hour of it."—Again, in January, 1815, a few days after his marriage, in a letter to his friend Captain Hay, the poet thus speaks of his childish attachment:—"Pray tell me more—or as much as you like, of your cousin Mary. I believe I told you our story some years ago. I was twenty-seven a few days ago, and I have never seen her since we were children, and young children too; but I never forget her, nor ever can. You will oblige me with presenting her with my best respects, and all good wishes. It may seem ridiculous—but it is at any rate, I hope, not offensive to her nor hers—in me to pretend to recollect any thing about her, at so early a period of both our lives, almost, if not quite, in our nurseries; but it was a pleasant dream, which she must pardon me for remembering. Is she pretty still? I have the most perfect idea of her person, as a child; but Time, I suppose has played the devil with us both."—L. E.

"Dante is said, as early as nine years old, to have fallen in love with Beatrice; Alfieri, who was himself precocious in the passion, considered such early sensibility to be an unerring sign of a soul formed for the fine arts; and Canova used to say that he was in love when but five years old." *Galt.*—P. E.

Yet it could not be love, for I knew not the name,—
What passion can dwell in the heart of a child?
But still I perceive an emotion the same
As I felt, when a boy, on the crag-cover'd wild:
One image alone on my bosom impress'd,
I loved my bleak regions, nor panted for new;
And few were my wants, for my wishes were bless'd;
And pure were my thoughts, for my soul was with you.

I arose with the dawn; with my dog as my guide,
From mountain to mountain I bounded along;
I breasted the billows of Dee's (1) rushing tide,
And heard at a distance the Highlander's song:
At eve, on my heath-cover'd couch of repose,
No dreams, save of Mary, were spread to my view;
And warm to the skies my devotions arose,
For the first of my prayers was a blessing on you.

I left my bleak home, and my visions are gone;
The mountains are vanish'd, my youth is no more;
As the last of my race, I must wither alone,
And delight but in days I have witness'd before:
Ah! splendour has raised but embitter'd my lot;
More dear were the scenes which my infancy knew:
Though my hopes may have fail'd, yet they are not forgot;
Though cold is my heart, still it lingers with you.

When I see some dark hill point its crest to the sky,
I think of the rocks that o'ershadow Colbleen; (2)
When I see the soft blue of a love-speaking eye,
I think of those eyes that endear'd the rude scene;
When, haply, some light-waving locks I behold,
That faintly resemble my Mary's in hue,
I think on the long flowing ringlets of gold,
The locks that were sacred to beauty, and you.

Yet the day may arrive when the mountains once more
Shall rise to my sight in their mantles of snow: (3)
But while these soar above me, unchanged as before,
Will Mary be there to receive me?—ah, no!
Adieu then, ye hills, where my childhood was bred!
Thou sweet flowing Dee, to thy waters adieu!
No home in the forest shall shelter my head,—
Ah! Mary, what home could be mine but with you?

(1) The Dee is a beautiful river, which rises near Mar Lodge, and falls into the sea at New Aberdeen.

(2) Colbleen is a mountain near the verge of the Highlands, not far from the ruins of Dee Castle.

(3) In the spring of 1807, on recovering from a severe illness, Lord Byron had projected a visit to Scotland. The plan was not put into execution; but he thus adverts to it, in a letter dated in August, and addressed to his fair correspondent of Southwell:—"On Sunday, I set off for the Highlands. A friend of mine accompanies me in my carriage to Edinburgh. There we shall leave it, and proceed in a tandem through the western parts to Inverary, where we shall purchase shelties, to enable us to view places inaccessible to vehicular conveyances. On the coast we shall hire a vessel, and visit the most remarkable of the Hebrides, and, if we have time and favourable weather, mean to sail as far as Iceland, only three hundred miles from the northern extremity of Caledonia, to peep at Hecla. I mean to collect all the Erse traditions, poems, etc. etc. and translate, or expand the subject to fill a volume, which may appear next spring, under the denomination of *The Highland Harp*,' or some title equally *picturesque*. What would you say to some stanzas on Mount Hecla? They would be written at least with *fire*."—L. E.

(4) Sassenach, or Saxon, a Gaelic word, signifying either Lowland or English.

(5) "The 'imagination all compact,' which the greatest poet who ever lived has assigned as the distinguishing badge of his brethren, is in every case a dangerous gift. It exaggerates, indeed, our expectations, and can often bid its possessor hope, where hope is lost to reason: but the delusive pleasure arising from these visions of imagination resembles that of a child, whose notice is attracted by a fragment of glass to which a sun-beam has given momentary splendour. He hastens to the spot with breathless impatience, and finds the object of his curiosity and expectation is equally vulgar and worthless. Such is the man of quick and exalted powers of imagination. His fancy over-estimates the object of his wishes, and pleasure, fame, distinction, are alternately pursued, attained, and despised when in his power. Like the enchanted fruit in the palace of a sorcerer, the objects of his admiration lose their attraction and value as soon as they are grasped by the adventurer's hand, and all that remains is regret for the time lost in the chase, and astonishment at the hallucination under which it was undertaken. The disproportion between hope and possession, which is felt by all men, is thus doubled to those whom nature has endowed with the power of gilding a distant prospect by the rays of imagination. These reflections, though trite and obvious, are in a manner forced from us by the poetry of Lord Byron,—by the sentiments of weariness of life and enmity with the world which they so frequently express,—and by the singular analogy which such sentiments hold with well-known incidents of his life." *Sir Walter Scott.*—L. E.

I WOULD I WERE A CARELESS CHILD.

I would I were a careless child,
Still dwelling in my Highland cave,
Or roaming through the dusky wild,
Or bounding o'er the dark blue wave;
The cumbrous pomp of Saxon (4) pride
Accords not with the freeborn soul,
Which loves the mountain's craggy side
And seeks the rocks where billows roll.

Fortune! take back these cultured lands,
Take back this name of splendid sound!
I hate the touch of servile hands,
I hate the slaves that cringe around.
Place me along the rocks I love,
Which sound to Ocean's wildest roar;
I ask but this—again to rove
Through scenes my youth hath known before.

Few are my years, and yet I feel
The world was ne'er design'd for me:
Ah! why do darkening shades conceal
The hour when man must cease to be?
Once I beheld a splendid dream,
A visionary scene of bliss:
Truth!—wherefore did thy hated beam
Awake me to a world like this?

I loved—but those I loved are gone;
Had friends—my early friends are fled:
How cheerless feels the heart alone
When all its former hopes are dead!
Though gay companions o'er the bowl
Dispel awhile the sense of ill;
Though pleasure stirs the maddening soul,
The heart—the heart—is lonely still. (5)

How dull! to hear the voice of those
Whom rank or chance, whom wealth or power,
Have made, though neither friends nor foes,
Associates of the festive hour.
Give me again a faithful few,
In years and feelings still the same,
And I will fly the midnight crew,
Where boisterous joy is but a name.

And woman, lovely woman! thou,
My hope, my comforter, my all!
How cold must be my bosom now,
When e'en thy smiles begin to pall!
Without a sigh would I resign
This busy scene of splendid woe,
To make that calm contentment mine,
Which virtue knows, or seems to know.

Fain would I fly the haunts of men—
I seek to shun, not hate, mankind;
My breast requires the sullen glen,
Whose gloom may suit a darken'd mind.
Oh! that to me the wings were given
Which bear the turtle to her nest!
Then would I cleave the vault of heaven,
To flee away, and be at rest.(1)

LINES WRITTEN BENEATH AN ELM IN THE CHURCHYARD OF HARROW.(2)

Spot of my youth! whose hoary branches sigh,
Swept by the breeze that fans thy cloudless sky;
Where now alone I muse, who oft have trod,
With those I loved, thy soft and verdant sod;
With those who, scatter'd far, perchance deplore,
Like me, the happy scenes they knew before:
Oh! as I trace again thy winding hill,
Mine eyes admire, my heart adores thee still,
Thou drooping Elm! beneath whose boughs I lay,
And frequent mused the twilight hours away;
Where, as they once were wont, my limbs recline,
But, ah! without the thoughts which then were mine:
How do thy branches, moaning to the blast,
Invite the bosom to recall the past,
And seem to whisper, as they gently swell,
"Take, while thou canst, a lingering last farewell!"

When fate shall chill, at length, this fever'd breast,
And calm its cares and passions into rest,
Oft have I thought, 't would soothe my dying hour,—
If aught may soothe when life resigns her power,—
To know some humbler grave, some narrow cell,
Would hide my bosom where it loved to dwell;
With this fond dream, methinks, 't were sweet to die—
And here it linger'd, here my heart might lie;
Here might I sleep where all my hopes arose,
Scene of my youth, and couch of my repose;
For ever stretch'd beneath this mantling shade,
Press'd by the turf where once my childhood play'd;
Wrapt by the soil that veils the spot I loved,
Mix'd with the earth o'er which my footsteps moved;
Blest by the tongues that charm'd my youthful ear,
Mourn'd by the few my soul acknowledged here;
Deplored by those in early days allied,
And unremember'd by the world beside.

September 2, 1807.

[*The "Lines written beneath an Elm at Harrow," were the last in the little volume printed at Newark in* 1807. *The reader is referred to Mr. Moore's* Life, *for various interesting particulars respecting the impression produced on Lord Byron's mind by the celebrated Critique of his juvenile performances, put forth in the* Edinburgh Review,—*a journal which, at that time, possessed nearly undivided influence and authority. The poet's diaries and letters afford evidence that, in his latter days, he considered this piece as the work of Mr. (now Lord) Brougham; but on what grounds he had come to that conclusion he no where mentions. It forms, however, from whatever pen it may have proceeded, so important a link in Lord Byron's literary history, that we insert it at length.*—L. E.]

(1) "And I said, Oh! that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away, and be at rest."—*Psalm* lv. 6. This verse also constitutes a part of the most beautiful anthem in our language.

(2) On losing his natural daughter, Allegra, in April, 1822, Lord Byron sent her remains to be buried at Harrow, "where," he says, in a letter to Mr. Murray. "I once hoped to have laid my own." "There is," he adds, "a spot in the *church-yard*, near the footpath, on the brow of the hill looking towards Windsor, and a tomb under a large tree (bearing the name of Peachie or Peachey), where I used to sit for hours and hours when a boy. This was my favourite spot; but, as I wish to erect a tablet to her memory, the body had better be deposited in the *church*;"—and it was so accordingly.—L. E.

CRITIQUE

EXTRACTED FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW FOR JANUARY 1808. (1)

Hours of Idleness; *a Series of Poems, original and translated. By George Gordon, Lord Byron, a Minor.* 8vo. pp. 200. *Newark*, 1807.

The poesy of this young lord belongs to the class which neither gods nor men are said to permit. Indeed, we do not recollect to have seen a quantity of verse with so few deviations in either direction from that exact standard. His effusions are spread over a dead flat, and can no more get above or below the level, than if they were so much stagnant water. As an extenuation of this offence, the noble author is peculiarly forward in pleading minority. We have it in the title-page, and on the very back of the volume; it

(1) This memorable criticism has been designated by Moore, as "an article which, if not witty in itself, deserves eminently the credit of causing wit in others. Never, whilst the short but glorious race of Byron's genius is remembered, can the critic, whoever he may be, that so unintentionally ministered to its first start, be forgotten. The effect which the review produced upon the poet can with difficulty be conceived. A friend, who found him in the first moments of excitement after reading the article, inquired anxiously whether he had just received a challenge, not knowing how else to account for the fierce defiance of his looks. Among the less sentimental effects of the critique upon his mind, he used to mention that, on the day he read it, he drank three bottles of claret to his own share after dinner;—that nothing however relieved him till he had given vent to his indignation in rhyme, and that "after the first twenty lines he felt himself considerably better."—P. E.

follows his name like a favourite part of his *style*. Much stress is laid upon it in the preface; and the poems are connected with this general statement of his case, by particular dates, substantiating the age at which each was written. Now the law upon the point of minority we hold to be perfectly clear. It is a plea available only to the defendant; no plaintiff can offer it as a supplementary ground of action. Thus, if any suit could be brought against Lord Byron, for the purpose of compelling him to put into court a certain quantity of poetry, and if judgment were given against him, it is highly probable that an exception would be taken, were he to deliver *for poetry* the contents of this volume. To this he might plead *minority;* but, as he now makes voluntary tender of the article, he hath no right to sue, on that ground, for the price in good current praise, should the goods be unmarketable. This is our view of the law on the point; and, we dare to say, so will it be ruled. Perhaps, however, in reality, all that he tells us about his youth is rather with a view to increase our wonder than to soften our censures. He possibly means to say, "See how a minor can write! This poem was actually composed by a young man of eighteen, and this by one of only sixteen!" But, alas! we all remember the poetry of Cowley at ten, and Pope at twelve; and so far from hearing, with any degree of surprise, that very poor verses were written by a youth from his leaving school to his leaving college, inclusive, we really believe this to be the most common of all occurrences; that it happens in the life of nine men in ten who are educated in England; and that the tenth man writes better verse than Lord Byron.

His other plea of privilege our author rather brings forward in order to waive it. He certainly, however, does allude frequently to his family and ancestors—sometimes in poetry, sometimes in notes; and, while giving up his claim on the score of rank, he takes care to remember us of Dr. Johnson's saying, that when a nobleman appears as an author, his merit should be handsomely acknowledged. In truth, it is this consideration only that induces us to give Lord Byron's poems a place in our review, beside our desire to counsel him, that he do forthwith abandon poetry, and turn his talents, which are considerable, and his opportunities, which are great, to better account.

With this view, we must beg leave seriously to assure him, that the mere rhyming of the final syllable, even when accompanied by the presence of a certain number of feet,—nay, although (which does not always happen) those feet should scan regularly, and have been all counted accurately upon the fingers,—is not the whole art of poetry. We would entreat him to believe, that a certain portion of liveliness, somewhat of fancy, is necessary to constitute a poem; and that a poem in the present day, to be read, must contain at least one thought, either in a little degree different from the ideas of former writers, or differently expressed. We put it to his candour, whether there is any thing so deserving the name of poetry in verses like the following, written in 1806; and whether, if a youth of eighteen could say any thing so uninteresting to his ancestors, a youth of nineteen should publish it:—

"Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant, departing
From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu!
Abroad or at home, your remembrance imparting
New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.

"Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation,
'T is nature, not fear, that excites his regret:
Far distant he goes, with the same emulation;
The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.

"That fame, and that memory still will he cherish;
He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown;
Like you will he live, or like you will he perish;
When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with your own."

Now, we positively do assert, that there is nothing better than these stanzas in the whole compass of the noble minor's volume.

Lord Byron should also have a care of attempting what the greatest poets have done before him, for comparisons (as he must have had occasion to see at his writing-master's) are odious. Gray's *Ode on Eton College* should really have kept out the ten hobbling stanzas *On a distant View of the Village and School of Harrow.*

"Where fancy yet joys to retrace the resemblance
Of comrades in friendship and mischief allied;
How welcome to me your ne'er-fading remembrance,
Which rests in the bosom, though hope is denied."

In like manner, the exquisite lines of Mr. Rogers, *On a Tear*, might have warned the noble author off those premises, and spared us a whole dozen such stanzas as the following:—

"Mild charity's glow, to us mortals below
Shows the soul from barbarity clear;
Compassion will melt where this virtue is felt,
And its dew is diffused in a Tear.

"The man doom'd to sail with the blast of the gale,
Through billows Atlantic to steer,
As he bends o'er the wave, which may soon be his grave,
The green sparkles bright with a Tear."

And so of instances in which former poets had failed. Thus, we do not think Lord Byron was made for translating, during his nonage, *Adrian's Address to his Soul*, when Pope succeeded so indifferently in the attempt. If our readers, however, are of another opinion, they may look at it.

"Ah! gentle, fleeting, wavering sprite,
Friend and associate of this clay!
To what unknown region borne
Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight?
No more with wonted humour gay,
But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn."

However, be this as it may, we fear his translations and imitations are great favourites with Lord Byron. We have them of all kinds, from Anacreon to Ossian; and, viewing them as school exercises, they may pass. Only, why print them after they have had their day and served their turn? And why call the thing in p. 79(1) a translation, where *two* words (ἄλλα λέγει) of the original are expanded into four lines, and the other thing in p. 81,(2) where μαυρωκτίωνος κοὶ ἄρμης 's rendered by means of six hobbling verses? As to his Ossianic poesy, we are not very good judges, being, in truth, so moderately skilled in that species of composition, that we should, in all probability, be criticising some bit of the genuine Macpherson itself, were we to express our opinion of Lord Byron's rhapsodies. If, then, the following beginning of a *Song of Bards* is by his lordship, we venture to object to it, as far as we can comprehend it:—"What form rises on the roar of clouds, whose dark ghost gleams on the red stream of tempests? His voice rolls on the thunder; 't is Orla,

(1) See p. 6, col. 2. (2) See p. 6, col. 1.

the brown chief of Oithona. He was," etc. After detaining this "brown chief" some time, the bards conclude by giving him their advice to "raise his fair locks;" then to "spread them on the arch of the rainbow;" and "to smile through the tears of the storm." Of this kind of thing there are no less than *nine* pages; and we can so far venture an opinion in their favour, that they look very like Macpherson; and we are positive they are pretty nearly as stupid and tiresome.

It is a sort of privilege of poets to be egotists; but they should "use it as not abusing it;" and particularly one who piques himself (though indeed at the ripe age of nineteen) on being "an infant bard," ("The artless Helicon I boast is youth")—should either not know, or should seem not to know, so much about his own ancestry. Besides a poem above cited, on the family-seat of the Byrons, we have another of eleven pages, on the self-same subject, introduced with an apology, "he certainly had no intention of inserting it," but really "the particular request of some friends," etc. etc. It concludes with five stanzas on himself, the "last and youngest of a noble line." There is a good deal also about his maternal ancestors, in a poem on *Lachin y Gair*, a mountain where he spent part of his youth, and might have learnt that pibroch is not a bagpipe, any more than duet means a fiddle.

As the author has dedicated so large a part of his volume to immortalise his employments at school and college, we cannot possibly dismiss it without presenting the reader with a specimen of these ingenious effusions. In an ode with a Greek motto, called *Granta*, we have the following magnificent stanzas:—

"There, in apartments small and damp,
The candidate for college prizes
Sits poring by the midnight lamp,
Goes late to bed, yet early rises.

"Who reads false quantities in Scale,
Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle,
Deprived of many a wholesome meal,
In barbarous Latin doom'd to wrangle:

"Renouncing every pleasing page,
From authors of historic use,
Preferring to the letter'd sage
The square of the hypothenuse.

"Still harmless are these occupations,
That hurt none but the hapless student,
Compared with other recreations,
Which bring together the imprudent."

We are sorry to hear so bad an account of the college psalmody as is contained in the following Attic stanzas:—

"Our choir would scarcely be excused
Even as a band of raw beginners;
All mercy now must be refused
To such a set of croaking sinners.

"If David, when his toils were ended,
Had heard these blockheads sing before him,
To us his psalms had ne'er descended:
In furious mood he would have tore 'em!"

But, whatever judgment may be passed on the poems of this noble minor, it seems we must take them as we find them, and be content; for they are the last we shall ever have from him. He is, at best, he says, but an intruder into the groves of Parnassus: he never lived in a garret, like thorough-bred poets; and "though he once roved a careless mountaineer in the Highlands of Scotland," he has not of late enjoyed this advantage. Moreover, he expects no profit from his publication; and, whether it succeeds or not, "it is highly improbable, from his situation and pursuits hereafter," that he should again condescend to become an author. Therefore, let us take what we get, and be thankful. What right have we poor devils to be nice? We are well off to have got so much from a man of this lord's station, who does not live in a garret, but "has the sway" of Newstead Abbey. Again, we say, let us be thankful; and, with honest Sancho, bid God bless the giver, nor look the gift horse in the mouth. (1)

(1) The *Monthly Reviewers*, in those days the next in circulation to the *Edinburgh*, gave a much more favourable notice of the *Hours of Idleness*. "These compositions (said they) are generally of a plaintive or an amatory cast, with an occasional mixture of satire; and they display both ease and strength—both pathos and fire. It will be expected that marks of juvenility and of haste should be discovered in these productions; and we seriously advise our young bard to fulfil with submissive perseverance the duties of revision and correction. We discern, in Lord Byron, a degree of mental power, and a turn of mental disposition, which render us solicitous that both should be well cultivated and wisely directed, in his career of life. He has received talents, and is accountable for the use of them. We trust that he will render them beneficial to man, and a source of real gratification to himself in declining age. Then may he properly exclaim with the Roman orator, 'Non libet mihi deplorare vitam, quod multi, et ii docti, sæpe fecerunt; neque me vixisse pœnitet: quoniam ita vixi, ut non frustra me natum existimem.'"—Lord Byron repaid the Edinburgh Critique with a Satire—and became himself a *Monthly Reviewer*.—L. E.

There may be much temerity in the avowal, but we have ever been among the number of those who regarded the dawning of Byron's powers, displayed in the *Hours of Idleness*, as by no means indicative of the dazzling splendour of his subsequent poetical career. There was no extraordinary brilliancy in his juvenile efforts; and though the tree in its maturity bore goodly fruit, notwithstanding the indifferent promise of its earlier blossoms, the circumstance must be considered an unusual and a felicitous exception, by no means disproving the plain rule. If the sublimity and the success of the poet's later career have completely belied the sinister predictions of the Edinburgh Reviewers, the only fair inference to be drawn is, that an unerring judgment can as little be founded on early mediocrity, as on precocious genius: the one is not always the harbinger of future inferiority, nor the other the precursor of matured excellence. Judging strictly with reference to the evidence before them, Byron's reviewers were not unjust, though their severity might have been tempered with more courtesy, and modified by a kindly hope for the future—a hope which more indulgent critics entertained, from the consideration of the poet's youth, and of the redeeming traits occasionally apparent in the juvenile poems "brought up for judgment." Such, we think, must be the impression made by a perusal of the *Hours of Idleness* on every reader unprejudiced by the gigantic fame of Byron, and such is the opinion pronounced by one of his warmest admirers and most eloquent apologists, Moore himself, from whom we quote the following passage:—"It is but justice to remark, without at the same time intending any excuse for the contemptuous tone of criticism assumed by the reviewer, that the early verses of Lord Byron, however distinguished by tenderness and grace, give but little promise of those dazzling miracles of poesy with which he afterwards astonished and enchanted the world; and that if his youthful verses now have a peculiar charm in our eyes, it is because we read them, as it were, by the light of his subsequent glory."—P. E.

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;

A SATIRE.(1)

"I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew!
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers."—*Shakspeare.*

"Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd critics too."—*Pope.*

PREFACE.(2)

ALL my friends, learned and unlearned, have urged me not to publish this Satire with my name. If I were to be "turned from the career of my humour by quibbles quick, and paper bullets of the brain," I should have complied with their counsel. But I am not to be terrified by abuse, or bullied by reviewers, with or without arms. I can safely say that I have attacked none personally, who did not commence on the offensive. An author's works are public property: he who purchases may judge, and publish his opinion if he pleases; and the authors I have endeavoured to commemorate may do by me as I have done by them. I dare say they will succeed better in condemning my scribblings, than in mending their own. But my object is not to prove that I can write well, but, if possible, to make others write better.

As the poem has met with far more success than I expected, I have endeavoured in this edition to make some additions and alterations, to render it more worthy of public perusal.

In the first edition of this satire, published anonymously, fourteen lines on the subject of Bowles's *Pope* were written by, and inserted at the request of, an ingenious friend of mine,(3) who has now in the press a volume of poetry. In the present edition they are erased, and some of my own substituted in their stead; my only reason for this being that which I conceive would operate with any other person in the same manner,—a determination not to publish with my name any production, which was not entirely and exclusively my own composition.

With(4) regard to the real talents of many of the poetical persons whose performances are mentioned or alluded to in the following pages, it is presumed by the author that there can be little difference of opinion in the public at large; though, like other sectaries, each has his separate tabernacle of proselytes, by whom his abilities are over-rated, his faults overlooked, and his metrical canons received without scruple and without consideration. But the unquestionable possession of considerable genius by several of the writers here censured renders their mental prostitution more to be regretted. Imbecility may be pitied, or, at worst, laughed at and forgotten; perverted powers demand the most decided reprehension. No one can wish more than the author that some known and able writer had undertaken their exposure; but Mr. Gifford has devoted himself to Massinger, and, in the absence of the regular physician, a country practitioner may, in cases of absolute necessity, be allowed to prescribe his nostrum to prevent the extension of so deplorable an epidemic, provided there be no quackery in his treatment of the malady. A caustic is here offered; as it is to be feared nothing short of actual cautery can recover the numerous patients afflicted with the present prevalent and distressing *rabies* for rhyming.—As to the Edinburgh Reviewers,(5) it would indeed require a Hercules to crush the Hydra; but if the author succeeds in merely "bruising one of the heads of the serpent," though his own hand should suffer in the encounter, he will be amply satisfied.(6)

(1) The first edition of this satire, which then began with what is now the ninety-seventh line ("*Time was, ere yet,*" *etc.*), appeared in March, 1809. A second, to which the author prefixed his name, followed in October of that year; and a third and fourth were called for during his first *pilgrimage*, in 1810 and 1811. On his return to England, a fifth edition was prepared for the press by himself, with considerable care, but suppressed, and, except one copy, destroyed, when on the eve of publication. The text is now printed from the copy that escaped; on casually meeting with which, in 1816, he re-perused the whole, and wrote on the margin some annotations, which also we shall preserve,—distinguishing them, by the insertion of their date, from those affixed to the prior editions.

The first of these MS. notes of 1816, appears on the fly-leaf, and runs thus:—"The binding of this volume is considerably too valuable for the contents; and nothing but the consideration of its being the property of another prevents me from consigning this miserable record of misplaced anger and indiscriminate acrimony to the flames."—L. E.

(2) This preface was written for the second edition, and printed with it. The noble author had left this country previous to the publication of that edition, and is not yet returned.—*Note to the fourth edition*, 1811.—["He is, and gone again." B. 1816.—L. E.]

(3) Mr. Hobhouse. See p. 54, note 9, col. 2.—L. E.

(4) Here the preface to the first edition commenced.—L. E.

(5) "I well recollect," said Lord Byron, in 1821, "the effect which the critique of the Edinburgh Reviewers, on my first poems had upon me—it was rage, and resistance, and redress; but not despondency nor despair. A savage review is hemlock to a sucking author, and the one on me (which produced the *English Bards*) knocked me down—but I got up again. That critique was a master-piece of low wit, a tissue of scurrilous abuse. I remember there was a great deal of vulgar trash, about people being 'thankful for what they could get,'—'not looking a gift horse in the mouth,' and such stable expressions. But so far from their bullying me, or deterring me from writing, I was bent on falsifying their raven predictions, and determined to show them, croak as they would, that it was not the last time they should hear from me."—L. E.

(6) "The severity of the criticism," as Sir Egerton Brydges has well observed, "touched Lord Byron in the point where his original strength lay: it wounded his pride, and roused

ENGLISH BARDS,(1)

etc. etc.

Still must I hear?(2)—shall hoarse Fitzgerald (3) bawl
His creaking couplets in a tavern hall, (4)
And I not sing, lest, haply, Scotch reviews
Should dub me scribbler, and denounce my muse?
Prepare for rhyme—I'll publish, right or wrong:
Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.

Oh! nature's noblest gift—my grey goose-quill!
Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,
Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen,
That mighty instrument of little men!
The pen! foredoom'd to aid the mental throes
Of brains that labour, big with verse or prose,
Though nymphs forsake, and critics may deride,
The lover's solace, and the author's pride.
What wits, what poets, dost thou daily raise!
How frequent is thy use, how small thy praise!
Condemn'd at length to be forgotten quite,
With all the pages which 'twas thine to write.
But thou, at least, mine own especial pen!
Once laid aside, but now assumed again,
Our task complete, like Hamet's (5) shall be free;
Though spurn'd by others, yet beloved by me:
Then let us soar to-day; no common theme,
No eastern vision, no distemper'd dream (6)
Inspires—our path, though full of thorns, is plain;
Smooth be the verse, and easy be the strain.

When Vice triumphant holds her sovereign sway,
Obey'd by all who nought beside obey;
When Folly, frequent harbinger of crime,
Bedecks her cap with bells of every clime;
When knaves and fools combined o'er all prevail,
And weigh their justice in a golden scale;
E'en then the boldest start from public sneers,
Afraid of shame, unknown to other fears,
More darkly sin, by satire kept in awe,
And shrink from ridicule, though not from law.

Such is the force of wit! but not belong
To me the arrows of satiric song;
The royal vices of our age demand
A keener weapon, and a mightier hand.
Still there are follies, e'en for me to chase,
And yield at least amusement in the race.
Laugh when I laugh, I seek no other fame;
The cry is up, and scribblers are my game.
Speed, Pegasus!—ye strains of great and small,
Ode, epic, elegy, have at you all!
I too can scrawl, and once upon a time
I pour'd along the town a flood of rhyme,
A schoolboy freak, unworthy praise or blame;
I printed—older children do the same.
'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't.
Not that a title's sounding charm can save
Or scrawl or scribbler from an equal grave:
This Lambe must own, since his patrician name
Fail'd to preserve the spurious farce from shame. (7)

his bitter indignation. He published *English Bards*, and bowed down those who had hitherto held a despotic victory over the public mind. There was, after all, more in the boldness of the enterprise, in the fearlessness of the attack, than in its intrinsic force. But the moral effect of the gallantry of the assault, and of the justice of the cause, made it victorious and triumphant. This was one of those lucky developments which cannot often occur, and which fixed Lord Byron's fame. From that day he engaged the public notice as a writer of undoubted talent and energy, both of intellect and temper."—L. E.

(1) The title of this Satire was originally intended to be *The British Bards*, but the author afterwards substituted the word *English* for British, and made the addition as it now stands. See *Dallas*.—P. E.

(2) Iuff. "Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquamne reponam,
Vexatus toties rauci Theseide Codri?"
Juv. Sat. I.

(3) "*Hoarse Fitzgerald*."—"Right enough; but why notice such a mountebank?" B. 1816.—L. E.

(4) Mr. Fitzgerald, facetiously termed, by Cobbett, the "Small Beer Poet," inflicts his annual tribute of verse on the Literary Fund: not content with writing, he spouts in person, after the company have imbibed a reasonable quantity of bad port, to enable them to sustain the operation.—[For the long period of thirty-two years, this harmless poetaster was an attendant at the anniversary dinners of the Literary Fund, and constantly honoured the occasion with an ode, which he himself recited with most comical dignity of emphasis. He was fortunate in having for his patron the late Viscount Dudley and Ward, on whose death without a will, his benevolent intentions towards the bard were fulfilled by the present Earl Dudley, who generously sent him a draft for £5000. Fitzgerald died in 1829. Of his numerous loyal effusions *only a single line* has survived its author; but the characteristics of his style have been so happily hit off in the *Rejected Addresses*—(a work which Lord Byron has pronounced to be "by far the best thing of the kind since the *Rolliad*")—that we cannot resist the temptation of an extract:—

"Who burnt (confound his soul!) the houses twain
Of Covent Garden and of Drury Lane?
Who, while the British squadron lay off Cork,
(God bless the Regent and the Duke of York!)
With a foul earthquake ravaged the Caraccas,
And raised the price of dry-goods and tobaccos?
Who makes the quartern-loaf and Luddites rise?
Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies?
Who thought in flames St. James's court to pinch?
Who burnt the wardrobe of poor Lady Finch?—
Why he, who forging for this isle a yoke,
Reminds me of a line I lately spoke—
'*The tree of freedom is the British Oak.*'
Bless every man possess'd of aught to give!
Long may Long Tilney Wellesley Long Pole live!
God bless the army, bless their coats of scarlet!
God bless the navy, bless the Princess Charlotte!
God bless the Guards, though worsted Gallia scoff!
God bless their pig-tails, though they're now cut off!
And oh! in Downing Street should Old Nick revel,
England's prime minister, then bless the Devil!"—L. E.]

The following smart epigram was written by Mr. Fitzgerald in a copy of *English Bards*:—

"I find Lord Byron scorns my muse—
Our fates are ill agreed;
His verse is safe—I can't abuse
Those lines I never read."

Lord Byron accidentally met with the copy, and subjoined the following pungent reply:—

"What's writ on me, cried Fitz, I never read,
What's wrote by thee, dear Fitz, none will indeed.
The case stands simply thus, then, honest Fitz:—
Thou and thine enemies are fairly quits,
Or rather, *would* be, if, for time to come,
They luckily were *deaf*, or thou wert *dumb*—
But, to their *pens* while scribblers add their *tongues*,
The waiter only can escape their lungs."—P. E.

(5) Cid Hamet Benengeli promises repose to his pen, in the last chapter of *Don Quixote*. Oh! that our voluminous gentry would follow the example of Cid Hamet Benengeli.

(6) "This must have been written in the spirit of prophecy." B. 1816.—L. E.

(7) This ingenuous youth is mentioned more particularly, with his production, in another place.

No matter, George continues still to write, (1)
Though now the name is veil'd from public sight.
Moved by the great example, I pursue
The self-same road, but make my own review:
Not seek great Jeffrey's, yet, like him, will be
Self-constituted judge of poesy.

A man must serve his time to every trade
Save censure—critics all are ready made.
Take hackney'd jokes from Miller, got by rote,
With just enough of learning to misquote;
A mind well skill'd to find or forge a fault;
A turn for punning, call it Attic salt;
To Jeffrey go, be silent and discreet,
His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet:
Fear not to lie, 't will seem a sharper hit;
Shrink not from blasphemy, 't will pass for wit;
Care not for feeling—pass your proper jest,
And stand a critic, hated yet caress'd.

And shall we own such judgment? no—as soon
Seek roses in December—ice in June;
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff;
Believe a woman or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that's false, before
You trust in critics, who themselves are sore;
Or yield one single thought to be misled
By Jeffrey's heart, or Lambe's Bœotian head. (2)
To these young tyrants, (3) by themselves misplaced,
Combined usurpers on the throne of taste;
To these, when authors bend in humble awe,
And hail their voice as truth, their word as law—
While these are censors, 't would be sin to spare;
While such are critics, why should I forbear?
But yet, so near all modern worthies run,
'T is doubtful whom to seek, or whom to shun;
Nor know we when to spare, or where to strike,
Our bards and censors are so much alike.

Then should you ask me, (4) why I venture o'er
The path which Pope and Gifford trod before;
If not yet sicken'd, you can still proceed:
Go on; my rhyme will tell you as you read.
"But hold!" exclaims a friend, "here's some neglect:
This—that—and t'other line seem incorrect."
What then? the self-same blunder Pope has got,
And careless Dryden—"Ay, but Pye has not:"—
Indeed!—'tis granted, faith!—but what care I?
Better to err with Pope, than shine with Pye.

Time was, ere yet in these degenerate days (5)
Ignoble themes obtain'd mistaken praise,
When sense and wit with poesy allied,
No fabled graces, flourish'd side by side;
From the same fount their inspiration drew,
And, rear'd by taste, bloom'd fairer as they grew.
Then, in this happy isle, a Pope's (6) pure strain
Sought the rapt soul to charm, nor sought in vain;
A polish'd nation's praise aspired to claim,
And raised the people's as the poet's fame.
Like him great Dryden pour'd the tide of song,
In stream less smooth, indeed, yet doubly strong.
Then Congreve's scenes could cheer, or Otway's melt—
For nature then an English audience felt.
But why these names, or greater still, retrace,
When all to feebler bards resign their place?
Yet to such times our lingering looks are cast,
When taste and reason with those times are past.
Now look around, and turn each trifling page,
Survey the precious works that please the age!
This truth at least let satire's self allow,
No dearth of bards can be complain'd of now. (7)
The loaded press beneath her labour groans,
And printers' devils shake their weary bones;
While Southey's epics cram the creaking shelves,
And Little's lyrics shine in hot-press'd twelves.
Thus saith the preacher: "Nought beneath the sun
Is new;" yet still from change to change we run:
What varied wonders tempt us as they pass!
The cow-pox, tractors, galvanism, and gas,

(1) In the *Edinburgh Review*.—["He's a very good fellow; and, except his mother and sister, the best of the set, to my mind." B. 1816.—L. E.]

(2) Messrs. Jeffrey and Lambe are the alpha and omega, the first and last of the *Edinburgh Review*; the others are mentioned hereafter.

["This was not just. Neither the heart nor the head of these gentlemen are at all what they are here represented. At the time this was written (1808), I was personally unacquainted with either." B. 1816.—L. E.]

(3) Imit. "Stulta est Clementia, cum tot ubique
——occurras perituræ parcere charæ."
Juv. Sat. I.

(4) Imit. "Cur tamen hoc libeat potius decurrere campo
Per quem magnus equos Aurunca flexit alumnus:
Si vacat, et placidi rationem admittitis, edam."
Juv. Sat. I.

(5) The first edition of the Satire opened with this line; and Lord Byron's original intention was to prefix the following

"Argument.

"The poet considereth times past, and their poesy—makes a sudden transition to times present—is incensed against book-makers—revileth Walter Scott for cupidity and ballad-mongering, with notable remarks on Master Southey—complaineth that Master Southey hath inflicted three poems, epic and otherwise, on the public—inveigheth against William Wordsworth, but lauderh Mister Coleridge and his elegy on a young ass—is disposed to vituperate Mr. Lewis—and greatly rebuketh Thomas Little (the late) and the Lord Strangford—recommendeth Mr. Hayley to turn his attention to prose—and exhorteth the Moravians to glorify Mr. Grahame—sympathiseth with the Reverend —— Bowles—and deploreth the melancholy fate of James Montgomery—breaketh out into invective against the Edinburgh Reviewers—calleth them hard names, harpies and the like—apostrophiseth Jeffrey, and prophesieth.—Episode of Jeffrey and Moore, their jeopardy and deliverance; portents on the morn of the combat; the Tweed, Tolbooth, Frith of Forth, severally shocked; descent of a goddess to save Jeffrey; incorporation of the bullets with his sinciput and occiput.—Edinburgh Reviewers *en masse*; Lord Aberdeen, Herbert, Scott, Hallam, Pillans, Lambe, Sydney Smith, Brougham, etc.—The Lord Holland applauded for dinners and translations.—The Drama; Skeffington, Hook, Reynolds, Kenney, Cherry, etc.—Sheridan, Colman, and Cumberland called upon to write.—Return to poesy—scribblers of all sorts—Lords sometimes rhyme; much better not—Hafiz, Rosa Matilda, and X. Y. Z.—Rogers, Campbell, Gifford, etc., true poets—Translators of the Greek Anthology—Crabbe—Darwin's style—Cambridge—Seatonian Prize—Smythe—Hodgson—Oxford—Richards—Poeta loquitur—Conclusion."—L. E.

(6) When Lord Byron, in the autumn of 1808, was occupied upon this Satire, he devoted a considerable portion of his time to a deep study of the writings of Pope, and from that period may be dated his enthusiastic admiration of this great poet.—L. E.

(7) "One of my notions is, that the present is not a high age of English poetry. There are *more* poets (soi-disant) than ever there were, and proportionately *less* poetry. This thesis I have maintained for some years; but, strange to say, it meeteth not with favour from my brethren of the shell." *Diary*, 1821.—L. E.

In turns appear, to make the vulgar stare,
Till the swoln bubble bursts—and all is air!
Nor less new schools of poetry arise,
Where dull pretenders grapple for the prize;
O'er taste awhile these pseudo-bards prevail;
Each country book-club bows the knee to Baal,
And, hurling lawful genius from the throne,
Erects a shrine and idol of its own; (1)
Some leaden calf—but whom it matters not,
From soaring Southey down to grovelling Stott.(2)

Behold! in various throngs the scribbling crew,
For notice eager, pass in long review:
Each spurs his jaded Pegasus apace,
And rhyme and blank maintain an equal race;
Sonnets on sonnets crowd, and ode on ode;
And tales of terror jostle on the road;
Immeasurable measures move along;
For simpering folly loves a varied song,
To strange mysterious dulness still the friend,
Admires the strain she cannot comprehend.
Thus Lays of Minstrels(3)—may they be the last!—
On half-strung harps whine mournful to the blast.
While mountain spirits prate to river sprites,
That dames may listen to the sound at nights;
And goblin brats, of Gilpin Horner's brood,
Decoy young border-nobles through the wood,
And skip at every step, Lord knows how high,
And frighten foolish babes, the Lord knows why;
While high-born ladies in their magic cell,
Forbidding knights to read who cannot spell,
Despatch a courier to a wizard's grave,
And fight with honest men to shield a knave.

Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan,
The golden-crested haughty Marmion,
Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,
Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight,
The gibbet or the field prepared to grace;
A mighty mixture of the great and base.
And think'st thou, Scott!(4) by vain conceit perchance,
On public taste to foist thy stale romance,
Though Murray with his Miller may combine
To yield thy muse just half-a-crown per line?
No! when the sons of song descend to trade,
Their bays are sear, their former laurels fade.
Let such forego the poet's sacred name,
Who rack their brains for lucre, (5) not for fame:

(1) "With regard to poetry in general, I am convinced that we are all upon a wrong revolutionary poetical system, not worth a damn in itself, and from which none but Rogers and Crabbe are free. I am the more confirmed in this by having lately gone over some of our classics, particularly Pope, whom I tried in this way:—I took Moore's poems, and my own, and some others, and went over them side by side with Pope's, and I was really astonished and mortified at the ineffable distance, in point of sense, learning, effect, and even imagination, passion, and invention, between the little Queen Anne's man, and us of the Lower Empire. Depend upon it, it is all Horace then, and Claudian now, among us; and if I had to begin again, I would mould myself accordingly." *Diary*, 1817.—L. E.

(2) Stott, better known in the *Morning Post* by the name of Hafiz. This personage is at present the most profound explorer of the bathos. I remember, when the reigning family left Portugal, a special Ode of Master Stott's, beginning thus:—(*Stott loquitur quoad Hibernia*),

"Princely offspring of Braganza,
Erin greets thee with a stanza," etc.

Also a Sonnet to Rats, well worthy of the subject, and a most thundering Ode, commencing as follows:—

"Oh! for a lay! loud as the surge
That lashes Lapland's sounding shore."

—Lord have mercy on us! the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* was nothing to this.

(3) See the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, passim. Never was any plan so incongruous and absurd as the groundwork of this production. The entrance of Thunder and Lightning, prologuising to Bayes' tragedy, unfortunately takes away the merit of originality from the dialogue between Messieurs the Spirits of Flood and Fell in the first canto. Then we have the amiable William of Deloraine, "a stark moss-trooper," *videlicet*, a happy compound of poacher, sheep-stealer, and highwayman. The propriety of his magical lady's injunction not to read can only be equalled by his candid acknowledgment of his independence of the trammels of spelling, although, to use his own elegant phrase, "'t was his neck-verse at Harribee," *i. e.* the gallows. The biography of Gilpin Horner, and the marvellous pedestrian page, who travelled twice as fast as his master's horse, without the aid of seven-leagued boots, are *chefs d'œuvre* in the improvement of taste. For incident we have the invisible, but by no means sparing, box on the ear bestowed on the page, and the entrance of a knight and charger into the castle, under the very natural disguise of a wain of hay. Marmion, the hero of the latter romance, is exactly what William of Deloraine would have been, had he been able to read and write. The poem was manufactured for Messrs. Constable, Murray, and Miller, worshipful booksellers, in consideration of the receipt of a sum of money; and truly, considering the inspiration, it is a very creditable production. If Mr. Scott will write for hire, let him do his best for his paymasters, but not disgrace his genius, which is undoubtedly great, by a repetition of black-letter ballad imitations.

(4) "When Byron wrote his famous satire, I had my share of flagellation among my betters. My crime was having written a poem for a thousand pounds; which was no otherwise true, than that I sold the copyright for that sum. Now, not to mention that an author can hardly be censured for accepting such a sum as the booksellers are willing to give him, especially as the gentlemen of the trade made no complaints of their bargain, I thought the interference with my private affairs was rather beyond the limits of literary satire. I was, however, so far from having any thing to do with the offensive criticism in the *Edinburgh*, that I remonstrated against it with the editor, because I thought the *Hours of Idleness* treated with undue severity. They were written, like all juvenile poetry, rather from the recollection of what had pleased the author in others, than what had been suggested by his own imagination; but, nevertheless, I thought they contained passages of noble promise." *Sir Walter Scott*.—L. E.

On this subject Lord Byron, at a later period, altered his opinion considerably. On one occasion he writes thus to Mr. Murray:—"I see no reason why a man should not profit by the sweat of his brain, as well as that of his brow," etc.—P. E.

(5) Lord Byron, as is well known, set out with the determination never to receive money for his writings. For the liberty to republish this satire, he refused four hundred guineas; and the money paid for the copyright of the first and second canto of *Childe Harold*, and of the *Corsair*, he presented to Mr. Dallas. In 1816, to a letter enclosing a draft of 1,000 guineas, offered by Mr. Murray for the *Siege of Corinth* and *Parisina*, the noble poet sent this answer:—"Your offer is liberal in the extreme, and much more than the two poems can possibly be worth—but I cannot accept it, nor will not. You are most welcome to them, as additions to the collected volumes, without any demand or expectation on my part whatever. I have enclosed your draft torn, for fear of accidents by the way. I wish you would not throw temptation in mine; it is not from a disdain of the universal idol—nor from a present superfluity of his treasures—I can assure you, that I refuse to worship him; but what is right is right, and must not yield to circumstances." The poet was afterwards induced, at Mr. Murray's earnest persuasion, to accept the thousand guineas. The subjoined statement of the sums paid by him,

Still for stern Mammon may they toil in vain!
And sadly gaze on gold they cannot gain!
Such be their meed, such still the just reward
Of prostituted muse and hireling bard!
For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,
And bid a long "good night to Marmion." (1)

These are the themes that claim our plaudits now;
These are the bards to whom the muse must bow!
While Milton, Dryden, Pope, alike forgot,
Resign their hallow'd bays to Walter Scott.

The time has been, when yet the muse was young,
When Homer swept the lyre, and Maro sung,
An epic scarce ten centuries could claim,
While awe-struck nations hail'd the magic name:
The work of each immortal bard appears
The single wonder of a thousand years: (2)
Empires have moulder'd from the face of earth,
Tongues have expired with those who gave them birth,
Without the glory such a strain can give
As even in ruin bids the language live.
Not so with us, though minor bards, content,
On one great work a life of labour spent:
With eagle pinion soaring to the skies,
Behold the ballad-monger Southey rise!
To him let Camoëns, Milton, Tasso yield,
Whose annual strains, like armies, take the field.
First in the ranks see Joan of Arc advance,
The scourge of England and the boast of France!
Though burnt by wicked Bedford for a witch,
Behold her statue placed in glory's niche;
Her fetters burst, and just released from prison,
A virgin phœnix from her ashes risen.
Next see tremendous Thalaba come on, (3)
Arabia's monstrous, wild, and wondrous son; (4)
Domdaniel's dread destroyer, who o'erthrew
More mad magicians than the world e'er knew.
Immortal hero! all thy foes o'ercome,
For ever reign—the rival of Tom Thumb!
Since startled metre fled before thy face,
Well wert thou doom'd the last of all thy race!
Well might triumphant genii bear thee hence,
Illustrious conqueror of common sense!
Now, last and greatest, Madoc spreads his sails,
Cacique in Mexico, and prince in Wales;
Tells us strange tales, as other travellers do,
More old than Mandeville's, and not so true.
Oh, Southey! Southey! (5) cease thy varied song!
A bard may chant too often and too long:
As thou art strong in verse, in mercy, spare!
A fourth, alas! were more than we could bear.
But if, in spite of all the world can say,
Thou still wilt verseward plod thy weary way;
If still in Berkley ballads most uncivil,
Thou wilt devote old women to the devil, (6)
The babe unborn thy dread intent may rue:
"God help thee," Southey, (7) and thy readers too! (8)

at various times, to Lord Byron for copyright, may be considered a bibliopolic curiosity:—

Childe Harold, I. II.	£ 600
——— III.	1,575
——— IV.	2,100
Giaour	525
Bride of Abydos	525
Corsair	525
Lara	700
Siege of Corinth	525
Parisina	525
Lament of Tasso	315
Manfred	315
Beppo	525
Don Juan, I. II.	1,525
——— III. IV. V.	1,525
Doge of Venice	1,050
Sardanapalus, Cain, and Foscari	1,100
Mazeppa	525
Prisoner of Chillon	525
Sundries	450
Hours of Idleness, English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, Hints from Horace, Werner, Deformed Transformed, Heaven and Earth, etc.	3,885
Life by Thomas Moore	4,200
—L. E.	£23,540

(1) "Good night to Marmion"—the pathetic and also prophetic exclamation of Henry Blount, Esquire, on the death of honest Marmion.

[Notwithstanding these harsh lines, Byron has, in many passages of his poems and journals, evinced his profound regard and veneration for the character and talents of Sir Walter Scott, whom he elsewhere designates as "the Monarch of Parnassus and most English of Bards," and in *Childe Harold*, canto iv., stanza 40, his Lordship pays a well-merited compliment to his gifted friend, styling him

"the minstrel who called forth
A new creation with his magic line,
And, like the Ariosto of the north,
Sang ladye love and war, romance and knightly worth."—P. E.]

(2) As the *Odyssey* is so closely connected with the story of the *Iliad*, they may almost be classed as one grand historical poem. In alluding to Milton and Tasso, we consider the *Paradise Lost*, and *Gerusalemme Liberata*, as their standard efforts; since neither the *Jerusalem Conquered* of the Italian, nor the *Paradise Regained* of the English bard, obtained a proportionate celebrity to their former poems. Query: Which of Mr. Southey's will survive?

(3) *Thalaba*, Mr. Southey's second poem, is written in open defiance of precedent and poetry. Mr. S. wished to produce something novel, and succeeded to a miracle. *Joan of Arc* was marvellous enough, but *Thalaba* was one of those poems "which," in the words of Porson, "will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten, but *not till then*."

(4) "Of Thalaba, the wild and wondrous song."—*Madoc*.—L. E.

(5) We beg Mr. Southey's pardon: "*Madoc* disdains the degrading title of epic." See his preface. Why is epic degraded? and by whom? Certainly the late romaunts of Masters Cottle, Laureat Pye, Ogylvy, Hoole, and gentle Mistress Cowley, have not exalted the epic muse; but as Mr. Southey's poem "disdains the appellation," allow us to ask—has he substituted any thing better in its stead? or must he be content to rival Sir Richard Blackmore in the quantity as well as quality of his verse?

(6) See *The Old Woman of Berkley*, a ballad, by Mr. Southey, wherein an aged gentlewoman is carried away by Beelzebub, on a "high-trotting horse."

(7) The last line, "God help thee," is an evident plagiarism from the *Anti-jacobin* to Mr. Southey, on his Dactylics.—[Lord Byron here alludes to Mr. Gifford's parody on Mr. Southey's Dactylics, which ends thus:—

"Ne'er talk of ears again! look at thy spelling-book;
Dilworth and Dyche are both mad at thy quantities—
Dactylics, call'st thou 'em? God help thee! silly one."—L. E.]

(8) Lord Byron, on being introduced to Mr. Southey in 1813, at Holland House, describes him "as the best-looking bard he had seen for a long time."—"To have that poet's head and shoulders, I would," he says, "almost have written his Sapphics. He is certainly a prepossessing person to look on, a man of talent, and all that, and there is his eulogy." In his Journal, of the same year, he says—"Southey I have not seen much of. His appearance is *epic*, and he is the only existing entire man of letters. All the others have some pursuit annexed to their authorship. His manners are mild, but not those of a man of the world, and his talents of the first order. His prose is perfect. Of his poetry there are various opinions: there is, perhaps, too much of it for the present generation—posterity will probably select. He

Next comes the dull disciple of thy school,
That mild apostate from poetic rule,
The simple Wordsworth, framer of a lay
As soft as evening in his favourite May, (1)
Who warns his friend "to shake off toil and trouble,
And quit his books, for fear of growing double;" (2)
Who, both by precept and example, shows
That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose;
Convincing all, by demonstration plain,
Poetic souls delight in prose insane;
And Christmas stories, tortured into rhyme,
Contain the essence of the true sublime.
Thus, when he tells the tale of Betty Foy,
The idiot mother of "an idiot boy;"
A moon-struck silly lad, who lost his way,
And, like his bard, confounded night with day; (3)
So close on each pathetic part he dwells,
And each adventure so sublimely tells,
That all who view the "idiot in his glory"
Conceive the bard the hero of the story.

Shall gentle Coleridge pass unnoticed here,
To turgid ode and tumid stanza dear?
Though themes of innocence amuse him best,
Yet still obscurity's a welcome guest.
If Inspiration should her aid refuse
To him who takes a pixy for a muse, (4)
Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass
The bard who soars to elegize an ass.
So well the subject suits his noble mind,
He brays, (5) the laureat of the long-ear'd kind. (6)

Oh! wonder-working Lewis! (7) monk, or bard,
Who fain wouldst make Parnassus a church-yard!
Lo! wreaths of yew, not laurel, bind thy brow,
Thy muse a sprite, Apollo's sexton thou!
Whether on ancient tombs thou takest thy stand,
By gibbering spectres hail'd, thy kindred band;
Or tracest chaste descriptions on thy page,
To please the females of our modest age;
All hail, M.P.! (8) from whose infernal brain
Thin sheeted phantoms glide, a grisly train!
At whose command "grim women" throng in crowds,
And kings of fire, of water, and of clouds,
With "small grey men," "wild yagers," and what not,
To crown with honour thee and Walter Scott;
Again all hail! if tales like thine may please,
St. Luke alone can vanquish the disease;
Even Satan's self with thee might dread to dwell,
And in thy skull discern a deeper hell.

Who in soft guise, surrounded by a choir
Of virgins melting, not to Vesta's fire,
With sparkling eyes, and cheek by passion flush'd,
Strikes his wild lyre, whilst listening dames are hush'd?
'T is Little! young Catullus of his day,
As sweet, but as immoral, in his lay!
Grieved to condemn, (9) the muse must still be just,
Nor spare melodious advocates of lust.
Pure is the flame which o'er her altar burns;
From grosser incense with disgust she turns:
Yet kind to youth, this expiation o'er,
She bids thee "mend thy line, and sin no more." (10)

has passages equal to any thing. At present, he has a *party*, but no public—except for his prose writings. His *Life of Nelson* is beautiful." Elsewhere, and later, Lord B. pronounces Southey's *Don Roderick*, "the first poem of our time."—L. E.

(1) "*Unjust*."—B. 1816. L. E.

(2) *Lyrical Ballads*, p. 4.—"The Tables Turned." Stanza I.

"Up, up, my friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?
Up, up, my friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double."

(3) Mr W., in his preface, labours hard to prove that prose and verse are much the same; and certainly his precepts and practice are strictly conformable:—

"And thus to Betty's questions he
Made answer, like a traveller bold,
The cock did crow, to-whoo, to-whoo,
And the sun did shine so cold," etc. etc. p. 139.

(4) Coleridge's *Poems*, p. 11. *Songs of the Pixies*, i. e. Devonshire fairies; p. 42, we have, *Lines to a young Lady*; and p. 52, *Lines to a young Ass*.

(5) Thus altered by Lord Byron, in his last revision of the satire. In all former editions the line stood,

"A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."—L. E.

(6) "*Unjust*." B. 1816.—In a letter to Mr. Coleridge, written in 1815, Lord Byron says,—"You mention my 'Satire,' lampoon, or whatever you or others please to call it. I can only say, that it was written when I was very young and very angry, and has been a thorn in my side ever since; more particularly as almost all the persons animadverted upon became subsequently my acquaintances, and some of them my friends; which is 'heaping fire upon an enemy's head,' and forgiving me too readily to permit me to forgive myself. The part applied to you is pert, and petulant, and shallow enough; but, although I have long done every thing in my power to suppress the circulation of the whole thing, I shall always regret the wantonness or generality of many of its attempted attacks."—L. E.

(7) Matthew Gregory Lewis, Esq. M.P. for Hindon, never distinguished himself in Parliament, but, mainly in consequence of the clever use he made of his knowledge of the German language, then a rare accomplishment, attracted much notice in the literary world, at a very early period of his life. His *Tales of Terror*; the drama of the *Castle Spectre*; and the romance called the *Bravo of Venice* (which is, however, little more than a version from the Swiss *Zschocke*); but above all, the libidinous and impious novel of *The Monk*, invested the name of Lewis with an extraordinary degree of celebrity, during the poor period which intervened between the obscuration of Cowper, and the full display of Sir Walter Scott's talents in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*,—a period which is sufficiently characterized by the fact, that Hayley then passed for a Poet. Next to that solemn coxcomb, Lewis was for several years the fashionable versifier of his time; but his plagiarisms, perhaps more audacious than had ever before been resorted to by a man of real talents, were by degrees unveiled, and writers of greater original genius, as well as of purer taste and morals, successively emerging, *Monk Lewis*, dying young, had already outlived his reputation. In society he was to the last a favourite; and Lord Byron, who had become well acquainted with him during his experience of London life, thus notices his death, which occurred at sea in 1818:—"Lewis was a good man, a clever man, but a bore. My only revenge or consolation used to be setting him by the ears with some vivacious person who hated bores especially,—Madame de Staël or Hobhouse, for example. But I liked Lewis; he was the jewel of a man, had he been better set; I don't mean *personally*, but less *tiresome*, for he was tedious, as well as contradictory, to every thing and every body. Poor fellow! he died a martyr to his new riches—of a second visit to Jamaica:—

"I'd give the lands of Deloraine,
Dark Musgrave were alive again!"

That is,—

"I would give many a sugar cane,
Mat Lewis were alive again!"—L. E.

(8) "For every one knows little Matt's an M.P."—See a poem to Mr. Lewis, in *The Statesman*, supposed to be written by Mr. Jekyll.

(9) In very early life, *Little's Poems* were Lord Byron's favourite study. "Heigho!" he exclaims in 1820, in a letter to Moore, "I believe all the mischief I have ever done, or sung, has been owing to that confounded book of yours."—L. E.

(10) In the original manuscript, the words were—"mend thy *life*," but the poet subsequently adopted *line*.—See *Dallas*.—L. E.

For thee, translator of the tinsel song,
To whom such glittering ornaments belong,
Hibernian Strangford! with thine eyes of blue, (1)
And boasted locks of red or auburn hue,
Whose plaintive strain each love-sick miss admires,
And o'er harmonious fustian half expires,
Learn, if thou canst, to yield thine author's sense,
Nor vend thy sonnets on a false pretence.
Think'st thou to gain thy verse a higher place,
By dressing Camoëns (2) in a suit of lace?
Mend, Strangford! mend thy morals and thy taste;
Be warm, but pure; be amorous, but be chaste:
Cease to deceive; thy pilfer'd harp restore,
Nor teach the Lusian bard to copy Moore.

Behold!—ye tarts! one moment spare the text—
Hayley's last work, and worst—until his next;
Whether he spin poor couplets into plays,
Or damn the dead with purgatorial praise,
His style in youth or age is still the same,
For ever feeble and for ever tame.
Triumphant, first, see *Temper's Triumphs* shine!
At least I 'm sure they triumph'd over mine.
Of *Music's Triumphs*, all who read may swear
That luckless music never triumph'd there. (3)

Moravians, rise! bestow some meet reward
On dull devotion—Lo! the Sabbath bard,
Sepulchral Grahame, (4) pours his notes sublime
In mangled prose, nor e'en aspires to rhyme;
Breaks into blank the Gospel of St. Luke,
And boldly pilfers from the Pentateuch;
And, undisturb'd by conscientious qualms,
Perverts the Prophets, and purloins the Psalms.

Hail, Sympathy! thy soft idea brings (5)
A thousand visions of a thousand things,
And shows, still whimpering through threescore of years,
The maudlin prince of mournful sonneteers.
And art thou not their prince, harmonious Bowles!
Thou first great oracle of tender souls?
Whether thou sing'st, with equal ease and grief,
The fall of empires, or a yellow leaf;
Whether thy muse most lamentably tells
What merry sounds proceed from Oxford bells, (6)
Or, still in bells delighting, finds a friend
In every chime that jingled from Ostend;
Ah! how much juster were thy muse's hap
If to thy bells thou wouldst but add a cap!
Delightful Bowles! still blessing and still blest,
All love thy strain, but children like it best.
'T is thine, with gentle Little's moral song,
To soothe the mania of the amorous throng!
With thee our nursery damsels shed their tears,
Ere miss as yet completes her infant years:
But in her teens thy whining powers are vain;
She quits poor Bowles for Little's purer strain.
Now to soft themes thou scornest to confine
The lofty numbers of a harp like thine;
"Awake a louder and a loftier strain," (7)
Such as none heard before, or will again!
Where all Discoveries jumbled from the flood,
Since first the leaky ark reposed in mud,
By more or less, are sung in every book,
From Captain Noah down to Captain Cook.
Nor this alone; but, pausing on the road,
The bard sighs forth a gentle episode; (8)
And gravely tells—attend, each beauteous miss!—
When first Madeira trembled to a kiss.
Bowles! in thy memory let this precept dwell,
Stick to thy sonnets, man!—at least they sell. (9)
But if some new-born whim, or larger bribe,
Prompt thy crude brain, and claim thee for a scribe;

(1) The reader, who may wish for an explanation of this, may refer to *Strangford's Camoëns*, p. 127, note to p. 56; or to the last page of the *Edinburgh Review* of *Strangford's Camoëns*.

(2) It is also to be remarked, that the things given to the public as poems of Camoëns are no more to be found in the original Portuguese than in the Song of Solomon.

(3) Hayley's two most notorious verse productions are *Triumphs of Temper*, and *The Triumphs of Music*. He has also written much comedy in rhyme, epistles, etc. etc. As he is rather an elegant writer of notes and biography, let us recommend Pope's advice to Wycherley to Mr. H.'s consideration, viz. "to convert his poetry into prose," which may be easily done by taking away the final syllable of each couplet.—[The only performance for which Hayley is now remembered is his *Life of Cowper*. His personal history has been sketched by Mr. Southey in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. xxxi. p. 263.—L. E.]

(4) Mr. Grahame has poured forth two volumes of cant, under the name of *Sabbath Walks*, and *Biblical Pictures*. [This very amiable man, and pleasing poet, published subsequently, *The Birds of Scotland*, and other pieces; but his reputation rests on his *Sabbath*. He began life as an advocate at the Edinburgh bar; but he had little success there, and, being of a melancholy and very devout temperament, entered into holy orders, and retired to a curacy near Durham, where he died in 1811.—L. E.]

(5) Immediately before this line, we find, in the original manuscript, the following, which Lord Byron good-naturedly consented to omit, at the request of Mr. Dallas, who was, no doubt, a friend of the scribbler they refer to:—

"In verse most stale, unprofitable, flat,
Come, let us change the scene, and '*glean*' with Pratt;
In him an author's luckless lot behold,
Condemn'd to make the books which once he sold:
Degraded man! again resume thy trade—
The votaries of the Muse are ill repaid,
Though daily puffs once more invite to buy
A new edition of thy *Sympathy*."

To which this note was appended:—"Mr. Pratt, once a Bath bookseller, now a London author, has written as much, to as little purpose, as any of his scribbling contemporaries. Mr. P.'s *Sympathy* is in rhyme; but his prose productions are the most voluminous." The more popular of these last were entitled *Gleanings*.—L. E.

(6) See Bowles's *Sonnet to Oxford*, and *Stanzas on hearing the Bells of Ostend*.

(7) "Awake a louder," etc., is the first line in Bowles' *Spirit of Discovery*; a very spirited and pretty dwarf-epic. Among other exquisite lines we have the following:—

"A kiss
Stole on the list'ning silence, never yet
Here heard; they trembled even as if the power," etc. etc.

That is, the woods of Madeira trembled to a kiss; very much astonished, as well they might be, at such a phenomenon.—["Misquoted and misunderstood by me; but not intentionally. It was not the 'woods,' but the people in them who trembled—why, Heaven only knows—unless they were overheard making the prodigious smack." B. 1816.—L. E.]

(8) The episode above alluded to is the story of "Robert a Machin" and "Anna d'Arfet," a pair of constant lovers, who performed the kiss above mentioned, that startled the woods of Madeira.

(9) "Although," says Lord Byron, in 1821, "I regret having published *English Bards*, the part which I regret the least is that which regards Mr. Bowles, with reference to Pope. Whilst I was writing that publication, in 1807 and 1808, Mr. Hobhouse was desirous that I should express our mutual opinion of Pope, and of Mr. Bowles's edition of his works. As I had completed my outline, and felt lazy, I requested that *he* would do so. He did it. His fourteen lines on Bowles's *Pope* are in the first edition of *English Bards*, and are quite as severe, and much more poetical, than my own, in the second. On reprinting the work, as I

If chance some bard, though once by dunces fear'd,
Now, prone in dust, can only be revered;
If Pope, whose fame and genius, from the first,
Have foil'd the best of critics, needs the worst,
Do thou essay: each fault, each failing scan;
The first of poets was, alas! but man.
Rake from each ancient dunghill every pearl,
Consult Lord Fanny, and confide in Curll; (1)
Let all the scandals of a former age
Perch on thy pen, and flutter o'er thy page;
Affect a candour which thou canst not feel,
Clothe envy in the garb of honest zeal;
Write, as if St. John's soul could still inspire,
And do from hate what Mallet (2) did for hire.
Oh! hadst thou lived in that congenial time,
To rave with Dennis, and with Ralph to rhyme; (3)
Throng'd with the rest around his living head,
Not raised thy hoof against the lion dead; (4)
A meet reward had crown'd thy glorious gains,
And link'd thee to the *Dunciad* for thy pains. (5)

Another epic! Who inflicts again
More books of blank upon the sons of men?
Bœotian Cottle, rich Bristowa's boast,
Imports old stories from the Cambrian coast,
And sends his goods to market—all alive!
Lines forty thousand, cantos twenty-five!
Fresh fish from Helicon! (6) who'll buy! who'll buy?
The precious bargain's cheap—in faith, not I.
Your turtle-feeder's verse must needs be flat,
Though Bristol bloat him with the verdant fat;
If Commerce fills the purse, she clogs the brain,
And Amos Cottle strikes the lyre in vain.
In him an author's luckless lot behold,
Condemn'd to make the books which once he sold.

Oh, Amos Cottle!—Phœbus! what a name
To fill the speaking-trump of future fame!—
Oh, Amos Cottle! for a moment think
What meagre profits spring from pen and ink!
When thus devoted to poetic dreams,
Who will peruse thy prostituted reams?
O pen perverted! paper misapplied!
Had Cottle (7) still adorn'd the counter's side,
Bent o'er the desk, or, born to useful toils,
Been taught to make the paper which he soils,
Plough'd, delved, or plied the oar with lusty limb,
He had not sung of Wales, nor I of him. (8)

As Sisyphus against the infernal steep
Rolls the huge rock whose motions ne'er may sleep,
So up thy hill, ambrosial Richmond, heaves
Dull Maurice (9) all his granite weight of leaves:
Smooth solid monuments of mental pain!
The petrifactions of a plodding brain,
That, ere they reach the top, fall lumbering back again.

With broken lyre, and cheek serenely pale,
Lo! sad Alcæus wanders down the vale;
Tho' fair they rose, and might have bloom'd at last,
His hopes have perish'd by the northern blast:
Nipp'd in the bud by Caledonian gales,
His blossoms wither as the blast prevails!
O'er his lost works let *classic* Sheffield weep;
May no rude hand disturb their early sleep! (10)

Yet say! why should the bard at once resign
His claim to favour from the sacred nine?
For ever startled by the mingled howl
Of northern wolves, that still in darkness prowl;
A coward brood, which mangle as they prey,
By hellish instinct, all that cross their way;

put my name to it, I omitted Mr. Hobhouse's lines, by which the work gained less than Mr. Bowles."—[The following are the lines written by Mr. Hobhouse:—

"Stick to thy sonnets, man!—at least they sell.
Or take the only path that open lies
For modern worthies who would hope to rise:
Fix on some well-known name, and, bit by bit,
Pare off the merits of his worth and wit;
On each alike employ the critic's knife,
And, when a comment fails, prefix a life;
Hint certain failings, faults before unknown,
Review forgotten lies, and add your own;
Let no disease, let no misfortune, 'scape,
And print, if luckily deform'd, his shape:
Thus shall the world, quite undeceived at last,
Cleave to their present wits, and quit their past;
Bards once revered no more with favour view,
But give to modern sonneteers their due;
Thus with the dead may living merit cope,
Thus Bowles may triumph o'er the shade of Pope."—L. E.]

(1) Curll is one of the heroes of the *Dunciad*, and was a bookseller. Lord Fanny is the poetical name of Lord Hervey, author of *Lines to the Imitator of Horace*.

(2) Lord Bolingbroke hired Mallet to traduce Pope after his decease, because the poet had retained some copies of a work by Lord Bolingbroke—*The Patriot King*—which that splendid but malignant, genius had ordered to be destroyed.—["Bolingbroke's thirst of vengeance," says Dr. Johnson, "incited him to blast the memory of the man over whom he had wept in his last struggles; and he employed Mallet, another friend of Pope, to tell the tale to the public, with all its aggravations."—L. E.]

(3) Dennis the critic, and Ralph the rhymester:—

"Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
Making night hideous: answer him, ye owls!"—*Dunciad*.

(4) See Bowles's late edition of *Pope's Works*, for which he received three hundred pounds. Thus Mr. B. has experienced how much easier it is to profit by the reputation of another than to elevate his own.

(5) Lord Byron's MS. note of 1816 on this passage is,—"Too savage all this on Bowles:" and well might he say so. That venerable person is still living; and in spite of all the criticism to which his injudicious edition of *Pope* exposed him afterwards, there can be no doubt that Lord B., in his calmer moments, did justice to that exquisite poetical genius which, by their own confession, originally inspired both Wordsworth and Coleridge.—L. E.

(6) "Fresh fish from Helicon!"—"Helicon" is a mountain, and not a fish-pond. It should have been "Hippocrene." B. 1816.—L. E.

(7) Mr. Cottle, Amos, Joseph, I don't know which, but one or both, once sellers of books they did not write, and now writers of books they do not sell, have published a pair of epics—*Alfred*,—(poor Alfred! Pye has been at him too!)—*Alfred*, and the *Fall of Cambria*.

(8) Here Lord B. notes in 1816:—"All right. I saw some letters of this fellow (Joseph Cottle) to an unfortunate poetess, whose productions, which the poor woman by no means thought vainly of, he attacked so roughly and bitterly, that I could hardly resist assailing him, even were it unjust, which it is not—for verily he is an ass." B. 1816.—[The same person has had the honour to be recorded in the *Anti-jacobin*, probably by Canning:—

"And Cottle, not he who that *Alfred* made famous,
But Joseph, of Bristol, the brother of Amos."—L. E.]

(9) Mr. Maurice hath manufactured the component parts of a ponderous quarto, upon the beauties of *Richmond Hill*, and the like; it also takes in a charming view of Turnham Green, Hammersmith, Brentford, Old and New, and the parts adjacent.—[The Rev. Thomas Maurice also wrote *Westminster Abbey*, and other poems, the *History of Ancient and Modern Hindostan*, etc. and his own *Memoirs, comprehending Anecdotes of Literary Characters, during a period of thirty years*;—a very amusing piece of autobiography. He died in 1824, at his apartments in the British Museum; where he had been for some years assistant keeper of MSS.—L. E.]

(10) Poor Montgomery, though praised by every English Review, has been bitterly reviled by the *Edinburgh*. After all, the bard of Sheffield is a man of considerable genius. His *Wanderer of Switzerland* is worth a thousand *Lyrical Ballads*, and at least fifty "degraded epics."

Aged or young, the living or the dead,
No mercy find — these harpies (1) must be fed.
Why do the injured unresisting yield
The calm possession of their native field?
Why tamely thus before their fangs retreat,
Nor hunt the bloodhounds back to Arthur's Seat? (2)

Health to immortal Jeffrey! (3) once, in name,
England could boast a judge almost the same;
In soul so like, so merciful, yet just,
Some think that Satan has resign'd his trust,
And given the spirit to the world again,
To sentence letters, as he sentenced men.
With hand less mighty, but with heart as black,
With voice as willing to decree the rack;
Bred in the courts betimes, though all that law
As yet hath taught him is to find a flaw;
Since well instructed, in the patriot school,
To rail at party, though a party tool,
Who knows, if chance his patrons should restore
Back to the sway they forfeited before,
His scribbling toils some recompense may meet,
And raise this Daniel to the judgment-seat? (4)
Let Jeffries' shade indulge the pious hope,
And greeting thus, present him with a rope:
"Heir to my virtues! man of equal mind!
Skill'd to condemn as to traduce mankind,
This cord receive, for thee reserved with care,
To wield in judgment, and at length to wear."

Health to great Jeffrey! Heaven preserve his life,
To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife,
And guard it sacred in its future wars,
Since authors sometimes seek the field of Mars!
Can none remember that eventful day, (5)
That ever-glorious, almost fatal, fray,
When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,
And Bow-street myrmidons stood laughing by? (6)
Oh, day disastrous! On her firm-set rock,
Dunedin's castle felt a secret shock;
Dark roll'd the sympathetic waves of Forth,
Low groan'd the startled whirlwinds of the north;
Tweed ruffled half his waves to form a tear, (7)
The other half pursued its calm career; (8)
Arthur's steep summit nodded to its base,
The surly Tolbooth scarcely kept her place.
The Tolbooth felt — for marble sometimes can,
On such occasions, feel as much as man —
The Tolbooth felt defrauded of his charms,
If Jeffrey died, except within her arms: (9)
Nay last, not least, on that portentous morn,
The sixteenth story, where himself was born,
His patrimonial garret, fell to ground,
And pale Edina shudder'd at the sound: [reams,
Strew'd were the streets around with milk-white
Flow'd all the Canongate with inky streams;
This of his candour seem'd the sable dew,
That of his valour show'd the bloodless hue;
And all with justice deem'd the two combined
The mingled emblems of his mighty mind.
But Caledonia's goddess hover'd o'er
The field, and saved him from the wrath of Moore;
From either pistol snatch'd the vengeful lead,
And straight restored it to her favourite's head:
That head, with greater than magnetic power,
Caught it, as Danaë caught the golden shower,
And, though the thickening dross will scarce refine,
Augments its ore, and is itself a mine.
"My son," she cried, "ne'er thirst for gore again,
Resign the pistol, and resume the pen;
O'er politics and poesy preside,
Boast of thy country, and Britannia's guide!
For long as Albion's heedless sons submit,
Or Scottish taste decides on English wit,
So long shall last thine unmolested reign,
Nor any dare to take thy name in vain.
Behold! a chosen band shall aid thy plan,
And own thee chieftain of the critic clan.
First in the oat-fed phalanx shall be seen
The travell'd thane, Athenian Aberdeen. (10)

(1) In a MS. critique on this satire, by the late Reverend William Crowe, public orator at Oxford, the incongruity of these metaphors is thus noticed:—"Within the space of three or four couplets he transforms a man into as many different animals: allow him but the compass of three lines, and he will metamorphose him from a wolf into a harpy, and in three more he will make him a bloodhound!" On seeing Mr. Crowe's remarks, Lord Byron desired Mr. Murray to substitute, in the copy in his possession, for "*hellish* instinct," "*brutal* instinct," for "*harpies*" "*felons*," and for "*blood-hounds*" "*hell-hounds*."—L. E.

(2) Arthur's Seat, the hill which overhangs Edinburgh.

(3) Mr. Jeffrey, who, after the first Number or two, succeeded the Rev. Sidney Smith in the editorship of the *Edinburgh Review*, retired from his critical post some little time before he was appointed Lord Advocate for Scotland: he is now (1834) a Lord of Session. "I have often, since my return to England," says Lord Byron (*Diary*, 1814), "heard Jeffrey most highly commended by those who knew him, for things independent of his talents. I admire him for *this*—not because he has praised me, but because he is, perhaps, the only man who, under the relations in which he and I stand, or stood, with regard to each other, would have had the liberality to act thus: none but a great soul dared hazard it—a little scribbler would have gone on cavilling to the end of the chapter."—L. E.

(4) "Too ferocious—this is mere insanity." B. 1816.—L. E.

(5) "All this is bad, because personal." B. 1816.—L. E.

(6) In 1806, Messrs. Jeffrey and Moore met at Chalk-Farm. The duel was prevented by the interference of the magistracy; and, on examination, the balls of the pistols, like the courage of the combatants, were found to have evaporated. This incident gave occasion to much waggery in the daily prints.

[The above note was struck out of the fifth edition, and the following, after being submitted to Mr. Moore, substituted in its place:—"I am informed that Mr. Moore published at the time a disavowal of the statements in the newspapers, as far as regarded himself; and, in justice to him, I mention this circumstance. As I never heard of it before, I cannot state the particulars, and was only made acquainted with the fact very lately. Nov. 4, 1811."—L. E.]

(7) In the original manuscript, the line was—

"Half Tweed combined his waves to form a tear."

Dallas.—P. E.

(8) The Tweed here behaved with proper decorum; it would have been highly reprehensible in the English half of the river to have shown the smallest symptom of apprehension.

(9) This display of sympathy on the part of the Tolbooth (the principal prison in Edinburgh), which truly seems to have been most affected on this occasion, is much to be commended. It was to be apprehended, that the many unhappy criminals executed in the front might have rendered the edifice more callous. She is said to be of the softer sex, because her delicacy of feeling on this day was truly feminine, though, like most feminine impulses, perhaps a little selfish.

(10) His lordship has been much abroad, is a member of the Athenian Society, and reviewer of Gell's *Topography of Troy*.—[George Hamilton Gordon, fourth Earl of Aberdeen, K.T., F.R.S., and P.S.A. In 1822, his Lordship published an *Inquiry into the Principles of Beauty in Grecian Architecture*.—L. E.]

Herbert shall wield Thor's hammer, (1) and sometimes,
In gratitude, thou'lt praise his rugged rhymes.
Smug Sydney, (2) too, thy bitter page shall seek,
And classic Hallam, (3) much renown'd for Greek;
Scott may perchance his name and influence lend,
And paltry Pillans (4) shall traduce his friend;
While gay Thalia's luckless votary, Lambe, (5)
Damn'd like the devil, devil-like will damn.
Known be thy name, unbounded be thy sway!
Thy Holland's banquets shall each toil repay;
While grateful Britain yields the praise she owes
To Holland's hirelings and to learning's foes.
Yet mark one caution ere thy next Review
Spread its light wings of saffron and of blue,
Beware lest blundering Brougham (6) destroy the sale,
Turn beef to bannocks, cauliflowers to kail."
Thus having said, the kilted goddess kiss'd
Her son, and vanish'd in a Scottish mist. (7)

Then prosper, Jeffrey! pertest of the train
Whom Scotland pampers with her fiery grain!
Whatever blessing waits a genuine Scot,
In double portion swells thy glorious lot;
For thee Edina culls her evening sweets,
And showers their odours on thy candid sheets,
Whose hue and fragrance to thy work adhere—
This scents its pages, and that gilds its rear. (8)
Lo! blushing Itch, coy nymph, enamour'd grown,
Forsakes the rest, and cleaves to thee alone;
And, too unjust to other Pictish men,
Enjoys thy person, and inspires thy pen! (9)

Illustrious Holland! hard would be his lot,
His hirelings mention'd, and himself forgot! (10)
Holland, with Henry Petty (11) at his back,
The whipper-in and huntsman of the pack.
Blest be the banquets spread at Holland House, (12)
Where Scotchmen feed, and critics may carouse!
Long, long beneath that hospitable roof
Shall Grub-street dine, while duns are kept aloof.
See honest Hallam lay aside his fork,
Resume his pen, review his Lordship's work,
And, grateful for the dainties on his plate,
Declare his landlord can at least translate! (13)

(1) Mr. Herbert is a translator of Icelandic and other poetry. One of the principal pieces is a *Song on the Recovery of Thor's Hammer:* the translation is a pleasant chant in the vulgar tongue, and endeth thus:—

"Instead of money and rings, I wot,
The hammer's bruises were her lot,
Thus Odin's son his hammer got."

[The Hon. William Herbert, brother to the Earl of Carnarvon. He also published, in 1811, *Helga*, a poem in seven cantos.—L. E.]

(2) The Rev. Sydney Smith, the reputed author of *Peter Plymley's Letters*, and sundry criticisms.—[Now (1834) one of the Canons Residentiary of St. Paul's, etc. etc. *Dyson's Address to his Constituents on the Reform Bill*, and many other pieces published anonymously, or pseudonomously, are generally ascribed to this eminently witty person, who has put forth nothing, it is believed, in his own name, except a volume of Sermons.—L. E.]

(3) Mr. Hallam reviewed Payne Knight's *Taste*, and was exceedingly severe on some Greek verses therein. It was not discovered that the lines were Pindar's till the press rendered it impossible to cancel the critique, which still stands an everlasting monument of Hallam's ingenuity.

Note added to second edition. The said Hallam is incensed because he is falsely accused, seeing that he never dineth at Holland House. If this be true, I am sorry—not for having said so, but on his account, as I understand his lordship's feasts are preferable to his compositions. If he did not review Lord Holland's performance, I am glad, because it must have been painful to read, and irksome to praise it. If Mr. Hallam will tell me who did review it, the real name shall find a place in the text; provided, nevertheless, the said name be of two orthodox musical syllables, and will come into the verse: till then, Hallam must stand for want of a better.—[It cannot be necessary to vindicate the great author of the *Middle Ages* and the *Constitutional History of England* from the insinuations of the juvenile poet.—L. E.]

(4) Pillans is a tutor at Eton.—[Mr. Pillans became afterwards Rector of the High School of Edinburgh, and has now been for some years Professor of Humanity in that University. There was not, it is believed, the slightest foundation for the charge in the text.—L. E.]

(5) The Hon. George Lambe reviewed *Beresford's Miseries*, and is, moreover, author of a farce enacted with much applause at the Priory, Stanmore, and damned with great expedition at the late theatre, Covent Garden. It was entitled, *Hiss for It.*—[Mr. Lambe was, in 1818, the successful candidate for the representation of Westminster, in opposition to Mr. Hobhouse; who, however, defeated him in the following year. In 1821, Mr. Lambe published a translation of *Catullus*.—L. E.]

(6) Mr. Brougham, in No. XXV. of the *Edinburgh Review*, throughout the article concerning Don Pedro de Cevallos, has displayed more politics than policy; many of the worthy burgesses of Edinburgh being so incensed at the infamous principles it evinces, as to have withdrawn their subscriptions.—[Here followed, in the first edition:—"The name of this personage is pronounced Broom in the south, but the truly northern and *musical* pronunciation is Brough-am, in two syllables:" but, for this, Lord B. substituted in the second edition:—"It seems that Mr. Brougham is not a Pict, as I supposed, but a Borderer, and his name is pronounced Broom, from Trent to Tay: so be it."—L. E.]

(7) I ought to apologize to the worthy deities for introducing a new goddess with short petticoats to their notice: but, alas! what was to be done? I could not say Caledonia's genius, it being well known there is no such genius to be found, from Clackmannan to Caithness; yet, without supernatural agency, how was Jeffrey to be saved? The national "kelpies" are too unpoetical, and the "brownies" and "gude neighbours" (spirits of a good disposition) refused to extricate him. A goddess, therefore, has been called for the purpose; and great ought to be the gratitude of Jeffrey, seeing it is the only communication he ever held, or is likely to hold, with any thing heavenly.

(8) See the colour of the back binding of the *Edinburgh Review*.

(9) In the tenth canto of *Don Juan*, Lord Byron pays the following pretty compliment to his quondam antagonist:—

"And all our little feuds—at least all mine—
Dear Jeffrey, once my most redoubted foe,
(As far as rhyme and criticism combine
To make such puppets of us things below,)
Are over; here's a health to 'Auld Lang syne,'
I do not know you, and may never know
Your face—but you have acted on the whole
Most nobly, and I own it from my soul."—L. E.

(10) "Bad enough, and on mistaken grounds too."—B. 1816.—L. E.

(11) Lord Henry Petty;—now (1834) Marquess of Lansdowne.—L. E.

(12) In 1813, Lord Byron dedicated the *Bride of Abydos* to Lord Holland; and we find in his Journal (Nov. 17th) this passage:—"I have had a most kind letter from Lord Holland on the *Bride of Abydos*, which he likes, and so does Lady H. This is very good-natured in both, from whom I don't deserve any quarter. Yet I did think at the time that my cause of enmity proceeded from Holland House, and am glad I was wrong, and wish I had not been in such a hurry with that confounded Satire, of which I would suppress even the memory, but people, now they can't get it, make a fuss, I verily believe, out of contradiction."—L. E.

(13) Lord Holland has translated some specimens of Lope de Vega, inserted in his life of the author. Both are bepraised by his *disinterested* guests.—[We are not aware

Dunedin! view thy children with delight,
They write for food—and feed because they write:
And lest, when heated with the unusual grape,
Some glowing thoughts should to the press escape,
And tinge with red the female reader's cheek,
My lady skims the cream of each critique;
Breathes o'er the page her purity of soul,
Reforms each error, and refines the whole. (1)

Now to the Drama turn—Oh! motley sight!
What precious scenes the wondering eyes invite!
Puns, and a prince within a barrel pent, (2)
And Dibdin's nonsense, yield complete content.
Though now, thank Heaven! the Rosciomania's o'er,
And full-grown actors are endured once more;
Yet what avail their vain attempts to please,
While British critics suffer scenes like these;
While Reynolds vents his "dammes!" poohs!" and "zounds!" (3)
And common-place and common sense confounds?
While Kenney's "World"—ah! where is Kenney's (4)
Tires the sad gallery, lulls the listless pit; [wit?—
And Beaumont's pilfer'd Caratach affords
A tragedy complete in all but words? (5)
Who but must mourn, while these are all the rage,
The degradation of our vaunted stage!
Heavens! is all sense of shame and talent gone?
Have we no living bard of merit?—none!
Awake, George Colman! (6) Cumberland, (7) awake!
Ring the alarum bell! let folly quake!
Oh, Sheridan! if aught can move thy pen,
Let Comedy assume her throne again;
Abjure the mummery of the German schools;
Leave new Pizarros to translating fools;
Give, as thy last memorial to the age,
One classic drama, and reform the stage.
Gods! o'er those boards shall Folly rear her head,
Where Garrick trod, and Siddons lives to tread? (8)
On those shall Farce display Buffoonery's mask,
And Hook conceal his heroes in a cask?
Shall sapient managers new scenes produce
From Cherry, Skeffington, and Mother Goose?
While Shakspeare, Otway, Massinger, forgot,
On stalls must moulder, or in closets rot?
Lo! with what pomp the daily prints proclaim
The rival candidates for Attic fame!
In grim array though Lewis' spectres rise,
Still Skeffington and Goose divide the prize. (9)
And sure *great* Skeffington must claim our praise,
For skirtless coats and skeletons of plays
Renown'd alike; whose genius ne'er confines
Her flight to garnish Greenwood's gay designs; (10)
Nor sleeps with "Sleeping Beauties," but anon
In five facetious acts comes thundering on, (11)
While poor John Bull, bewilder'd with the scene,
Stares, wondering what the devil it can mean;
But as some hands applaud, a venal few!
Rather than sleep, why John applauds it too.

Such are we now. Ah! wherefore should we turn
To what our fathers were, unless to mourn?
Degenerate Britons! are ye dead to shame,
Or, kind to dulness, do you fear to blame?
Well may the nobles of our present race
Watch each distortion of a Naldi's face;
Well may they smile on Italy's buffoons,
And worship Catalani's pantaloons, (12)

that Lord Holland has subsequently published any verses, except a universally-admired version of the 28th canto of the *Orlando Furioso*, which is given by way of appendix to one of Mr. W. Stewart Rose's volumes.—L. E.]

(1) Certain it is, that her ladyship is suspected of having displayed her matchless wit in the *Edinburgh Review*. However that may be, we know, from good authority, that the manuscripts are submitted to her perusal—no doubt for correction.

(2) In the melo-drama of *Tekeli*, that heroic prince is clapt into a barrel on the stage; a new asylum for distressed heroes.—[In the original MS. the note stands thus:—"In the melo-drama of *Tekeli*, that heroic prince is clapt into a barrel on the stage, and Count Evrard in the fortress hides himself in a green-house built expressly for the occasion. 'Tis a pity that Theodore Hook, who is really a man of talent, should confine his genius to such paltry productions as the *Fortress*, *Music Mad*, etc. etc." This extraordinary humourist, who was a mere boy at the date of Lord Byron's satire, has since distinguished himself by works more worthy of his abilities—nine volumes of highly popular novels, entitled *Sayings and Doings*—a world of political *jeux d'esprit*, etc. etc.—L. E.]

(3) All these are favourite expressions of Mr. Reynolds, and prominent in his comedies, living and defunct.—[The reader is referred to Mr. Reynolds's *Autobiography*, published in 1826, for a full account of his voluminous writings for the stage.—L. E.]

(4) Mr. Kenney has since written many successful dramas.—L. E.

(5) Mr. T. Sheridan, the new manager of Drury Lane theatre, stripped the tragedy of *Bonduca* of the dialogue, and exhibited the scenes as the spectacle of *Caractacus*. Was this worthy of his sire? or of himself?—[Thomas Sheridan, who united much of the convivial wit of his parent to many amiable qualities, received, after the termination of his theatrical management, the appointment of colonial paymaster at the Cape of Good Hope, where he died in September, 1817, leaving a widow, whose novel of *Carwell* has obtained much approbation, and several children; among others, the accomplished authoress of *Rosalie* and other poems, now the Honourable Mrs. Norton.—L. E.]

(6) Lord Byron entertained a high opinion of George Colman's convivial powers.—"If I had," he says, "to choose and could not have both at a time, I should say, 'Let me begin the evening with Sheridan, and finish it with Colman.' Sheridan for dinner, and Colman for supper; Sheridan for claret or port, but Colman for every thing. Sheridan was a grenadier company of life-guards, but Colman a whole regiment—of *light infantry*, to be sure, but still a regiment."—L. E.

(7) Richard Cumberland, the well-known author of the *West Indian*, the *Observer*, and one of the most interesting of autobiographies, died in 1811.—L. E.

(8) In all editions previous to the fifth, it was, "Kemble lives to tread." Lord Byron used to say, that, "of actors, Cooke was the most natural, Kemble the most supernatural, Kean the medium between the two; but that Mrs. Siddons was worth them all put together." Such effect, however, had Kean's acting on his mind, that once, on seeing him play Sir Giles Overreach, he was seized with a sort of convulsive fit. John Kemble died in 1823,—his illustrious sister in 1830.—L. E.

(9) Dibdin's pantomime of *Mother Goose* had a run of nearly a hundred nights, and brought more than twenty thousand pounds to the treasury of Covent Garden theatre.—L. E.

(10) Mr. Greenwood is, we believe, scene-painter to Drury-lane theatre—as such, Mr. Skeffington is much indebted to him.

(11) Mr. [now Sir Lumley] Skeffington is the illustrious author of the *Sleeping Beauty*; and some comedies, particularly *Maids and Bachelors*: "Baccalaurii baculo magis quam lauro digni."

(12) Naldi and Catalani require little notice; for the visage of the one, and the salary of the other, will enable us long to recollect these amusing vagabonds. Besides, we are still black and blue from the squeeze on the first night of the lady's appearance in trousers.

Since their own drama yields no fairer trace
Of wit than puns, of humour than grimace. (1)

Then let Ausonia, skill'd in every art
To soften manners, but corrupt the heart,
Pour her exotic follies o'er the town,
To sanction Vice, and hunt Decorum down:
Let wedded strumpets languish o'er Deshayes,
And bless the promise which his form displays;
While Gayton bounds before the enraptured looks
Of hoary marquises and stripling dukes:
Let high-born lechers eye the lively Prêsle
Twirl her light limbs, that spurn the needless veil;
Let Angiolini bare her breast of snow,
Wave the white arm, and point the pliant toe;
Collini trill her love-inspiring song,
Strain her fair neck, and charm the listening throng!
Whet not your scythe, (2) suppressors of our vice!
Reforming saints! too delicately nice!
By whose decrees, our sinful souls to save,
No Sunday tankards foam, no barbers shave;
And beer undrawn, and beards unmown, display
Your holy reverence for the Sabbath-day.

Or hail at once the patron and the pile
Of vice and folly, Greville and Argyle! (3)
Where yon proud palace, Fashion's hallow'd fane,
Spreads wide her portals for the motley train,
Behold the new Petronius (4) of the day,
Our arbiter of pleasure and of play!
There the hired eunuch, the Hesperian choir,
The melting lute, the soft lascivious lyre,
The song from Italy, the step from France,
The midnight orgy, and the mazy dance,
The smile of beauty, and the flush of wine,
For fops, fools, gamesters, knaves, and lords combine:
Each to his humour—Comus all allows;
Champaign, dice, music, or your neighbour's spouse.
Talk not to us, ye starving sons of trade!
Of piteous ruin, which ourselves have made;
In Plenty's sunshine Fortune's minions bask,
Nor think of poverty, except "en masque,"
When for the night some lately titled ass
Appears the beggar which his grandsire was.
The curtain dropp'd, the gay burletta o'er,
The audience take their turn upon the floor;
Now round the room the circling dow'gers sweep,
Now in loose waltz the thin-clad daughters leap;
The first in lengthen'd line majestic swim,
The last display the free unfetter'd limb!
Those for Hibernia's lusty sons repair
With art the charms which nature could not spare;
These after husbands wing their eager flight,
Nor leave much mystery for the nuptial night.

Oh! blest retreats of infamy and ease,
Where, all forgotten but the power to please,
Each maid may give a loose to genial thought,
Each swain may teach new systems, or be taught:
There the blithe youngster, just return'd from Spain,
Cuts the light pack, or calls the rattling main;
The jovial caster's set, and seven's the nick,
Or—done!—a thousand on the coming trick!
If, mad with loss, existence 'gins to tire,
And all your hope or wish is to expire,
Here's Powell's pistol ready for your life,
And, kinder still, two Pagets for your wife; (5)
Fit consummation of an earthly race
Begun in folly, ended in disgrace;
While none but menials o'er the bed of death,
Wash thy red wounds, or watch thy wavering breath;
Traduced by liars, and forgot by all,
The mangled victim of a drunken brawl,
To live like Clodius, and like Falkland fall. (6)

Truth! rouse some genuine bard, and guide his hand
To drive this pestilence from out the land.
E'en I—least thinking of a thoughtless throng,
Just skill'd to know the right and choose the wrong,
Freed at that age when reason's shield is lost,
To fight my course through passion's countless host, (7)
Whom every path of pleasure's flowery way
Has lured in turn, and all have led astray—
E'en I must raise my voice, e'en I must feel
Such scenes, such men, destroy the public weal;

(1) The following twenty lines were struck off one night after Lord Byron's return from the Opera, and sent the next morning to the printer, with a request to have them placed where they now appear.—L. E.

(2) In the first edition, "Raise not your scythe," etc.—"Good." *B.* 1816.—P. E.

(3) To prevent any blunder, such as mistaking a street for a man, I beg leave to state, that it is the institution, and not the duke of that name, which is here alluded to. A gentleman, with whom I am slightly acquainted, lost in the Argyle Rooms several thousand pounds at back-gammon.* It is but justice to the manager in this instance to say, that some degree of disapprobation was manifested: but why are the implements of gaming allowed in a place devoted to the society of both sexes? A pleasant thing for the wives and daughters of those who are blest or cursed with such connections, to hear the billiard-tables rattling in one room and the dice in another! That this is the case I myself can testify, as a late unworthy member of an institution which materially affects the morals of the higher orders, while the lower may not even move to the sound of a tabor and fiddle, without a chance of indictment for riotous behaviour.—[Conceiving the foregoing note, together with the lines in the text, to convey a reflection upon his conduct, as manager of the Argyle Institution, Colonel Greville demanded an explanation of Lord Byron. The matter was referred to Mr. Leckie (the author of a work on Sicilian affairs) on the part of Colonel Greville, and to Mr. Moore on the part of Lord Byron; by whom it was amicably settled.—L. E.]

* "True. It was Billy Way who lost the money. I knew him, and was a subscriber to the Argyle at the time of the event." B. 1816.—L. E.

(4) Petronius, "arbiter elegantiarum" to Nero, and "a very pretty fellow in his day," as Mr. Congreve's *Old Bachelor* saith of Hannibal.

(5) The original reading was, "a Paget for your wife."—L. E.

(6) I knew the late Lord Falkland well. On Sunday night I beheld him presiding at his own table, in all the honest pride of hospitality; on Wednesday morning, at three o'clock, I saw stretched before me all that remained of courage, feeling, and a host of passions. He was a gallant and successful officer: his faults were the faults of a sailor—as such, Britons will forgive them. He died like a brave man in a better cause; for had he fallen in like manner on the deck of the frigate to which he was just appointed, his last moments would have been held up by his countrymen as an example to succeeding heroes.—[Lord Falkland was killed in a duel, by Mr. Powell, in 1809. It was not by words only that Lord Byron gave proof of sympathy on the melancholy occasion. Though his own difficulties pressed on him at the time, he contrived to administer relief to the widow and children of his friend.—L. E.]

"He lost his life," said Lord Byron, "for a joke, and one too he did not make himself." *Medwin.*—P. E.

(7) "Yes; and a precious chase they led me." B. 1816.—L. E.

Although some kind censorious friend will say,
"What art thou better, meddling fool! (1) than they?"
And every brother rake will smile to see
That miracle, a moralist, in me.
No matter—when some bard in virtue strong,
Gifford, perchance, shall raise the chastening song,
Then sleep my pen for ever! and my voice
Be only heard to hail him, and rejoice;
Rejoice, and yield my feeble praise, though I
May feel the lash that Virtue must apply.

As for the smaller fry, who swarm in shoals,
From silly Hafiz (2) up to simple Bowles,
Why should we call them from their dark abode,
In broad St. Giles's or in Tottenham-road?
Or (since some men of fashion nobly dare
To scrawl in verse) from Bond-street or the Square?
If things of ton their harmless lays indite,
Most wisely doom'd to shun the public sight,
What harm! In spite of every critic elf,
Sir T. may read his stanzas to himself;
Miles Andrews (3) still his strength in couplets try,
And live in prologues, though his dramas die.

Lords too are bards, such things at times befall,
And 'tis some praise in peers to write at all.
Yet, did or taste or reason sway the times,
Ah! who would take their titles with their rhymes? (4)
Roscommon! Sheffield! with your spirits fled, (5)
No future laurels deck a noble head;
No muse will cheer, with renovating smile, (6)
The paralytic puling of Carlisle. (7)
The puny schoolboy and his early lay
Men pardon, if his follies pass away;
But who forgives the senior's ceaseless verse,
Whose hairs grow hoary as his rhymes grow worse?
What heterogeneous honours deck the peer!
Lord, rhymester, petit-maître, pamphleteer! (8)
So dull in youth, so drivelling in his age,
His scenes alone had damn'd our sinking stage;
But managers for once cried, "Hold, enough!"
Nor drugg'd their audience with the tragic stuff.
Yet at their judgment let his lordship laugh,
And case his volumes in congenial calf;
Yes! doff that covering, where morocco shines,
And hang a calf-skin (9) on those recreant lines. (10)

(1) "*Fool* enough, certainly, then, and no wiser since." B. 1816.—L. E.

(2) What would be the sentiments of the Persian Anacreon, Hafiz, could he rise from his splendid sepulchre at Sheeraz (where he reposes with Ferdousi and Sadi, the oriental Homer and Catullus), and behold his name assumed by one Stott of Dromore, the most impudent and execrable of literary poachers for the daily prints?

(3) Miles Peter Andrews, many years M.P. for Bewdley, Colonel of the Prince of Wales's Volunteers, proprietor of a gunpowder-manufactory at Dartford, author of numerous prologues, epilogues, and farces, and one of the heroes of the *Baviad*. He died in 1814.—L. E.

(4) In the original manuscript we find these lines:—

"In these our times, with daily wonders big,
A letter'd peer is like a letter'd pig;
Both know their alphabet, but who, from thence
Infers that peers or pigs have manly sense?
Still less that such should woo the graceful nine;
Parnassus was not made for lords and swine."—L. E.

(5) Instead of the four lines commencing with "Roscommon," etc. the satire, as originally intended for the press, contained the following couplet:—

"On me alone Apollo deigns to smile
And crowns a new Roscommon in Carlisle."

In the interval however between the inditing of this couplet and the delivery of the manuscript to the press, the fancied slight offered to him by Lord Carlisle, in neglecting to introduce him to the House of Lords, on first taking his seat, was sufficient to rouse in the poet's sensitive mind a strong feeling of resentment. The result was that the laudatory couplet was expunged, and the vituperative verses, now published, were inserted in its place.

Lord Byron appears to have long retained a bitter recollection of the circumstances under which he first presented himself in the House of Lords; and, as the reader may also feel an interest in them, we take the present opportunity of giving Mr. Dallas's striking account of that episode in the noble poet's life:—"I accompanied Lord Byron to the House. He was received in one of the ante-chambers by some of the officers in attendance, with whom he settled respecting the fees he had to pay. One of them went to apprise the Lord Chancellor of his being there, and soon returned for him. There were very few persons in the House. Lord Eldon was going through some ordinary business when Lord Byron entered. I thought he looked still paler than before; and he certainly wore a countenance in which mortification was mingled with, but subdued by, indignation. He passed the Woolsack without looking round, and advanced to the table where the proper officer was attending to administer the oaths. When he had gone through them, the Chancellor quitted his seat, and went towards him with a smile, putting out his hand warmly to welcome him; and though I did not catch his words, I saw that he paid him some compliment. This was all thrown away upon Lord Byron, who made a stiff bow, and put the tips of his fingers into the Chancellor's hand. The Chancellor did not press a welcome so received, but resumed his seat, while Lord Byron carelessly seated himself for a few minutes on one of the empty benches to the left of the throne, usually occupied by the Lords in opposition. When, on his joining me, I expressed what I had felt, he said—'If I had shaken hands heartily he would have set me down for one of his party—but I will have nothing to do with any of them, on either side; I have taken my seat, and now I will go abroad.' We returned to St. James's Street, but he did not recover his spirits."

Moore, on the authority of Lord Byron's own report in one of his note-books, adds the particulars of the short conversation which he held with the Lord Chancellor on the occasion above referred to:—"When I came of age, some delays, on account of some birth and marriage certificates from Cornwall, occasioned me not to take my seat for several weeks. When these were over, and I had taken the oaths, the Chancellor apologized to me for the delay, observing, 'that these forms were a part of his duty.' I begged him to make no apology, and added (as he certainly had shown no violent hurry), 'Your lordship was exactly like Tom Thumb, (which was then being acted)—you did your *duty* and you did *no more*.'"—P. E.

(6) Instead of these lines, the original MS. had the following:—

"Nor e'en a hackney'd muse will deign to smile
On minor Byron, or mature Carlisle."

It was the poet's intention to make this seeming attack on himself, for the purpose of concealment. *Dallas.*—P. E.

(7) On being told that it was believed he alluded to Lord Carlisle's nervous disorder in this line, Lord Byron exclaimed,—"I thank Heaven I did not know it; and would not, could not, if I had. I must naturally be the last person to be pointed on defects or maladies."—L. E.

(8) The Earl of Carlisle has lately published an eighteenpenny pamphlet on the state of the stage, and offers his plan for building a new theatre. It is to be hoped his lordship will be permitted to bring forward any thing for the stage—except his own tragedies.

(9) "Doff that lion's hide,
And hang a calf skin on those recreant limbs."
Shak. King John.

Lord Carlisle's works, most resplendently bound, form a conspicuous ornament to his book-shelves:—

"The rest is all but leather and prunella."

(10) "Wrong also—the provocation was not sufficient to justify the acerbity." B. 1816.—Lord Byron greatly regretted the sarcasms he had published against his noble relation, under the mistaken impression that Lord Carlisle had intentionally slighted him. In a letter to Mr. Rogers, written in 1814, he asks,—"Is there any chance or possibility of making it up with Lord Carlisle, as I feel disposed to do any thing reasonable or unreasonable to effect it?" And, in the third Canto of *Childe Harold*, he thus adverts

With you, ye Druids! rich in native lead,
Who daily scribble for your daily bread,
With you I war not: Gifford's heavy hand
Has crush'd, without remorse, your numerous band.
On "all the talents" vent your venal spleen;
Want is your plea, let pity be your screen.
Let monodies on Fox regale your crew,
And Melville's Mantle(1) prove a blanket too!
One common Lethe waits each hapless bard,
And, peace be with you! 'tis your best reward.
Such damning fame as Dunciads only give
Could bid your lines beyond a morning live;
But now at once your fleeting labours close,
With names of greater note in blest repose.
Far be't from me unkindly to upbraid
The lovely Rosa's prose in masquerade,
Whose strains, the faithful echoes of her mind,
Leave wondering comprehension far behind.(2)
Though Crusca's bards no more our journals fill,
Some stragglers skirmish round the columns still;
Last of the howling host which once was Bell's,
Matilda snivels yet, and Hafiz yells;
And Merry's metaphors appear anew,
Chain'd to the signature of O. P. Q.(3)

When some brisk youth, the tenant of a stall,(4)
Employs a pen less pointed than his awl,
Leaves his snug shop, forsakes his store of shoes,
St. Crispin quits, and cobbles for the muse,
Heavens! how the vulgar stare! how crowds applaud!
How ladies read, and literati laud!(5)
If chance some wicked wag should pass his jest,
'Tis sheer ill-nature—don't the world know best?
Genius must guide when wits admire the rhyme,
And Capel Lofft(6) declares 'tis quite sublime.
Hear, then, ye happy sons of needless trade!
Swains! quit the plough, resign the useless spade!
Lo! Burns(7) and Bloomfield, nay, a greater far,
Gifford, was born beneath an adverse star,
Forsook the labours of a servile state,
Stemm'd the rude storm, and triumph'd over fate:
Then why no more? if Phœbus smiled on you,
Bloomfield! why not on brother Nathan too?(8)
Him too the mania, not the muse, has seized;
Not inspiration, but a mind diseased:
And now no boor can seek his last abode,
No common be enclosed without an ode.
Oh! since increased refinement deigns to smile
On Britain's sons, and bless our genial isle,
Let poesy go forth, pervade the whole,
Alike the rustic and mechanic soul!
Ye tuneful cobblers! still your notes prolong,
Compose at once a slipper and a song;
So shall the fair your handywork peruse,
Your sonnets sure shall please—perhaps your shoes.
May Moorland weavers(9) boast Pindaric skill,
And tailors' lays be longer than their bill!
While punctual beaux reward the grateful notes,
And pay for poems—when they pay for coats.

To the famed throng now paid the tribute due,
Neglected genius! let me turn to you.

to the fate of the Hon. Frederick Howard, Lord Carlisle's youngest son, one of those who fell gloriously at Waterloo:—

"Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than mine,
Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
Partly because they blend me with his line,
And partly that I did his Sire some wrong,
And partly that bright names will hallow song;
And his was of the bravest, and when shower'd
The death-bolts deadliest the thinn'd piles along,
Even there the thickest of war's tempest lower'd,
They reach'd no nobler breast than thine, young gallant Howard!"

In the following extracts from two unpublished letters, written when Lord B. was at Harrow, may possibly be traced the origin of his conduct towards his guardian:—"Nov. 11, 1804. You mistake me if you think I dislike Lord Carlisle. I respect him, and might like him did I know him better. For him *my mother has an antipathy*—why, I know not. I am afraid he could be but of little use to me; but I dare say he would assist me if he could; so I take the will for the deed, and am obliged to him, exactly in the same manner as if he succeeded in his efforts."—"Nov. 21, 1804. To Lord Carlisle make my warmest acknowledgments. I feel more gratitude than I can well express. I am truly obliged to him for his endeavours, and am perfectly satisfied with your explanation of his reserve, though I was hitherto afraid it might proceed from personal dislike. For the future I shall consider him as more my friend than I have hitherto been *taught* to think."—L. E.

(1) *Melville's Mantle*, a parody on *Elijah's Mantle*, a poem.

(2) This lovely little Jessica, the daughter of the noted Jew King, seems to be a follower of the Della Crusca school, and has published two volumes of very respectable absurdities in rhyme, as times go; besides sundry novels in the style of the first edition of the *Monk*.—["She since married the *Morning Post*—an exceeding good match; and is now dead—which is better." B. 1816.—L. E.]

(3) These are the signatures of various worthies who figure in the poetical departments of the newspapers.

(4) Joseph Blackett, the shoemaker. He died at Seaham, in 1810. His poems were afterwards collected by Pratt; and, oddly enough, his principal patroness was Miss Milbank, then a perfect stranger to Lord Byron. In a letter written to Dallas, on board the *Volage* frigate, at sea, in June 1811, he says,—"I see that yours and Pratt's protégé, Blackett the cobbler, is dead, in spite of his rhymes, and is probably one of the instances where death has saved a man from damnation. You were the ruin of that poor fellow amongst you: had it not been for his patrons, he might now have been in very good plight, shoe- (not verse-) making; but you have made him immortal with a vengeance: who would think that any body would be such a blockhead as to sin against an express proverb,—'Ne sutor ultra crepidam!'

'But spare him, ye Critics, his follies are past,
For the Cobbler is come, as he ought, to his *last*!'—

Which two lines, with a scratch under *last*, to show where the joke lies, I beg that you will prevail on Miss Milbank to have inserted on the tomb of her departed Blackett."—L. E.

(5) "This was meant for poor Blackett, who was then patronised by A. J. B." (Lady Byron); "but *that* I did not know, or this would not have been written, at least I think not." B. 1816.—L. E.

(6) Capel Lofft, Esq., the Mæcenas of shoemakers, and preface-writer-general to distressed versemen; a kind of gratis accoucheur to those who wish to be delivered of rhyme, but do not know how to bring forth.—[The poet Bloomfield owed his first celebrity to the notice of Capel Lofft and Thomas Hill, Esquires, who read his *Farmer's Boy* in manuscript, recommended it to a publisher, and, by their influence in society and literature, soon drew general attention to its merits. It is distressing to remember that, after all that had been done by the zeal of a few friends, the public sympathy did not rest permanently on the amiable Bloomfield, who died in extreme poverty in 1823.—L. E.]

(7) "Read Burns to-day. What would he have been if a patrician? We should have had more polish—less force—just as much verse, but no immorality—a divorce and a duel or two, the which had he survived, as his potations must have been less spirituous, he might have lived as long as Sheridan, and outlived as much as poor Brinsley."—*B. Journal*, 1813.—L. E.

(8) See Nathaniel Bloomfield's ode, elegy, or whatever he or any one else chooses to call it, on the enclosure of Honington Green.

(9) Vide *Recollections of a Weaver in the Moorlands of Staffordshire*.

Come forth, O Campbell!(1) give thy talents scope;
Who dares aspire if thou must cease to hope?
And thou, melodious Rogers!(2) rise at last,
Recall the pleasing memory of the past;
Arise! let blest remembrance still inspire,
And strike to wonted tones thy hallow'd lyre;
Restore Apollo to his vacant throne,
Assert thy country's honour and thine own.(3)
What! must deserted Poesy still weep
Where her last hopes with pious Cowper sleep?
Unless, perchance, from his cold bier she turns,
To deck the turf that wraps her minstrel, Burns!
No! though contempt hath mark'd the spurious brood,
The race who rhyme from folly, or for food,
Yet still some genuine sons 'tis hers to boast,
Who, least affecting, still affect the most:
Feel as they write, and write but as they feel—
Bear witness Gifford,(4) Sotheby,(5) Macneil. (6)

"Why slumbers Gifford?" once was ask'd in vain;(7)
Why slumbers Gifford? let us ask again.
Are there no follies for his pen to purge?(8)
Are there no fools whose backs demand the scourge?
Are there no sins for satire's bard to greet?
Stalks not gigantic Vice in every street?
Shall peers or princes tread pollution's path,
And 'scape alike the law's and muse's wrath?
Nor blaze with guilty glare through future time,
Eternal beacons of consummate crime?
Arouse thee, Gifford! be thy promise claim'd,
Make bad men better, or at least ashamed.

Unhappy White!(9) while life was in its spring,
And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,
The spoiler swept that soaring lyre away,
Which else had sounded an immortal lay.
Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When Science' self destroy'd her favourite son!
Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,
She sow'd the seeds, but death has reap'd the fruit.
'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low:
So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart;(10)

(1) It would be superfluous to recall to the mind of the reader the authors of *The Pleasures of Memory* and *The Pleasures of Hope*, the most beautiful didactic poems in our language, if we except Pope's *Essay on Man*: but so many poetasters have started up, that even the names of Campbell and Rogers are become strange.—[Beneath this note Lord Byron scribbled, in 1816,—

"Pretty Miss Jacqueline
Had a nose aquiline,
And would assert rude
Things of Miss Gertrude,
While Mr. Marmion
Led a great army on,
Making Kehama look
Like a fierce Mameluke."—L. E.]

(2) "I have been reading," says Lord Byron, in 1813, "*Memory* again, and *Hope* together, and retain all my preference of the former. His elegance is really wonderful—there is no such a thing as a vulgar line in his book."—L. E.

(3) "Rogers has not fulfilled the promise of his first poems, but has still very great merit." B. 1816.—L. E.

(4) Gifford, author of the *Baviad* and *Mœviad*, the first satires of the day, and translator of *Juvenal*.—[The opinion of Mr. Gifford had always great weight with Lord Byron. "Any suggestion of yours," he says in a letter written in 1813, "even were it conveyed in the less tender shape of the text of the *Baviad*, or a Monk Mason note in Massinger, would be obeyed." A few weeks before his death, on hearing from England of a report that he had written a satire on Mr. Gifford, he wrote instantly to Mr. Murray:—"Whoever asserts that I am the author or abetter of any thing of the kind lies in his throat. It is not true that I ever *did, will, would, could*, or *should* write a satire against Gifford, or a hair of his head. I always considered him as my literary father, and myself as his 'prodigal' son; and if I have allowed his 'fatted calf' to grow to an ox before he kills it on my return, it is only because I prefer beef to veal."—L. E.]

(5) Sotheby, translator of *Wieland's Oberon* and *Virgil's Georgics*, and author of *Saul*, an epic poem.—[Mr. Sotheby has since essentially raised his reputation by various original poems, and a translation of the *Iliad*.—L. E.]

(6) Macneil, whose poems are deservedly popular, particularly *Scotland's Scaith, and the Waes of War*, of which ten thousand copies were sold in one month.—[Hector Macneil died in 1818.—L. E.]

(7) Lord Byron here alludes to the masterly poem of *New Morality* (the joint production of Mr. Canning and Mr. Frere), in the *Antijacobin*, in which Gifford is thus apostrophised:—

"Bethink thee, Gifford, when some future age
Shall trace the promise of thy playful page;
'The hand which brush'd a swarm of fools away,
Should rouse to grasp a more reluctant prey:'
Think, then, will pleaded ignorance excuse
The tame secession of thy languid muse?
Ah! where is now that promise? why so long
Sleep the keen shafts of satire and of song?
Oh! come, with taste and virtue at thy side,
With ardent zeal inflamed, and patriot pride;
With keen poetic glance direct the blow,
And empty all thy quiver on the foe—
No pause—no rest—till weltering on the ground
The poisonous hydra lies, and pierced with many a wound."—L. E.

(8) Mr. Gifford promised publicly that the *Baviad* and *Mœviad* should not be his last original works: let him remember, "Mox in reluctantes dracones."—[Mr. Gifford became the editor of the *Quarterly Review*,—which thenceforth occupied most of his time,—a few months after the first appearance of this satire.—L. E.]

Mr. Gifford's life and character afford one of the finest examples on record of the irresistible power of principle and perseverance. Few boys, possessed of such mind and feelings, ever had to contend with such adverses of fortune: that he was an orphan, a charity-boy, and an apprentice to a humble occupation, were constant checks to that self-education which, in spite of every obstacle, ultimately placed him in a situation to receive higher attainments, and raised him to the honourable destination of being acknowledged "a giant in literature, in criticism, in politics, and in morals; and an ornament and an honour to his country and the age in which he lived." *Finden's Illustrations.*—P. E.

(9) Henry Kirke White died at Cambridge, in October, 1806, in consequence of too much exertion in the pursuit of studies that would have matured a mind which disease and poverty could not impair, and which death itself destroyed rather than subdued. His poems abound in such beauties as must impress the reader with the liveliest regret that so short a period was allotted to talents which would have dignified even the sacred functions he was destined to assume.—[In a letter to Mr. Dallas, in 1811, Lord Byron says,—"I am sorry you don't like Harry White; with a great deal of cant, which in him was sincere (indeed it killed him, as you killed Joe Blackett), certes there is pessy and genius. I don't say this on account of my simile and rhymes; but surely he was beyond all the Bloomfields and Blacketts, and their collateral cobblers, whom Lofft and Pratt have or may kidnap from their calling into the service of the trade. Setting aside bigotry, he surely ranks next to Chatterton. It is astonishing how little he was known; and at Cambridge no one thought or heard of such a man till his death rendered all notices useless. For my part, I should have been most proud of such an acquaintance: his very prejudices were respectable."—L. E.]

(10) This beautiful thought may be found in *Waller*:—

"That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which on the shaft that made him die,
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar on high."—P. E.

Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion which impell'd the steel;
While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast. (1)

There be, who say, in these enlighten'd days,
That splendid lies are all the poet's praise;
That strain'd invention, ever on the wing,
Alone impels the modern bard to sing:
'Tis true, that all who rhyme—nay, all who write,
Shrink from that fatal word to genius—trite;
Yet Truth sometimes will lend her noblest fires,
And decorate the verse herself inspires:
This fact in Virtue's name let Crabbe (2) attest;
Though nature's sternest painter, yet the best. (3)

And here let Shee (4) and Genius find a place,
Whose pen and pencil yield an equal grace;
To guide whose hand the sister arts combine,
And trace the poet's or the painter's line;
Whose magic touch can bid the canvass glow,
Or pour the easy rhyme's harmonious flow;
While honours, doubly merited, attend
The poet's rival, but the painter's friend.

Blest is the man who dares approach the bower
Where dwelt the muses at their natal hour;
Whose steps have press'd, whose eye has mark'd afar,
The clime that nursed the sons of song and war,
The scenes which Glory still must hover o'er,
Her place of birth, her own Achaian shore.
But doubly blest is he whose heart expands
With hallow'd feelings for those classic lands;
Who rends the veil of ages long gone by,
And views their remnants with a poet's eye!
Wright! (5) 'twas thy happy lot at once to view
Those shores of glory, and to sing them too;
And sure no common muse inspired thy pen
To hail the land of gods and godlike men.

And you, associate bards! (6) who snatch'd to light
Those gems too long withheld from modern sight;
Whose mingling taste combined to cull the wreath
Where Attic flowers Aonian odours breathe,
And all their renovated fragance flung,
To grace the beauties of your native tongue;
Now let those minds, that nobly could transfuse
The glorious spirit of the Grecian muse,
Though soft the echo, scorn a borrow'd tone: (7)
Resign Achaia's lyre, and strike your own.

Let these, or such as these, with just applause,
Restore the muse's violated laws;
But not in flimsy Darwin's pompous chime,
That mighty master of unmeaning rhyme,
Whose gilded cymbals, more adorn'd than clear,
The eye delighted, but fatigued the ear;
In show the simple lyre could once surpass,
But now, worn down, appear in native brass;
While all his train of hovering sylphs around
Evaporate in similes and sound:
Him let them shun, with him let tinsel die:
False glare attracts, but more offends, the eye. (8)

Yet let them not to vulgar Wordsworth stoop,
The meanest object of the lowly group,
Whose verse, of all but childish prattle void,
Seems blessed harmony to Lamb and Lloyd: (9)
Let them—but hold! my muse, nor dare to teach
A strain far, far beyond thy humble reach:
The native genius with their being given
Will point the path, and peal their notes to heaven.

And thou, too, Scott! (10) resign to minstrels rude
The wilder slogan of a border feud:
Let others spin their meagre lines for hire;
Enough for genius if itself inspire!
Let Southey sing, although his teeming muse,
Prolific every spring, be too profuse;
Let simple Wordsworth (11) chime his childish verse,
And brother Coleridge lull the babe at nurse;
Let spectre-mongering Lewis aim, at most,
To rouse the galleries, or to raise a ghost;
Let Moor be lewd; let Strangford steal from Moore,
And swear that Camoëns sang such notes of yore;
Let Hayley hobble on, Montgomery rave,
And godly Grahame chant a stupid stave;

(1) Mr. Southey's delightful *Life of Kirke White* is in every one's hands.—L. E.

(2) "I consider Crabbe and Coleridge as the first of these times, in point of power and genius." B. 1816.—L. E.

(3) This eminent poet and excellent man died at his rectory of Trowbridge, in February, 1832, aged seventy-eight. With the exception of the venerable Lord Stowell, he was the last surviving celebrated man mentioned by Boswell in connection with Johnson, who revised his poem of the *Village*. His other works are the *Library*, the *Newspaper*, the *Borough*, a collection of *Poems*, which Charles Fox read in manuscript on his death-bed; *Tales*, and, lastly, *Tales of the Hall*.—L. E.

(4) Mr. Shee, author of *Rhymes on Art*, and *Elements of Art*.—[Now (1834) Sir Martin Archer Shee, and President of the Royal Academy.—L. E.]

(5) Walter Rodwell Wright, late consul-general for the Seven Islands, is author of a very beautiful poem, just published: it is entitled *Horæ Ionicæ*, and is descriptive of the isles and the adjacent coast of Greece.—[To the third edition, which came out in 1816, was added an excellent translation of the *Oreste* of Alfieri. After his return to England, Mr. Wright was chosen Recorder of Bury St. Edmunds.—L. E.]

(6) The translators of the *Anthology*, Bland and Merivale, have since published separate poems, which evince genius that only requires opportunity to attain eminence.—[The late Rev. Robert Bland published, in conjunction with Mr. Merivale, *Collections from the Greek Anthology*. He also wrote *Edwy and Elgiva*, the *Four Slaves of Cythera*, etc. In 1814, Mr. Merivale published *Orlando in Roncevalles*; and in the following year, *An Ode on the Delivery of Europe*. He is now one of the Commissioners of the new Bankruptcy Court.—L. E.]

(7) These lines originally ran thus:—

"Translation's servile work at length disown,
And quit Achaia's muse to court your own."—P. E.

(8) The neglect of the *Botanic Garden* is some proof of returning taste. The scenery is its sole recommendation.

(9) Messrs. Lamb and Lloyd, the most ignoble followers of Southey and Co.—[In 1798, Charles Lamb and Charles Lloyd published in conjunction a volume, entitled, *Poems in Blank Verse*. Mr. Lamb is also the author of *John Woodville*, *Tales from Shakspeare*, the *Essays of Elia*, etc.; and Mr. Lloyd has since published *Edward Oliver*, a novel, *Nugæ Canoræ*, and a translation of Alfieri's Tragedies.—L. E.]

(10) By the bye, I hope that in Mr. Scott's next poem, his hero or heroine will be less addicted to "Gramarye," and more to Grammar, than the Lady of the Lay and her bravo, William of Deloraine.

(11) "Unjust." B. 1816.—L. E.

Let sonneteering Bowles his strains refine,
And whine and whimper to the fourteenth line;
Let Stott, Carlisle, (1) Matilda, and the rest
Of Grub-street, and of Grosvenor-place the best,
Scrawl on, till death release us from the strain,
Or Common Sense assert her rights again.
But thou, with powers that mock the aid of praise,
Shouldst leave to humbler bards ignoble lays:
Thy country's voice, the voice of all the nine,
Demand a hallow'd harp—that harp is thine.
Say! will not Caledonia's annals yield
The glorious record of some nobler field
Than the vile foray of a plundering clan,
Whose proudest deeds disgrace the name of man?
Or Marmion's acts of darkness, fitter food
For Sherwood's outlaw tales of Robin Hood?
Scotland! still proudly claim thy native bard,
And be thy praise his first, his best reward!
Yet not with thee alone his name should live,
But own the vast renown a world can give;
Be known, perchance, when Albion is no more,
And tell the tale of what she was before;
To future times her faded fame recall,
And save her glory, though his country fall.

Yet what avails the sanguine poet's hope,
To conquer ages, and with time to cope?
New eras spread their wings, new nations rise,
And other victors fill the applauding skies;
A few brief generations fleet along,
Whose sons forget the poet and his song:
E'en now, what once-loved minstrels scarce may claim
The transient mention of a dubious name!
When fame's loud trump hath blown its noblest blast,
Though long the sound, the echo sleeps at last;
And glory, like the phœnix (2) 'midst her fires,
Exhales her odours, blazes, and expires.

Shall hoary Granta call her sable sons,
Expert in science, more expert at puns?
Shall these approach the muse? ah, no! she flies,
Even from the tempting ore of Seaton's prize;
Though printers condescend the press to soil
With rhyme (3) by Hoare, (4) and epic blank by Hoyle: (5)
Not him whose page, if still upheld by whist,
Requires no sacred theme to bid us list. (6)
Ye! who in Granta's honours would surpass,
Must mount her Pegasus, a full-grown ass;
A foal well worthy of her ancient dam,
Whose Helicon is duller than her Cam. (7)

There Clarke, still striving piteously "to please,"
Forgetting doggrel leads not to degrees,
A would-be satirist, a hired buffoon,
A monthly scribbler of some low lampoon, (8)
Condemn'd to drudge, the meanest of the mean,
And furbish falsehoods for a magazine,
Devotes to scandal his congenial mind,
Himself a living libel on mankind. (9)
Oh! dark asylum of a Vandal race! (10)
At once the boast of learning, and disgrace!
So lost to Phœbus, that nor Hodgson's (11) verse (12)
Can make thee better, nor poor Hewson's (13) worse.

(1) It may be asked, why I have censured the Earl of Carlisle, my guardian and relative, to whom I dedicated a volume of puerile poems a few years ago?—The guardianship was nominal, at least as far as I have been able to discover; the relationship I cannot help, and am very sorry for it; but as his lordship seemed to forget it on a very essential occasion to me, I shall not burthen my memory with the recollection. I do not think that personal differences sanction the unjust condemnation of a brother scribbler; but I see no reason why they should act as a preventive, when the author, noble or ignoble, has, for a series of years, beguiled a "discerning public" (as the advertisements have it) with divers reams of most orthodox imperial nonsense. Besides, I do not step aside to vituperate the earl: no—his works come fairly in review with those of other patrician literati. If, before I escaped from my teens, I said any thing in favour of his lordship's paper books, it was in the way of dutiful dedication, and more from the advice of others than my own judgment, and I seize the first opportunity of pronouncing my sincere recantation. I have heard that some persons conceive me to be under obligations to Lord Carlisle: if so, I shall be most particularly happy to learn what they are, and when conferred, that they may be duly appreciated and publicly acknowledged. What I have humbly advanced as an opinion on his printed things, I am prepared to support, if necessary, by quotations from elegies, eulogies, odes, episodes, and certain facetious and dainty tragedies bearing his name and mark:—

"What can ennoble knaves, or fools, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards."

So says Pope. Amen.—["Much too savage, whatever the foundation might be." B. 1816.—L. E.]

(2) "The devil take that phœnix! How came it there?" B. 1816.—L. E.

(3) This line was originally,

"With odes by Smith and epic songs by Hoyle."

Of the injustice of this attack, the poet, on the brink of publication, repented, at least as far as regarded one of the intended victims. *Moore.*—P. E.

(4) The Rev. Charles James Hoare published, in 1808, the *Shipwreck of St. Paul*, a Seatonian prize poem.—L. E.

(5) The Rev. Charles Hoyle, author of *Exodus*, an epic in thirteen books, and several other Seatonian prize poems.—L. E.

(6) The *Games of Hoyle*, well known to the votaries of whist, chess, etc., are not to be superseded by the vagaries of his poetical namesake, whose poem comprised, as expressly stated in the advertisement, all the "plagues of Egypt."

(7) This line is a versification of a thought of Byron's, expressed in a letter to Mr. Dallas, in which, speaking of the University of Cambridge, he says:—"The intellects of her children are as stagnant as her Cam." It was no doubt, as Moore observes, under the influence of a similar feeling that Milton gave vent to the exclamation, that Cambridge was "a place quite incompatible with the votaries of Phœbus." The poet Dryden too, who, like Milton, had incurred some mark of disgrace at Cambridge, seems to have entertained but little more veneration for his Alma Mater.—P. E.

(8) "Right enough: this was well deserved, and well laid on." B. 1816.—L. E.

(9) This person, who has lately betrayed the most rabid symptoms of confirmed authorship, is writer of a poem denominated the *Art of Pleasing*, as "lucus a non lucendo," containing little pleasantry and less poetry. He also acts as monthly stipendiary and collector of calumnies for the *Satirist*. If this unfortunate young man would exchange the magazines for the mathematics, and endeavour to take a decent degree in his university, it might eventually prove more serviceable than his present salary.—[Mr. Hewson Clarke was also the author of *The Saunterer*, and a *History of the Campaign in Russia*.—L. E.]

(10) "Into Cambridgeshire the Emperor Probus transported a considerable body of Vandals."—*Gibbon's Decline and Fall*, vol. ii. p. 83. There is no reason to doubt the truth of this assertion; the breed is still in high perfection.

(11) This gentleman's name requires no praise: the man who in translation displays unquestionable genius may be well expected to excel in original composition, of which it is to be hoped we shall soon see a splendid specimen.—[Besides a translation of *Juvenal*, Mr. Hodgson has published *Lady Jane Grey*, *Sir Edgar*, and *The Friends*, a poem in four books. He also translated, in conjunction with Dr. Butler, Lucien Bonaparte's unreadable epic of *Charlemagne*.—L. E.]

(12) In the original manuscript we read:—

"So sunk in dullness, and so lost in shame,
That Smythe and Hodgson scarce redeem thy fame."

Moore.—P. E.

(13) Hewson Clarke, *esq.* as it is written.

But wher fair Isis rolls her purer wave,
The partial muse delighted loves to lave;
On her green banks a greener wreath she wove,
To crown the bards that haunt her classic grove
Where Richards wakes a genuine poet's fires,
And modern Britons glory in their sires. (1)

For me, who, thus unask'd, have dared to tell
My country what her sons should know too well,
Zeal for her honour bade me here engage
The host of idiots that infest her age;
No just applause her honour'd name shall lose,
As first in freedom, dearest to the muse.
Oh! would thy bards but emulate thy fame,
And rise more worthy, Albion, of thy name!
What Athens was in science, Rome in power,
What Tyre appear'd in her meridian hour,
T is thine at once, fair Albion! to have been—
Earth's chief dictatress, ocean's lovely queen: (2)
But Rome decay'd, and Athens strew'd the plain,
And Tyre's proud piers lie shatter'd in the main;
Like these, thy strength may sink, in ruin hurl'd,
And Britain fall, the bulwark of the world.
But let me cease, and dread Cassandra's fate,
With warning ever scoff'd at, till too late;
To themes less lofty still my lay confine,
And urge thy bards to gain a name like thine. (3)

Then, hapless Britain! be thy rulers blest,
The senate's oracles, the people's jest!
Still hear thy motley orators dispense
The flowers of rhetoric, though not of sense,
While Canning's colleagues hate him for his wit,
And old dame Portland (4) fills the place of Pitt.

Yet once again, adieu! ere this the sail
That wafts me hence is shivering in the gale;
And Afric's coast and Calpe's adverse height,
And Stamboul's minarets must greet my sight:
Thence shall I stray through beauty's native clime, (5)
Where Kaff (6) is clad in rocks, and crown'd with snows sublime.
But should I back return, no tempting press (7)
Shall drag my journal from the desk's recess:
Let coxcombs, printing as they come from far,
Snatch his own wreath of ridicule from Carr; (8)
Let Aberdeen and Elgin (9) still pursue
The shade of fame through regions of virtù;
Waste useless thousands on their Phidian freaks,
Misshapen monuments and maim'd antiques;
And make their grand saloons a general mart
For all the mutilated blocks of art:
Of Dardan tours let dilettanti tell,
I leave topography to rapid (10) Gell; (11)
And, quite content, no more shall interpose
To stun the public ear—at least with prose. (12)

Thus far I've held my undisturb'd career,
Prepared for rancour, steel'd 'gainst selfish fear:
This thing of rhyme I ne'er disdain'd to own—
Though not obtrusive, yet not quite unknown:
My voice was heard again, though not so loud,
My page, though nameless, never disavow'd;

(1) The *Aboriginal Britons*, an excellent poem, by Richards.—[The Rev. George Richards, D.D. has also sent from the press *Songs of the Aboriginal Bards of Britain*, *Modern France*, two volumes of Miscellaneous Poems, and Bampton Lectures "On the divine Origin of Prophecy." This gentleman is now Rector of St. Martin's in the Fields.—L. E.]

(2) "*Lovely* queen." The epithet was altered from *lonely*. *Dallas*.—P. E.

(3) With this verse the satire originally ended.—L. E.

(4) A friend of mine being asked, why his Grace of Portland was likened to an old woman? replied, "he supposed it was because he was past bearing."—His Grace is now gathered to his grandmothers, where he sleeps as sound as ever; but even his sleep was better than his colleagues' waking. 1811.

(5) Georgia. (6) Mount Caucasus.

(7) These four lines originally stood:—

"But should I back return, no letter'd sage
Shall drag my common-place book on the stage.
Let vain Valentia* rival luckless Carr,†
And equal him whose work he sought to mar."—L. E.

(8) In a letter, written from Gibraltar to his friend Hodgson, Lord Byron says,—"I have seen Sir John Carr at Seville and Cadiz, and, like Swift's barber, have been down on my knees to beg he would not put me into black and white."—L. E.

(9) Lord Elgin would fain persuade us that all the figures, with and without noses, in his stone-shop, are the work of Phidias! "Credat Judæus!"

* Lord Valentia (whose tremendous travels are forthcoming, with due decorations, graphical, topographical, and typographical) deposed, on Sir John Carr's unlucky suit, that Mr. Dubois' satire prevented his purchase of the *Stranger in Ireland*.—Oh, fie, my lord! has your lordship no more feeling for a fellow-tourist?—but "two of a trade," they say, etc.

† From the many tours he made, Sir John was called "The Jaunting Carr." A wicked wit having severely lashed him in a publication called *My Pocket Book; or Hints for a Ryght Merrie and Conceited Tour*, he brought an action of damages against the publisher; but as the work contained only what the court deemed legitimate criticism, the knight was nonsuited.—[Edward Dubois, Esq., the author of this pleasant satire, has also published *The Wreath*, consisting of translations from Sappho, Bion and Moschus, *Old Nick*, a satirical story, and an edition of the *Decameron* of Boccaccio.—L. E.]

(10) The original epithet was "classic." Lord Byron altered it in the fifth edition, and added this note—"Rapid, indeed! He topographised and typographized King Priam's dominions in three days! I called him 'classic' before I saw the *Troad*, but since have learned better than to tack to his name what don't belong to it."—L. E.

(11) Mr. Gell's *Topography of Troy and Ithaca* cannot fail to ensure the approbation of every man possessed of classical taste, as well for the information Mr. Gell conveys to the mind of the reader, as for the ability and research the respective works display.—["Since seeing the plain of Troy, my opinions are somewhat changed as to the above note. Gell's survey was hasty and superficial." B. 1816.—L. E.]

Shortly after his return from Greece, in 1811, Lord Byron wrote a review of Mr. (now Sir William) Gell's works for the *Monthly Review*. In his *Diary* of 1821 there is this passage:—"In reading, I have just chanced upon an expression of Tom Campbell's: —speaking of Collins, he says that 'no reader cares any more about the *characteristic manners* of his eclogues than about the authenticity of the tale of Troy.' 'Tis false—we *do* care about 'the authenticity of the tale of Troy.' I have stood upon that plain, *daily* for more than a month, in 1810; and if any thing diminished my pleasure, it was that the blackguard Bryant had impugned its veracity. It is true, I read *Homer Travestied*, because Hobhouse and others bored me with their learned localities, and I love quizzing. But I still venerated the grand original as the truth of *history* (in the material *facts*) and of *place*. Otherwise it would have given me no delight. Who will persuade me, when I reclined upon a mighty tomb, that it did not contain a hero?—its very magnitude proved this. Men do not labour over the ignoble and petty dead:—and why should not the *dead* be *Homer's dead?*"—L. E.

(12) Lord Byron set out on his travels with the determination to keep no journal. In a letter to his friend Henry Drury, when on the point of sailing, he pleasantly says,—"Hobhouse has made woundy preparations for a book on his return:—one hundred pens, two gallons of japan ink, and several volumes of best blank, is no bad provision for a discerning public. I have laid down my pen, but have promised to contribute a chapter on the state of morals, etc. etc."—L. E.

And now at once I tear the veil away:—
Cheer on the pack! the quarry stands at bay,
Unscared by all the din of Melbourne-house, (1)
By Lambe's resentment, or by Holland's spouse,
By Jeffrey's harmless pistol, Hallam's rage,
Edina's brawny sons and brimstone page.
Our men in buckram shall have blows enough,
And feel they too are "penetrable stuff:"
And though I hope not hence unscathed to go,
Who conquers me shall find a stubborn foe.
The time hath been, when no harsh sound would fall
From lips that now may seem imbued with gall; (2)
Nor fools nor follies tempt me to despise
The meanest thing that crawl'd beneath my eyes:
But now, so callous grown, so changed since youth,
I've learn'd to think, and sternly speak the truth;
Learn'd to deride the critic's starch decree,
And break him on the wheel he meant for me;
To spurn the rod a scribbler bids me kiss,
Nor care if courts and crowds applaud or hiss:
Nay, more, though all my rival rhymesters frown,
I too can hunt a poetaster down;
And, arm'd in proof, the gauntlet cast at once
To Scotch marauder, and to southern dunce.
Thus much I've dared; if my incondite lay
Hath wrong'd these righteous times, let others say:
This, let the world, which knows not how to spare,
Yet rarely blames unjustly, now declare. (3)

POSTSCRIPT

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

I HAVE been informed, since the present edition went to the press, that my trusty and well-beloved cousins, the Edinburgh Reviewers, are preparing a most vehement critique on my poor, gentle, *unresisting*, Muse, whom they have already so be-deviled with their ungodly ribaldry:

"Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ!"

I suppose I must say of Jeffrey as Sir Andrew Aguecheek saith, "an I had known he was so cunning of fence, I had seen him damned ere I had fought him." What a pity it is that I shall be beyond the Bosphorus before the next number has passed the Tweed! But I yet hope to light my pipe with it in Persia.

My northern friends have accused me, with justice, of personality towards their great literary anthropophagus, Jeffrey; but what else was to be done with him and his dirty pack, who feed by "lying and slandering," and slake their thirst by "evil speaking?" I have adduced facts already well known, and of Jeffrey's mind I have stated my free opinion, nor has he thence sustained any injury;—what scavenger was ever soiled by being pelted with mud? It may be said, that I quit England because I have censured there "persons of honour and wit about town;" but I am coming back again, and their vengeance will keep hot till my return. Those who know me can testify that my motives for leaving England are very different from fears, literary or personal: those who do not may one day be convinced. Since the publication of this thing, my name has not been concealed; I have been mostly in London, ready to answer for my transgressions, and in daily expectation of sundry cartels; but, alas! "the age of chivalry is over," or, in the vulgar tongue, there is no spirit now-a-days.

There is a youth ycleped Hewson Clarke (subaudi *esquire*), a sizer of Emanuel College, and, I believe, a denizen of Berwick-upon-Tweed, whom I have introduced in these pages to much better company than he has been accustomed to meet; he is, notwithstanding, a very sad dog, and for no reason that I can discover, except a personal quarrel with a bear, kept by me at Cambridge to sit for a fellowship, and whom the jealousy of his Trinity contemporaries prevented from success, has been abusing me, and, what is worse, the defenceless innocent above mentioned, in *The Satirist*, for one year and some months. I am utterly unconscious of having given him any provocation; indeed, I am guiltless of having heard his name till coupled with *The Satirist*. He has therefore no reason to complain, and I dare say that, like Sir Fretful Plagiary, he is rather *pleased* than otherwise. I have now mentioned all who have done me the honour to notice me and mine, that is, my bear and my book, except the editor of *The Satirist*, who, it seems, is a gentleman—God wot! I wish he could impart a little of his gentility to his subordinate scribblers. I hear that Mr. Jerningham is about to take up the cudgels for his Mæcenas, Lord Carlisle. I hope not: he was one of the few who, in the very short intercourse I had with him, treated me with kindness when a boy; and whatever he may say or do, "pour on, I will endure." I have nothing further to add, save a general note of thanksgiving to readers, purchasers, and publishers, and, in the words of Scott, I wish

"To all and each a fair good night,
And rosy dreams and slumbers light."

(1) "Singular enough, and *din* enough, God knows." B. 1816.—L. E.

(2) In this passage, hastily thrown off as it is, "we find," says Moore, "the strongest trace of that wounded feeling, which bleeds, as it were, through all his subsequent writings."—L. E.

(3) "The greater part of this satire I most sincerely wish had never been written—not only on account of the injustice of much of the critical, and some of the personal part of it—but the tone and temper are such as I cannot approve. —BYRON. July 14, 1816. *Diodati, Geneva.*"—L. E.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage;

A ROMAUNT.(1)

L'univers est une espèce de livre, dont on n'a lu que la première page quand on n'a vu que son pays. J'en ai feuilleté un assez grand nombre, que j'ai trouvées également mauvaises. Cet examen ne m'a point été infructueux. Je haïssais ma patrie. Toutes les impertinences des peuples divers, parmi lesquels j'ai vécu, m'ont reconcilié avec elle. Quand je n'aurais tiré d'autre bénéfice de mes voyages que celui-là, je n'en regretterais ni les frais ni les fatigues.—*Le Cosmopolite.* (2)

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST AND SECOND CANTOS.

The following poem was written, for the most part, amidst the scenes which it attempts to describe. It was begun in Albania; and the parts relative to Spain and Portugal were composed from the author's observations in those countries. Thus much it may be necessary to state for the correctness of the descriptions. The scenes attempted to be sketched are in Spain, Portugal, Epirus, Acarnania, and Greece. There, for the present, the poem stops: its reception will determine whether the author may venture to

(1) This noble composition was begun in 1809, and ended in 1818. Commenced perhaps before the Author's powers had reached their utmost development, the work was always, at whatever intervals,—some of them considerable,—taken up by him as one which he desired and designed to render complete in itself; the realization of a plan and conception entirely novel and peculiar,—that of presenting, in a continuous stream of verse, the essence of the thoughts and feelings elicited from his individual mind, during a succession of years, and at different stages, consequently, of his intellectual and moral being, by the contemplation of those chosen scenes of external nature,—whether in themselves extraordinarily beautiful or sublime, or raised to immortal interest by the transactions which they had witnessed, and the personages with whose names they had come to be inextricably interwoven,—which it had been his own fortune to traverse in the course of his earthly pilgrimage. Taken as a whole, this Poem is, undoubtedly, the most original and felicitous of all Lord Byron's *serious* efforts. It opens the first specimen of an absolutely new species of composition;—perhaps the only such specimen that European literature had received during a period of two centuries—in other words, since Shakspeare founded the Romantic Drama, and Cervantes the Romantic Novel of modern Europe.

The first Canto was commenced, as Lord Byron's diaries inform us, at Joannina in Albania, on the 31st of October, 1809; and the second was finished on the 28th of March, in the succeeding year, at Smyrna.* These two Cantos, after having received numberless corrections and additions in their progress through the press, were first published in London in March, 1812, and immediately placed their author on a level with the very highest names of his age. The impression they created was more uniform, decisive, and triumphant, than any that had been witnessed in this country for at least two generations. "I awoke one morning," he says, "and found myself famous." In truth, he had fixed himself, at a single bound, on a summit, such as no English poet had ever before attained, but after a long succession of painful and comparatively neglected efforts.

Those who wish to analyse, with critical accuracy, the progress of Lord Byron in his art, must, of course, interpose their study of various minor pieces, between their perusal of the first and second Cantos of Childe Harold, and that of the third; which was finished at Diodati, near Geneva, in July, 1816, and records the author's mental experiences during his perambulations of the Netherlands, the Rhine country, and Switzerland, in that and the two preceding months—the poetical autobiography of, perhaps, the most melancholy period of his not less melancholy than glorious life,—that in which the wounds of domestic misery, that had driven him from his native land, were yet green, and bleeding at the touch. This Canto was published by itself, in August, 1816; and, notwithstanding at once the proverbial hazard of continuations, and the obloquy which envious exaggeration had at the time attached to Lord Byron's name, was all but universally admitted to have more than sustained the elevation of the original flight of Childe Harold. A just and generous article, by Sir Walter Scott, in the *Quarterly Review*, not only silenced the few cavillers who had ventured to challenge the inspiration of this magnificent Canto, but had a more powerful influence than Lord Byron, gratefully as he acknowledged it, seems to have been aware of, in rebuking the harsh prejudices which had unfortunately gathered about some essential points of his personal character.

The fourth and by far the longest Canto, in itself no doubt the grandest exertion of Lord Byron's genius, appears to have occupied the nearly undivided labour of half a year. It was begun at Venice, in June, 1817, and finished in the same city, in January, 1818; and, being shortly afterwards published in London, carried the Author's fame to the utmost height it ever reached. It is at once the most flowing, the most energetic, and the most solemn of all his pieces; and would of itself sufficiently justify the taste of the surviving affection that dictated for the sole inscription of his tombstone,—"Here lies the Author of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."

The original MS. has furnished many *variæ lectiones*, which may probably be interesting to an extensive class of the Poet's readers. One, and the most important, in order to avoid repetitions on the margin, we mention once for all here: in the first draught of the opening Cantos, the hero is uniformly "Childe *Burun*."†

Some splendid fragments, which the author never worked into the texture of his piece, will also be found in the notes to this edition; nor, after the lapse of twenty years, will any one, it is presumed, complain that we have printed in like manner certain complete stanzas, which Lord Byron was induced to withhold from the public, only by tenderness for the feelings of individuals now beyond the reach of satire. —L. E.

The reader will probably be amused with the following passage, extracted from one of Lord Byron's letters to Mr. Dallas, on the subject of a new and rather Cockney reading of this title:—"Instruct Mr. Murray not to allow his shopman to call the work '*Child of Harrow's Pilgrimage!!!*' as he has done to some of my astonished friends, who wrote to inquire after my *sanity* on the occasion, as well they might."—P. E.

(2) In a letter to Mr. Dallas, his Lordship thus notices this work:—"The passage is from a little French volume, published in 1798, a great favourite with me, which I picked

* The poem was completed during Lord Byron's residence at the house of the Consul General, where he remained till the 11th April, with the exception of two or three days employed in visiting the ruins of Ephesus. The following memorandum was prefixed to his original manuscript:—

"Byron, Joannina in Albania. Begun October 31, 1809, concluded Canto 2, Smyrna, March 28th, 1810. Byron."—P. E.

† "If there could be any doubt as to his intention of delineating himself in his hero, this adoption of the old Norman name of his family, which he seems to have at first contemplated, would be sufficient to remove it." *Moore.*—P. E.

conduct his readers to the capital of the East, through Ionia and Phrygia; these two cantos are merely experimental.

A fictitious character is introduced for the sake of giving some connection to the piece; which, however, makes no pretension to regularity. It has been suggested to me by friends, on whose opinions I set a high value, that in this fictitious character, "Childe Harold," I may incur the suspicion of having intended some real personage: this I beg leave, once for all, to disclaim—Harold is the child of imagination, for the purpose I have stated. In some very trivial particulars, and those merely local, there might be grounds for such a notion; but in the main points, I should hope, none whatever.

It is almost superfluous to mention that the appellation "Childe," as "Childe Waters," "Childe Childers," etc. is used as more consonant with the old structure of versification which I have adopted. The "Good Night," in the beginning of the first canto, was suggested by "Lord Maxwell's Good Night," in the *Border Minstrelsy*, edited by Mr. Scott.

With the different poems which have been published on Spanish subjects, there may be found some slight coincidence in the first part, which treats of the peninsula, but it can only be casual; as, with the exception of a few concluding stanzas, the whole of this poem was written in the Levant.

The stanza of Spenser, according to one of our most successful poets, admits of every variety. Dr. Beattie makes the following observation:—"Not long ago I began a poem in the style and stanza of Spenser, in which I propose to give full scope to my inclination, and be either droll or pathetic, descriptive or sentimental, tender or satirical, as the humour strikes me; for, if I mistake not, the measure which I have adopted admits equally of all these kinds of composition." (1) Strengthened in my opinion by such authority, and by the example of some in the highest order of Italian poets, I shall make no apology for attempts at similar variations in the following composition; satisfied that, if they are unsuccessful, their failure must be in the execution, rather than in the design sanctioned by the practice of Ariosto, Thomson, and Beattie.

London, February, 1812.

ADDITION TO THE PREFACE.

I have now waited till almost all our periodical journals have distributed their usual portion of criticism. To the justice of the generality of their criticisms I have nothing to object: it would ill become me to quarrel with their very slight degree of censure, when, perhaps, if they had been less kind they had been more candid. Returning, therefore, to all and each my best thanks for their liberality, on one point alone shall I venture an observation. Amongst the many objections justly urged to the very indifferent character of the "vagrant Childe" (whom, notwithstanding many hints to the contrary, I still maintain to be a fictitious personage), it has been stated, that, besides the anachronism, he is very *unknightly*, as the times of the knights were times of love, honour, and so forth. Now, it so happens that the good old times, when "l'amour du bon vieux temps, l'amour antique" flourished, were the most profligate of all possible centuries. Those who have any doubts on this subject may consult Sainte-Palaye, *passim*, and more particularly vol. ii. p. 69.(2) The vows of chivalry were no better kept than any other vows whatsoever; and the songs of the Troubadours were not more decent, and certainly were much less refined, than those of Ovid. The "cours d'amour, parlemens d'amour, ou de courtoisie et de gentillesse," had much more of love than of courtesy or gentleness. See Roland on the same subject with Sainte-Palaye. Whatever other objection may be urged to that most unamiable personage Childe Harold, he was so far perfectly knightly in his attributes—"No waiter, but a knight templar." (3) By the by, I fear that Sir Tristrem and Sir Lancelot were no better than they should be, although very poetical personages and true knights "sans peur," though not "sans reproche." If the story of the institution of the "Garter" be not a fable, the knights of that order have for several centuries borne the badge of a Countess of Salisbury, of indifferent memory. So much for chivalry. Burke need not have regretted that its days are over, though Marie-Antoinette was quite as chaste as most of those in whose honours lances were shivered, and knights unhorsed.

Before the days of Bayard, and down to those of Sir Joseph Banks (the most chaste and celebrated of ancient and modern times), few exceptions will be found to this statement; and I fear a little investigation will teach us not to regret these monstrous mummeries of the middle ages.

I now leave "Childe Harold" to live his day, such as he is; it had been more agreeable, and certainly more easy, to have drawn an amiable character. It had been easy to varnish over his faults, to make him do more and express less; but he never was intended as an example, further than to show, that early perversion of mind and morals leads to satiety of past pleasures and disappointment in new ones, and that even the beauties of nature, and the stimulus of travel (except ambition, the most powerful of all excitements) are lost on a soul so constituted, or rather misdirected. Had I proceeded with the poem, this character would have deepened as he drew to the close; for the outline which I once meant to fill up for him was, with some exceptions, the sketch of a modern Timon, (4) perhaps a poetical Zeluco. (5)

London, 1813.

up in the Archipelago. I don't think it is well known in England; De Montbron is the author."—P. E.

(1) *Beattie's Letters.*

(2) "Qu'on lise dans l'auteur du roman de *Gérard de Roussillon*, en Provençal, les détails très-circonstanciés, dans lesquels il entre sur la réception faite par le Comte Gérard à l'ambassadeur du roi Charles; on y verra des particularités singulières, qui donnent une étrange idée des mœurs et de la politesse de ces siècles aussi corrompus qu'ignorans." —*Mémoires sur l'Ancienne Chevalerie*, par M. de la Carne de Sainte-Palaye, Paris, 1781, *loc. cit.*—L. E.

(3) *The Rovers, or the Double Arrangement.*—[By Messrs. Canning and Frere; first published in the *Antijacobin*.—L. E.]

(4) In one of his early poems—"Childish Recollections," *antè*, p. 30, Lord Byron compares himself to the Athenian misanthrope, of whose bitter apophthegms many are upon record, though no authentic particulars of his life have come down to us:—

"Weary of love, of life, devour'd with spleen,
I rest a perfect Timon, not nineteen," etc.—L. E.

(5) It was Dr. Moore's object, in this powerful romance (now unjustly neglected), to trace the fatal effects resulting

TO IANTHE. (1)

Nor in those climes where I have late been straying,
Though Beauty long hath there been matchless deem'd;
Not in those visions to the heart displaying
Forms which it sighs but to have only dream'd,
Hath aught like thee in truth or fancy seem'd:
Nor, having seen thee, shall I vainly seek
To paint those charms which varied as they beam'd—
To such as see thee not my words were weak;
To those who gaze on thee what language could they speak?

Ah! may'st thou ever be what now thou art,
Nor unbeseem the promise of thy spring,
As fair in form, as warm yet pure in heart,
Love's image upon earth without his wing,
And guileless beyond Hope's imagining!
And surely she who now so fondly rears
Thy youth, in thee, thus hourly brightening,
Beholds the rainbow of her future years,
Before whose heavenly hues all sorrow disappears.

Young Peri (2) of the West!—'tis well for me
My years already doubly number thine;
My loveless eye unmoved may gaze on thee,
And safely view thy ripening beauties shine;
Happy, I ne'er shall see them in decline;
Happier, that while all younger hearts shall bleed,
Mine shall escape the doom thine eyes assign
To those whose admiration shall succeed,
But mix'd with pangs to Love's even loveliest hours decreed.

Oh! let that eye, which, wild as the gazelle's, (3)
Now brightly bold or beautifully shy,
Wins as it wanders, dazzles where it dwells,
Glance o'er this page, nor to my verse deny
That smile for which my breast might vainly sigh,
Could I to thee be ever more than friend:
This much, dear maid! accord; nor question why
To one so young my strain I would commend,
But bid me with my wreath one matchless lily blend.

Such is thy name with this my verse entwined;
And long as kinder eyes a look shall cast
On Harold's page, Ianthe's here enshrined
Shall thus be first beheld, forgotten last:
My days once number'd, should this homage past
Attract thy fairy fingers near the lyre
Of him who hail'd thee, loveliest as thou wast,
Such is the most my memory may desire;
Though more than Hope can claim, could Friendship less require?

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO I.

I.

Oh, thou! in Hellas deem'd of heavenly birth,
Muse! form'd or fabled at the minstrel's will!
Since shamed full oft by later lyres on earth,
Mine dares not call thee from thy sacred hill:
Yet there I've wander'd by thy vaunted rill;
Yes! sigh'd o'er Delphi's long deserted shrine, (4)
Where, save that feeble fountain, all is still;
Nor mote my shell awake the weary Nine
To grace so plain a tale—this lowly lay of mine.

II.

Whilome in Albion's isle there dwelt a youth, (5)
Who ne in virtue's ways did take delight;
But spent his days in riot most uncouth,
And vex'd with mirth the drowsy ear of Night.
Ah, me! in sooth he was a shameless wight,
Sore given to revel and ungodly glee;
Few earthly things found favour in his sight
Save concubines and carnal companie,
And flaunting wassailers of high and low degree. (6)

III.

Childe Harold was he hight:—but whence his name
And lineage long, it suits me not to say;
Suffice it that, perchance, they were of fame,
And had been glorious in another day:
But one sad losel soils a name for aye,
However mighty in the olden time;
Nor all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay,
Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme,
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.

from a fond mother's unconditional compliance with the humours and passions of an only child. With high advantages of person, birth, fortune, and ability, Zeluco is represented as miserable, through every scene of life, owing to the spirit of unbridled self-indulgence thus pampered in infancy.—L. E.

(1) The Lady Charlotte Harley, second daughter of Edward fifth Earl of Oxford (now Lady Charlotte Bacon), in the autumn of 1812, when these lines were addressed to her, had not completed her eleventh year. Mr. Westall's portrait of the juvenile beauty, painted at Lord Byron's request, is engraved in *Finden's Illustrations*.—L. E.

"Lord Byron appears to have been much struck with the sweetness and beauty of this young lady. The introductory stanzas, "To Ianthe," did not appear until after the sale of several editions of *Childe Harold*."—*Finden's Illustrations*.—P. E.

(2) *Peri*, the Persian term for a beautiful intermediate order of beings, is generally supposed to be another form of our own word *Fairy*.—L. E.

(3) A species of the antelope. "You have the eyes of a gazelle," is considered all over the East as the greatest compliment that can be paid to a woman.—L. E.

(4) The little village of Castri stands partly on the site of Delphi. Along the path of the mountain, from Chrysso, are the remains of sepulchres hewn in and from the rock. "One," said the guide, "of a king who broke his neck hunting." His majesty had certainly chosen the fittest spot for such an achievement. A little above Castri is a cave, supposed the Pythian, of immense depth; the upper part of it is paved, and now a cow-house. On the other side of Castri stands a Greek monastery; some way above which is the cleft in the rock, with a range of caverns difficult of ascent, and apparently leading to the interior of the mountain; probably to the Corycian Cavern, mentioned by Pausanias. From this part descend the fountain and the "Dews of Castalie."—["We were sprinkled," says Mr. Hobhouse, "with the spray of the immortal rill, and here, if any where, should have felt the poetic inspiration: we drank deep, too, of the spring; but—(I can answer for myself)—without feeling sensible of any extraordinary effect."—L. E.]

The names of Lord Byron and Mr. Hobhouse are found at Delphi, cut or scratched in conspicuous places, as records of their pilgrimage to Castaly.—P. E.

(5) We learn from Mr. Dallas that this stanza originally began the poem.—P. E.

(6) With regard to any resemblance, real or imaginary,

IV.

Childe Harold bask'd him in the noontide sun,
Disporting there like any other fly;
Nor deem'd, before his little day was done,
One blast might chill him into misery.
But long ere scarce a third of his pass'd by,
Worse than adversity the Childe befell;
He felt the fullness of satiety:
Then loathed he in his native land to dwell,
Which seem'd to him more lone than eremite's sad cell.

V.

For he through Sin's long labyrinth had run,
Nor made atonement when he did amiss,
Had sigh'd to many though he loved but one, (1)
And that loved one, alas! could ne'er be his.
Ah! happy she! to 'scape from him whose kiss
Had been pollution unto aught so chaste;
Who soon had left her charms for vulgar bliss,
And spoil'd her goodly lands to gild his waste,
Nor calm domestic peace had ever deigu'd to taste.

VI.

And now Childe Harold was sore sick at heart,
And from his fellow bacchanals would flee;
'Tis said, at times the sullen tear would start,
But Pride congeal'd the drop within his ee:
Apart he stalk'd in joyless (2) reverie,
And from his native land resolved to go,
And visit scorching climes beyond the sea;
With pleasure drugg'd, he almost long'd for woe,
And e'en for change of scene would seek the (3) shades below.

VII.

The Childe departed from his father's hall:
It was a vast and venerable pile;
So old, it seemed only not to fall,
Yet strength was pillar'd in each massy aisle.
Monastic dome! condemn'd to uses vile!
Where Superstition once had made her den
Now Paphian girls were known to sing and smile;
And monks might deem their time was come agen,
If ancient tales say true, nor wrong these holy men. (4)

VIII.

Yet oft-times in his maddest mirthful mood
Strange pangs would flash along Childe Harold's brow,
As if the memory of some deadly feud
Or disappointed passion lurk'd below;
But this none knew, nor haply cared to know;
For his was not that open artless soul
That feels relief by bidding sorrow flow,
Nor sought he friend to counsel or condole,
Whate'er this grief mote be, which he could not control.

IX.

And none did love him (5)—though to hall and bower
He gather'd revellers from far and near,
He knew them flatterers of the festal hour;
The heartless parasites of present cheer.
Yea! none did love him—not his lemans dear—
But pomp and power alone are woman's care,
And where these are light Eros finds a feere;
Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs might despair.

X.

Childe Harold had a mother—not forgot,
Though parting from that mother he did shun;
A sister whom he loved, but saw her not
Before his weary pilgrimage begun:
If friends he had, he bade adieu to none.
Yet deem not thence his breast a breast of steel: (6)
Ye, who have known what 'tis to dote upon
A few dear objects, will in sadness feel
Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal.

XI.

His house, his home, his heritage, his lands,
The laughing dames in whom he did delight,
Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy hands,
Might shake the saintship of an anchorite,
And long had fed his youthful appetite;
His goblets brimm'd with every costly wine,
And all that mote to luxury invite,
Without a sigh he left, to cross the brine, (7)
And traverse Paynim shores, and pass Earth's central line.

between the poet and his hero, Lord Byron observes, in a letter to Mr. Dallas:—"I by no means intend to identify myself with Harold, but to deny all connection with him. If in parts I may be thought to have drawn from myself, believe me it is but in parts, and I shall not own even to that. I would not be such a fellow as I have made my hero for the world."—P. E.

(1) See "Stanzas written to a Lady," *antè*, p. 41.—L. E.

(2) "Originally written '*sullen* reverie,' but subsequently altered, to avoid the repetition of the epithet, which occurs in the third line of the stanza." *Dallas.*—P. E.

(3) In these stanzas, and indeed throughout his works, we must not accept too literally Lord Byron's testimony against himself—he took a morbid pleasure in darkening every shadow of his self-portraiture. His interior at Newstead had, no doubt, been, in some points, loose and irregular enough; but it certainly never exhibited any thing of the profuse and Sultanic luxury which the language in the text might seem to indicate. In fact, the narrowness of his means at the time the verses refer to would alone have precluded this. His household economy, while he remained at the Abbey, is known to have been conducted on a very moderate scale; and, besides, his usual companions, though far from being averse to convivial indulgences, were not only, as Mr. Moore says, "of habits and tastes too intellectual for mere vulgar debauchery," but, assuredly, quite incapable of playing the parts of flatterers and parasites. —L. E.

(4) "For some years after the event that had so much influence on my fate (the marriage of Miss Chaworth), I tried to drown the remembrance of it and her in the most depraving dissipation: but the poison was in the cup." *Medwin.*—P. E.

(5) Throughout his writings Byron invariably lays much stress on his friendlessness, which to us, we confess, appears to have been rather imaginary than real. On this subject Galt justly remarks:—"In respect both to it and to his ravelled fortune a great deal too much has been too often said, and the manliness of his character has suffered by the puling. His correspondence shows that he had several friends, to whom he was much attached; and his disposition justifies the belief that, had he not been well persuaded the attachment was reciprocal, he would not have remained on terms of intimacy with them."—P. E.

(6) From a letter of Mr. Dallas, we find that the line originally ran thus:—

"Yet deem him not from this with breast of steel."—P. E.

(7) Lord Byron originally intended to visit India.—L. E.

XII.

The sails were fill'd, and fair the light winds blew,
As glad to waft him from his native home;
And fast the white rocks faded from his view,
And soon were lost in circumambient foam:
And then, it may be, of his wish to roam
Repented he, but in his bosom slept
The silent thought, nor from his lips did come
One word of wail, whilst others sate and wept,
And to the reckless gales unmanly moaning kept.

XIII.

But when the sun was sinking in the sea
He seized his harp, which he at times could string,
And strike, albeit with untaught melody,
When deem'd he no strange ear was listening:
And now his fingers o'er it he did fling,
And tuned his farewell in the dim twilight.
While flew the vessel on her snowy wing,
And fleeting shores receded from his sight,
Thus to the elements he pour'd his last "Good Night."(1)

1.

"Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native Land—Good Night!

2.

"A few short hours and he will rise
To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
My dog howls at the gate.

3.

"Come hither, hither, my little page! (2)
Why dost thou weep and wail?
Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,
Or tremble at the gale?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
Our ship is swift and strong:
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
More merrily along."

4.

'Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
I fear not wave nor wind;
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
Am sorrowful in mind; (3)
For I have from my father gone,
A mother whom I love,
And have no friend, save these alone,
But thee—and one above.

5.

'My father bless'd me fervently,
Yet did not much complain;
But sorely will my mother sigh,
Till I come back again.'—
"Enough, enough, my little lad!
Such tears become thine eye;
If I thy guileless bosom had,
Mine own would not be dry. (4)

6.

"Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman, (5)
Why dost thou look so pale?
Or dost thou dread a French foeman!
Or shiver at the gale?"
'Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?
Sir Childe, I 'm not so weak;
But thinking on an absent wife
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

7.

'My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
Along the bordering lake,
And when they on their father call,
What answer shall she make?'—
"Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
Thy grief let none gainsay;
But I, who am of lighter mood,
Will laugh to flee away.

(1) See "Lord Maxwell's Good Night," in Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. i. p. 297:—

"Adieu, madame, my mother dear," etc.—L. E.

(2) This "little page" was Robert Rushton, the son of one of Lord Byron's tenants. "I take Robert with me," says the poet, in a letter to his mother; "I like him, because, like myself, he seems a friendless animal."—L. E.

(3) Seeing that the boy was "sorrowful" at the separation from his parents, Lord Byron, on reaching Gibraltar, sent him back to England under the care of his old servant Murray. "Pray," he says to his mother, "show the lad every kindness, as he has behaved extremely well, and is a great favourite." He also wrote a letter to the father of the boy, which leaves a most favourable impression of his thoughtfulness and kindliness. "I have," he says, "sent Robert home, because the country which I am about to travel through is in a state which renders it unsafe, particularly for one so young. I allow you to deduct from your rent five-and-twenty pounds a-year for the expense of his education, for three years, provided I do not return before that time, and I desire he may be considered as in my service."—L. E.

(4) Here follows, in the original MS.:—

"My mother is a high-born dame,
And much misliketh me;
She saith my riot bringeth shame
On all my ancestry:
I had a sister once, I ween,
Whose tears perhaps will flow;
But her fair face I have not seen
For three long years and moe."—L. E.

(5) William Fletcher, the faithful valet;—who, after a service of twenty years ("during which," he says, "his Lord was more to him than a father"), received the *Pilgrim's* last words at Missolonghi, and did not quit his remains, until he had seen them deposited in the family vault at Hucknell. This unsophisticated "yeoman" was a constant source of pleasantry to his master:—*e.g.* "Fletcher," he says, in a letter to his mother, "is not valiant: he requires comforts that I can dispense with, and sighs for beer, and beef, and tea, and his wife, and the devil knows what besides. We were one night lost in a thunder-storm, and since, nearly wrecked. In both cases he was sorely bewildered; from apprehensions of famine and banditti in the first, and drowning in the second instance. His eyes were a little hurt by the lightning, or crying, I don't know which. I did what I could to console him, but found him incorrigible. He sends six sighs to Sally. I shall settle him in a farm; for he has served me faithfully, and Sally is a good woman." After all his adventures by flood and field, short commons included, this humble Achates of the poet has now established himself as the keeper of an Italian warehouse, in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, where, if he does not thrive, every one who knows anything of his character will say he deserves to do so.—L. E.

8.

"For who would trust the seeming sighs
Of wife or paramour?
Fresh feres will dry the bright blue eyes
We late saw streaming o'er.
For pleasures past I do not grieve,
Nor perils gathering near;
My greatest grief is that I leave
No thing that claims a tear.

9.

"And now I'm in the world alone, (1)
Upon the wide, wide sea:
But why should I for others groan,
When none will sigh for me?
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
Till fed by stranger hands;
But long ere I come back again,
He'd tear me where he stands. (2)

10.

"With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves!
And when you fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!
My native Land—Good Night!" (3)

XIV.

On, on the vessel flies, the land is gone,
And winds are rude in Biscay's sleepless bay.
Four days are sped, but with the fifth, anon,
New shores descried make every bosom gay;
And Cintra's mountain greets them on their way,
And Tagus dashing onward to the deep,
His fabled golden tribute bent to pay;
And soon on board the Lusian pilots leap, [reap.
And steer 'twixt fertile shores where yet few rustics

XV.

Oh, Christ! it is a goodly sight to see
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land!
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree!
What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand!
But man would mar them with an impious hand:
And when the Almighty lifts his fiercest scourge
'Gainst those who most trangress his high command,
With treble vengeance will his hot shafts urge
Gaul's locust host, and earth from fellest foemen purge.

XVI.

What beauties doth Lisboa (4) first unfold!
Her image floating on that noble tide,
Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold,
But now whereon a thousand keels did ride
Of mighty strength, since Albion was allied,
And to the Lusians did her aid afford:
A nation swoln with ignorance and pride,
Who lick yet loathe the hand that waves the sword
To save them from the wrath of Gaul's unsparing lord. (5)

XVII.

But whoso entereth within this town,
That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,
Disconsolate will wander up and down,
'Mid many things unsightly to strange ee;
For hut and palace show like filthily:
The dingy denizens are rear'd in dirt;
Ne personage of high or mean degree
Doth care for cleanness of surtout or shirt,
Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt, unwash'd—unhurt. (6)

XVIII.

Poor, paltry slaves! yet born 'midst noblest scenes—
Why, Nature, waste thy wonders on such men?
Lo! Cintra's (7) glorious Eden intervenes
In variegated maze of mount and glen.

(1) It would appear that Mr. Dallas had recommended the suppression or alteration of the ninth stanza, as may be gathered from the following observation of the noble poet, in a letter to that gentleman. "I do not mean to exchange the ninth verse of the 'Good Night.' I have no reason to suppose my dog better than his brother brutes, mankind; and Argus we know to be a fable."—P. E

(2) Here follows, in the original MS.:—

"Methinks it would my bosom glad,
To change my proud estate,
And be again a laughing lad
With one beloved playmate.
Since youth I scarce have pass'd an hour
Without disgust or pain,
Except sometimes in lady's bower,
Or when the bowl I drain."—L. E.

(3) Originally the "little page" and the "yeoman" were introduced in the following stanzas:—

"And of his train there was a henchman page,
A peasant boy, who served his master well;
And often would his pranksome prate engage
Childe Harold's ear, when his proud heart did swell
With sable thoughts that he disdain'd to tell.
Then would he smile on him, and Alwin smiled,
When aught that from his young lips archly fell
The gloomy film from Harold's eye beguiled;
And pleased for a glimpse appear'd the woeful Childe.

"Him and one yeoman only did he take
To travel eastward to a far countrie;
And, though the boy was grieved to leave the lake
On whose fair banks he grew from infancy,
Ofttimes his little heart beat merrily
With hope of foreign nations to behold,
And many things right marvellous to see,
Of which our vaunting voyagers oft have told,
In many a tome as true as Mandeville's of old."—L. E.

(4) "A friend advises *Ulissipont*; but *Lisboa* is the Portuguese word, consequently the best. Ulissipont is pedantic; and as I had lugged in *Hellas* and *Eros* not long before, there would have been something like an affectation of Greek terms, which I wished to avoid. On the submission of *Lusitania* to the Moors, they changed the name of the capital, which till then had been Ulisipo, or Lispo; because, in the Arabic alphabet, the letter *p* is not used. Hence, I believe, Lisboa; whence, again, the French Lisbonne, and our Lisbon,—God knows which the earlier corruption." *Byron, MS.*—L. E.

(5) By comparing this and the thirteen following stanzas with the account of his progress which Lord Byron sent home to his mother, the reader will see that they are the exact echoes of the thoughts which occurred to his mind as he went over the spots described. *Moore.*—L. E.

(6) "It is difficult to find a single author who has written upon Lisbon, without noticing that, when he has almost exhausted his terms of panegyric upon its beautiful situation and glorious appearance, he brings instantly into contact with these the language of utter contempt and disgust, at the filth and abominations of this worse than painted sepulchre." *Finden's Illustrations.*—P. E.

(7) "To make amends for the filthiness of Lisbon, and its still filthier inhabitants, the village of Cintra, about fifteen miles from the capital, is, perhaps, in every respect, the most delightful in Europe. It contains beauties of every description, natural and artificial; palaces and gardens rising in the midst of rocks, cataracts, and precipices; convents on stupendous heights; a distant view of the sea and the Tagus; and, besides (though that is a secondary consideration), is remarkable as the scene of Sir Hew Dalrymple's Convention. It unites in itself all the wildness of the western Highlands, with the verdure of the south of France." *B. to Mrs. Byron*, 1809.—L. E.

Ah, me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,
To follow half on which the eye dilates,
Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken
Than those whereof such things the bard relates,
Who to the awe-struck world unlock'd Elysium's gates?

XIX.

The horrid crags, by toppling convent crown'd,
The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
The mountain-moss by scorching skies imbrown'd,
The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,
The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
The vine on high, the willow branch below,
Mix'd in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow.

XX.

Then slowly climb the many-winding way,
And frequent turn to linger as you go,
From loftier rocks new loveliness survey,
And rest ye at "Our Lady's house of woe;" (1)
Where frugal monks their little relics show,
And sundry legends to the stranger tell:
Here impious men have punish'd been, and lo!
Deep in yon cave Honorius long did dwell,
In hope to merit heaven by making earth a hell.

XXI.

And here and there, as up the crags you spring,
Mark many rude-carved crosses near the path:
Yet deem not these devotion's offering—
These are memorials frail of murderous wrath:
For wheresoe'er the shrieking victim hath
Pour'd forth his blood beneath the assassin's knife,
Some hand erects a cross of mouldering lath;
And grove and glen with thousand such are rife
Throughout this purple land, where law secures not life. (2)

XXII.

On sloping mounds, or in the vale beneath,
Are domes where whilome kings did make repair;
But now the wild flowers round them only breathe;
Yet ruin'd splendour still is lingering there.
And yonder towers the Prince's palace fair: [son,
There thou too, Vathek! (3) England's wealthiest
Once form'd thy Paradise, as not aware [done,
When wanton Wealth her mightiest deeds hath
Meek Peace voluptuous lures was ever wont to shun.

XXIII.

Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan,
Beneath yon mountain's ever-beauteous brow:
But now, as if a thing unblest by man,
Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou!
Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow
To halls deserted, portals gaping wide;
Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how
Vain are the pleasaunces on earth supplied;
Swept into wrecks anon by Time's ungentle tide! (4)

XXIV.

Behold the hall where chiefs were late convened! (5)
Oh! dome displeasing unto British eye!
With diadem hight foolscap, lo! a fiend,
A little fiend that scoffs incessantly,

(1) The convent of "Our Lady of Punishment," *Nossa Señora de Pena*, on the summit of the rock. Below, at some distance, is the Cork Convent,* where St. Honorius dug his den, over which is his epitaph. From the hills, the sea adds to the beauty of the view.—[Since the publication of this poem, I have been informed of the misapprehension of the term *Nossa Señora de Pena*. It was owing to the want of the *tilde*, or mark over the *n*, which alters the signification of the word: with it, *Peña* signifies a rock; without it, *Pena* has the sense I adopted. I do not think it necessary to alter the passage; as, though the common acceptation affixed to it is "Our Lady of the Rock," I may well assume the other sense from the austerities practised there. *Note to the 2d Edition.*]

(2) It is a well-known fact, that in the year 1809, the assassinations in the streets of Lisbon and its vicinity were not confined by the Portuguese to their countrymen; but that Englishmen were daily butchered: and, so far from redress being obtained, we were requested not to interfere if we perceived any compatriot defending himself against his allies. I was once stopped in the way to the theatre at eight o'clock in the evening, when the streets were not more empty than they generally are at that hour, opposite to an open shop, and in a carriage with a friend: had we not fortunately been armed, I have not the least doubt that we should have "adorned a tale" instead of telling one. The crime of assassination is not confined to Portugal: in Sicily and Malta we are knocked on the head at a handsome average nightly, and not a Sicilian or Maltese is ever punished!

(3) *Vathek* (says Lord Byron, in one of his diaries), "was one of the tales I had a very early admiration of. For correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination, it far surpasses all European imitations; and bears such marks of originality, that those who have visited the East will find some difficulty in believing it to be more than a translation. As an eastern tale, even *Rasselas* must bow before it: his 'happy valley' will not bear a comparison with the 'Hall of Eblis.'"—[William Beckford, Esq., son of the once celebrated alderman, and heir to his enormous wealth, published, at the early age of eighteen, *Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters;* and in the year after, the romance thus eulogised. After sitting for Hindon in several parliaments, this gifted person was induced to fix, for a time, his residence in Portugal, where the memory of his magnificence was fresh at the period of Lord Byron's pilgrimage. Returning to England, he realised all the outward shows of Gothic grandeur in his unsubstantial pageant of Fonthill Abbey; and has more recently been indulging his fancy with another, probably not more lasting, monument of architectural caprice, in the vicinity of Bath. It is much to be regretted that, after a lapse of fifty years, Mr. Beckford's literary reputation should continue to rest entirely on his juvenile, however remarkable, performances. It is said, however, that he has prepared several works for posthumous publication.—L. E.]

(4) With reference to these stanzas on *Vathek*, Lord Byron says, in a letter to Mr. Dallas:—"I should be sorry to make any improper allusion, as I merely wish to adduce an example of wasted wealth, and the reflection which arose in surveying the most desolate mansion in the most beautiful spot I ever beheld."—P. E.

(5) The Convention of Cintra was signed in the palace of the Marchese Marialva.—["The armistice, the negotiations, the convention itself, and the execution of its provisions,

* "This convent, or hermitage, is partly burrowed between the rocks which serve as vaults to the church, sacristy, and charter-house, etc., and partly built over the surface. The subterranean apartments are lighted by holes cut obliquely in the rocks, and lined internally with cork, to guard against the humidity. Hence it is called the Cork Convent. It is inhabited by about twenty hermits, of the most rigid order of Saint Francis. They are governed by a prior, and live chiefly on fish, fruit, and bread: each has a separate cell, about the size of a grave, furnished with a mattress; yet one of their community, named Honorius, thinking the meanest of these cells too luxurious a habitation, retired to a circular pit at the rear of the hermitage, not larger than Diogenes' tub (for it is but four feet diameter), and here, after a residence of sixteen years, he ended his peaceful days at a good old age. The floor of it is strewed with leaves, which served for his bed, and the rugged stone which he used alternately as a pillow and a seat is still to be seen." *Murphy's Travels in Portugal.*—P. E.

There sits in parchment robe array'd, and by
His side is hung a seal and sable scroll,
Where blazon'd glare names known to chivalry,
And sundry signatures adorn the roll, [soul.(1)
Whereat the urchin points and laughs with all his

XXV.

Convention is the dwarfish demon styled
That foil'd the knights in Marialva's dome:
Of brains (if brains they had) he them beguiled,
And turn'd a nation's shallow joy to gloom.
Here Folly dash'd to earth the victor's plume,
And Policy regain'd what arms had lost:
For chiefs like ours in vain may laurels bloom!
Woe to the conquering, not the conquer'd host,
Since baffled Triumph droops on Lusitania's coast!

XXVI.

And ever since that martial synod met,
Britannia sickens, Cintra! at thy name;
And folks in office at the mention fret,
And fain would blush, if blush they could, for shame.
How will posterity the deed proclaim!
Will not our own and fellow-nations sneer,
To view these champions cheated of their fame,
By foes in fight o'erthrown, yet victors here,
Where Scorn her finger points through many a coming year?

were all commenced, conducted, and concluded, at the distance of thirty miles from Cintra, with which place they had not the slightest connection, political, military, or local; yet Lord Byron has gravely asserted, in prose and verse, that the convention was signed at the Marquis of Marialva's house at Cintra; and the author of *The Diary of an Invalid*, improving upon the poet's discovery, detected the stains of the ink spilt by Junot upon the occasion." *Napier's History of the Peninsular War.*]—L. E.

(1) The following stanzas were altered by the noble author upon the suggestion of Mr. Dallas, who gives the following explanation respecting them in his *Correspondence of Lord Byron*:—"As the genius of Lord Byron has placed his fame so far above the possibility of being injured by the production of an occasional inferior stanza, and as the succeeding glories of the peninsular campaigns have completely thrown into shade the events alluded to, there can be no impropriety in now publishing, as literary curiosities, the three stanzas which were then properly omitted."—The following are the six stanzas as they originally stood. Those appearing below, as 24, 26, 29, appeared in the poem, in an altered state, numbered there as 24, 25, 26, of the first canto. The stanzas marked below 25, 27, and 28, were those omitted. —P. E.

XXIV.

Behold the hall where chiefs were late convened!
Oh! dome displeasing unto British eye!
With diadem high fool's-cap, lo! a fiend,
A little fiend that scoffs incessantly,
There sits in parchment robe array'd, and by
His side is hung a seal and sable scroll,
Where blazon'd glares a name spelt Wellesley:
And sundry signatures adorn the roll,
Whereat the urchin points, and laughs with all his soul.

XXV.

In golden characters right well design'd,
First on the list appeareth one "Junot;"
Then certain other glorious names we find,
Which rhyme compelleth me to place below:
Dull victors! baffled by a vanquish'd foe,
Wheedled by conynge tongues of laurels due,
Stand, worthy of each other, in a row—
Sir Arthur, Harry, and the dizzard Hew
Dalrymple, sely wight, sore dupe of t'other tew.

XXVI.

Convention is the dwarfish demon styled
That foil'd the knights in Marialva's dome:
Of brains (if brains they had) he them beguiled
And turn'd a nation's shallow joy to gloom.
For well I wot, when first the news did come,
That Vimiera's field by Gaul was lost,
For paragraph no paper scarce had room,

XXVII.

So deem'd the Childe, as o'er the mountains he
Did take his way in solitary guise:
Sweet was the scene, yet soon he thought to flee,
More restless than the swallow in the skies:
Though here awhile he learn'd to moralize,
For Meditation fix'd at times on him!
And conscious Reason whisper'd to despise
His early youth, misspent in maddest whim;
But as he gazed on truth his aching eyes grew dim.

XXVIII.

To horse! to horse!(2) he quits, for ever quits
A scene of peace, though soothing to his soul:
Again he rouses from his moping fits,
But seeks not now the harlot and the bowl.
Onward he flies, nor fix'd as yet the goal
Where he shall rest him on his pilgrimage;
And o'er him many changing scenes must roll
Ere toil his thirst for travel can assuage,
Or he shall calm his breast, or learn experience sage.

XXIX.

Yet Mafra shall one moment claim delay,
Where dwelt of yore the Lusians' luckless queen;(3)
And church and court did mingle their array,
And mass and revel were alternate seen;

Such Pæans teem'd for our triumphant host,
In *Courier*, *Chronicle*, and eke in *Morning Post*;

XXVII.

But when Convention sent his handy-work,
Pens, tongues, feet, hands, combined in wild uproar
Mayor, aldermen, laid down the uplifted fork;
The bench of bishops half forgot to snore;
Stern Cobbett, who for one whole week forbore
To question aught, once more with transport leapt,
And hit his devilish quill agen, and swore
With foe such treaty never should be kept,
Then burst the blatant * beast, and roar'd, and raged, and—slept!

XXVIII.

Thus unto Heaven appeal'd the people: Heaven,
Which loves the liege of our gracious king,
Decreed, that, ere our generals were forgiven,
Inquiry should be held about the thing
But Mercy cloak'd the babes beneath her wing;
And as they spared our foes, so spared we them;
(Where was the pity of our sires for flying †?)
Yet knaves, not idiots, should the law condemn;
Then live, ye gallant knights! and bless your judges' phlegm!

XXIX.

But ever since that martial synod met,
Britannia sickens, Cintra! at thy name;
And folks in office at the mention sweat,
And fain would blush, if blush they could, for shame.
How will posterity the deed proclaim!
Will not our own and fellow nations sneer,
To view these champions cheated of their fame
By foes in fight o'erthrown, yet victors here,
Where Scorn her finger points through many a coming year?

(2) "After remaining ten days in Lisbon, we sent our baggage and part of our servants by sea to Gibraltar, and travelled on horseback to Seville; a distance of nearly four hundred miles. The horses are excellent: we rode seventy miles a-day. Eggs and wine, and hard beds, are all the accommodation we found, and, in such torrid weather, quite enough." *B. Letters*, 1809.—L. E.

(3) "Her luckless Majesty went subsequently mad; and Dr. Willis, who so dexterously cudgelled kingly pericra-

* "Blatant beast"—a figure for the mob, I think first used by Smollett in his *Adventures of an Atom*. Horace has the "*bellum multorum capitum*" in England, fortunately enough, the illustrious mobility have not even *one*.

† By this query it is not meant that our foolish generals should have been shot, but that flying might have been spared; though the one suffered and the others escaped, probably for Candide's reason, 'pour encourager les autres.'"—[See Croker's *Boswell*, vol. i. p. [illegible], and the *Quarterly Review*, vol. xxxii. p. 207, where the question, whether the admiral was or was not a political martyr, is treated at large.—L. E.]

Lordlings and freres—ill-sorted fry I ween!
But here the Babylonian whore hath built (1)
A dome, where flaunts she in such glorious sheen,
That men forget the blood which she hath spilt,
And bow the knee to Pomp that loves to varnish
guilt.

XXX.

O'er vales that teem with fruits, romantic hills,
(Oh, that such hills upheld a freeborn race!)
Whereon to gaze the eye with joyance fills,
Childe Harold wends through many a pleasant
place.
Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,
And marvel men should quit their easy chair,
The toilsome way, and long long league to trace,
Oh! there is sweetness in the mountain air,
And life, that bloated Ease can never hope to share.

XXXI.

More bleak to view the hills at length recede,
And, less luxuriant, smoother vales extend;
Immense horizon-bounded plains succeed!
Far as the eye discerns, withouten end,
Spain's realms appear, whereon her shepherds tend
Flocks, whose rich fleece right well the trader
knows—
Now must the pastor's arm his lambs defend:
For Spain is compass'd by unyielding foes,
And all must shield their all, or share Subjection's
woes.

XXXII.

Where Lusitania and her Sister meet,
Deem ye what bounds the rival realms divide?
Or ere the jealous queens of nations greet,
Doth Tayo interpose his mighty tide?
Or dark Sierras rise in craggy pride?
Or fence of art, like China's vasty wall?—
Ne barrier wall, ne river deep and wide,
Ne horrid crags, nor mountains dark and tall,
Rise like the rocks that part Hispania's land from
Gaul:

XXXIII.

But these between a silver streamlet glides,
And scarce a name distinguisheth the brook,
Though rival kingdoms press its verdant sides.
Here leans the idle shepherd on his crook,
And vacant on the rippling waves doth look,
That peaceful still 'twixt bitterest foemen flow;
For proud each peasant as the noblest duke:
Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know
'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the low. (2)

XXXIV.

But ere the mingling bounds have far been pass'd,
Dark Guadiana rolls his power along
In sullen billows, murmuring and vast,
So noted ancient roundelays among. (3)
Whilome upon his banks did legions throng
Of Moor and knight, in mailed splendour drest:
Here ceased the swift their race, here sunk the
strong;
The Paynim turban and the Christian crest
Mix'd on the bleeding stream, by floating hosts op-
press'd.

XXXV.

Oh, lovely Spain! renown'd romantic land!
Where is that standard which Pelagio bore,
When Cava's traitor-sire first call'd the band
That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic
gore? (4)
Where are those bloody banners which of yore
Waved o'er thy sons, victorious to the gale,
And drove at last the spoilers to their shore?
Red gleam'd the cross, and waned the crescent pale,
While Afric's echoes thrill'd with Moorish matrons'
wail.

XXXVI.

Teems not each ditty with the glorious tale?
Ah! such, alas! the hero's amplest fate!
When granite moulders and when records fail,
A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious date.

nisms, could make nothing of hers." *Byron MS.*—[The Queen laboured under a melancholy kind of derangement, from which she never recovered. She died at the Brazils, in 1816.—L. E.]

(1) The extent of Mafra is prodigious: it contains a palace, convent, and most superb church. The six organs are the most beautiful I ever beheld, in point of decoration: we did not hear them, but were told that their tones were correspondent to their splendour. Mafra is termed the Escurial of Portugal.—["About ten miles to the right of Cintra," says Lord Byron, in a letter to his mother, "is the palace of Mafra, the boast of Portugal, as it might be of any country, in point of magnificence, without elegance. There is a convent annexed: the monks, who possess large revenues, are courteous enough, and understand Latin; so that we had a long conversation. They have a large library, and asked me if the English had *any books* in their country." Mafra was erected by John V., in pursuance of a vow, made in a dangerous fit of illness, to found a convent for the use of the poorest friary in the kingdom. Upon inquiry, this poorest was found at Mafra, where twelve Franciscans lived together in a hut. There is a magnificent view of the existing edifice in *Finden's Illustrations.*—L. E.]

(2) As I found the Portuguese, so I have characterised them. That they are since improved, at least in courage, is evident. The late exploits of Lord Wellington have effaced the follies of Cintra. He has, indeed, done wonders: he has, perhaps, changed the character of a nation, reconciled rival superstitions, and baffled an enemy who never retreated before his predecessors. 1812.

(3) Lord Byron seems to have thus early acquired enough of Spanish to understand and appreciate the grand body of ancient popular poetry,—unequalled in Europe,—which must ever form the pride of that magnificent language. His beautiful version of one of the best of the ballads of the Granada war—the "Romance muy doloroso del citio y toma de Alhama"—will be found in another part of the volume.—L. E.

(4) Count Julian's daughter, the Helen of Spain. Pelagius preserved his independence in the fastnesses of the Asturias, and the descendants of his followers, after some centuries, completed their struggle by the conquest of Granada.—["Almost all the Spanish historians, as well as the voice of tradition, ascribe the invasion of the Moors to the forcible violation by Roderick of Florinda, called by the Moors Caba, or Cava. She was the daughter of Count Julian, one of the Gothic monarch's principal lieutenants, who, when the crime was perpetrated, was engaged in the defence of Ceuta against the Moors. In his indignation at the ingratitude of his sovereign, and the dishonour of his daughter, Count Julian forgot the duties of a Christian and a patriot, and, forming an alliance with Musa, then the Caliph's lieutenant in Africa, he countenanced the invasion of Spain by a body of Saracens and Africans, commanded by the celebrated Tarik; the issue of which was the defeat and death of Roderick, and the occupation of almost the whole peninsula by the Moors. The Spaniards, in detestation of Florinda's memory, are said by Cervantes never to bestow that name upon any human female, reserving it especially for their dogs." *Sir Walter Scott.*—L. E.]

Pride! bend thine eye from heaven to thine estate,
See how the mighty shrink into a song!
Can volume, pillar, pile, preserve thee great?
Or must thou trust Tradition's simple tongue,
When Flattery sleeps with thee, and History does thee wrong?

XXXVII.

Awake, ye sons of Spain! awake! advance!
Lo! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries;
But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance,
Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies:
Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies,
And speaks in thunder through yon engine's roar:
In every peal she calls—"Awake! arise!"
Say, is her voice more feeble than of yore,
When her war-song was heard on Andalusia's shore?

XXXVIII.

Hark! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote;
Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
Tyrants and tyrants' slaves?—the fires of death,
The bale-fires flash on high:—from rock to rock
Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc, (1)
Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

XXXIX.

Lo! where the Giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon;
Restless it rolls, now fix'd, and now anon
Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet
Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds are done;
For on this morn three potent nations meet,
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet. (2)

XL.

By Heaven! it is a splendid sight to see
(For one who hath no friend, no brother there)
Their rival scarfs of mix'd embroidery,
Their various arms that glitter in the air!
What gallant war-hounds rouse them from their lair,
And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey!
All join the chase, but few the triumph share;
The Grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,
And Havoc scarce for joy can number their array.

XLI.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice;
Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high;
Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies;
The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory!
The foe, the victim, and the fond ally
That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,
Are met—as if at home they could not die—
To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,
And fertilize the field that each pretends to gain. (3)

XLII.

There shall they rot—Ambition's honour'd fools!
Yes, Honour decks the turf that wraps their clay!
Vain Sophistry! in these behold the tools,
The broken tools, that tyrants cast away
By myriads, when they dare to pave their way
With human hearts—to what?—a dream alone.
Can despots compass aught that hails their sway?

(1) In the original MS.—

"from rock to rock
Blue columns soar aloft in sulphurous wreath,
Fragments on fragments in confusion knock!"—L. E.

(2) "A bolder prosopopœia," says a nameless critic, "or one better imagined or expressed, cannot easily be found in the whole range of ancient and modern poetry. Unlike the 'plume of Horror,' or the 'eagle-winged Victory,' described by our great epic poet, this gigantic figure is a distinct object, perfect in lineaments, tremendous in operation, and vested with all the attributes calculated to excite terror and admiration."—L. E.

(3) We think it right to restore here a note which Lord Byron himself suppressed, with reluctance, at the urgent request of a friend. It alludes, *inter alia*, to the then recent publication of Sir Walter Scott's *Vision of Don Roderick*, of which work the profits had been handsomely given to the cause of Portuguese patriotism:—"We have heard wonders of the Portuguese lately, and their gallantry. Pray Heaven it continue; yet 'would it were bed-time, Hal, and all were well!' They must fight a great many hours, by 'Shrewsbury clock,' before the number of their slain equals that of our countrymen butchered by these kind creatures, new metamorphosed into 'caçadores,' and what not. I merely state a fact, not confined to Portugal; for in Sicily and Malta we are knocked on the head at a handsome average nightly, and not a Sicilian and Maltese is ever punished! The neglect of protection is disgraceful to our government and governors; for the murders are as notorious as the moon that shines upon them, and the apathy that overlooks them. The Portuguese, it is to be hoped, are complimented with the 'Forlorn Hope,'—if the cowards are become brave (like the rest of their kind, in a corner), pray let them display it. But there is a subscription for these 'ἡμισο-δελοι,' (they need not be ashamed of the epithet once applied to the Spartans); and all the charitable patronymics, from ostentatious A. to diffident Z., and £1: 1: 0 from 'An Admirer of Valour,' are in requisition for the lists at Lloyd's, and the honour of British benevolence. Well! we have fought, and subscribed, and bestowed peerages, and buried the killed by our friends and foes; and, lo! all this is to be done over again! Like Lien Chi (in Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*), as we 'grow older, we grow never the better.' It would be pleasant to learn who will subscribe for us, in or about the year 1815, and what nation will send fifty thousand men, first to be decimated in the capital, and then decimated again (in the Irish fashion, *nine* out of *ten*), in the 'bed of honour,' which, as Sergeant Kite says, is considerably larger and more commodious than 'the bed of Ware.' Then they must have a poet to write the '*Vision of Don Perceval*,' and generously bestow the profits of the well and widely-printed quarto, to rebuild the 'Back-wynd' and the 'Canongate,' or furnish new kilts for the half-roasted Highlanders. Lord Wellington, however, has enacted marvels; and so did his Oriental brother, whom I saw charioteering over the French flag, and heard clipping bad Spanish, after listening to the speech of a patriotic cobbler of Cadiz, on the event of his own entry into that city, and the exit of some five thousand bold Britons out of this 'best of all possible worlds.' Sorely were we puzzled how to dispose of that same victory of Talavera; and a victory it surely was somewhere, for every body claimed it. The Spanish despatch and mob called it Cuesta's, and made no great mention of the Viscount; the French called it theirs (to my great discomfiture,—for a French consul stopped my mouth in Greece with a pestilent Paris gazette, just as I had killed Sebastiani, 'in buckram,' and King Joseph, 'in Kendal green'),—and we have not yet determined *what* to call it, or *whose*; for, certes, it was none of our own. Howbeit, Massena's retreat is a great comfort; and as we have not been in the habit of pursuing for some years past, no wonder if we are a little awkward at first. No doubt we shall improve; or, if not, we have only to take to our old way of retrograding, and there we are at home."—L. E.

Or call with truth one span of earth their own,
Save that wherein, at last, they crumble bone by bone?

XLIII.

Oh, Albuera, glorious field of grief!
As o'er thy plain the Pilgrim prick'd his steed,
Who could foresee thee, in a space so brief,
A scene where mingling foes should boast and bleed!
Peace to the perish'd! may the warrior's meed
And tears of triumph their reward prolong!
Till others fall where other chieftains lead,
Thy name shall circle round the gaping throng,
And shine in worthless lays, the theme of transient song. (1)

XLIV.

Enough of Battle's minions! let them play
Their game of lives, and barter breath for fame:
Fame that will scarce re-animate their clay,
Though thousands fall to deck some single name.
In sooth 'twere sad to thwart their noble aim
Who strike, blest hirelings! for their country's good,
And die, that living might have proved her shame;
Perish'd, perchance, in some domestic feud,
Or in a narrower sphere wild Rapine's path pursued.

XLV.

Full swiftly Harold wends his lonely way
Where proud Sevilla (2) triumphs unsubdued:
Yet is she free—the spoiler's wish'd-for prey!
Soon, soon shall Conquest's fiery foot intrude,
Blackening her lovely domes with traces rude.
Inevitable hour! 'Gainst fate to strive
Where Desolation plants her famish'd brood
Is vain, or Ilion, Tyre might yet survive,
And Virtue vanquish all, and Murder cease to thrive.

XLVI.

But all unconscious of the coming doom,
The feast, the song, the revel here abounds;
Strange modes of merriment the hours consume,
Nor bleed these patriots with their country's wounds: [sounds;
Nor here War's clarion, but Love's rebeck (3)
Here Folly still his votaries inthralls; [rounds:
And young-eyed Lewdness walks her midnight
Girt with the silent crimes of capitals,
Still to the last kind Vice clings to the tottering walls.

XLVII.

Not so the rustic—with his trembling mate
He lurks, nor casts his heavy eye afar,
Lest he should view his vineyard desolate,
Blasted below the dun hot breath of war.
No more beneath soft Eve's consenting star
Fandango twirls his jocund castanet:
Ah, monarchs! could ye taste the mirth ye mar,
Not in the toils of Glory would ye fret; [yet!
The hoarse dull drum would sleep, and Man be happy

XLVIII.

How carols now the lusty muleteer?
Of love, romance, devotion is his lay,
As whilome he was wont the leagues to cheer,
His quick bells wildly jingling on the way?
No! as he speeds, he chants "Vivã el Rey!" (4)
And checks his song to execrate Godoy,
The royal wittol Charles, and curse the day
When first Spain's queen beheld the black-eyed boy,
And gore-faced Treason sprung from her adulterate joy.

XLIX.

On yon long level plain, at distance crown'd
With crags, whereon those Moorish turrets rest,
Wide-scatter'd hoof-marks dint the wounded ground;
And, scathed by fire, the greensward's darken'd vest
Tells that the foe was Andalusia's guest:
Here was the camp, the watch-flame, and the host,
Here the bold peasant storm'd the dragon's nest;
Still does he mark it with triumphant boast,
And points to yonder cliffs, which oft were won and lost.

L.

And whomsoe'er along the path you meet
Bears in his cap the badge of crimson hue,
Which tells you whom to shun and whom to greet: (5)
Woe to the man that walks in public view
Without of loyalty this token true!
Sharp is the knife, and sudden is the stroke;
And sorely would the Gallic foeman rue,
If subtle poniards, wrapp'd beneath the cloak,
Could blunt the sabre's edge, or clear the cannon's smoke.

LI.

At every turn Morena's dusky height
Sustains aloft the battery's iron load;
And, far as mortal eye can compass sight,
The mountain howitzer, the broken road,
The bristling palisade, the fosse o'erflow'd,
The station'd bands, the never-vacant watch,
The magazine in rocky durance stow'd,
The holster'd steed beneath the shed of thatch,
The ball-piled pyramid, (6) the ever blazing-match,

(1) This stanza is not in the original MS. It was written at Newstead, in August 1811, shortly after the battle of Albuera, which took place in May.—L. E.

(2) "At Seville, we lodged in the house of two Spanish unmarried ladies, women of character, the eldest a fine woman, the youngest pretty. The freedom of manner, which is general here, astonished me not a little; and, in the course of further observation, I find that reserve is not the characteristic of Spanish belles. The eldest honoured your unworthy son with very particular attention, embracing him with great tenderness at parting (I was there but three days), after cutting off a lock of his hair, and presenting him with one of her own, about three feet in length, which I send you, and beg you will retain till my return. Her last words were, 'Adios, tu hermoso, me gusto mucho!' 'Adieu, you pretty fellow, you please me much!'" *Lord B. to his Mother*, Aug. 1809.—L. E.

(3) A kind of fiddle, with only two strings, played on by a bow, said to have been brought by the Moors into Spain. —L. E.

(4) "Viva el Rey Fernando!" Long live King Ferdinand! is the chorus of most of the Spanish patriotic songs. They are chiefly in dispraise of the old king Charles, the Queen, and the Prince of Peace. I have heard many of them: some of the airs are beautiful. Don Manuel Godoy, the *Principe de la Paz*, of an ancient but decayed family, was born at Badajoz, on the frontiers of Portugal, and was originally in the ranks of the Spanish guards; till his person attracted the queen's eyes and raised him to the dukedom of Alcudia, etc. etc. It is to this man that the Spaniards universally impute the ruin of their country.—[See, for ample particulars concerning the flagitious court of Charles IV., Southey's *History of the Peninsular War*, vol. i.—L. E.]

(5) The red cockade, with "Fernando VII." in the centre.

(6) All who have seen a battery will recollect the pyramidal form in which shot and shells are piled. The Sierra

LII.

Portend the deeds to come:—but he whose nod
Has tumbled feebler despots from their sway
A moment pauseth e'er he lifts the rod;
A little moment deigneth to delay:
Soon will his legions sweep through these their way;
The West must own the scourger of the world.
Ah, Spain! how sad will be thy reckoning-day,
When soars Gaul's vulture, with his wings unfurl'd,
And thou shalt view thy sons in crowds to Hades hurl'd!

LIII.

And must they fall? the young, the proud, the brave,
To swell one bloated chief's unwholesome reign?
No step between submission and a grave?
The rise of rapine and the fall of Spain?
And doth the Power that man adores ordain
Their doom, nor heed the suppliant's appeal?
Is all that desperate valour acts in vain?
And counsel sage, and patriotic zeal, [of steel?
The veteran's skill, youth's fire, and manhood's heart

LIV.

Is it for this, the Spanish maid, aroused,
Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,
And, all unsex'd, the anlace hath espoused,
Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war?
And she whom once the semblance of a scar
Appall'd, and owlet's larum chill'd with dread,
Now views the column-scattering bay'net jar,
The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead
Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to tread.

LV.

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,
Oh! had you known her in her softer hour,
Mark'd her black eye that mocks her coal-black veil,
Heard her light lively tones in lady's bower,
Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,
Her fairy form, with more than female grace,
Scarce would you deem that Saragoza's tower
Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face,
Thin the closed ranks, and lead in glory's fearful chase.

LVI.

Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear;
Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post;
Her fellows flee—she checks their base career;
The foe retires—she heads the sallying host:
Who can appease like her a lover's ghost?
Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?
What maid retrieve when man's flush'd hope is lost?
Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,
Foil'd by a woman's hand before a batter'd wall? (1)

LVII.

Yet are Spain's maids no race of Amazons,
But form'd for all the witching arts of love:
Though thus in arms they emulate her sons,
And in the horrid phalanx dare to move,
'T is but the tender fierceness of the dove,
Pecking the hand that hovers o'er her mate:
In softness, as in firmness, far above
Remoter females, famed for sickening prate;
Her mind is nobler sure, her charms perchance as great.

LVIII.

The seal Love's dimpling finger hath impress'd
Denotes how soft that chin which bears his touch: (2)
Her lips, whose kisses pout to leave their nest,
Bid man be valiant ere he merit such:
Her glance how wildly beautiful! how much
Hath Phœbus woo'd in vain to spoil her cheek,
Which glows yet smoother from his amorous clutch!
Who round the north for paler dames would seek?
How poor their forms appear! how languid, wan, and weak.

LIX.

Match me, ye climes! which poets love to land;
Match me, ye harems of the land! where now (3)
I strike my strain, far distant, to applaud
Beauties that ev'n a cynic must avow;
Match me those houries, whom ye scarce allow
To taste the gale lest love should ride the wind,
With Spain's dark-glancing daughters (4)—deign to know
There your wise prophet's paradise we find,
His black-eyed maids of heaven, angelically kind.

LX.

Oh, thou Parnassus! (5) whom I now survey,
Not in the frenzy of a dreamer's eye,
Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,
But soaring snow-clad through thy native sky,
In the wild pomp of mountain majesty!
What marvel if I thus essay to sing!
The humblest of thy pilgrims passing by
Would gladly woo thine echoes with his string,
Though from thy heights no more one Muse will wave her wing.

Morena was fortified in every defile through which I passed in my way to Seville.

(1) Such were the exploits of the Maid of Saragoza, who by her valour elevated herself to the highest rank of heroines. When the author was at Seville she walked daily on the Prado, decorated with medals and orders, by command of the Junta.—[The exploits of Augustina, the famous heroine of both the sieges of Saragoza, are recorded at length in one of the most splendid chapters of Southey's *History of the Peninsular War*. At the time when she first attracted notice, by mounting a battery where her lover had fallen, and working a gun in his room, she was in her twenty-second year, exceedingly pretty, and in a soft feminine style of beauty. She has further had the honour to be painted by Wilkie, and alluded to in Wordsworth's *Dissertation on the Convention* (misnamed) *of Cintra*; where a noble passage concludes in these words:—"Saragoza has exemplified a melancholy, yea, a dismal truth,—yet consolatory and full of joy,—that when a people are called suddenly to fight for their liberty, and are sorely pressed upon, their best field of battle is the floors upon which their children have played; the chambers where the family of each man has slept; upon or under the roofs by which they have been sheltered; in the gardens of their recreation; in the street, or in the market-place; before the altars of their temples, and among their congregated dwellings, blazing or uprooted."—L. E.]

(2) "Sigilla in mento impressa Amoris digitulo
Vestigio demonstrant mollitudinem."—*Aul. Gel.*

(3) This stanza was written in Turkey.

(4) "Long black hair, dark languishing eyes, clear olive complexions, and forms more graceful in motion than can be conceived by an Englishman, used to the drowsy listless air of his countrywomen, added to the most becoming dress, and, at the same time, the most decent in the world, render a Spanish beauty irresistible." *B. to his Mother*, Aug. 1809.—L. E.

(5) These stanzas were written in Castri (Delphos), at the foot of Parnassus, now called Ἀνάχωρα (Liakura), Dec. 1809.

LXI.

Oft have I dream'd of thee! whose glorious name
Who knows not, knows not man's divinest lore:
And now I view thee, 'tis, alas! with shame
That I in feeblest accents must adore.
When I recount thy worshippers of yore
I tremble, and can only bend the knee,
Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar,
But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy
In silent joy to think at last I look on thee!(1)

LXII.

Happier in this than mightiest bards have been,
Whose fate to distant homes confined their lot,
Shall I unmoved behold the hallow'd scene,
Which others rave of, though they know it not?
Though here no more Apollo haunts his grot,
And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their grave,(2)
Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,
And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious wave.

LXIII.

Of thee hereafter.—Ev'n amidst my strain
I turn'd aside to pay my homage here;
Forgot the land, the sons, the maids of Spain;
Her fate, to every freeborn bosom dear;
And hail'd thee, not perchance without a tear.
Now to my theme—but from thy holy haunt
Let me some remnant, some memorial, bear;
Yield me one leaf of Daphne's deathless plant,
Nor let thy votary's hope be deem'd an idle vaunt.

LXIV.

But ne'er didst thou, fair mount! when Greece was young,
See round thy giant base a brighter choir,
Nor e'er did Delphi, when her priestess sung
The Pythian hymn with more than mortal fire,
Behold a train more fitting to inspire
The song of love than Andalusia's maids,
Nurst in the glowing lap of soft desire:
Ah! that to these were given such peaceful shades
As Greece can still bestow, though Glory fly her glades.

LXV.

Fair is proud Seville; let her country boast
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days;(3)
But Cadiz, rising on the distant coast,
Calls forth a sweeter though ignoble praise.
Ah, Vice! how soft are thy voluptuous ways!
While boyish blood is mantling, who can 'scape
The fascination of thy magic gaze?
A cherub-hydra round us dost thou gape,
And mould to every taste thy dear delusive shape.

LXVI.

When Paphos fell by time—accursed Time!
The Queen who conquers all must yield to thee—
The Pleasures fled, but sought as warm a clime;
And Venus, constant to her native sea,
To nought else constant, hither deign'd to flee!
And fix'd her shrine within these walls of white;
Though not to one dome circumscribeth she
Her worship, but, devoted to her rite,
A thousand altars rise, for ever blazing bright.(4)

LXVII.

From morn till night, from night till startled Morn
Peeps blushing on the revel's laughing crew,
The song is heard, the rosy garland worn;
Devices quaint, and frolics ever new,
Tread on each other's kibes. A long adieu
He bids to sober joy that here sojourns:
Nought interrupts the riot, though in lieu
Of true devotion monkish incense burns,
And love and prayer unite, or rule the hour by turns.

LXVIII.

The sabbath comes, a day of blessed rest;
What hallows it upon this Christian shore?
Lo! it is sacred to a solemn feast;
Hark! heard you not the forest-monarch's roar?
Crashing the lance, he snuffs the spouting gore
Of man and steed, o'erthrown beneath his horn;
The throng'd arena shakes with shouts for more;
Yells the mad crowd o'er entrails freshly torn,
Nor shrinks the female eye, nor ev'n affects to mourn.

LXIX.

The seventh day this; the jubilee of man.
London! right well thou know'st the day of prayer:
Then thy spruce citizen, wash'd artisan,
And smug apprentice, gulp their weekly air:
Thy coach of hackney, whiskey, one-horse chair,
And humblest gig, through sundry suburbs whirl;
To Hampstead, Brentford, Harrow, make repair;
Till the tired jade the wheel forgets to hurl,
Provoking envious gibe from each pedestrian churl.(5)

(1) "Upon Parnassus, going to the fountain of Delphi (Castri), in 1809, I saw a flight of twelve eagles (Hobhouse says they were vultures—at least in conversation), and I seized the omen. On the day before, I composed the lines to Parnassus (in *Childe Harold*), and, on beholding the birds, had a hope that Apollo had accepted my homage. I have at least had the name and fame of a poet, during the poetical period of life (from twenty to thirty); whether it will last is another matter: but I have been a votary of the deity and the place, and am grateful for what he has done in my behalf, leaving the future in his hands, as I left the past."—*B. Diary*, 1821.—L. E.

(2) "Casting the eye over the site of ancient Delphi, one cannot possibly imagine what has become of the walls of the numerous buildings which are mentioned in the history of its former magnificence,—buildings which covered two miles of ground. With the exception of the few terraces or supporting walls, nothing now appears. The various robberies by Sylla, Nero, and Constantine, are inconsiderable; for the removal of the statues of bronze, and marble, and ivory, could not greatly affect the general appearance of the city. The acclivity of the hill, and the foundations being placed on a rock, without cement, would no doubt render them comparatively easy to be removed or hurled down into the vale below; but the vale exhibits no appearance of accumulation of hewn stones; and the modern village could have consumed but few. In the course of so many centuries, the *debris* from the mountain must have covered up a great deal, and even the rubbish itself may have acquired a soil sufficient to conceal many noble remains from the light of day. Yet we see no swellings or risings in the ground, indicating the graves of the temples. All therefore is mystery, and the Greeks may truly say, 'Where stood the walls of our fathers? scarce their mossy tombs remain!'" *H. W. Williams's Travels in Greece.*—L. E.

(3) Seville was the Hispalis of the Romans.

(4) "Cadiz, sweet Cadiz!—it is the first spot in the creation. The beauty of its streets and mansions is only excelled by the liveliness of its inhabitants. It is a complete Cythera, full of the finest women in Spain; the Cadiz belles being the Lancashire witches of their land." *Lord B. to his Mother.* 1809.—L. E.

(5) "In thus mixing up the light with the solemn, it was the intention of the poet to imitate Ariosto. But it is far

LXX.

Some o'er thy Thamis row the ribbon'd fair,
Others along the safer turnpike fly;
Some Richmond-hill ascend, some scud to Ware,
And many to the steep of Highgate hie.
Ask ye, Bœotian shades! the reason why? (1)
'Tis to the worship of the solemn Horn,
Grasp'd in the holy hand of Mystery,
In whose dread name both men and maids are sworn,
And consecrate the oath with draught, and dance till morn. (2)

LXXI.

All have their fooleries—not alike are thine,
Fair Cadiz, rising o'er the dark blue sea!
Soon as the matin-bell proclaimeth nine,
Thy saint-adorers count the rosary:
Much is the VIRGIN teased to shrive them free
(Well do I ween the only virgin there)
From crimes as numerous as her beadsmen be;
Then to the crowded circus forth they fare:
Young, old, high, low, at once the same diversion share.

LXXII.

The lists are oped, the spacious area clear'd,
Thousands on thousands piled are seated round;
Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,
Ne vacant space for lated wight is found:
Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames, abound,
Skill'd in the ogle of a roguish eye,
Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound;
None through their cold disdain are doom'd to die,
As moon-struck bards complain, by Love's sad archery.

LXXIII.

Hush'd is the din of tongues—on gallant steeds,
With milk-white crest, gold spur, and light-poised lance,
Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,
And lowly bending to the lists advance;
Rich are their scarfs, their chargers featly prance:
If in the dangerous game they shine to-day,
The crowd's loud shout and ladies' lovely glance,
Best prize of better acts, they bear away,
And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their toils repay.

LXXIV.

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak array'd,
But all afoot, the light-limb'd Matadore
Stands in the centre, eager to invade
The lord of lowing herds; but not before
The ground, with cautious tread, is traversed o'er,
Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed:
His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor more
Can man achieve without the friendly steed—
Alas! too oft condemn'd for him to bear and bleed.

LXXV.

Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls,
The den expands, and Expectation mute
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,
And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe:
Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit
His first attack, wide waving to and fro
His angry tail; red rolls his eye's dilated glow.

LXXVI.

Sudden he stops; his eye is fix'd: away,
Away, thou heedless boy! prepare the spear:
Now is thy time, to perish, or display
The skill that yet may check his mad career.
With well-timed croupe the nimble coursers veer;
On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes;
Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear:
He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes;
Dart follows dart; lance, lance; loud bellowings speak his woes.

LXXVII.

Again he comes; nor dart nor lance avail,
Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse;
Though man and man's avenging arms assail,
Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force.
One gallant steed is stretch'd a mangled corse;
Another, hideous sight! unseam'd appears,
His gory chest unveils life's panting source;
Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he rears;
Staggering, but stemming all, his lord unharm'd he bears.

LXXVIII.

Foil'd, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,
'Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast,
And foes disabled in the brutal fray:
And now the Matadores around him play,
Shake the red cloak, and poise the ready brand:
Once more through all he bursts his thundering way—
Vain rage! the mantle quits the conynge hand,
Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks upon the sand! (3)

easier to rise, with grace, from the level of a strain generally familiar, into an occasional short burst of pathos or splendour, than to interrupt thus a prolonged tone of solemnity by any descent into the ludicrous or burlesque. In the former case, the transition may have the effect of softening or elevating; while, in the latter, it almost invariably shocks;—for the same reason, perhaps, that a trait of pathos or high feeling, in comedy, has a peculiar charm; while the intrusion of comic scenes into tragedy, however sanctioned among us by habit and authority, rarely fails to offend. The poet was himself convinced of the failure of the experiment, and in none of the succeeding cantos of *Childe Harold* repeated it." *Moore.*—L. E.

(1) This was written at Thebes, and consequently in the best situation for asking and answering such a question; not as the birthplace of Pindar, but as the capital of Bœotia, where the first riddle was propounded and solved.

(2) Lord Byron alludes to a ridiculous custom which formerly prevailed at the public-houses in Highgate, of administering a burlesque oath to all travellers of the middling rank who stopped there. The party was sworn on a pair of horns, fastened, "never to kiss the maid when he could the mistress; never to eat brown bread when he could get white; never to drink small beer when he could get strong;" with many other injunctions of the like kind,—to all which was added the saving clause,—"unless you like it best."—L. E.

(3) The reader will do well to compare Lord Byron's animated picture of the popular "sport" of the Spanish nation, with the very circumstantial details contained in the charming *Letters of Don Leucadio Doblado* (*i. e.* the Rev. Blanco White), published in 1822. So inveterate was, at one time, the rage of the people for this amusement, that even boys mimicked its features in their play. In the slaughter-house itself the professional bull-fighter gave public lessons; and such was the force of depraved custom, that ladies of the

LXXIX.

Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,
Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies.
He stops—he starts—disdaining to decline:
Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries,
Without a groan, without a struggle, dies.
The decorated car appears—on high
The corse is piled—sweet sight for vulgar eyes!—
Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,
Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by.

LXXX.

Such the ungentle sport that oft invites
The Spanish maid, and cheers the Spanish swain;
Nurtured in blood betimes, his heart delights
In vengeance, gloating on another's pain.
What private feuds the troubled village stain!
Though now one phalanx'd host should meet the foe,
Enough, alas! in humble homes remain,
To meditate 'gainst friends the secret blow,
For some slight cause of wrath, whence life's warm stream must flow.

LXXXI.

But Jealousy has fled: his bars, his bolts,
His wither'd centinel, Duenna sage!
And all whereat the generous soul revolts,
Which the stern dotard deem'd he could encage,
Have pass'd to darkness with the vanish'd age.
Who late so free as Spanish girls were seen
(Ere War uprose in his volcanic rage),
With braided tresses bounding o'er the green,
While on the gay dance shone Night's lover-loving Queen?

LXXXII.

Oh! many a time, and oft, had Harold loved,
Or dream'd he loved, since Rapture is a dream;
But now his wayward bosom was unmoved,
For not yet had he drunk of Lethe's stream;
And lately had he learn'd with truth to deem
Love has no gift so grateful as his wings:
How fair, how young, how soft soe'er he seem,
Full from the fount of Joy's delicious springs
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings.(1)

LXXXIII.

Yet to the beauteous form he was not blind,
Though now it moved him as it moves the wise;
Not that Philosophy on such a mind
E'er deign'd to bend her chastely-awful eyes:
But Passion raves itself to rest, or flies;
And Vice, that digs her own voluptuous tomb,
Had buried long his hopes, no more to rise:
Pleasure's pall'd victim! life-abhorring gloom
Wrote on his faded brow curst Cain's unresting doom.

LXXXIV.

Still he beheld, nor mingled with the throng;
But view'd them not with misanthropic hate:
Fain would he now have join'd the dance, the song;
But who may smile that sinks beneath his fate?
Nought that he saw his sadness could abate:
Yet once he struggled 'gainst the demon's sway,
And as in Beauty's bower he pensive sate,
Pour'd forth this unpremeditated lay, [day.
To charms as fair as those that soothed his happier

TO INEZ.

1.

Nay, smile not at my sullen brow;
Alas! I cannot smile again:
Yet Heaven avert that ever thou
Shouldst weep, and haply weep in vain.

2.

And dost thou ask, what secret woe
I bear, corroding joy and youth?
And wilt thou vainly seek to know
A pang ev'n thou must fail to soothe?

3.

It is not love, it is not hate,
Nor low Ambition's honours lost,
That bids me loathe my present state,
And fly from all I prized the most:

4.

It is that weariness which springs
From all I meet, or hear, or see:
To me no pleasure Beauty brings;
Thine eyes have scarce a charm for me.

5.

It is that settled, ceaseless gloom
The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore;
That will not look beyond the tomb,
But cannot hope for rest before.

6.

What exile from himself can flee?
To zones, though more and more remote,
Still, still pursues, where'er I be,
The blight of life—the demon Thought.

7.

Yet others rapt in pleasure seem,
And taste of all that I forsake;
Oh! may they still of transport dream,
And ne'er, at least like me, awake!

8.

Through many a clime 'tis mine to go,
With many a retrospection curst;
And all my solace is to know,
Whate'er betides, I've known the worst.

9.

What is that worst? Nay, do not ask—
In pity from the search forbear:
Smile on—nor venture to unmask
Man's heart, and view the hell that's there.(2)

highest rank were not ashamed to appear amidst the filth and horror of the shambles. The Spaniards received this sport from the Moors, among whom it was celebrated with great pomp and splendour. See various notes to Mr. Lockhart's *Collection of Ancient Spanish Ballads*, 1822.—L. E.

(1) "Medio de fonte leporum,
Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat."—*Luc.*

[According to Dallas, the two concluding lines of this stanza ran originally thus:—

"Full from the *heart* of Joy's delicious springs,
Some bitter bubbles up, and e'en on roses stings."—P. E.]

(2) In place of this song, which was written at Athens, January 25, 1810, and which contains, as Moore says, "some of the dreariest touches of sadness that ever

LXXXV.

Adieu, fair Cadiz! yea, a long adieu!
Who may forget how well thy walls have stood?
When all were changing thou alone wert true,
First to be free and last to be subdued:
And if amidst a scene, a shock so rude,
Some native blood was seen thy streets to dye;
A traitor only fell beneath the feud: (1)
Here all were noble, save Nobility;
None hugg'd a conqueror's chain, save fallen Chivalry!

LXXXVI.

Such be the sons of Spain, and strange her fate!
They fight for freedom who were never free;
A kingless people for a nerveless state,
Her vassals combat when their chieftains flee,
True to the veriest slaves of Treachery;
Fond of a land which gave them nought but life,
Pride points the path that leads to Liberty!
Back to the struggle, baffled in the strife,
War, war is still the cry, "War even to the knife!" (2)

LXXXVII.

Ye, who would more of Spain and Spaniards know,
Go, read whate'er is writ of bloodiest strife:
Whate'er keen Vengeance urged on foreign foe
Can act, is acting there against man's life:
From flashing scimitar to secret knife,
War mouldeth there each weapon to his need—
So may he guard the sister and the wife,
So may he make each curst oppressor bleed,
So may such foes deserve the most remorseless deed! (3)

LXXXVIII.

Flows there a tear of pity for the dead?
Look o'er the ravage of the reeking plain;
Look on the hands with female slaughter red;
Then to the dogs resign the unburied slain,
Then to the vulture let each corse remain;
Albeit unworthy of the prey-bird's maw, [stain,
Let their bleach'd bones, and blood's unbleaching
Long mark the battle-field with hideous awe:
Thus only may our sons conceive the scenes we saw!

Byron's pen let fall," we find, in the first draught of the Canto, the following:—

"Oh never talk again to me
Of northern climes and British ladies;
It has not been your lot to see,
Like me, the lovely girl of Cadiz.
Although her eye be not of blue,
Nor fair her locks, like English lasses,
How far its own expressive hue
The languid azure eye surpasses!

Prometheus-like, from heaven she stole
The fire, that through those silken lashes
In darkest glances seems to roll,
From eyes that cannot hide their flashes:
And as along her bosom steal
In lengthen'd flow her raven tresses,
You 'd swear each clustering lock could feel,
And curl'd to give her neck caresses.

Our English maids are long to woo,
And frigid even in possession;
And if their charms be fair to view,
Their lips are slow at love's confession:
But, born beneath a brighter sun,
For love ordain'd the Spanish maid is,
And who—when fondly, fairly won—
Enchants you like the girl of Cadiz?

The Spanish maid is no coquette,
Nor joys to see a lover tremble,
And if she love, or if she hate,
Alike she knows not to dissemble.
Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold—
Howe'er it beats, it beats sincerely;
And, though it will not bend to gold,
'T will love you long and love you dearly.

The Spanish girl that meets your love
Ne'er taunts you with a mock denial,
For every thought is bent to prove
Her passion in the hour of trial.
When thronging foemen menace Spain,
She dares the deed and shares the danger;
And should her lover press the plain,
She hurls the spear, her love's avenger.

And when, beneath the evening star,
She mingles in the gay bolero,
Or sings to her attuned guitar
Of Christian knight or Moorish hero,
Or counts her beads with fairy hand
Beneath the twinkling rays of Hesper,
Or joins Devotion's choral band,
To chaunt the sweet and hallow'd vesper;—

In each her charms the heart must move
Of all who venture to behold her;
Then let not maids less fair reprove
Because her bosom is not colder:
Through many a clime 'tis mine to roam
Where many a soft and melting maid is,
But none abroad, and few at home,
May match the dark-eyed girl of Cadiz."—L. E.

(1) Alluding to the conduct and death of Solano, the governor of Cadiz, in May, 1809.

(2) "War to the knife." Palafox's answer to the French general at the siege of Saragoza.—[In his proclamations, also, he stated, that, should the French commit any robberies, devastations, and murders, no quarter should be given them. The dogs by whom he was beset, he said, scarcely left him time to clean his sword from their blood, but they still found their grave at Saragoza. All his addresses were in the same spirit. "His language," says Mr. Southey, "had the high tone, and something of the inflation of Spanish romance, suiting the character of those to whom it was directed." See *History of the Peninsular War*, vol. iii. p. 152.—L. E.]

(3) The Canto, in the original MS., closes with the following stanzas:—

"Ye, who would more of Spain and Spaniards know,
Sights, saints, antiques, arts, anecdotes, and war,
Go! hie ye hence to Paternoster Row—
Are they not written in the Book of Carr,*
Green Erin's knight and Europe's wandering star!
Then listen, reader, to the Man of Ink,
Hear what he did, and sought, and wrote afar;
All these are coop'd within one quarto's brink,
This borrow, steal,—don't buy,—and tell us what you think.

There may you read, with spectacles on eyes,
How many Wellesleys did embark for Spain,
As if therein they meant to colonize;
How many troops y-cross'd the laughing main
That ne'er beheld the said return again:
How many buildings are in such a place,
How many leagues from this to yonder plain,
How many relics each cathedral grace,
And where Giralda stands on her gigantic base.

There may you read (O Phœbus, save Sir John!
That these my words prophetic may not err)
All that was said, or sung, or lost, or won,
By vaunting Wellesley or by blundering Frere,
He that wrote half the "Needy Knife-Grinder." †
Thus poesy the way to grandeur paves—
Who would not such diplomatists prefer?
But cease, my Muse, thy speed some respite craves,
Leave legates to their house, and armies to their graves.

Yet here of — — mention may be made,
Who for the Junta modell'd sapient laws,
Taught them to govern ere they were obey'd:
Certes, fit teacher to command, because
His soul Socratic no Xantippe awes;
Blest with a dame in Virtue's bosom nurst,—
With her let silent admiration pause!—
True to her second husband and her first:
On such unshaken fame let Satire do its worst."—L. E.

* Porphyry said, that the prophecies of Daniel were written after their completion, and such may be my fate here; but it requires no second sight to foretell a tome: the first glimpse of the knight was enough.—[We have already stated (*ante*, p. 65), that Lord Byron had met Sir John Carr at Cadiz, and implored "not to be put down in black and white."—L. E.]

† The "Needy Knife-Grinder," in the *Antijacobin*, was a joint production of Frere and Canning.—L. E.

LXXXIX.

Nor yet, alas! the dreadful work is done!
Fresh legions pour adown the Pyrenees:
It deepens still, the work is scarce begun,
Nor mortal eye the distant end foresees.
Fall'n nations gaze on Spain; if freed, she frees
More than her fell Pizarros once enchain'd:
Strange retribution! now Columbia's ease
Repairs the wrongs that Quito's sons sustain'd,
While o'er the parent clime prowls Murder unrestrain'd.

XC.

Not all the blood at Talavera shed,
Not all the marvels of Barossa's fight,
Not Albuera, lavish of the dead,
Have won for Spain her well-asserted right.
When shall her olive-branch be free from blight?
When shall she breathe her from the blushing toil?
How many a doubtful day shall sink in night,
Ere the Frank robber turn him from his spoil,
And Freedom's stranger-tree grow native of the soil!

XCI.

And thou, my friend! (1)—since unavailing woe
Bursts from my heart, and mingles with the strain—
Had the sword laid thee with the mighty low,
Pride might forbid e'en Friendship to complain:
But thus unlaurel'd to descend in vain,
By all forgotten, save the lonely breast,
And mix unbleeding with the boasted slain,
While Glory crowns so many a meaner crest!
What hadst thou done to sink so peacefully to rest?

XCII.

Oh, known the earliest, and esteem'd the most! (2)
Dear to a heart where nought was left so dear!
Though to my hopeless days for ever lost,
In dreams deny me not to see thee here!
And Morn in secret shall renew the tear
Of Consciousness awaking to her woes,
And Fancy hover o'er thy bloodless bier,
Till my frail frame return to whence it rose,
And mourn'd and mourner lie united in repose.

XCIII.

Here is one fytte of Harold's pilgrimage:
Ye who of him may further seek to know
Shall find some tidings in a future page,
If he that rhymeth now may scribble moe.
Is this too much? stern critic! say not so:
Patience! and ye shall hear what he beheld
In other lands, where he was doom'd to go:
Lands that contain the monuments of Eld,
Ere Greece and Grecian arts by barbarous hands were quell'd.

CANTO II.

I.

Come, blue-eyed maid of heaven!—but thou, alas!
Didst never yet one mortal song inspire—
Goddess of Wisdom! here thy temple was,
And is, despite of war and wasting fire, (3)
And years, that bade thy worship to expire:
But worse than steel, and flame, and ages slow,
Is the dread sceptre and dominion dire
Of men who never felt the sacred glow
That thoughts of thee and thine on polish'd breasts bestow.

II.

Ancient of days! august Athena! (4) where,
Where are thy men of might? thy grand in soul?
Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that were:
First in the race that led to Glory's goal,

(1) The Honourable John Wingfield, of the Guards, who died of a fever at Coimbra. I had known him ten years, the better half of his life, and the happiest part of mine. In the short space of one month, I have lost *her* who gave me being, and most of those who had made that being tolerable. To me the lines of Young are no fiction:—

"Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain,
And thrice ere thrice you moon had fill'd her horn."

I should have ventured a verse to the memory of the late Charles Skinner Matthews, Fellow of Downing College, Cambridge, were he not too much above all praise of mine. His powers of mind, shown in the attainment of greater honours against the ablest candidates, than those of any graduate on record at Cambridge, have sufficiently established his fame, on the spot where it was acquired; while his softer qualities live in the recollection of friends who loved him too well to envy his superiority.—[This and the following stanza were added in August, 1811. For an account of young Wingfield, see *ante*, p. 33, col. 2. Matthews was the son of the late John Matthews, Esq. (the representative of Herefordshire in the parliament of 1802-6), and brother of the author of *The Diary of an Invalid*, also untimely snatched away.—L. E.]

(2) Originally, "*beloved* the most." *Dallas.*—P. E.

(3) Part of the Acropolis was destroyed by the explosion of a magazine during the Venetian siege.—[On the highest part of Lycabettus, as Chandler was informed by an eye-witness, the Venetians, in 1687, placed four mortars and six pieces of cannon, when they battered the Acropolis. One of the bombs was fatal to some of the sculpture on the west front of the Parthenon. "In 1667," says Mr. Hobhouse, "every antiquity of which there is now any trace in the Acropolis, was in a tolerable state of preservation. This great temple might, at that period, be called entire;—having been previously a Christian church, it was then a mosque, the most beautiful in the world. The portion yet standing cannot fail to fill the mind f the most indifferent spectator with sentiments of astonishment and awe; and the same reflections arise upon the sight even of the enormous masses of marble ruins which are spread upon the area of the temple."—L. E.]

(4) We can all feel, or imagine, the regret with which the ruins of cities, once the capitals of empires, are beheld: the reflections suggested by such objects are too trite to require recapitulation. But never did the littleness of man, and the vanity of his very best virtues, of patriotism to exalt, and of valour to defend his country, appear more conspicuous than in the record of what Athens was, and the certainty of what she now is. This theatre of contention between mighty factions, of the struggles of orators, the exaltation and deposition of tyrants, the triumph and punishment of generals, is now become a scene of petty intrigue and perpetual disturbance, between the bickering agents of certain British nobility and gentry. "The wild foxes, the owls and serpents in the ruins of Babylon," were surely less degrading than such inhabitants. The Turks have the plea of conquest for their tyranny, and the Greeks have only suffered the fortune of war, incidental to the bravest; but how are the mighty fallen, when two painters contest the privilege of plundering the Parthenon, and triumph in turn, according to the tenor of each succeeding firman! Sylla could but punish, Philip subdue, and Xerxes burn Athens; but it remained for the paltry antiquarian, and his despicable agents, to render her contemptible as himself and his pursuits. The Parthenon, before its destruction in part, by fire during the Venetian siege, had been a temple, a church, and a mosque. In each point of view it is an object of regard: it changed its worshippers; but still it was a place

They won, and pass'd away—is this the whole?
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour!
The warrior's weapon and the sophist's stole
Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower,
Dim with the mist of years, grey flits the shade of power.

III.

Son of the morning, rise! approach you here!
Come—but molest not yon defenceless urn:
Look on this spot—a nation's sepulchre!
Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn.
Even gods must yield—religions take their turn:
'Twas Jove's—'tis Mahomet's—and other creeds
Will rise with other years, till man shall learn
Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds;
Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope is built on reeds. (1)

IV.

Bound to the earth, he lifts his eye to heaven—
Is't not enough, unhappy thing! to know
Thou art? Is this a boon so kindly given,
That being, thou wouldst be again, and go,
Thou know'st not, reck'st not, to what regions, so
On earth no more, but mingled with the skies?
Still wilt thou dream on future joy and woe?
Regard and weigh yon dust before it flies:
That little urn saith more than thousand homilies.

V.

Or burst the vanish'd hero's lofty mound;
Far on the solitary shore he sleeps: (2)
He fell, and falling nations mourn'd around;
But now not one of saddening thousands weeps,
Nor warlike worshipper his vigil keeps
Where demi-gods appear'd, as records tell.
Remove yon skull from out the scatter'd heaps:
Is that a temple where a god may dwell?
Why ev'n the worm at last disdains her shatter'd cell!

VI.

Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:
Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,
The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul:
Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit,
And Passion's host, that never brook'd control:
Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?

VII.

Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest son!
"All that we know is, nothing can be known."
Why should we shrink from what we cannot shun?
Each hath his pang, but feeble sufferers groan
With brain-born dreams of evil all their own.
Pursue what Chance or Fate proclaimeth best;
Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron:
There no forced banquet claims the sated guest,
But Silence spreads the couch of ever-welcome rest.

VIII.

Yet if, as holiest men have deem'd, there be
A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee
And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore;
How sweet it were in concert to adore
With those who made our mortal labours light!
To hear each voice we fear'd to hear no more!
Behold each mighty shade reveal'd to sight,
The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught the right! (3)

IX.

There, thou!—whose love and life together fled,
Have left me here to love and live in vain—
Twined with my heart, and can I deem thee dead
When busy Memory flashes on my brain?
Well—I will dream that we may meet again,
And woo the vision to my vacant breast:
If aught of young Remembrance then remain,
Be as it may Futurity's behest,
For me 't were bliss enough to know thy spirit blest! (4)

X.

Here let me sit upon this massy stone, (5)
The marble column's yet unshaken base;

of worship thrice sacred to devotion: its violation is a triple sacrilege. But—

"Man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep."

(1) In the original MS. we find the following note to this stanza, which had been prepared for publication, but was afterwards withdrawn, "from a fear," says the poet, "that it might be considered rather as an attack than a defence of religion:"—"In this age of bigotry, when the puritan and priest have changed places, and the wretched Catholic is visited with the 'sins of his fathers,' even unto generations far beyond the pale of the commandment, the cast of opinion in these stanzas will, doubtless, meet with many a contemptuous anathema. But let it be remembered, that the spirit they breathe is desponding, not sneering, scepticism; that he who has seen the Greek and Moslem superstitions contending for mastery over the former shrines of polytheism—who has left in his own country, 'Pharisees, thanking God that they are not like publicans and sinners,' and Spaniards in theirs, abhorring the heretics, who have holpen them in their need,—will be not a little bewildered, and begin to think that, as only one of them can be right, they may, most of them, be wrong. With regard to morals, and the effect of religion on mankind, it appears, from all historical testimony, to have had less effect in making them love their neighbours, than inducing that cordial Christian abhorrence between sectaries and schismatics. The Turks and Quakers are the most tolerant: if an Infidel pays his heratch to the former, he may pray how, when, and where he pleases; and the mild tenets and devout demeanour of the latter make their lives the truest commentary on the Sermon on the Mount."—L. E.

(2) It was not always the custom of the Greeks to burn their dead; the greater Ajax, in particular, was interred entire. Almost all the chiefs became gods after their decease; and he was indeed neglected who had not annual games near his tomb, or festivals in honour of his memory by his countrymen, as Achilles, Brasidas, etc.; and at last even Antinoüs, whose death was as heroic as his life was infamous.

(3) In the original MS., for this magnificent stanza, we find what follows:—

"Frown not upon me, churlish priest! that I
Look not for life, where life may never be;
I am no sneerer at thy phantasy;
Thou pittest me,—alas! I envy thee,
Thou bold discoverer in an unknown sea,
Of happy isles and happier tenants there;
I ask thee not to prove a Sadducee;
Still dream of Paradise, thou know'st not where,
But lov'st too well to bid thine erring brother share."—L. E.

(4) Lord Byron wrote this stanza at Newstead, in October, 1811, on hearing of the death of his Cambridge friend, young Eddlestone. See *ante*, p. 23.—L. E.

(5) "The thought and the expression," says Professor

Here, son of Saturn! was thy fav'rite throne; (1)
Mightiest of many such! Hence let me trace
The latent grandeur of thy dwelling-place.
It may not be: nor ev'n can Fancy's eye
Restore what Time hath labour'd to deface.
Yet these proud pillars claim no passing sigh;
Unmoved the Moslem sits, the light Greek carols by.

XI.

But who, of all the plunderers of yon fane
On high, where Pallas linger'd, loth to flee
The latest relic of her ancient reign;
The last, the worst, dull spoiler, who was he?
Blush, Caledonia! such thy son could be! (2)
England! I joy no child he was of thine:
Thy free-born men should spare what once was free;
Yet they could violate each saddening shrine,
And bear these altars o'er the long-reluctant brine. (3)

XII.

But most the modern Pict's ignoble boast,
To rive what Goth, and Turk, and Time hath spared: (4)
Cold as the crags upon his native coast,
His mind as barren and his heart as hard,
Is he whose head conceived, whose hand prepared,
Aught to displace Athena's poor remains:
Her sons, too weak the sacred shrine to guard,
Yet felt some portion of their mother's pains, (5)
And never knew, till then, the weight of despots' chains.

XIII.

What! shall it e'er be said by British tongue,
Albion was happy in Athena's tears?
Though in thy name the slaves her bosom wrung,
Tell not the deed to blushing Europe's ears;
The ocean queen, the free Britannia, bears
The last poor plunder from a bleeding land:
Yes, she, whose generous aid her name endears,
Tore down those remnants with a harpy's hand,
Which envious Eld forbore, and tyrants left to stand. (6)

XIV.

Where was thine Ægis, Pallas! that apall'd
Stern Alaric and Havoc on their way? (7)
Where Peleus' son? whom Hell in vain enthrall'd,
His shade from Hades upon that dread day
Bursting to light in terrible array!
What! could not Pluto spare the chief once more,
To scare a second robber from his prey?
Idly he wander'd on the Stygian shore,
Nor now preserved the walls he loved to shield before.

XV.

Cold is the heart, fair Greece! that looks on thee,
Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they loved;
Dull is the eye that will not weep to see
Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines removed
By British hands, which it had best behoved
To guard those relics ne'er to be restored.
Curst be the hour when from their isle they roved,
And once again thy hapless bosom gored,
And snatch'd thy shrinking gods to northern climes abhorr'd!

XVI.

But where is Harold? shall I then forget
To urge the gloomy wanderer o'er the wave?
Little reck'd he of all that men regret;
No loved-one now in feign'd lament could rave;
No friend the parting hand extended gave,
Ere the cold stranger pass'd to other climes:
Hard is his heart whom charms may not enslave;
But Harold felt not as in other times,
And left without a sigh the land of war and crimes.

XVII.

He that has sail'd upon the dark blue sea
Has view'd at times, I ween, a full fair sight;
When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight;

Clarke, in a letter to the poet, "are here so truly Petrarch's, that I would ask you whether you ever read,—

'Poi quando 'l vero sgombra
Quel dolce error pur li medesmo assido,
Me freddo, pietra morta in pietra viva;
In guisa d' uom che pensi e piange e scriva;'

"Thus rendered by Wilmot,—

'But when rude truth destroys
The loved illusion of the dreamed sweets,
I sit me down on the cold rugged stone,
Less cold, less dead than I, and think and weep alone.'"—L. E.

(1) The temple of Jupiter Olympius, of which sixteen columns, entirely of marble, yet survive: originally there were one hundred and fifty. These columns, however, are, by many supposed to have belonged to the Pantheon.

(2) "After the injuries of ages, the effect of storms and time, spoliations by power, destruction by lightnings from heaven, and bombardments by man, Lord Elgin inflicted the last injuries on the Parthenon, by the removal of the metopes and figures from its pediment." *Finden's Illustrations.*—P. E.

(3) The ship was wrecked in the Archipelago.—P. E.

(4) See Appendix to this Canto [A.] for a note too long to be placed here.—L. E.

(5) I cannot resist availing myself of the permission of my friend Dr. Clarke, whose name requires no comment with the public, but whose sanction will add tenfold weight to my testimony, to insert the following extract from a very obliging letter of his to me, as a note to the above lines:—"When the last of the metopes was taken from the Parthenon, and, in moving of it, great part of the superstructure, with one of the triglyphs, was thrown down by the workmen whom Lord Elgin employed, the Disdar, who beheld the mischief done to the building, took his pipe from his mouth, dropped a tear, and, in a supplicating tone of voice, said to Lusieri, Τάλλς! —I was present." The Disdar alluded to was the father of the present Disdar.

(6) After stanza xiii. the original MS. has the following:—

"Come then, ye classic Thanes of each degree,
Dark Hamilton and sullen Aberdeen,
Come pilfer all the Pilgrim loves to see,
All that yet consecrates the fading scene:
Oh! better were it ye had never been,
Nor ye, nor Elgin, nor that lesser wight,
The victim sad of vase-collecting spleen,
House-furnisher withal, one Thomas hight,
Than ye should bear one stone from wrong'd Athena's site.

Or will the gentle dilettanti crew
Now delegate the task to digging Gell,
That mighty limner of a bird's-eye view,
How like to Nature let his volumes tell;
Who can with him the folio's limits swell
With all the author saw, or said he saw?
Who can topographize or delve so well?
No boaster he, nor impudent and raw,
His pencil, pen, and shade, alike without a flaw."—L. E.

(7) According to Zosimus, Minerva and Achilles frightened Alaric from the Acropolis; but others relate that the Gothic king was nearly as mischievous as the Scottish peer.—See *Chandler.*

Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,
The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,
The convoy spread like wild swans in their flight,
The dullest sailer wearing bravely now,
So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow.

XVIII.

And oh, the little warlike world within!
The well-reeved guns, the netted canopy,(1)
The hoarse command, the busy humming din,
When, at a word, the tops are mann'd on high:
Hark, to the boatswain's call, the cheering cry!
While through the seaman's hand the tackle glides;
Or schoolboy midshipman that, standing by,
Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,
And well the docile crew that skilful urchin guides.

XIX.

White is the glassy deck, without a stain,
Where on the watch the staid lieutenant walks:
Look on that part which sacred doth remain
For the lone chieftain, who majestic stalks,
Silent and fear'd by all—not oft he talks
With aught beneath him, if he would preserve
That strict restraint, which broken, ever balks
Conquest and Fame: but Britons rarely swerve
From law, however stern, which tends their strength to nerve.

XX.

Blow! swiftly blow, thou keel-compelling gale!
Till the broad sun withdraws his lessening ray;
Then must the pennant-bearer slacken sail,
That lagging barks may make their lazy way.
Ah! grievance sore and listless dull delay,
To waste on sluggish hulks the sweetest breeze!
What leagues are lost, before the dawn of day,
Thus loitering pensive on the willing seas, [these!
The flapping sail haul'd down, to halt for logs like

XXI.

The moon is up; by Heaven, a lovely eve!
Long streams of light o'er dancing waves expand;
Now lads on shore may sigh, and maids believe:
Such be our fate when we return to land!
Meantime some rude Arion's restless hand
Wakes the brisk harmony that sailors love;
A circle there of merry listeners stand,
Or to some well-known measure featly move,
Thoughtless, as if on shore they still were free to rove.

XXII.

Through Calpe's straits survey the steepy shore;(2)
Europe and Afric on each other gaze!
Lands of the dark-eyed Maid and dusky Moor
Alike beheld beneath pale Hecate's blaze:
How softly on the Spanish shore she plays,
Disclosing rock, and slope, and forest brown,
Distinct, though darkening with her waning phase;
But Mauritania's giant-shadows frown,
From mountain-cliff to coast descending sombre down.

XXIII.

'Tis night, when Meditation bids us feel
We once have loved, though love is at an end:
The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,
Though friendless now, will dream it had a friend.
Who with the weight of years would wish to bend,
When Youth itself survives young Love and Joy?
Alas! when mingling souls forget to blend,
Death hath but little left him to destroy? [boy?(3)
Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a

XXIV.

Thus bending o'er the vessel's laving side,
To gaze on Dian's wave-reflected sphere,
The soul forgets her schemes of Hope and Pride,
And flies unconscious o'er each backward year.
None are so desolate but something dear,
Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear;
A flashing pang! of which the weary breast
Would still, albeit in vain, the heavy heart divest.

XXV.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold [unroll'd.
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores

XXVI.

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less
Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued;
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

XXVII.

More blest the life of godly eremite,
Such as on lonely Athos may be seen,(4)
Watching at eve upon the giant height,
Which looks o'er waves so blue, skies so serene.

(1) To prevent blocks or splinters from falling on deck during action.

(2) The promontory of Gibraltar (the ancient Mount Calpe) derives its name from the Arabic "Jebal al Tärik," being the spot where Tarik, the Moorish leader, landed to attack Spain.—P. E.

(3) This sentiment is at variance with Dryden:—

"Strange cozenage! none would live past years again."

It is also in direct opposition to Byron's own assertion quoted by Moore from his Lordship's journal:—"No man would live his life over again, is an old and true saying, which all can resolve for themselves."—P. E.

(4) One of Lord Byron's chief delights was, as he himself states in one of his journals, after bathing in some retired spot, to seat himself on a high rock above the sea, and there remain for hours, gazing upon the sky and the waters." "He led the life," says Sir Egerton Brydges, "as he wrote the strains, of a true poet. He could sleep, and very frequently did sleep, wrapped up in his rough great-coat, on the hard boards of a deck, while the winds and the waves were roaring round him on every side, and could subsist on a crust and a glass of water. It would be difficult to persuade me, that he who is a coxcomb in his manners, and artificial in his habits of life, could write good poetry."—L. E.

* Alfieri, before his powers had attained their full splendour, indulged in a similar habit.—P. E.

That he who there at such an hour hath been
Will wistful linger on that hallow'd spot;
Then slowly tear him from the witching scene,
Sigh forth one wish that such had been his lot,
Then turn to hate a world he had almost forgot.

XXVIII.

Pass we the long unvarying course, the track
Oft trod, that never leaves a trace behind;
Pass we the calm, the gale, the change, the tack,
And each well-known caprice of wave and wind;
Pass we the joys and sorrows sailors find,
Coop'd in their winged sea-girt citadel;
The foul, the fair, the contrary, the kind,
As breezes rise and fall and billows swell,
Till on some jocund morn—lo, land! and all is well.

XXIX.

But not in silence pass Calypso's isles,(1)
The sister tenants of the middle deep;
There for the weary still a haven smiles,
Though the fair goddess long hath ceased to weep,
And o'er her cliffs a fruitless watch to keep
For him who dared prefer a mortal bride:
Here, too, his boy essay'd the dreadful leap
Stern Mentor urged from high to yonder tide;
While, thus of both bereft, the nymph-queen doubly sigh'd.

XXX.

Her reign is past, her gentle glories gone:
But trust not this; too easy youth, beware!
A mortal sovereign holds her dangerous throne,
And thou mayst find a new Calypso there.
Sweet Florence! could another ever share
This wayward loveless heart, it would be thine:
But, check'd by every tie, I may not dare
To cast a worthless offering at thy shrine,
Nor ask so dear a breast to feel one pang for mine.

XXXI.

Thus Harold deem'd, as on that lady's eye
He look'd, and met its beam without a thought,
Save admiration glancing harmless by:
Love kept aloof, albeit not far remote,
Who knew his votary often lost and caught,
But knew him as his worshipper no more,
And ne'er again the boy his bosom sought:
Since now he vainly urged him to adore,
Well deem'd the little god his ancient sway was o'er.

XXXII.

Fair Florence(2) found, in sooth with some amaze,
One who, 'twas said, still sigh'd to all he saw,
Withstand, unmoved, the lustre of her gaze,
Which others hail'd with real or mimic awe,
Their hope, their doom, their punishment, their law;
All that gay Beauty from her bondsmen claims:
And much she marvell'd that a youth so raw
Nor felt, nor feign'd at least, the oft-told flames,
Which, though sometimes they frown, yet rarely anger dames.

XXXIII.

Little knew she that seeming marble heart,
Now mask'd in silence or withheld by pride,
Was not unskilful in the spoiler's art,(3)
And spread its snares licentious far and wide;
Nor from the base pursuit had turn'd aside,
As long as aught was worthy to pursue:
But Harold on such arts no more relied;
And had he doted on those eyes so blue,
Yet never would he join the lovers' whining crew.

XXXIV.

Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's breast,
Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs;
What careth she for hearts when once possess'd?
Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes;
But not too humbly, or she will despise
Thee and thy suit, though told in moving tropes:
Disguise ev'n tenderness, if thou art wise;
Brisk Confidence still best with woman copes;
Pique her and soothe in turn, soon Passion crowns thy hopes.

XXXV.

'Tis an old lesson; Time approves it true,
And those who know it best, deplore it most;
When all is won that all desire to woo,
The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost:
Youth wasted, minds degraded, honour lost,
These are thy fruits, successful Passion! these!
If, kindly cruel, early Hope is crost,
Still to the last it rankles, a disease,
Not to be cured when Love itself forgets to please.

XXXVI.

Away! nor let me loiter in my song,
For we have many a mountain-path to tread,
And many a varied shore to sail along,
By pensive Sadness, not by Fiction, led—
Climes, fair withal as ever mortal head
Imagined in its little schemes of thought;
Or e'er in new Utopias were read,
To teach man what he might be, or he ought;
If that corrupted thing could ever such be taught.

XXXVII.

Dear Nature is the kindest mother still,
Though alway changing, in her aspect mild;
From her bare bosom let me take my fill,
Her never-wean'd though not her favour'd child.

(1) Goza is said to have been the island of Calypso.

["The identity of the habitation," says Sir R. C. Hoare, in his *Classical Tour*, "assigned by poets to the nymph Calypso, has occasioned much discussion and variety of opinion. Some place it at Malta, and some at Goza."—P. E.]

(2) For an account of this accomplished but eccentric lady, whose acquaintance the poet formed at Malta, see *Miscellaneous Poems*, "To Florence." "In one so imaginative as Lord Byron, who, while he infused so much of his life into his poetry, mingled also not a little of poetry with his life, it is difficult," says Moore, "in unravelling the texture of his feelings, to distinguish at all times between the fanciful and the real. His description *here*, for instance, of the unmoved and 'loveless heart,' with which he contemplated even the charms of this attractive person, is wholly at variance with the statements in many of his letters, and, above all, with one of the most graceful of his lesser poems, addressed to this same lady, during a thunder-storm on his road to Zitza."—L. E.

(3) Against this line it is sufficient to set the poet's own declaration, in 1821, already quoted, p. 35, col. 2. "I am not a Joseph, nor a Scipio, but I can safely affirm, that I never in my life seduced any woman."—L. E.

"We have here," says Moore, "another instance of his propensity to self-misrepresentation. However great might have been the irregularities of his college life, such phrases as the 'art of the spoiler,' and 'spreading snares,' were in no wise applicable to them."—P. E.

Oh! she is fairest in her features wild,
Where nothing polish'd dares pollute her path:
To me by day or night she ever smiled,
Though I have mark'd her when none other hath,
And sought her more and more, and loved her best in wrath.

XXXVIII.

Land of Albania! where Iskander rose,
Theme of the young, and beacon of the wise,
And he his namesake, whose oft-baffled foes
Shrunk from his deeds of chivalrous emprize:
Land of Albania! (1) let me bend mine eyes
On thee, thou rugged nurse of savage men!
The cross descends, thy minarets arise,
And the pale crescent sparkles in the glen,
Through many a cypress grove within each city's ken.

XXXIX.

Childe Harold sail'd, and pass'd the barren spot
Where sad Penelope o'erlook'd the wave; (2)
And onward view'd the mount, not yet forgot,
The lover's refuge, and the Lesbian's grave.
Dark Sappho! could not verse immortal save
That breast imbued with such immortal fire?
Could she not live who life eternal gave?
If life eternal may await the lyre,
That only heaven to which Earth's children may aspire.

XL.

'T was on a Grecian autumn's gentle eve
Childe Harold hail'd Leucadia's cape afar; (3)
A spot he long'd to see, nor cared to leave: (4)
Oft did he mark the scenes of vanish'd war,
Actium, Lepanto, fatal Trafalgar; (5)
Mark them unmoved, for he would not delight
(Born beneath some remote inglorious star)
In themes of bloody fray, or gallant fight,
But loathed the bravo's trade, and laugh'd at martial [wight.

XLI.

But when he saw the evening star above
Leucadia's far-projecting rock of woe,
And hail'd the last resort of fruitless love,
He felt, or deem'd he felt, no common glow:
And as the stately vessel glided slow
Beneath the shadow of that ancient mount,
He watch'd the billows' melancholy flow,
And, sunk albeit in thought as he was wont,
More placid seem'd his eye, and smooth his pallid front.

XLII.

Morn dawns; and with it stern Albania's hills,
Dark Suli's rocks, and Pindus' inland peak,
Robed half in mist, bedew'd with snowy rills,
Array'd in many a dun and purple streak,
Arise; and, as the clouds along them break,
Disclose the dwelling of the mountaineer:
Here roams the wolf, the eagle whets his beak,
Birds, beasts of prey, and wilder men appear,
And gathering storms around convulse the closing year.

XLIII.

Now Harold felt himself at length alone,
And bade to Christian tongues a long adieu;
Now he adventured on a shore unknown,
Which all admire, but many dread to view:
His breast was arm'd 'gainst fate, his wants were few;
Peril he sought not, but ne'er shrank to meet:
The scene was savage, but the scene was new;
This made the ceaseless toil of travel sweet,
Beat back keen winter's blast, and welcomed summer's heat.

XLIV.

Here the red cross, for still the cross is here,
Though sadly scoff'd at by the circumcised,
Forgets that pride to pamper'd priesthood dear,
Churchman and votary alike despised.
Foul Superstition! howsoe'er disguised,
Idol, saint, virgin, prophet, crescent, cross,
For whatsoever symbol thou art prized,
Thou sacerdotal gain, but general loss!
Who from true worship's gold can separate thy dross?

XLV.

Ambracia's gulf behold, where once was lost
A world for woman, lovely, harmless thing!
In yonder rippling bay, their naval host
Did many a Roman chief and Asian king (6)
To doubtful conflict, certain slaughter, bring:
Look where the second Cæsar's trophies rose: (7)
Now, like the hands that rear'd them, withering:
Imperial anarchs, doubling human woes!
God! was thy globe ordain'd for such to win and lose?

XLVI.

From the dark barriers of that rugged clime,
Ev'n to the centre of Illyria's vales,
Childe Harold pass'd o'er many a mount sublime,
Through lands scarce noticed in historic tales;

(1) See Appendix to this Canto, Note [B.]—L. E.

(2) Ithaca.—"Sept. 24th," says Mr. Hobhouse, "we were in the channel, with Ithaca, then in the hands of the French, to the west of us. We were close to it, and saw a few shrubs on a brown heathy land, two little towns in the hills, scattered amongst trees, and a windmill or two with a tower on the heights. That Ithaca was not very strongly garrisoned you will easily believe, when I tell that, a month afterwards, when the Ionian Islands were invested by a British squadron, it was surrendered into the hands of a sergeant and seven men." For a very curious account of the state of the kingdom of Ulysses in 1816, see *Williams's Travels*, vol. ii. p. 427.—L. E.

(3) Leucadia, now Santa Maura. From the promontory (the Lover's Leap), Sappho is said to have thrown herself.

(4) "On the 28th we sailed through the channel, between Ithaca and the island of Santa Maura, and again saw Cephalonia stretching farther to the north. We doubled the promontory of Santa Maura, and saw the precipice which the fate of Sappho, the poetry of Ovid, and the rocks so formidable to the ancient mariners, have made for ever memorable." *Hobhouse's Travels.*—P. E.

(5) Actium and Trafalgar need no further mention. The battle of Lepanto, equally bloody and considerable, but less known, was fought in the Gulf of Patras. Here the author of *Don Quixote* lost his left hand.

(6) It is said that, on the day previous to the battle of Actium, Antony had thirteen kings at his levee.—["To-day" (Nov. 12). "I saw the remains of the town of Actium, near which Antony lost the world, in a small bay, where two frigates could hardly manœuvre: a broken wall is the sole remnant. On another part of the gulf stand the ruins of Nicopolis, built by Augustus, in honour of his victory. *B. to his Mother*, 1809.—L. E.]

(7) Nicopolis, whose ruins are most extensive, is at some distance from Actium, where the wall of the Hippodrome survives in a few fragments. These ruins are large masses of brickwork, the bricks of which are joined by interstices of mortar, as large as the bricks themselves, and equally durable.

Yet in famed Attica such lovely dales
Are rarely seen; nor can fair Tempe boast
A charm they know not; loved Parnassus fails,
Though classic ground and consecrated most, [coast.
To match some spots that lurk within this lowering

XLVII.

He pass'd bleak Pindus, Acherusia's lake, (1)
And left the primal city of the land, (2)
And onwards did his further journey take
To greet Albania's chief, (3) whose dread command
Is lawless law; for with a bloody hand
He sways a nation, turbulent and bold:
Yet here and there some daring mountain-band
Disdain his power, and from their rocky hold
Hurl their defiance far, nor yield, unless to gold. (4)

XLVIII.

Monastic Zitza! (5) from thy shady brow,
Thou small but favour'd spot of holy ground!
Where'er we gaze, around, above, below,
What rainbow tints, what magic charms are found!
Rock, river, forest, mountain, all abound,
And bluest skies that harmonise the whole:
Beneath, the distant torrent's rushing sound
Tells where the volumed cataract doth roll [the soul.
Between those hanging rocks, that shock yet please

XLIX.

Amidst the grove that crowns yon tufted hill,
Which, were it not for many a mountain nigh
Rising in lofty ranks, and loftier still,
Might well itself be deem'd of dignity,
The convent's white walls glisten fair on high:
Here dwells the caloyer (6), nor rude is he,
Nor niggard of his cheer; the passer-by
Is welcome still; nor heedless will he flee
From hence, if he delight kind Nature's sheen to see.

L.

Here in the sultriest season let him rest,
Fresh is the green beneath those aged trees;
Here winds of gentlest wing will fan his breast,
From heaven itself he may inhale the breeze:
The plain is far beneath—oh! let him seize
Pure pleasure while he can; the scorching ray
Here pierceth not, impregnate with disease:
Then let his length the loitering pilgrim lay,
And gaze, untired, the morn, the noon, the eve away.

LI.

Dusky and huge, enlarging on the sight,
Nature's volcanic amphitheatre, (7)
Chimæra's Alps extend from left to right:
Beneath, a living valley seems to stir; [tain-fir
Flocks play, trees wave, streams flow, the moun-
Nodding above; behold black Acheron! (8)
Once consecrated to the sepulchre.
Pluto! if this be hell I look upon, [none.
Close shamed Elysium's gates, my shade shall seek for

LII.

Ne city's towers pollute the lovely view;
Unseen is Yanina, though not remote,
Veil'd by the screen of hills: here men are few,
Scanty the hamlet, rare the lonely cot:
But peering down each precipice, the goat
Browseth; and, pensive o'er his scatter'd flock,
The little shepherd in his white capote (9)
Doth lean his boyish form along the rock,
Or in his cave awaits the tempest's short-lived shock.

LIII.

Oh! where, Dodona! is thine aged grove,
Prophetic fount, and oracle divine?
What valley echo'd the response of Jove?
What trace remaineth of the Thunderer's shrine?
All, all forgotten—and shall man repine
That his frail bonds to fleeting life are broke?
Cease, fool! the fate of gods may well be thine:
Wouldst thou survive the marble or the oak?
When nations, tongues, and worlds must sink beneath the stroke!

LIV.

Epirus' bounds recede, and mountains fail;
Tired of up-gazing still, the wearied eye
Reposes gladly on as smooth a vale
As ever Spring yclad in grassy dye:

(1) According to Pouqueville, the lake of Yanina: but Pouqueville is always out.

(2) "The journey from Joannina to Zitza is among the happiest sketches in the *Pilgrimage of Childe Harold.*" *Galt.*—P. E.

(3) The celebrated Ali Pacha. Of this extraordinary man there is an incorrect account in Pouqueville's *Travels.*—["I left Malta in the Spider brig-of-war, on the 21st of September, and arrived in eight days at Prevesa. I thence have traversed the interior of the province of Albania, on a visit to the Pacha, as far as Tepaleen, his highness's country palace, where I stayed three days. The name of the Pacha is Ali, and he is considered a man of the first abilities: he governs the whole of Albania (the ancient Illyricum), Epirus, and part of Macedonia." *B. to his Mother.*—L. E.]

(4) Five thousand Suliotes, among the rocks and in the castle of Suli, withstood thirty thousand Albanians for eighteen years; the castle at last was taken by bribery. In this contest there were several acts performed not unworthy of the better days of Greece.

(5) The convent and village of Zitza are four hours' journey from Joannina, or Yanina, the capital of the Pachalick. In the valley the river Kalamas (once the Acheron) flows, and, not far from Zitza, forms a fine cataract. The situation is perhaps the finest in Greece, though the approach to Delvinachi and parts of Acarnania and Ætolia may contest the palm. Delphi, Parnassus, and, in Attica, even Cape Colonna and Port Raphti, are very inferior; as also every scene in Ionia, or the Troad: I am almost inclined to add the approach to Constantinople; but, from the different features of the last, a comparison can hardly be made. ["Zitza," says the poet's companion, "is a village inhabited by Greek peasants. Perhaps there is not in the world a more romantic prospect than that which is viewed from the summit of the hill. The foreground is a gentle declivity, terminating on every side in an extensive landscape of green hills and dales, enriched with vineyards, and dotted with frequent flocks."—L. E.]

(6) The Greek monks are so called.—["We went into the monastery," says Mr. Hobhouse, "after some parley with one of the monks, through a small door plated with iron, on which the marks of violence were very apparent, and which, before the country had been tranquillized under the powerful government of Ali, had been battered in vain by the troops of robbers then, by turns, infesting every district. The prior, a humble meek-mannered man, entertained us in a warm chamber with grapes, and a pleasant white wine, not trodden out, as he told us, by the feet, but pressed from the grape by the hand; and we were so well pleased with every thing about us, that we agreed to lodge with him on our return from the Vizier."—L. E.]

(7) The Chimariot mountains appear to have been volcanic.

(8) Now called Kalamas. (9) Albanese cloak.

Ev'n on a plain no humble beauties lie,
Where some bold river breaks the long expanse,
And woods along the banks are waving high,
Whose shadows in the glassy waters dance,
Or with the moonbeam sleep in midnight's solemn trance.

LV.

The sun had sunk behind vast Tomerit,(1)
And Laos wide and fierce came roaring by;(2)
The shades of wonted night were gathering yet,
When, down the steep banks winding warily,
Childe Harold saw, like meteors in the sky,
The glittering minarets of Tepalen,
Whose walls o'erlook the stream; and, drawing nigh,
He heard the busy hum of warrior-men
Swelling the breeze that sigh'd along the lengthening glen.(3)

LVI.

He pass'd the sacred haram's silent tower,
And underneath the wide o'erarching gate
Survey'd the dwelling of this chief of power,
Where all around proclaim'd his high estate.
Amidst no common pomp the despot sate,
While busy preparation shook the court,
Slaves, eunuchs, soldiers, guests, and santons wait;
Within, a palace, and without, a fort:
Here men of every clime appear to make resort.

LVII.

Richly caparison'd, a ready row
Of armed horse, and many a warlike store,
Circled the wide-extending court below;
Above, strange groups adorn'd the corridore;
And oft-times through the area's echoing door
Some high-capp'd Tartar spurr'd his steed away:
The Turk, the Greek, the Albanian, and the Moor,
Here mingled in their many-hued array,
While the deep war-drum's sound announced the close of day.

LVIII.

The wild Albanian kirtled to his knee,
With shawl-girt head and ornamented gun,
And gold-embroider'd garments, fair to see:
The crimson-scarfed men of Macedon;
The Delhi with his cap of terror on,
And crooked glaive; the lively supple Greek;
And swarthy Nubia's mutilated son;
The bearded Turk, that rarely deigns to speak,
Master of all around, too potent to be meek,

LIX.

Are mix'd conspicuous: some recline in groups,
Scanning the motley scene that varies round;
There some grave Moslem to devotion stoops,
And some that smoke, and some that play, are found;
Here the Albanian proudly treads the ground;
Half whispering there the Greek is heard to prate;
Hark! from the mosque the nightly solemn sound,
The Muezzin's call doth shake the minaret,
"There is no god but God!—to prayer—lo! God is great!" (4)

LX.

Just at this season Ramazani's fast(5)
Through the long day its penance did maintain:
But when the lingering twilight hour was past,
Revel and feast assumed the rule again:
Now all was bustle, and the menial train
Prepared and spread the plenteous board within;
The vacant gallery now seem'd made in vain,
But from the chambers came the mingling din,
As page and slave anon were passing out and in.

LXI.

Here woman's voice is never heard: apart,
And scarce permitted, guarded, veil'd to move,
She yields to one her person and her heart,
Tamed to her cage, nor feels a wish to rove:
For, not unhappy in her master's love,
And joyful in a mother's gentlest cares,
Blest cares! all other feelings far above!
Herself more sweetly rears the babe she bears,
Who never quits the breast no meaner passion shares.

LXII.

In marble-paved pavilion, where a spring
Of living water from the centre rose,
Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling,
And soft voluptuous couches breathed repose,

(1) Anciently Mount Tomarus.

(2) The river Laos was full at the time the author passed it; and, immediately above Tepaleen, was to the eye as wide as the Thames at Westminster; at least in the opinion of the author and his fellow-traveller. In the summer it must be much narrower. It certainly is the finest river in the Levant; neither Achelous, Alpheus, Acheron, Scamander, nor Cayster, approached it in breadth or beauty.

(3) "Ali Pacha, hearing that an Englishman of rank was in his dominions, left orders, in Yanina, with the commandant, to provide a house, and supply me with every kind of necessary *gratis*. I rode out on the vizier's horses, and saw the palaces of himself and grandsons. I shall never forget the singular scene on entering Tepaleen, at five in the afternoon (Oct. 11), as the sun was going down. It brought to my mind (with some change of *dress*, however), Scott's description of Branksome Castle in his *Lay*, and the feudal system. The Albanians in their dresses (the most magnificent in the world, consisting of a long white kilt, gold-worked cloak, crimson velvet gold-laced jacket and waistcoat, silver-mounted pistols and daggers); the Tartars, with their high caps; the Turks in their vast pelisses and turbans; the soldiers and black slaves with the horses, the former in groups, in an immense large open gallery in front of the palace, the latter placed in a kind of cloister below it; two hundred steeds ready caparisoned to move in a moment; couriers entering or passing out with despatches; the kettle-drums beating; boys calling the hour from the minaret of the mosque;—altogether, with the singular appearance of the building itself, formed a new and delightful spectacle to a stranger. I was conducted to a very handsome apartment, and my health inquired after by the vizier's secretary, *à la mode Turque*." *B. Letters.* —L. E.

(4) "On our arrival at Tepaleen, we were lodged in the palace. During the night, we were disturbed by the perpetual carousal which seemed to be kept up in the gallery, and by the drum, and the voice of the 'Muezzin,' or chanter, calling the Turks to prayers from the minaret of the mosque attached to the palace. The chanter was a boy, and he sang out his hymn in a sort of loud melancholy recitative. He was a long time repeating the purport of these few words: 'God most high! I bear witness, that there is no god but God, and Mahomet is his prophet: come to prayer; come to the asylum of salvation; great God! there is no god but God!'" *Hobhouse.*—L. E.

(5) "We were a little unfortunate in the time we chose for travelling, for it was during the Ramazan, or Turkish Lent, which fell this year in October, and was hailed at the rising of the new moon, on the evening of the 8th, by every demonstration of joy: but although, during this month, the strictest abstinence is observed in the daytime, yet with the setting of the sun the feasting commences: then is the time for paying and receiving visits, and for the amusements of Turkey, puppet-shows, jugglers, dancers, and story-tellers." *Hobhouse.*—L. E.

ALI reclined, a man of war and woes:(1)
Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace,
While Gentleness her milder radiance throws
Along that aged venerable face, [grace.
The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him with dis-

LXIII.

It is not that yon hoary lengthening beard
Ill suits the passions which belong to youth;(2)
Love conquers age—so Hafiz hath averr'd,
So sings the Teian, and he sings in sooth—
But crimes that scorn the tender voice of Ruth,
Beseeming all men ill, but most the man
In years, have mark'd him with a tiger's tooth;
Blood follows blood, and, through their mortal span,
In bloodier acts conclude those who with blood began. (3)

LXIV.

'Mid many things most new to ear and eye
The pilgrim rested here his weary feet,
And gazed around on Moslem luxury,
Till quickly wearied with that spacious seat
Of Wealth and Wantonness, the choice retreat
Of sated Grandeur from the city's noise:
And were it humbler it in sooth were sweet;
But Peace abhorreth artificial joys, [destroys.
And Pleasure, leagued with Pomp, the zest of both

LXV.

Fierce are Albania's children, yet they lack
Not virtues, were those virtues more mature.
Where is the foe that ever saw their back?
Who can so well the toil of war endure?
Their native fastnesses not more secure
Than they in doubtful time of troublous need:
Their wrath how deadly! but their friendship sure,
When Gratitude or Valour bids them bleed,
Unshaken rushing on where'er their chief may lead.

LXVI.

Childe Harold saw them in their chieftain's tower,
Thronging to war, in splendour and success;
And after view'd them, when, within their power,
Himself awhile the victim of distress;
That saddening hour when bad men hotlier press:
But these did shelter him beneath their roof,
When less barbarians would have cheer'd him less,
And fellow-countrymen have stood aloof—(4)
In aught that tries the heart how few withstand the proof!

LXVII.

It chanced that adverse winds once drove his bark
Full on the coast of Suli's shaggy shore,
When all around was desolate and dark;
To land was perilous, to sojourn more;
Yet for a while the mariners forbore,
Dubious to trust where treachery might lurk:
At length they ventured forth, though doubting sore
That those who loathe alike the Frank and Turk
Might once again renew their ancient butcher-work.

LXVIII.

Vain fear! the Suliotes stretch'd the welcome hand,
Led them o'er rocks and past the dangerous swamp,
Kinder than polish'd slaves, though not so bland,
And piled the hearth, and wrung their garments damp,
And fill'd the bowl, and trimm'd the cheerful lamp,
And spread their fare; though homely, all they had:
Such conduct bears Philanthropy's rare stamp—
To rest the weary and to soothe the sad,
Doth lesson happier men, and shames at least the bad.

LXIX.

It came to pass, that when he did address
Himself to quit at length this mountain-land,
Combined marauders half-way barr'd egress,
And wasted far and near with glaive and brand;
And therefore did he take a trusty band
To traverse Acarnania's forest wide,
In war well season'd, and with labours tann'd,
Till he did greet white Achelous' tide,
And from his further bank Ætolia's wolds espied.

(1) "On the 12th, I was introduced to Ali Pacha. The vizier received me in a large room paved with marble; a fountain was playing in the centre. He received me standing, a wonderful compliment from a Mussulman, and made me sit down on his right hand. His first question was, why, at so early an age, I left my country. He then said, the English minister had told him I was of a great family, and desired his respects to my mother; which I now, in the name of Ali Pacha, present to you. He said he was certain I was a man of birth, because I had small ears, curling hair, and little white hands. He told me to consider him as a father, whilst I was in Turkey, and said he looked on me as his own son. Indeed, he treated me like a child, sending me almonds and sugared sherbet, fruit, and sweetmeats, twenty times a-day. I then, after coffee and pipes, retired." *B. to his Mother.*—L. E.

(2) Mr. Hobhouse describes the vizier as "a short man, about five feet five inches in height, and very fat; possessing a very pleasing face, fair and round, with blue quick eyes, and not at all settled into a Turkish gravity." Dr. Holland happily compares the spirit which lurked under Ali's usual exterior, as "the fire of a stove, burning fiercely under a smooth and polished surface." When the Doctor returned from Albania, in 1813, he brought a letter from the Pacha to Lord Byron. "It is," says the poet, "in Latin, and begins 'Excellentissime, *necnon* Carissime,' and ends about a gun he wants made for him. He tells me that, last spring, he took a town, a hostile town, where, forty-two years ago, his mother and sisters were treated as Miss Cunegonde was by the Bulgarian cavalry. He takes the town, selects all the survivors of the exploit—children, grand-children, etc., to the tune of six hundred, and has them shot before his face. So much for 'dearest friend.'" —L. E.

(3) The fate of Ali was precisely such as the poet anticipated.* For a circumstantial account of his assassination, in February, 1822, see *Walsh's Journey*. His head was sent to Constantinople, and exhibited at the gates of the seraglio. As the name of Ali had made a considerable noise in England, in consequence of his negotiations with Sir Thomas Maitland, and still more, perhaps, these stanzas of Lord Byron, a merchant of Constantinople thought it would be no bad speculation to purchase the head and consign it to a London showman, but this scheme was defeated by the piety of an old servant of the Pacha, who bribed the executioner with a higher price, and bestowed decent sepulture on the relic.—L. E.

(4) Alluding to the wreckers of Cornwall.

* He was assassinated by Mohamed, Governor of the Morea. The latter visited Ali, and, appearing to sympathise with him, offered to do any thing which could contribute to his confidence and personal comforts. When Mohamed rose to depart, Ali rose also from the divan on which they were sitting, and, as the Pacha of the Morea was retiring, he made a low and ceremonial reverence. The Pacha of Yanina returned it with the same profound inclination of body, but, before he could recover himself again, Mohamed drew his yataghan from his girdle, and plunged it into the back of his host with such force, that it passed through his heart and out at his left breast. Ali fell dead at his feet, and his assassin immediately left the chamber, with the bloody yataghan in his hand, and announced to those abroad that Ali had ceased to exist.—P. E.

LXX.

Where lone Utraikey forms its circling cove,
And weary waves retire to gleam at rest,
How brown the foliage of the green hill's grove,
Nodding at midnight o'er the calm bay's breast,
As winds come lightly whispering from the west,
Kissing, not ruffling, the blue deep's serene:—
Here Harold was received a welcome guest;
Nor did he pass unmoved the gentle scene,
For many a joy could he from Night's soft presence glean.

LXXI.

On the smooth shore the night-fires brightly blazed,
The feast was done, the red wine circling fast, (1)
And he that unawares had there ygazed
With gaping wonderment had stared aghast;
For ere night's midmost stillest hour was past,
The native revels of the troop began;
Each Palikar (2) his sabre from him cast,
And bounding hand in hand, man link'd to man,
Yelling their uncouth dirge, long daunced the kirtled clan. (3)

LXXII.

Childe Harold at a little distance stood
And view'd, but not displeased, the revelrie,
Nor hated harmless mirth, however rude:
In sooth, it was no vulgar sight to see
Their barbarous, yet their not indecent, glee;
And, as the flames along their faces gleam'd,
Their gestures nimble, dark eyes flashing free,
The long wild locks that to their girdles stream'd,
While thus in concert they this lay half sang, half scream'd:—(4)

1.

Tambourgi! Tambourgi! (5) thy 'larum afar
Gives hope to the valiant, and promise of war;
All the sons of the mountains arise at the note,
Chimariot, Illyrian, and dark Suliote! (6)

2.

Oh! who is more brave than a dark Suliote,
In his snowy camese and his shaggy capote?
To the wolf and the vulture he leaves his wild flock,
And descends to the plain like the stream from the rock.

3.

Shall the sons of Chimari, who never forgive
The fault of a friend, bid an enemy live?
Let those guns so unerring such vengeance forego?
What mark is so fair as the breast of a foe?

4.

Macedonia sends forth her invincible race;
For a time they abandon the cave and the chase:
But those scarfs of blood-red shall be redder, before
The sabre is sheathed and the battle is o'er.

5.

Then the pirates of Parga that dwell by the waves,
And teach the pale Franks what it is to be slaves,
Shall leave on the beach the long galley and oar,
And track to his covert the captive on shore.

6.

I ask not the pleasures that riches supply,
My sabre shall win what the feeble must buy;
Shall win the young bride with her long flowing hair,
And many a maid from her mother shall tear.

7.

I love the fair face of the maid in her youth,
Her caresses shall lull me, her music shall soothe;
Let her bring from the chamber her many-toned lyre,
And sing us a song on the fall of her sire.

8.

Remember the moment when Previsa fell, (7)
The shrieks of the conquer'd, the conquerors' yell;
The roofs that we fired, and the plunder we shared,
The wealthy we slaughter'd, the lovely we spared.

9.

I talk not of mercy, I talk not of fear;
He neither must know who would serve the Vizier:
Since the days of our prophet the Crescent ne'er saw
A chief ever-glorious like Ali Pashaw.

10.

Dark Muchtar his son to the Danube is sped,
Let the yellow-hair'd (8) Giaours (9) view his horse-tail (10) with dread; [banks,
When his Delhis (11) come dashing in blood o'er the
How few shall escape from the Muscovite ranks!

(1) The Albanian Mussulmans do not abstain from wine, and, indeed, very few of the others.

(2) Palikar, shortened when addressed to a single person, from Παλικάρι, a general name for a soldier amongst the Greeks and Albanese who speak Romaic: it means, properly, "a lad."

(3) The following is Mr. Hobhouse's animated description of this scene:—"In the evening the gates were secured, and preparations were made for feeding our Albanians. A goat was killed and roasted whole, and four fires were kindled in the yard, round which the soldiers seated themselves in parties. After eating and drinking, the greatest part of them assembled round the largest of the fires, and, whilst ourselves and the elders of the party were seated on the ground, danced round the blaze, to their own songs, with astonishing energy. All their songs were relations of some robbing exploits. One of them, which detained them more than an hour, began thus:—'When we set out from Parga, there were sixty of us:' then came the burthen of the verse,—

'Robbers all at Parga!
Robbers all at Parga!'
'Κλέφτες πάντα Πάργα!
Κλέφτες πάντα Πάργα!'

and, as they roared out this stave, they whirled round the fire, dropped, and rebounded from their knees, and again whirled round, as the chorus was again repeated. The rippling of the waves upon the pebbly margin where we were seated filled up the pauses of the song with a milder and not more monotonous music. The night was very dark; but, by the flashes of the fires, we caught a glimpse of the woods, the rocks, and the lake, which, together with the wild appearances of the dancers, presented us with a scene that would have made a fine picture in the hands of such an artist as the author of the *Mysteries of Udolpho*. As we were acquainted with the character of the Albanians, it did not at all diminish our pleasure to know, that every one of our guard had been robbers, and some of them a very short time before. It was eleven o'clock before we had retired to our room, at which time the Albanians, wrapping themselves up in their capotes, went to sleep round the fires."—L. E.

(4) For a specimen of the Albanian or Arnaout dialect of the Illyric, see Appendix to this Canto, Note [C].—L. E.

(5) Drummer.

(6) These stanzas are partly taken from different Albanese songs, as far as I was able to make them out by the exposition of the Albanese in Romaic and Italian.

(7) It was taken by storm from the French.

(8) Yellow is the epithet given to the Russians.

(9) Infidel. (10) The insignia of a Pacha.

(11) Horsemen, answering to our forlorn hope.

11.

Selictar! (1) unsheathe then our chief's scimitar:
Tambourgi! thy 'larum gives promise of war.
Ye mountains, that see us descend to the shore,
Shall view us as victors, or view us no more!

LXXIII.

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth! (2)
Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!
Who now shall lead thy scatter'd children forth,
And long accustom'd bondage uncreate?
Not such thy sons who whilome did await,
The hopeless warriors of a willing doom,
In bleak Thermopylæ's sepulchral strait—
Oh! who that gallant spirit shall resume,
Leap from Eurotas' banks, and call thee from the tomb?

LXXIV.

Spirit of freedom! when on Phyle's brow (3)
Thou satt'st with Thrasybulus and his train,
Couldst thou forebode the dismal hour which now
Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain?
Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,
But every carle can lord it o'er thy land;
Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,
Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand,
From birth till death enslaved; in word, in deed, unmann'd.

LXXV.

In all, save form alone, how changed! and who
That marks the fire still sparkling in each eye,
Who but would deem their bosoms burn'd anew
With thy unquenched beam, lost Liberty!
And many dream withal the hour is nigh
That gives them back their fathers' heritage:
For foreign arms and aid they fondly sigh,
Nor solely dare encounter hostile rage,
Or tear their name defiled from Slavery's mournful page.

LXXVI.

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?
By their right arms the conquest must be wrought:
Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye? no!
True, they may lay your proud despoilers low,
But not for you will Freedom's altars flame.
Shades of the Helots! triumph o'er your foe!
Greece! change thy lords, thy state is still the same;
Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thine years of shame.

LXXVII.

The city won for Allah from the Giaour,
The Giaour from Othman's race again may wrest;
And the Serai's impenetrable tower
Receive the fiery Frank, her former guest; (4)
Or Wahab's rebel brood, who dared divest
The prophet's (5) tomb of all its pious spoil,
May wind their path of blood along the West;
But ne'er will freedom seek this fated soil,
But slave succeed to slave through years of endless toil.

LXXVIII.

Yet mark their mirth—ere lenten days begin,
That penance which their holy rites prepare
To shrive from man his weight of mortal sin,
By daily abstinence and nightly prayer;
But ere his sackcloth garb Repentance wear,
Some days of joyaunce are decreed to all,
To take of pleasaunce each his secret share,
In motley robe to dance at masking ball,
And join the mimic train of merry Carnival.

LXXIX.

And whose more rife with merriment than thine,
O Stamboul! (6) once the empress of their reign?
Though turbans now pollute Sophia's shrine,
And Greece her very altars eyes in vain:
(Alas! her woes will still pervade my strain!)
Gay were her minstrels once, for free her throng,
All felt the common joy they now must feign,
Nor oft I've seen such sight, nor heard such song,
As woo'd the eye, and thrill'd the Bosphorus along. (7)

LXXX.

Loud was the lightsome tumult on the shore,
Oft Music changed, but never ceased her tone,
And timely echo'd back the measured oar,
And rippling waters made a pleasant moan:
The Queen of tides on high consenting shone,
And when a transient breeze swept o'er the wave,
'T was, as if darting from her heavenly throne,
A brighter glance her form reflected gave,
Till sparkling billows seem'd to light the banks they lave.

LXXXI.

Glanced many a light caïque along the foam,
Danced on the shore the daughters of the land,
Ne thought had man or maid of rest or home,
While many a languid eye and thrilling hand

(1) Sword-bearer.

(2) Some thoughts on the present state of Greece will be found in the Appendix to this Canto, Note [B].—L. E.

(3) Phyle, which commands a beautiful view of Athens, has still considerable remains: it was seized by Thrasybulus, previous to the expulsion of the Thirty.

(4) When taken by the Latins, and retained for several years.

(5) Mecca and Medina were taken some time ago by the Wahabees, a sect yearly increasing.

(6) Of Constantinople Lord Byron says,—"I have seen the ruins of Athens, of Ephesus, and Delphi; I have traversed great part of Turkey, and many other parts of Europe, and some of Asia; but I never beheld a work of nature or art which yielded an impression like the prospect on each side, from the Seven Towers to the end of the Golden Horn."—L. E.

(7) "The view of Constantinople," says Mr. Rose, "which appeared intersected by groves of cypress (for such is the effect of its great burial-grounds planted with these trees), its gilded domes and minarets reflecting the first rays of the sun; the deep blue sea 'in which it glassed itself,' and *that* sea covered with beautiful boats and barges darting in every direction in perfect silence, amid sea-fowl, who sat at rest upon the waters, altogether conveyed such an impression as I had never received, and probably never shall again receive, from the view of any other place." The following sonnet, by the same author, has been so often quoted, that, but for its exquisite beauty, we should not have ventured to reprint it here:—

"A glorious form thy shining city wore,
'Mid cypress thickets of perennial green,
With minaret and golden dome between,
While thy sea softly kiss'd its grassy shore:
Darting across whose blue expanse was seen
Of sculptured barques and galleys many a score;
Whence noise was none save that of plashing oar;
Nor word was spoke, to break the calm serene.
Unheard is whisker'd boatman's hail or joke;
Who, mute as Sinbad's man of copper, rows,
And only intermits the sturdy stroke,
When fearless gull too nigh his pinnace goes.
I, hardly conscious if I dream'd or woke,
Mark'd that strange piece of action and repose."—L. E.

Exchanged the look few bosoms may withstand,
Or gently prest, return'd the pressure still:
Oh Love! young Love! bound in thy rosy band,
Let sage or cynic prattle as he will,
These hours, and only these, redeem Life's years of ill!

LXXXII.

But 'midst the throng, in merry masquerade,
Lurk there no hearts that throb with secret pain,
Even through the closest searment half betray'd?
To such the gentle murmurs of the main
Seem to re-echo all they mourn in vain;
To such the gladness of the gamesome crowd
Is source of wayward thought and stern disdain:
How do they loathe the laughter idly loud,
And long to change the robe of revel for the shroud!

LXXXIII.

This must he feel, the true-born son of Greece,
If Greece one true-born patriot still can boast:
Not such as prate of war, but skulk in peace,
The bondsman's peace, who sighs for all he lost,
Yet with smooth smile his tyrant can accost,
And wield the slavish sickle, not the sword:
Ah! Greece! they love thee least who owe thee most;
Their birth, their blood, and that sublime record
Of hero sires, who shame thy now degenerate horde!

LXXXIV.

When riseth Lacedemon's hardihood,
When Thebes Epaminondas rears again,
When Athens' children are with hearts endued,
When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men,
Then mayst thou be restored; but not till then.
A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
An hour may lay it in the dust: and when
Can man its shatter'd splendour renovate,
Recall its virtues back, and vanquish Time and Fate?

LXXXV.

And yet how lovely in thine age of woe,
Land of lost gods and godlike men! art thou!
Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow, (1)
Proclaim thee Nature's varied favourite now;
Thy fanes, thy temples, to thy surface bow,
Commingling slowly with heroic earth,
Broke by the share of every rustic plough:
So perish monuments of mortal birth,
So perish all in turn, save well-recorded Worth:

LXXXVI.

Save where some solitary column mourns
Above its prostrate brethren of the cave; (2)
Save where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns
Colonna's cliff, (3) and gleams along the wave;
Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten grave,
Where the grey stones and unmolested grass
Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave,
While strangers only not regardless pass,
Lingering like me, perchance, to gaze, and sigh "Alas!"

LXXXVII.

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild;
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
And still his honied wealth Hymettus yields;
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
The freeborn wanderer of thy mountain-air;
Apollo still thy long long summer gilds,
Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare;
Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair. (4)

LXXXVIII.

Where'er we tread 't is haunted, holy ground,
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon:
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold,
Defies the power which crush'd thy temples gone:
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares grey Marathon.

LXXXIX.

The sun, the soil, but not the slave, the same;
Unchanged in all except its foreign lord—
Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame
The Battle-field, where Persia's victim horde

(1) On many of the mountains, particularly Liakura, the snow never is entirely melted, notwithstanding the intense heat of the summer; but I never saw it lie on the plains, even in winter.

(2) Of Mount Pentelicus, from whence the marble was dug that constructed the public edifices of Athens. The modern name is Mount Mendeli. An immense cave, formed by the quarries, still remains, and will till the end of time.

(3) In all Attica, if we except Athens itself and Marathon, there is no scene more interesting than Cape Colonna. To the antiquary and artist, sixteen columns are an inexhaustible source of observation and design; to the philosopher, the supposed scene of some of Plato's conversations will not be unwelcome; and the traveller will be struck with the beauty of the prospect over "*Isles that crown the Ægean deep*:" but, for an Englishman, Colonna has yet an additional interest, as the actual spot of Falconer's *Shipwreck*. Pallas and Plato are forgotten, in the recollection of Falconer and Campbell:—

"Here in the dead of night by Lonna's steep,
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep."

This temple of Minerva may be seen at sea from a great distance. In two journeys which I made, and one voyage to Cape Colonna, the view from either side, by land, was less striking than the approach from the isles. In our second land excursion, we had a narrow escape from a party of Mainotes, concealed in the caverns beneath. We were told afterwards, by one of their prisoners, subsequently ransomed, that they were deterred from attacking us by the appearance of my two Albanians: conjecturing very sagaciously, but falsely, that we had a complete guard of these Arnaouts at hand, they remained stationary, and thus saved our party, which was too small to have opposed any effectual resistance. Colonna is no less a resort of painters than of pirates; there

"The hireling artist plants his paltry desk,
And makes degraded Nature picturesque."
(See Hodgson's *Lady Jane Grey*, etc.)

But there Nature, with the aid of Art, has done that for herself. I was fortunate enough to engage a very superior German artist; and hope to renew my acquaintance with this and many other Levantine scenes, by the arrival of his performances.

(4) The thought in this stanza seems to have been suggested by the following passage of Harris:—"Notwithstanding the various fortune of Athens as a city, Attica is still famous for olives, and Mount Hymettus for honey. Human institutions perish, but nature is permanent."—*Philolog. Inquiries.* "I recollect," says Moore, "having once pointed out this coincidence to Lord Byron, but he assured me that he had never seen this work of Harris."—P. E.

First bow'd beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,
As on the morn to distant Glory dear,
When Marathon became a magic word; (1)
Which utter'd, to the hearer's eye appear
The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's career,

XC.

The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow;
The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear;
Mountains above, Earth's, Ocean's plain below;
Death in the front, Destruction in the rear!
Such was the scene—what now remaineth here?
What sacred trophy marks the hallow'd ground,
Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear?
The rifled urn, the violated mound, [around.
The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger! spurns

XCI.

Yet to the remnants of thy splendour past
Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied, throng;
Long shall the voyager, with the Ionian blast,
Hail the bright clime of battle and of song;
Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore;
Boast of the aged! lesson of the young!
Which sages venerate and bards adore,
As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore.

XCII.

The parted bosom clings to wonted home,
If aught that's kindred cheer the welcome hearth;
He that is lonely, hither let him roam,
And gaze complacent on congenial earth.
Greece is no lightsome land of social mirth:
But he whom Sadness soothe th may abide,
And scarce regret the region of his birth,
When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side,
Or gazing o'er the plains where Greek and Persian died.

XCIII.

Let such approach this consecrated land,
And pass in peace along the magic waste;
But spare its relics—let no busy hand
Deface the scenes, already how defaced!
Not for such purpose were these altars placed:
Revere the remnants nations once revered:
So may our country's name be undisgraced,
So mayst thou prosper where thy youth was rear'd,
By every honest joy of love and life endear'd!

XCIV.

For thee, who thus in too-protracted song
Hast soothed thine idlesse with inglorious lays,
Soon shall thy voice be lost amid the throng
Of louder minstrels in these later days:
To such resign the strife for fading bays—
Ill may such contest now the spirit move
Which heeds nor keen reproach nor partial praise;
Since cold each kinder heart that might approve,
And none are left to please when none are left to love.

XCV.

Thou too art gone, thou loved and lovely one!
Whom youth and youth's affections bound to me;
Who did for me what none beside have done,
Nor shrank from one albeit unworthy thee.
What is my being? thou hast ceased to be!
Nor staid to welcome here thy wanderer home,
Who mourns o'er hours which we no more shall see—
Would they had never been, or were to come!
Would he had ne'er return'd to find fresh cause to roam!

XCVI.

Oh! ever loving, lovely, and beloved!
How selfish Sorrow ponders on the past,
And clings to thoughts now better far removed!
But Time shall tear thy shadow from me last.
All thou couldst have of mine, stern Death! thou hast;
The parent, friend, and now the more than friend:
Ne'er yet for one thine arrows flew so fast,
And grief with grief continuing still to blend,
Hath snatch'd the little joy that life had yet to lend.

XCVII.

Then must I plunge again into the crowd,
And follow all that Peace disdains to seek?
Where Revel calls, and Laughter, vainly loud,
False to the heart, distorts the hollow cheek,
To leave the flagging spirit doubly weak;
Still o'er the features, which perforce they cheer,
To feign the pleasure or conceal the pique;
Smiles form the channel of a future tear,
Or raise the writhing lip with ill-dissembled sneer.

XCVIII.

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
And be alone on earth, as I am now. (2)
Before the Chastener humbly let me bow,
O'er hearts divided and o'er hopes destroy'd:
Roll on, vain days! full reckless may ye flow,
Since Time hath reft whate'er my soul enjoy'd,
And with the ills of Eld mine earlier years alloy'd.

(1) "Siste, viator—heroa calcas!" was the epitaph on the famous Count Merci;—what then must be our feelings when standing on the tumulus of the two hundred (Greeks) who fell on Marathon? The principal barrow has recently been opened by Fauvel: few or no relics, as vases, etc. were found by the excavator. The plain of Marathon was offered to me for sale at the sum of sixteen thousand piastres, about nine hundred pounds! Alas!—"Expende—quot *libras* in duce summo—invenies!"—was the dust of Miltiades worth no more? It could scarcely have fetched less if sold by *weight*.

(2) This stanza was written October 11, 1811; upon which day the poet, in a letter to a friend, says,—"It seems as though I were to experience in my youth the greatest misery of age. My friends fall around me, and I shall be left a lonely tree before I am withered. Other men can always take refuge in their families: I have no resource but my own reflections, and they present no prospect here or hereafter, except the selfish satisfaction of surviving my friends. I am indeed very wretched." In reference to this stanza, "Surely," said Professor Clarke to the author of the *Pursuits of Literature*, "Lord Byron cannot have experienced such keen anguish as these exquisite allusions to what older men may have felt seem to denote."—"I fear he has," answered Matthias; "*he could not otherwise have written such a poem*."—L. E.

APPENDIX.

CANTO II.

Note [A.] *See* p. 85.

"To rive what Goth, and Turk, and Time hath spared."
Stanza xii. line 2.

At this moment (January 3, 1810), besides what has been already deposited in London, an Hydriot vessel is in the Pyræus to receive every portable relic. Thus, as I heard a young Greek observe, in common with many of his countrymen—for, lost as they are, they yet feel on this occasion—thus may Lord Elgin boast of having ruined Athens. An Italian painter of the first eminence, named Lusieri, is the agent of devastation; and like the Greek *finder* of Verres in Sicily, who followed the same profession, he has proved the able instrument of plunder. Between this artist and the French Consul Fauvel, who wishes to rescue the remains for his own government, there is now a violent dispute concerning a car employed in their conveyance, the wheel of which—I wish they were both broken upon it!—has been locked up by the Consul, and Lusieri has laid his complaint before the Waywode. Lord Elgin has been extremely happy in his choice of Signor Lusieri. During a residence of ten years in Athens, he never had the curiosity to proceed as far as Sunium (now Cape Colonna), till he accompanied us in our second excursion. However, his works, as far as they go, are most beautiful: but they are almost all unfinished. While he and his patrons confine themselves to tasting medals, appreciating cameos, sketching columns, and cheapening gems, their little absurdities are as harmless as insect or fox-hunting, maiden speechifying, barouche-driving, or any such pastime; but when they carry away three or four shiploads of the most valuable and massy relics that time and barbarism have left to the most injured and most celebrated of cities; when they destroy, in a vain attempt to tear down, those works which have been the admiration of ages, I know no motive which can excuse, no name which can designate, the perpetrators of this dastardly devastation. It was not the least of the crimes laid to the charge of Verres, that he had plundered Sicily, in the manner since imitated at Athens. The most unblushing impudence could hardly go farther than to affix the name of its plunderer to the walls of the Acropolis; while the wanton and useless defacement of the whole range of the basso-relievos, in one compartment of the temple, will never permit that name to be pronounced by an observer without execration.

On this occasion I speak impartially: I am not a collector or admirer of collections, consequently no rival; but I have some early prepossession in favour of Greece, and do not think the honour of England advanced by plunder, whether of India or Attica.

Another noble Lord has done better, because he has done less; but some others, more or less noble, yet "all honourable men," have done *best*, because, after a deal of excavation, and execration, bribery to the Waywode, mining and countermining, they have done nothing at all. We had such ink-shed, and wine-shed, which almost ended in bloodshed! Lord E.'s "prig"—see Jonathan Wild for the definition of "priggism"—quarrelled with another, *Gropius* (1) by name (a very good name too for his business), and muttered something about satisfaction, in a verbal answer to a note of the poor Prussian: this was stated at table to Gropius, who laughed, but could eat no dinner afterwards. The rivals were not reconciled when I left Greece. I have reason to remember their squabble, for they wanted to make me their arbitrator.

Note [B.] *See* p. 88.

"Land of Albania! let me bend mine eyes
On thee, thou rugged nurse of savage men!"
Stanza xxxvii. lines 5 and 6.

Albania comprises part of Macedonia, Illyria, Chaonia, and Epirus. Iskander is the Turkish word for Alexander; and the celebrated Scanderbeg (Lord Alexander) is alluded to in the third and fourth lines of the thirty-eighth stanza. I do not know whether I am correct in making Scanderbeg the countryman of Alexander, who was born at Pella in Macedon, but Mr. Gibbon terms him so, and adds Pyrrhus to the list, in speaking of his exploits.

Of Albania Gibbon remarks, that a country "within sight of Italy is less known than the interior of America." Circumstances, of little consequence to mention, led Mr. Hobhouse and myself into that country before we visited any other part of the Ottoman dominions; and with the exception of Major Leake, then officially resident at Joannina, no other Englishmen have ever advanced beyond the capital into the interior, as that gentleman very lately assured me. Ali Pacha was at that time (October, 1809) carrying on war against Ibrahim Pacha, whom he had driven to Berat, a strong fortress which he was then besieging: on our arrival at Joannina we were invited to Tepaleni, his highness's birthplace, and favourite Serai, only one day's distance from Berat; at this juncture the Vizier had made it his head-quarters. After some stay in the capital, we accordingly followed; but though furnished with every accommodation, and escorted by one of the Vizier's secretaries, we were nine days (on account of the rains) in accomplishing a journey which, on our return, barely occupied four. On our route we passed two cities, Argyrocastro and Libochabo, apparently little inferior to Yanina in size; and no pencil or pen can ever do justice to the scenery in the vicinity of Zitza and Delvinachi, the frontier village of Epirus and Albania Proper.

On Albania and its inhabitants I am unwilling to descant, because this will be done so much better by my fellow-traveller, in a work which may probably

(1) This Sr. Gropius was employed by a noble Lord for the sole purpose of sketching, in which he excels; but I am sorry to say, that he has, through the abused sanction of that most respectable name, been treading at humble distance in the steps of Sr. Lusieri.—A shipful of his trophies was detained, and I believe confiscated, at Constantinople, in 1810. I am most happy to be now enabled to state, that "this was not in his bond;" that he was employed solely as a painter, and that his noble patron disavows all connection with him, except as an artist. If the error in the first and second edition of this poem has given the noble Lord a moment's pain, I am very sorry for it: Sr. Gropius has assumed for years the name of his agent; and though I cannot much condemn myself for sharing in the mistake of so many, I am happy in being one of the first to be undeceived. Indeed, I have as much pleasure in contradicting this as I felt regret in stating it.—*Note to third edition.*

precede this in publication, that I as little wish to follow as I would to anticipate him. But some few observations are necessary to the text. The Arnaouts, or Albanese, struck me forcibly by their resemblance to the Highlanders of Scotland, in dress, figure, and manner of living. Their very mountains seemed Caledonian, with a kinder climate. The kilt, though white; the spare active form; their dialect, Celtic in its sound, and their hardy habits, all carried me back to Morven. No nation are so detested and dreaded by their neighbours as the Albanese; the Greeks hardly regard them as Christians, or the Turks as Moslems; and in fact they are a mixture of both, and sometimes neither. Their habits are predatory—all are armed; and the red-shawled Arnaouts, the Montenegrins, Chimariots, and Gegdes, are treacherous; the others differ somewhat in garb, and essentially in character. As far as my own experience goes, I can speak favourably. I was attended by two, an Infidel and a Mussulman, to Constantinople and every other part of Turkey which came within my observation; and more faithful in peril, or indefatigable in service, are rarely to be found. The Infidel was named Basilius, the Moslem, Dervish Tahiri; the former a man of middle age, and the latter about my own. Basili was strictly charged by Ali Pacha in person to attend us; and Dervish was one of fifty who accompanied us through the forests of Acarnania to the banks of Achelous, and onward to Messalonghi in Ætolia. There I took him into my own service, and never had occasion to repent it till the moment of my departure.

When, in 1810, after the departure of my friend Mr. Hobhouse for England, I was seized with a severe fever in the Morea, these men saved my life by frightening away my physician, whose throat they threatened to cut if I was not cured within a given time. To this consolatory assurance of posthumous retribution, and a resolute refusal of Dr. Romanelli's prescriptions, I attributed my recovery. I had left my last remaining English servant at Athens; my dragoman was as ill as myself, and my poor Arnaouts nursed me with an attention which would have done honour to civilisation. They had a variety of adventures; for the Moslem, Dervish, being a remarkably handsome man, was always squabbling with the husbands of Athens; insomuch that four of the principal Turks paid me a visit of remonstrance at the convent, on the subject of his having taken a woman from the bath—whom he had lawfully bought, however—a thing quite contrary to etiquette. Basili also was extremely gallant amongst his own persuasion, and had the greatest veneration for the church, mixed with the highest contempt of churchmen, whom he cuffed upon occasion in a most heterodox manner. Yet he never passed a church without crossing himself; and I remember the risk he ran in entering St. Sophia, in Stambol, because it had once been a place of his worship. On remonstrating with him on his inconsistent proceedings, he invariably answered, "Our church is holy, our priests are thieves;" and then he crossed himself as usual, and boxed the ears of the first "papas" who refused to assist in any required operation, as was always found to be necessary where a priest had any influence with the Cogia Bashi of his village. Indeed, a more abandoned race of miscreants cannot exist than the lower orders of the Greek clergy.

When preparations were made for my return, my Albanians were summoned to receive their pay. Basili took his with an awkward show of regret at my intended departure, and marched away to his quarters with his bag of piastres. I sent for Dervish, but for some time he was not to be found; at last he entered, just as Signor Logotheti, father to the ci-devant Anglo-consul of Athens, and some other of my Greek acquaintances, paid me a visit. Dervish took the money, but on a sudden dashed it to the ground; and clasping his hands, which he raised to his forehead, rushed out of the room weeping bitterly. From that moment to the hour of my embarkation, he continued his lamentations, and all our efforts to console him only produced this answer, "Μ'ἀφίνει," "He leaves me." Signor Logotheti, who never wept before for any thing less than the loss of a para (about the fourth of a farthing), melted; the padre of the convent, my attendants, my visiters—and I verily believe that even Sterne's "foolish fat scullion" would have left her "fish-kettle," to sympathise with the unaffected and unexpected sorrow of this barbarian.

For my own part, when I remembered that, a short time before my departure from England, a noble and most intimate associate had excused himself from taking leave of me because he had to attend a relation "to a milliner's," I felt no less surprised than humiliated by the present occurrence and the past recollection. That Dervish would leave me with some regret was to be expected: when master and man have been scrambling over the mountains of a dozen provinces together, they are unwilling to separate; but his present feelings, contrasted with his native ferocity, improved my opinion of the human heart. I believe this almost feudal fidelity is frequent amongst them. One day, on our journey over Parnassus, an Englishman in my service gave him a push in some dispute about the baggage, which he unluckily mistook for a blow; he spoke not, but sat down leaning his head upon his hands. Foreseeing the consequences, we endeavoured to explain away the affront, which produced the following answer:—"I *have been* a robber; I *am* a soldier; no captain ever struck me; *you* are my master, I have eaten your bread, but, by *that* bread! (a usual oath) had it been otherwise, I would have stabbed the dog your servant, and gone to the mountains." So the affair ended, but from that day forward he never thoroughly forgave the thoughtless fellow who insulted him. Dervish excelled in the dance of his country, conjectured to be a remnant of the ancient Pyrrhic: be that as it may, it is manly, and requires wonderful agility. It is very distinct from the stupid Romaika, the dull round-about of the Greeks, of which our Athenian party had so many specimens.

The Albanians in general (I do not mean the cultivators of the earth in the provinces, who have also that appellation, but the mountaineers) have a fine cast of countenance; and the most beautiful women I ever beheld, in stature and in features, we saw *levelling* the *road* broken down by the torrents between Delvinachi and Liboahabo. Their manner of walking is truly theatrical; but this strut is probably the effect of the capote, or cloak, depending from one shoulder. Their long hair reminds you of the Spartans, and their courage in desultory warfare is unquestionable. Though they have some cavalry amongst the Gegdes, I never saw a good Arnaout horseman; my own preferred the English saddles, which, however,

they could never keep. But on foot they are not to be subdued by fatigue.

NOTE [C.] *See* p. 92.

"While thus in concert," etc.
Stanza lxxii. line last.

As a specimen of the Albanian or Arnaout dialect of the Illyric, I here insert two of their most popular choral songs, which are generally chanted in dancing by men or women indiscriminately. The first words are merely a kind of chorus without meaning, like some in our own and all other languages.

Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo, Naciarura, popuso.	Lo, lo, I come, I come; be thou silent.
Naciarura na civin Ha pen derini ti hin.	I come, I run; open the door that I may enter.
Ha pe uderi escrotini, Ti vin ti mar servetini.	Open the door by halves, that I may take my turban.
Caliriote me surme Ea ha pe pse dua tive.	Caliriotes* with the dark eyes, open the gate, that I may enter.
Bäo, Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo, Gi egem spirta esimiro.	Lo, lo, I hear thee, my soul.
Caliriote vu le funde Ede vete tunde tunde.	An Arnaout girl, in costly garb, walks with graceful pride.
Caliriote me surme Ti mi put e poi mi le.	Caliriot maid of the dark eyes, give me a kiss.
Se ti puta citi mora Si mi ri ni veti udo gia.	If I have kissed thee, what hast thou gained? My soul is consumed with fire.
Va le ni il che cadale Celo more, more celo.	Dance lightly, more gently, and gently still.
Plu hari ti tirete Plu huron cia pra seti.	Make not so much dust to destroy your embroidered hose.

The last stanza would puzzle a commentator: the men have certainly buskins of the most beautiful texture, but the ladies (to whom the above is supposed to be addressed) have nothing under their little yellow boots and slippers but a well-turned and sometimes very white ankle. The Arnaout girls are much handsomer than the Greeks, and their dress is far more picturesque. They preserve their shape much longer also, from being always in the open air. It is to be observed, that the Arnaout is not a *written* language: the words of this song, therefore, as well as the one which follows, are spelt according to their pronunciation. They are copied by one who speaks and understands the dialect perfectly, and who is a native of Athens.

Nidi sefda tinde ulavossa Vettimi upri vi lofsa.	I am wounded by thy love, and have loved but to scorch myself.
Ah vaisissomi privi lofse Si mi rini mi la vosse.	Thou hast consumed me! Ah, maid! thou hast struck me to the heart.
Uti tasa roba stua Sitti eve tulati dua.	I have said I wish no dowry, but thine eyes and eye-lashes.
Roba stinori ssidua Qu mi sini vetti dua.	The accursed dowry I want not, but thee only.
Qurmini dua civileni Roba ti siarmi tildi eni.	Give me thy charms, and let the portion feed the flames.
Utara pisa vaisisso me simi rin ti hapti Eti mi bire a piste si gui dendroi tiltati.	I have loved thee, maid, with a sincere soul, but thou hast left me like a withered tree.
Udi vura udorini udiri cicova cilti mora Udorini talti hollna u ede caimoni mora.	If I have placed my hand on thy bosom, what have I gained? my hand is withdrawn, but retains the flame.

I believe the two last stanzas, as they are in a different measure, ought to belong to another ballad. An idea something similar to the thought in the last lines was expressed by Socrates, whose arm having come in contact with one of his "ὑεκάδλιμος," Critobulus or Cleobulus, the philosopher complained of a shooting pain as far his shoulder for some days after, and therefore very properly resolved to teach his disciples in future without touching them.

NOTE [D.] *See* p. 93.

"Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!"
Stanza lxxiii. lines 1 and 2.

I.

Before I say any thing about a city of which every body, traveller or not, has thought it necessary to say something, I will request Miss Owenson, when she next borrows an Athenian heroine for her four volumes, to have the goodness to marry her to somebody more of a gentleman than a "Disdar Aga" (who by the by is not an Aga), the most impolite of petty officers, the greatest patron of larceny Athens ever saw (except Lord E.), and the unworthy occupant of the Acropolis, on a handsome annual stipend of 150 piastres (eight pounds sterling), out of which he has only to pay his garrison, the most ill-regulated corps in the ill-regulated Ottoman Empire. I speak it tenderly, seeing I was once the cause of the husband of "Ida of Athens" nearly suffering the bastinado; and because the said "Disdar" is a turbulent husband, and beats his wife; so that I exhort and beseech Miss Owenson to sue for a separate maintenance in behalf of "Ida." Having premised thus much, on a matter of such import to the readers of romances, I may now leave Ida, to mention her birthplace.

Setting aside the magic of the name, and all those associations which it would be pedantic and superfluous to recapitulate, the very situation of Athens would render it the favourite of all who have eyes for art or nature. The climate, to me at least, appeared a perpetual spring; during eight months I never passed a day without being as many hours on horseback: rain

(1) The Albanese, particularly the women, are frequently termed "Caliriotes;" for what reason I inquired in vain.

is extremely rare, snow never lies on the plains, and a cloudy day is an agreeable rarity. In Spain, Portugal, and every part of the East which I visited, except Ionia and Attica, I perceived no such superiority of climate to our own; and at Constantinople, where I passed May, June, and part of July (1810), you might "damn the climate, and complain of spleen," five days out of seven.

The air of the Morea is heavy and unwholesome, but the moment you pass the isthmus in the direction of Megara, the change is strikingly perceptible. But I fear Hesiod will still be found correct in his description of a Bœotian winter.

We found at Livadia an "esprit fort" in a Greek bishop, of all freethinkers! This worthy hypocrite rallied his own religion with great intrepidity (but not before his flock), and talked of a mass as a "coglioneria." It was impossible to think better of him for this; but, for a Bœotian, he was brisk with all his absurdity. This phenomenon (with the exception indeed of Thebes, the remains of Chæronea, the plain of Platea, Orchomenus, Livadia, and its nominal cave of Trophonius) was the only remarkable thing we saw before we passed Mount Cithæron.

The fountain of Dirce turns a mill: at least my companion (who, resolving to be at once cleanly and classical, bathed in it) pronounced it to be the fountain of Dirce, and any body who thinks it worth while may contradict him. At Castri we drank of half a dozen streamlets, some not of the purest, before we decided to our satisfaction which was the true Castalian, and even that had a villanous twang, probably from the snow, though it did not throw us into an epic fever, like poor Dr. Chandler.

From Fort Phyle, of which large remains still exist, the plain of Athens, Pentelicus, Hymettus, the Ægean, and the Acropolis, burst upon the eye at once; in my opinion, a more glorious prospect than even Cintra or Istambol. Not the view from the Troad, with Ida, the Hellespont, and the more distant Mount Athos, can equal it, though so superior in extent.

I heard much of the beauty of Arcadia, but excepting the view from the monastery of Megaspelion (which is inferior to Zitza in a command of country) and the descent from the mountains on the way from Tripolitza to Argos, Arcadia has little to recommend it beyond the name.

"Sternitur, et *dulces* moriens reminiscitur Argos."

Virgil could have put this into the mouth of none but an Argive, and (with reverence be it spoken) it does not deserve the epithet. And if the Polinices of Statius, "in mediis audit duo litora campis," did actually hear both shores in crossing the isthmus of Corinth, he had better ears than have ever been worn in such a journey since.

"Athens," says a celebrated topographer, "is still the most polished city of Greece." Perhaps it may of *Greece*, but not of the *Greeks;* for Joannina in Epirus is universally allowed, amongst themselves, to be superior in the wealth, refinement, learning, and dialect of its inhabitants. The Athenians are remarkable for their cunning; and the lower orders are not improperly characterised in that proverb, which classes them with "the Jews of Salonica, and the Turks of the Negropont."

Among the various foreigners resident in Athens, French, Italians, Germans, Ragusans, etc., there was never a difference of opinion in their estimate of the Greek character, though on all other topics they disputed with great acrimony.

M. Fauvel, the French consul, who has passed thirty years principally at Athens, and to whose talents as an artist, and manners as a gentleman, none who have known him can refuse their testimony, has frequently declared in my hearing, that the Greeks do not deserve to be emancipated; reasoning on the grounds of their "national and individual depravity!" while he forgot that such depravity is to be attributed to causes which can only be removed by the measure he reprobates.

M. Roque, a French merchant of respectability long settled in Athens, asserted with the most amusing gravity, "Sir, they are the same *canaille* that existed *in the days of Themistocles!*" an alarming remark to the "laudator temporis acti." The ancients banished Themistocles; the moderns cheat Monsieur Roque: thus great men have ever been treated!

In short, all the Franks who are fixtures, and most of the Englishmen, Germans, Danes, etc. of passage, came over by degrees to their opinion; on much the same grounds that a Turk in England would condemn the nation by wholesale, because he was wronged by his lacquey, and overcharged by his washerwoman.

Certainly it was not a little staggering when the Sieurs Fauvel and Lusieri, the two greatest demagogues of the day, who divide between them the power of Pericles and the popularity of Cleon, and puzzle the poor Waywode with perpetual differences, agreed in the utter condemnation, "nullâ virtute redemptum," of the Greeks in general, and of the Athenians in particular.

For my own humble opinion, I am loth to hazard it, knowing, as I do, that there be now in MS. no less than five tours of the first magnitude and of the most threatening aspect, all in typographical array, by persons of wit and honour, and regular common-place books: but, if I may say this without offence, it seems to me rather hard to declare so positively and pertinaciously, as almost every body has declared, that the Greeks, because they are very bad, will never be better.

Eton and Sonnini have led us astray by their panegyrics and projects; but, on the other hand, De Pauw and Thornton have debased the Greeks beyond their demerits.

The Greeks will never be independent; they will never be sovereigns as heretofore, and God forbid they ever should! but they may be subjects without being slaves. Our colonies are not independent, but they are free and industrious, and such may Greece be hereafter.

At present, like the Catholics of Ireland and the Jews throughout the world, and such other cudgelled and heterodox people, they suffer all the moral and physical ills that can afflict humanity. Their life is a struggle against truth; they are vicious in their own defence. They are so unused to kindness, that when they occasionally meet with it they look upon it with suspicion, as a dog often beaten snaps at your fingers if you attempt to caress him. "They are ungrateful, notoriously, abominably ungrateful!"—this is the general cry. Now, in the name of Nemesis! for what are they to be grateful? Where is the human being

that ever conferred a benefit on Greek or Greeks? They are to be grateful to the Turks for their fetters, and to the Franks for their broken promises and lying counsels. They are to be grateful to the artist who engraves their ruins, and to the antiquary who carries them away; to the traveller whose janissary flogs them, and to the scribbler whose journal abuses them! This is the amount of their obligations to foreigners.

II.

Franciscan Convent, Athens, January 23, 1811.

Amongst the remnants of the barbarous policy of the earlier ages, are the traces of bondage which yet exist in different countries; whose inhabitants, however divided in religion and manners, almost all agree in oppression.

The English have, at last, compassionated their negroes, and, under a less bigoted government, may probably one day release their Catholic brethren: but the interposition of foreigners alone can emancipate the Greeks, who, otherwise, appear to have as small a chance of redemption from the Turks, as the Jews have from mankind in general.

Of the ancient Greeks we know more than enough; at least the younger men of Europe devote much of their time to the study of the Greek writers and history, which would be more usefully spent in mastering their own. Of the moderns, we are perhaps more neglectful than they deserve; and while every man of any pretensions to learning is tiring out his youth, and often his age, in the study of the language and of the harangues of the Athenian demagogues in favour of freedom, the real or supposed descendants of these sturdy republicans are left to the actual tyranny of their masters, although a very slight effort is required to strike off their chains.

To talk, as the Greeks themselves do, of their rising again to their pristine superiority, would be ridiculous; as the rest of the world must resume its barbarism, after reasserting the sovereignty of Greece: but there seems to be no very great obstacle, except in the apathy of the Franks, to their becoming a useful dependency, or even a free state with a proper guarantee;—under correction, however, be it spoken, for many and well-informed men doubt the practicability even of this.

The Greeks have never lost their hope, though they are now more divided in opinion on the subject of their probable deliverers. Religion recommends the Russians; but they have twice been deceived and abandoned by that power, and the dreadful lesson they received after the Muscovite desertion in the Morea has never been forgotten. The French they dislike; although the subjugation of the rest of Europe will, probably, be attended by the deliverance of continental Greece. The islanders look to the English for succour, as they have very lately possessed themselves of the Ionian republic, Corfu excepted. But whoever appear with arms in their hands will be welcome; and when that day arrives, Heaven have mercy on the Ottomans, they cannot expect it from the Giaours!

But instead of considering what they have been, and speculating on what they may be, let us look at them as they are.

And here it is impossible to reconcile the contrariety of opinions: some, particularly the merchants, decrying the Greeks in the strongest language; others, generally travellers, turning periods in their eulogy, and publishing very curious speculations grafted on their former state, which can have no more effect on their present lot, than the existence of the Incas on the future fortunes of Peru.

One very ingenious person terms them the "natural allies of Englishmen;" another, no less ingenious, will not allow them to be the allies of anybody, and denies their very descent from the ancients; a third, more ingenious than either, builds a Greek empire on a Russian foundation, and realises (on paper) all the chimeras of Catharine II. As to the question of their descent, what can it import whether the Mainotes are the lineal Laconians or not? or the present Athenians as indigenous as the bees of Hymettus, or as the grasshoppers, to which they once likened themselves? What Englishman cares if he be of Danish, Saxon, Norman, of Trojan blood? or who, except a Welshman, is afflicted with a desire of being descended from Caractacus?

The poor Greeks do not so much abound in the good things of this world, as to render even their claims to antiquity an object of envy; it is very cruel, then, in Mr. Thornton to disturb them in the possession of all that time has left them; viz. their pedigree, of which they are the more tenacious, as it is all they can call their own. It would be worth while to publish together, and compare, the works of Messrs. Thornton and De Pauw, Eton and Sonnini; paradox on one side, and prejudice on the other. Mr. Thornton conceives himself to have claims to public confidence from a fourteen years' residence at Pera; perhaps he may on the subject of the Turks, but this can give him no more insight into the real state of Greece and her inhabitants, than as many years spent in Wapping into that of the Western Highlands.

The Greeks of Constantinople live in Fanal; and if Mr. Thornton did not oftener cross the Golden Horn than his brother merchants are accustomed to do, I should place no great reliance on his information. I actually heard one of these gentlemen boast of their little general intercourse with the city, and assert of himself, with an air of triumph, that he had been but four times at Constantinople in as many years.

As to Mr. Thornton's voyages in the Black Sea with Greek vessels, they gave him the same idea of Greece as a cruise to Berwick in a Scotch smack would of Johnny Grot's House. Upon what grounds then does he arrogate the right of condemning by wholesale a body of men, of whom he can know little? It is rather a curious circumstance that Mr. Thornton, who so lavishly dispraises Pouqueville on every occasion of mentioning the Turks, has yet recourse to him as authority on the Greeks, and terms him an impartial observer. Now, Dr. Pouqueville is as little entitled to that appellation, as Mr. Thornton to confer it on him.

The fact is, we are deplorably in want of information on the subject of the Greeks, and in particular their literature; nor is there any probability of our being better acquainted, till our intercourse becomes more intimate, or their independence confirmed: the relations of passing travellers are as little to be depended on as the invectives of angry factors; but, till something more can be attained, we must be

content with the little to be acquired from similar sources.(1)

However defective these may be, they are preferable to the paradoxes of men who have read superficially of the ancients, and seen nothing of the moderns, such as De Pauw; who, when he asserts that the British breed of horses is ruined by Newmarket, and that the Spartans were cowards in the field, betrays an equal knowledge of English horses and Spartan men. His "philosophical observations" have a much better claim to the title of "poetical." It could not be expected that he, who so liberally condemns some of the most celebrated institutions of the ancient, should have mercy on the modern Greeks; and it fortunately happens, that the absurdity of his hypothesis on their forefathers refutes his sentence on themselves.

Let us trust, then, that, in spite of the prophecies of De Pauw, and the doubts of Mr. Thornton, there is a reasonable hope of the redemption of a race of men, who, whatever may be the errors of their religion and policy, have been amply punished by three centuries and a half of captivity.

III.

Athens, Franciscan Convent, March 17, 1811.

"I must have some talk with this learned Theban."

Some time after my return from Constantinople to this city, I received the thirty-first number of the *Edinburgh Review* as a great favour, and certainly at this distance an acceptable one, from the captain of an English frigate off Salamis. In that number, Art. 3. containing the review of a French translation of *Strabo*, there are introduced some remarks on the modern Greeks and their literature, with a short account of Coray, a co-translator in the French version. On those remarks I mean to ground a few observations; and the spot where I now write will, I hope, be sufficient excuse for introducing them in a work in some degree connected with the subject. Coray, the most celebrated of living Greeks, at least among the Franks, was born at Scio (in the *Review*, Smyrna is stated, I have reason to think, incorrectly), and, besides the translation of Beccaria and other works mentioned by the Reviewer, has published a lexicon in Romaic and French, if I may trust the assurance of some Danish travellers lately arrived from Paris; but the latest we have seen here in French and Greek is that of Gregory Zalikoglou.(2) Coray has recently been involved in an unpleasant controversy with M. Gail, (3) a Parisian commentator and editor of some translations from the Greek poets, in consequence of the Institute having awarded him the prize for his version of Hippocrates "περὶ ὑδάτων," etc. to the disparagement, and consequently displeasure, of the said Gail. To his exertions, literary and patriotic, great praise is undoubtedly due, but a part of that praise ought not to be withheld from the two brothers Zosimado (merchants settled in Leghorn), who sent him to Paris, and maintained him, for the express purpose of elucidating the ancient, and adding to the modern, researches of his countrymen. Coray, however, is not considered by his countrymen equal to some who lived in the two last centuries; more particularly Dorotheus of Mitylene, whose Hellenic writings are so much esteemed by the Greeks, that Meletius terms him "Μετὰ τὸν Θουκυδίδην καὶ Ξενοφῶντα ἄριστος Ἑλλήνων." (*Ecclesiastical History*, vol. iv. p. 224.)

Panagiotes Kodrikas, the translator of *Fontenelle*, and Kamarases, who translated *Ocellus Lucanus on the Universe* into French, Christodoulus, and more particularly Psalida, whom I have conversed with in Joannina, are also in high repute among their literati. The last-mentioned has published in Romaic and Latin a work on *True Happiness*, dedicated to Catherine II. But Polyzois, who is stated by the Reviewer to be the only modern except Coray who has distinguished himself by a knowledge of Hellenic, if he be the Polyzois Lampanitziotes of Yanina, who has published a number of editions in Romaic, was neither more nor less than an itinerant vender of books; with the contents of which he had no concern beyond his name on the title-page, placed there to secure his property in the publication; and he was, moreover, a man utterly destitute of scholastic acquirements. As the name, however, is not uncommon, some other Polyzois may have edited the *Epistles of Aristænetus*.

It is to be regretted that the system of continental blockade has closed the few channels through which the Greeks received their publications, particularly Venice and Trieste. Even the common grammars for children are become too dear for the lower orders. Amongst their original works the Geography of Meletius, Archbishop of Athens, and a multitude of theological quartos and poetical pamphlets, are to be

(1) A word, *en passant*, with Mr. Thornton and Dr. Pouqueville, who have been guilty between them of sadly clipping the Sultan's Turkish.

Dr. Pouqueville tells a long story of a Moslem who swallowed corrosive sublimate in such quantities that he acquired the name of "*Suleyman Yeyen*," i. e. quoth the Doctor, "*Suleyman, the eater of corrosive sublimate.*" "Aha," thinks Mr. Thornton (angry with the Doctor for the fiftieth time), "have I caught you?"—Then, in a note twice the thickness of the Doctor's anecdote, he questions the Doctor's proficiency in the Turkish tongue, and his veracity in his own.—"For," observes Mr. Thornton (after inflicting on us the tough participle of a Turkish verb), "it means nothing more than *Suleyman the eater*," and quite cashiers the supplementary "*sublimate*." Now both are right, and both are wrong. If Mr. Thornton, when he next resides "fourteen years in the factory," will consult his Turkish dictionary, or ask any of his Stamboline acquaintance, he will discover that "*Suleyman yeyen*," put together discreetly, mean the "*Swallower of sublimate*," without any "*Suleyman*" in the case: "*Suleyma*" signifying "*corrosive sublimate*," and not being a proper name on this occasion, although it be an orthodox name enough with the addition of *n*. After Mr. Thornton's frequent hints of profound Orientalism, he might have found this out before he sang such pæans over Dr. Pouqueville.

After this, I think "Travellers *versus* Factors" shall be our motto, though the above Mr. Thornton has condemned "hoc genus omne," for mistake and misrepresentation. "Ne Sutor ultra crepidam," "No merchant beyond his bales." N.B. For the benefit of Mr. Thornton, "Sutor" is not a proper name.

(2) I have in my possession an excellent lexicon "τριγλωσσον" which I received in exchange from S. G—, Esq. for a small gem: my antiquarian friends have never forgotten it, or forgiven me.

(3) In Gail's pamphlet against Coray, he talks of "throwing the insolent Hellenist out of the windows." On this a French critic exclaims, "Ah, my God! throw an Hellenist out of the window! what sacrilege!" It certainly would be a serious business for those authors who dwell in the attics: but I have quoted the passage merely to prove the similarity of style among the controversialists of all polished countries; London or Edinburgh could hardly parallel this Parisian ebullition.

met with; their grammars and lexicons of two, three, and four languages are numerous and excellent. Their poetry is in rhyme. The most singular piece I have lately seen is a satire in dialogue between a Russian, English, and French traveller, and the Waywode of Wallachia (or Blackbey, as they term him), an archbishop, a merchant, and Cogia Bachi (or primate), in succession; to all of whom, under the Turks, the writer attributes their present degeneracy. Their songs are sometimes pretty and pathetic, but their tunes generally unpleasing to the ear of a Frank; the best is the famous "Δεῦτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων," by the unfortunate Riga. But from a catalogue of more than sixty authors, now before me, only fifteen can be found who have touched on any theme except theology.

I am intrusted with a commission, by a Greek of Athens named Marmarotoury, to make arrangements, if possible, for printing in London a translation of Barthelemi's *Anacharsis* in Romaic, as he has no other opportunity, unless he despatches the MS. to Vienna by the Black Sea and Danube.

The Reviewer mentions a school established at Hecatonesi, and suppressed at the instigation of Sebastiani: he means Cidonies, or, in Turkish, Haivali; a town on the continent, where that institution, for a hundred students and three professors, still exists. It is true that this establishment was disturbed by the Porte, under the ridiculous pretext that the Greeks were constructing a fortress instead of a college: but on investigation, and the payment of some purses to the Divan, it has been permitted to continue. The principal professor, named Ueniamin (*i. e.* Benjamin), is stated to be a man of talent, but a freethinker. He was born in Lesbos, studied in Italy, and is master of Hellenic, Latin, and some Frank languages, besides a smattering of the sciences.

Though it is not my intention to enter farther on this topic than may allude to the article in question, I cannot but observe that the Reviewer's lamentation over the fall of the Greeks appears singular, when he closes it with these words: "*The change is to be attributed to their misfortunes rather than to any 'physical degradation.'*" It may be true that the Greeks are not physically degenerated, and that Constantinople contained, on the day when it changed masters, as many men of six feet and upwards as in the hour of prosperity; but ancient history and modern politics instruct us that something more than physical perfection is necessary to preserve a state in vigour and independence; and the Greeks, in particular, are a melancholy example of the near connection between moral degradation and national decay.

The Reviewer mentions a plan ("*we believe*" by Potemkin) for the purification of the Romaic; and I have endeavoured in vain to procure any tidings or traces of its existence. There was an academy in St. Petersburgh for the Greeks; but it was suppressed by Paul, and has not been revived by his successor.

There is a slip of the pen, and it can only be a slip of the pen, in p. 58, No. 31. of the *Edinburgh Review*, where these words occur:—"We are told that when the capital of the East yielded to *Solyman*"—It may be presumed that this last word will, in a future edition, be altered to Mahomet II. (1) The "ladies of Constantinople," it seems, at that period spoke a dialect "which would not have disgraced the lips of an Athenian." I do not know how that might be, but am sorry to say the ladies in general, and the Athenians in particular, are much altered; being far from choice either in their dialect or expressions, as the whole Attic race are barbarous to a proverb:—

"Ὦ Ἀθηνᾶ, πρώτη χώρα,
Τί γαιδάρους τρέφεις τώρα."

In Gibbon, vol. x. p. 161, is the following sentence:—"The vulgar dialect of the city was gross and barbarous, though the compositions of the church and palace sometimes affected to copy the purity of the Attick models." Whatever may be asserted on the subject, it is difficult to conceive that the "ladies of Constantinople," in the reign of the last Cæsar, spoke a purer dialect than Anna Comnena wrote three centuries before: and those royal pages are not esteemed the best models of composition, although the princess γλῶσσαν εἶχεν ἀκριβῶς ἀττικίζουσαν. In the Fanal, and in Yanina, the best Greek is spoken: in the latter there is a flourishing school, under the direction of Psalida.

There is now in Athens a pupil of Psalida's, who is making a tour of observation through Greece: he is intelligent, and better educated than a fellow-commoner of most colleges. I mention this as a proof that the spirit of inquiry is not dormant among the Greeks.

The Reviewer mentions Mr. Wright, the author of the beautiful poem *Horæ Ionicæ*, as qualified to give details of these nominal Romans and degenerate Greeks, and also of their language: but Mr. Wright, though a good poet and an able man, has made a mistake where he states the Albanian dialect of the Romaic to approximate nearest to the Hellenic: for the Albanians speak a Romaic as notoriously corrupt as the Scotch of Aberdeenshire, or the Italian of Naples. Yanina (where, next to the Fanal, the Greek is purest), although the capital of Ali Pacha's dominions, is not in Albania, but Epirus; and beyond Delvinachi in Albania Proper up to Argyrocastro and Tepaleen (beyond which I did not advance), they speak worse Greek than even the Athenians. I was attended for a year and a half by two of these singular mountaineers, whose mother tongue is Illyric, and I never heard them or their countrymen (whom I have seen, not only at home, but to the amount of twenty thousand in the army of Vely Pacha) praised for their Greek, but often laughed at for their provincial barbarisms.

I have in my possession about twenty-five letters, amongst which some from the Bey of Corinth, written to me by Notaras, the Cogia Bachi, and others by the

(1) In a former number of the *Edinburgh Review*, 1808, it is observed: "Lord Byron passed some of his early years in Scotland, where he might have learned that *pibroch* does not mean a *bagpipe*, any more than *duet* means a *fiddle*." Query—Was it in Scotland that the young gentlemen of the *Edinburgh Review* learned that *Solyman* means *Mahomet II.* any more than *criticism* means *infallibility?*—but thus it is,

"Cedimus inque vicem præbemus crura sagittis."

The mistake seemed so completely a lapse of the pen (from the great *similarity* of the two words, and the *total absence of error* from the former pages of the literary leviathan) that I should have passed it over as in the text, had I not perceived in the *Edinburgh Review* much facetious exultation on all such detections, particularly a recent one, where words and syllables are subjects of disquisition and transposition; and the above-mentioned parallel passage, in my own case, irresistibly propelled me to hint how much easier it is to be critical than correct. The *gentlemen*, having enjoyed many a *triumph* on such victories, will hardly begrudge me a slight *ovation* for the present.

dragoman of the Caimacam of the Morea (which last governs in Vely Pacha's absence) are said to be favourable specimens of their epistolary style. I also received some at Constantinople from private persons, written in a most hyperbolical style, but in the true antique character.

The Reviewer proceeds, after some remarks on the tongue in its past and present state, to a paradox (page 59) on the great mischief the knowledge of his own language has done to Coray, who, it seems, is less likely to understand the ancient Greek, because he is perfect master of the modern! This observation follows a paragraph, recommending, in explicit terms, the study of the Romaic, as "a powerful auxiliary," not only to the traveller and foreign merchant, but also to the classical scholar; in short, to every body except the only person who can be thoroughly acquainted with its uses; and by a parity of reasoning, our old language is conjectured to be probably more attainable by "foreigners" than by ourselves! Now, I am inclined to think, that a Dutch tyro in our tongue (albeit himself of Saxon blood) would be sadly perplexed with *Sir Tristrem*, or any other given *Auchinleck MS.* with or without a grammar or glossary; and to most apprehensions it seems evident, that none but a native can acquire a competent, far less complete, knowledge of our obsolete idioms. We may give the critic credit for his ingenuity, but no more believe him than we do Smollett's Lismahago, who maintains that the purest English is spoken in Edinburgh. That Coray may err is very possible; but, if he does, the fault is in the man rather than in his mother tongue, which is, as it ought to be, of the greatest aid to the native student. Here the Reviewer proceeds to business on Strabo's translators, and here I close my remarks.

Sir W. Drummond, Mr. Hamilton, Lord Aberdeen, Dr. Clarke, Captain Leake, Mr. Gell, Mr. Walpole, and many others now in England, have all the requisites to furnish details of this fallen people. The few observations I have offered I should have left where I made them, had not the article in question, and above all the spot where I read it, induced me to advert to those pages, which the advantage of my present situation enabled me to clear, or at least to make the attempt.

I have endeavoured to waive the personal feelings, which rise in despite of me in touching upon any part of the *Edinburgh Review;* not from a wish to conciliate the favour of its writers, or to cancel the remembrance of a syllable I have formerly published, but simply from a sense of the impropriety of mixing up private resentments with a disquisition of the present kind, and more particularly at this distance of time and place.

ADDITIONAL NOTE ON THE TURKS.

The difficulties of travelling in Turkey have been much exaggerated, or rather have considerably diminished of late years. The Mussulmans have been beaten into a kind of sullen civility, very comfortable to voyagers.

It is hazardous to say much on the subject of Turks and Turkey; since it is possible to live amongst them twenty years without acquiring information, at least from themselves. As far as my own slight experience carried me, I have no complaint to make; but am indebted for many civilities (I might almost say for friendship), and much hospitality, to Ali Pacha, his son Vely Pacha of the Morea, and several others of high rank in the provinces. Suleyman Aga, late Governor of Athens, and now of Thebes, was a *bon vivant*, and as social a being as ever sat cross-legged at a tray or a table. During the carnival, when our English party were masquerading, both himself and his successor were more happy to "receive masks" than any dowager in Grosvenor-square.

On one occasion of his supping at the convent, his friend and visiter, the Cadi of Thebes, was carried from table perfectly qualified for any club in Christendom; while the worthy Waywode himself triumphed in his fall.

In all money transactions with the Moslems, I ever found the strictest honour, the highest disinterestedness. In transacting business with them, there are none of those dirty peculations, under the name of interest, difference of exchange, commission, etc. etc. uniformly found in applying to a Greek consul to cash bills, even on the first houses in Pera.

With regard to presents, an established custom in the East, you will rarely find yourself a loser; as one worth acceptance is generally returned by another of similar value—a horse, or a shawl.

In the capital and at court, the citizens and courtiers are formed in the same school with those of Christianity; but there does not exist a more honourable, friendly, and high-spirited character than the true Turkish provincial Aga, or Moslem country gentleman. It is not meant here to designate the governors of towns, but those Agas who, by a kind of feudal tenure, possess lands and houses, of more or less extent, in Greece and Asia Minor.

The lower orders are in as tolerable discipline as the rabble in countries with greater pretensions to civilisation. A Moslem, in walking the streets of our country-towns, would be more incommoded in England than a Frank in a similar situation in Turkey. Regimentals are the best travelling-dress.

The best accounts of the religion and different sects of Islamism may be found in D'Ohsson's French; of their manners, etc. perhaps in Thornton's English. The Ottomans, with all their defects, are not a people to be despised. Equal, at least, to the Spaniards, they are superior to the Portuguese. If it be difficult to pronounce what they are, we can at least say what they are *not:* they are *not* treacherous, they are *not* cowardly, they do *not* burn heretics, they are *not* assassins, nor has an enemy advanced to *their* capital. They are faithful to their sultan till he becomes unfit to govern, and devout to their God without an inquisition. Were they driven from St. Sophia to-morrow, and the French or Russians enthroned in their stead, it would become a question whether Europe would gain by the exchange? England would certainly be the loser.

With regard to that ignorance of which they are so generally, and sometimes justly, accused, it may be doubted, always excepting France and England, in what useful points of knowledge they are excelled by other nations. Is it in the common arts of life? In their manufactures? Is a Turkish sabre inferior to a Toledo? or is a Turk worse clothed or lodged, or fed and taught, than a Spaniard? Are their Pachas worse educated than a Grandee? or an Effendi than a Knight of St. Jago? I think not.

I remember Mahmout, the grandson of Ali Pacha, asking whether my fellow-traveller and myself were in the upper or lower House of Parliament. Now, this question from a boy of ten years old proved that his education had not been neglected. It may be doubted if an English boy at that age knows the difference of the Divan from a College of Dervises; but I am very sure a Spaniard does not. How little Mahmout, surrounded, as he had been, entirely by his Turkish tutors, had learned that there was such a thing as a Parliament, it were useless to conjecture, unless we suppose that his instructors did not confine his studies to the Koran.

In all the mosques there are schools established, which are very regularly attended; and the poor are taught without the church of Turkey being put into peril. I believe the system is not yet printed (though there is such a thing as a Turkish press, and books printed on the late military institution of the Nizam Gedidd); nor have I heard whether the Mufti and the Mollas have subscribed, or the Caimacam and the Tefterdar taken the alarm, for fear the ingenuous youth of the turban should be taught not to "pray to God their way." The Greeks also—a kind of Eastern Irish papists—have a college of their own at Maynooth—no, at Haivali; where the heterodox receive much the same kind of countenance from the Ottoman as the Catholic college from the English legislature. Who shall then affirm, that the Turks are ignorant bigots, when they thus evince the exact proportion of Christian charity which is tolerated in the most prosperous and orthodox of all possible kingdoms? But though they allow all this, they will not suffer the Greeks to participate in their privileges: no, let them fight their battles, and pay their haratch (taxes), be drubbed in this world, and damned in the next. And shall we then emancipate our Irish Helots? Mahomet forbid! We should then be bad Mussulmans, and worse Christians: at present we unite the best of both—jesuitical faith, and something not much inferior to Turkish toleration.

REMARKS

ON THE ROMAIC OR MODERN GREEK LANGUAGE, WITH SPECIMENS AND TRANSLATIONS. (1)

Amongst an enslaved people, obliged to have recourse to foreign presses even for their books of religion, it is less to be wondered at that we find so few publications on general subjects, than that we find any at all. The whole number of the Greeks, scattered up and down the Turkish empire and elsewhere, may amount, at most, to three millions; and yet, for so scanty a number, it is impossible to discover any nation with so great a proportion of books and their authors, as the Greeks of the present century. "Ay," but say the generous advocates of oppression, who, while they assert the ignorance of the Greeks, wish to prevent them from dispelling it, "ay, but these are mostly, if not all, ecclesiastical tracts, and consequently good for nothing." Well, and pray what else can they write about? It is pleasant enough to hear a Frank, particularly an Englishman, who may abuse the government of his own country; or a Frenchman, who may abuse every government except his own, and who may range at will over every philosophical, religious, scientific, sceptical, or moral subject; sneering at the Greek legends. A Greek must not write on politics, and cannot touch on science for want of instruction; if he doubts, he is excommunicated and damned; therefore his countrymen are not poisoned with modern philosophy; and as to morals, thanks to the Turks! there are no such things. What then is left him, if he has a turn for scribbling? Religion, and holy biography: and it is natural enough that those who have so little in this life should look to the next. It is no great wonder, then, that in a catalogue now before me of fifty-five Greek writers, many of whom were lately living, not above fifteen should have touched on any thing but religion. The catalogue alluded to is contained in the twenty-sixth chapter of the fourth volume of Meletius's *Ecclesiastical History*. From this I subjoin an extract of those who have written on general subjects; which will be followed by some specimens of the Romaic.

(1) These "Remarks" were written in the spring of 1811, while Lord Byron was in the Capuchin Convent at Athens. See *ante*, p. 4, note.—L. E.

LIST OF ROMAIC AUTHORS.

Neophitus, Diakonos (the deacon) of the Morea, has published an extensive grammar, and also some political regulations, which last were left unfinished at his death.

Prokopius, of Moscopolis (a town in Epirus), has written and published a catalogue of the learned Greeks.

Seraphin, of Periclea, is the author of many works in the Turkish language, but Greek character; for the Christians of Caramania, who do not speak Romaic, but read the character.

Eustathius Psalidas, of Bucharest, a physician, made the tour of England for the purpose of study χάριν μαθήσεως): but, though his name is enumerated, it is not stated that he has written any thing.

Kallinikus Torgeraus, Patriarch of Constantinople: many poems of his are extant, and also prose tracts, and a catalogue of patriarchs since the last taking of Constantinople.

Anastasius Macedon, of Naxos, member of the royal academy of Warsaw. A church biographer.

Demetrius Pamperes, a Moscopolite, has written many works, particularly *A Commentary on Hesiod's Shield of Hercules*, and two hundred tales (of what is not specified), and has published his correspondence with the celebrated George of Trebizond, his contemporary.

Meletius, a celebrated geographer; and author of the book from whence these notices are taken.

Dorotheus, of Mitylene, an Aristotelian philosopher: his Hellenic works are in great repute, and he is esteemed by the moderns (I quote the words of Meletius) μετὰ τὸν Θουκυδίδην καὶ Ξενοφῶντα ἄριστος Ἑλλήνων. I add further, on the authority of a well-informed Greek, that he was so famous amongst his countrymen, that they were accustomed to say, if Thucydides and Xenophon were wanting, he was capable of repairing the loss.

Marinus Count Tharboures, of Cephalonia, professor of chemistry in the academy of Padua, and member of that academy, and those of Stockholm and Upsal. He has published, at Venice, an account of some marine animal, and a treatise on the properties of iron.

Marcus, brother to the former, famous in mechanics. He removed to St. Petersburgh the immense rock on which the statue of Peter the Great was fixed in 1769. See the dissertation which he published in Paris, 1777.

George Constantine has published a four-tongued lexicon.

George Ventote; a lexicon in French, Italian, and Romaic.

There exist several other dictionaries in Latin and Romaic, French, etc.; besides grammars, in every modern language, except English.

Amongst the living authors, the following are most celebrated: (1)—

Athanasius Parios has written a treatise on rhetoric in Hellenic.

Christodoulos, an Acarnanian, has published, in Vienna, some physical treatises in Hellenic.

Panagiotes Kodrikas, an Athenian, the Romaic translator of Fontenelle's *Plurality of Worlds*, (a favourite work amongst the Greeks,) is stated to be a teacher of the Hellenic and Arabic languages in Paris; in both of which he is an adept.

Athanasius, the Parian, author of a treatise on rhetoric.

Vicenzo Damodos, of Cephalonia, has written "εἰς τὸ μεσοθάρβαρον," on logic and physics.

John Kamarases, a Byzantine, has translated into French *Ocellus on the Universe*. He is said to be an excellent Hellenist and Latin scholar.

Gregorio Demetrius published, in Vienna, a geographical work: he has also translated several Italian authors, and printed his versions at Venice.

Of Coray and Psalida some account has been already given.

GREEK WAR SONG. (2)

ΔΕῦΤΕ, παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων,
ὁ καιρὸς τῆς δόξης ἦλθεν.
Ἃς φανῶμεν ἄξιοι ἐκείνων
ποῦ μᾶς δῶσαν τὴν ἀρχήν·
ἃς πατήσωμεν ἀνδρείως
τὸν ζυγὸν τῆς τυραννίδος.
Ἐκδικήσωμεν πατρίδος
κάθ' ὄνειδος αἰσχρόν.
Τὰ ὅπλα ἃς λάβωμεν·
παῖδες Ἑλλήνων, ἄγωμεν.
ποταμηδὸν ἐχθρῶν τὸ αἷμα
ἃς τρέξῃ ὑπὸ ποδῶν.

Ὅθεν εἶσθε τῶν Ἑλλήνων
κόκκαλα ἀνδρειωμένα;
πνεύματα ἐσκορπισμένα,
τώρα λάβετε πνοήν·
'σ τὴν φωνὴν τῆς σάλπιγγός μου
συναχθῆτε ὅλα ὁμοῦ·
τὴν ἐπτάλοφον ζητεῖτε,
καὶ νικᾶτε πρὸ παντοῦ.
Τὰ ὅπλα ἃς λάβωμεν, etc.

Σπάρτα, Σπάρτα, τί κοιμᾶσθε
ὕπνον λήθαργον, βαθύν;
ξύπνησον, κράξε Ἀθήνας,
σύμμαχον παντοτεινήν.
Ἐνθυμήσου Λεωνίδου
ἥρως τοῦ Ξακουστοῦ,
τοῦ ἀνδρὸς ἐπαινεμένου
φοβεροῦ καὶ τρομεροῦ.
Τὰ ὅπλα ἃς λάβωμεν, etc.

Ὅ που εἰς τὰς Θερμοπύλας
πόλεμον αὐτὸς κροτεῖ.
καὶ τοὺς Πέρσας ἀφανίζει
καὶ αὐτῶν κατακρατεῖ·
Μὲ τριακοσίους ἄνδρας,
εἰς τὸ κέντρον προχωρεῖ,
καὶ, ὡς λέων θυμωμένος,
εἰς τὸ αἷμά των βουτεῖ.
Τὰ ὅπλα ἃς λάβωμεν, etc.

ROMAIC EXTRACTS.

Ῥώσσος, Ἄγγλος, καὶ Γάλλος κάμνοντες τὴν περιήγησιν τῆς Ἑλλάδος, καὶ βλέποντες τὴν ἀθλίαν της κατάστασιν, εἰρώτησαν καταρχὰς ἕνα Γραικὸν φιλέλληνα διὰ νὰ μάθουν τὴν αἰτίαν, μετ' αὐτὸν ἕνα μητροπολίτην, εἶτα ἕνα βλάχμπεην, ἔπειτα ἕνα πραγματευτήν, καὶ ἕνα προεστῶτα.

Εἰπέ μας, ὦ φιλέλληνα, πῶς φέρεις τὴν σκλαβίαν καὶ τὴν ἀπαρηγόρητον τῶν Τούρκων τυραννίαν; πῶς ταῖς ξυλαῖς καὶ ὑβρισμοὺς καὶ σιδηροδεσμίαν παίδων, παρθένων, γυναικῶν ἀνήκουστον φθορεῖαν; Δὲν εἰσθ' ἐσεῖς ἀπόγονοι ἐκείνων τῶν Ἑλλήνων τῶν ἐλευθέρων καὶ σοφῶν καὶ τῶν φιλοπατρίδων· καὶ πῶς ἐκεῖνοι ἀπέθνησκον διὰ τὴν ἐλευθερίαν, καὶ τώρα ἐσεῖς ὑπόκεισθε εἰς τέτοιαν τυραννίαν· καὶ ποῖον γένος ὡς ἐσεῖς ἐστάθη φωτισμένον εἰς τὴν σοφίαν, δύναμιν, κ' εἰς ὅλα ξακουσμένον. πῶς νῦν ἐκαταστήσατε τὴν φωτινὴν Ἑλλάδα. βαθαί ὡς ἕνα σκέλεθρον, ὡς σκοτεινὴν λαμπάδαν! Ὁμίλει, φίλτατε Γραικέ, εἰπέ μας τὴν αἰτίαν· μὴ κρύπτῃς τίποτης ἡμῶν, λύε τὴν ἀπορίαν.

Ὁ ΦΙΛΕΛΛΗΝΑΣ.

Ῥωσσ-αγγλο-γάλλοι, Ἑλλάς, καὶ ὄχι ἄλλη,
ἦτον, ὡς λέτε, τόσον μεγάλη,
νῦν δὲ ἀθλία, καὶ ἀναξία
ἀφ' οὗ ἄρχισεν ἡ ἀμαθία.
ὅσ' ἠμποροῦσαν νὰ τὴν ξυπνοῦσι
τοῦτ' εἰς τὸ χεῖρον τὴν ὁδηγοῦσι.
αὐτὴ στενάζει, τὰ τέκνα κράζει,
στὸ νὰ προκόπτουν ὅλα προσπάζει,
καὶ τότε ἐλπίζει ὅτι θὰ κερδίσῃ
εὑροῦσ' ὁποῦ 'χει νὰ τὴν φλογίσῃ.
Μὰ ὅστις τολμήσει νὰ τὴν ξυπνήσῃ
πάγει στὸν ἅδην χωρίς τινα κρίσι.

The above is the commencement of a long dramatic satire on the Greek priesthood, princes, and gentry; it is contemptible as a composition, but perhaps curious as a specimen of their rhyme: I have the whole in MS., but this extract will be found sufficient. The Romaic in this composition is so easy as to render a

(1) It is to be observed that the names given are not in chronological order, but consist of some selected at a venture from amongst those who flourished from the taking of Constantinople to the time of Meletius.

(2) A translation of this song will be found among the Miscellaneous Poems.

version an insult to a scholar; but those who do not understand the original will excuse the following bad translation of what is in itself indifferent.

TRANSLATION.

A Russian, Englishman, and Frenchman, making the tour of Greece, and observing the miserable state of the country, interrogate, in turn, a Greek Patriot, to learn the cause; afterwards an Archbishop, then a Vlackbey, (1) a Merchant, and Cogia Bachi or Primate.

Thou friend of thy country! to strangers record,
Why bear ye the yoke of the Ottoman lord?
Why bear ye these fetters thus tamely display'd,
The wrongs of the matron, the stripling, and maid?
The descendants of Hellas's race are not ye?
The patriot sons of the sage and the free,
Thus sprung from the blood of the noble and brave,
To vilely exist as the Mussulman slave!
Not such were the fathers your annals can boast,
Who conquer'd and died for the freedom you lost!
Not such was your land in her earlier hour,
The day-star of nations in wisdom and power!
And still will you thus unresisting increase,
O shameful dishonour! the darkness of Greece?
Then tell us, beloved Achæan! reveal
The cause of the woes which you cannot conceal.

The reply of the Philellenist I have not translated, as it is no better than the question of the travelling triumvirate; and the above will sufficiently show with what kind of composition the Greeks are now satisfied. I trust I have not much injured the original in the few lines given as faithfully, and as near the "Oh, Miss Bailey! unfortunate Miss Bailey!" measure of the Romaic, as I could make them. Almost all their pieces, above a song, which aspire to the name of poetry, contain exactly the quantity of feet of

"A captain bold of Halifax, who lived in country quarters,"

which is in fact the present heroic couplet of the Romaic.

SCENE FROM 'Ο ΚΑΦΕΝΕΣ.

TRANSLATED
FROM THE ITALIAN OF GOLDONI, BY SPIRIDION VLANTI.

ΣΚΗΝΗ ΚΓ'.

ΠΛΑΤΖΙΔΑ εἰς τὴν πόρταν τοῦ χανιοῦ, καὶ εἰ ἄνωθεν.

ΠΛΑ. Ω Θεέ! ἀπὸ τὸ παραθύρι μοῦ ἐφάνη νὰ ἀκούσω τὴν φωνὴν τοῦ ἀνδρός μου· ἂν αὐτὸς εἶναι ἐδῶ, ἔφθασα σὲ καιρὸν νὰ τὸν ξεντροπιάσω. [Εὐγαίνει ἕνας δοῦλος ἀπὸ τὸ ἐργαστήρι.] Παλικάρι, πές μου, σὲ παρακαλῶ, ποιὸς εἶναι ἐκεῖ εἰς ἐκείνους τοὺς ὀντάδες;

ΔΟΥΛ. Τρεῖς χρήσιμοι ἄνδρες. Ἕνας ὁ κὺρ Εὐγένιος, ὁ ἄλλος ὁ κὺρ Μάρτιος Νεαπολιτάνος, καὶ ὁ τρίτος ὁ Κὺρ Κόντε Λέανδρος Ἀρδέντης.

ΠΛΑ. (Ἀνάμεσα εἰς αὐτοὺς δὲν εἶναι ὁ Φλαμίνιος, ἂν ὅμως δὲν ἄλλαξεν ὄνομα.)

ΛΕΑ. Νὰ ζῇ ἡ καλὴ τύχη τοῦ κὺρ Εὐγενίου. [Πίνωντας.]

ΌΛΟΙ. Νὰ ζῇ, νὰ ζῇ.

ΠΛΑ. Αὐτὸς εἶναι ὁ ἄνδρας μου χωρὶς ἄλλο. [Πρὸς τὸν δοῦλον.] Καλὲ ἄνθρωπε, κάμε μου τὴν χάριν νὰ μὲ συντροφεύσῃς ἀπάνω εἰς αὐτοὺς τοὺς ἀφεντάδες, ὁποῦ θέλω νὰ τοὺς παίξω μίαν.

ΔΟΥ. Ὁρισμός σας· (συνηθισμένον ὀφφίκιον τῶν δουλευτῶν.) [Τὴν ἐμπάζει ἀπὸ τὸ ἐργαστήρι τοῦ παιγνιδιοῦ.]

ΡΙΔ. Καρδιά, καρδιά, κάμετε καλὴν καρδιάν, δὲν εἶναι τίποτες. [Πρὸς τὴν Βιττόριαν.]

ΒΙΤ. Ἐγὼ αἰσθάνομαι πῶς ἀπεθαίνω· [Συνέρχεται εἰς τὸν ἑαυτόν της.]

[Ἀπὸ τὰ παράθυρα τῶν ὀντάδων φαίνονται ὅλοι, ὁποῦ σηκόνωνται ἀπὸ τὸ τραπέζι συγχισμένοι, διὰ τὸν ξαφνισμὸν τοῦ Λεάνδρου βλέπωντας τὴν Πλάτζιδα, καὶ διατὶ αὐτὸς δείχνει πῶς θέλει νὰ τὴν φονεύσῃ.]

ΕΥΓ. Ὄχι, σταθῆτε.

ΠΑΡ. Μὴν κάμνετε...

ΛΕΑ. Σίκω, φύγε ἀπ' ἐδώ.

ΠΛΑ. Βοήθεια, βοήθεια. [Φεύγει ἀπὸ τὴν σκάλαν· ὁ Λέανδρος θέλει νὰ τὴν ἀκολουθήσῃ μὲ τὸ σπαθί, καὶ ὁ Εὐγένιος τὸν βαστᾶ.]

[ΤΡΑ. μὲ ἕνα πιάτο μὲ φαγὶ εἰς μίαν πετζέτα πηδᾷ ἀπὸ τὸ παραθύρι, καὶ φεύγει εἰς τὸν καφενέ.]

[ΠΛΑ. εὐγαίνει ἀπὸ τὸ ἐργαστήρι τοῦ παιγνιδιοῦ τρέχωντας, καὶ φεύγει εἰς τὸ χάνι.]

[ΕΥΓ. μὲ ἅρματα εἰς τὸ χέρι πρὸς διαφέντευσιν τῆς Πλάτζιδας, ἐναντίον τοῦ Λεάνδρου, ὁποῦ τὴν κατατρέχει.]

[ΜΑΡ. εὐγαίνει καὶ αὐτὸς σιγὰ σιγὰ ἀπὸ τὸ ἐργαστήρι, καὶ φεύγει λέγωντας· Rumores fuge.] [Ῥουμόρες φεύγε.] (2)

[Οἱ Δοῦλοι ἀπὸ τὸ ἐργαστήρι ἀπερνοῦν εἰς τὸ χάνι, καὶ κλειοῦν τὴν πόρταν.]

[ΒΙΤ. μένει εἰς τὸν καφενὲ βοηθημένη ἀπὸ τὸν Ῥιδόλφον.]

ΛΕΑ. Δόσετε τόπον· θέλω νὰ ἔμβω, νὰ ἔμβω εἰς ἐκεῖνο τὸ χάνι. [Μὲ τὸ σπαθὶ εἰς τὸ χέρι ἐναντίον τοῦ Εὐγενίου.]

ΕΥΓ. Ὄχι, μὴ γένοιτο ποτέ· εἶσαι ἕνας σληρόκαρδος ἐναντίον τῆς γυναικός σου, καὶ ἐγὼ θέλει τὴν διαφεντεύσω ὡς εἰς τὸ ὕστερον αἷμα.

ΛΕΑ. Σοῦ κάμνω ὅρκον πῶς θέλει τὸ μετανοιώσῃς. [Κυνηγᾷ τὸν Εὐγένιον μὲ τὸ σπαθί.]

ΕΥΓ. Δὲν σὲ φοβοῦμαι. [Κατατρέχει τὸν Λέανδρον, καὶ τὸν βιάζει νὰ συρθῇ ὀπίσω τόσον, ὁποῦ εὑρίσκωντας ἀνοικτὸν τὸ σπῆτι τῆς χορεύτριας, ἐμβαίνει εἰς αὐτὸ, καὶ σώνεται.]

TRANSLATION.

Platzida, from the Door of the Hotel, and the others.

Pla. Oh God! from the window it seemed that I heard my husband's voice. If he is here, I have arrived in time to make him ashamed. [*A servant enters from the Shop.*] Boy, tell me, pray, who are in those chambers.

Serv. Three gentlemen: one, Signor Eugenio; the other, Signor Martio, the Neapolitan; and the third, my Lord, the Count Leander Ardenti.

Pla. Flaminio is not amongst these, unless he has changed his name.

Leander. [*Within drinking.*] Long live the good fortune of Signor Eugenio.

(1) Vlackbey, Prince of Wallachia.

(2) Δόγος λατινικός, ὁποῦ θέλει νὰ εἰπῇ φεῦγε ταῖς σύγχυσες.

The whole company. Long live, etc. (Literally, Νὰ ζῇ, νὰ ζῇ. May he live.)

Pla. Without doubt that is my husband. [*To the Serv.*] My good man, do me the favour to accompany me above to those gentlemen: I have some business.

Serv. At your commands. [*Aside.*] The old office of us waiters. [*He goes out of the Gaming-House.*]

Ridolpho. [*To* Victoria *on another part of the stage.*] Courage, courage, be of good cheer, it is nothing.

Victoria. I feel as if about to die. [*Leaning on him as if fainting.*]

[*From the windows above all within are seen rising from table in confusion:* Leander *starts at the sight of* Platzida, *and appears by his gestures to threaten her life.*]

Eugenio. No, stop——

Martio. Don't attempt——

Leander. Away, fly from hence!

Pla. Help! Help! [*Flies down the stairs,* Leander *attempting to follow with his sword,* Eugenio *hinders him.*]

[Trappola, *with a plate of meat, leaps over the balcony from the window, and runs into the Coffee-House.*]

[Platzida *runs out of the Gaming-House, and takes shelter in the Hotel.*]

[Martio *steals softly out of the Gaming-House, and goes off, exclaiming* "Rumores fuge." *The Servants from the Gaming-House enter the Hotel, and shut the door.*]

[Victoria *remains in the Coffee-House assisted by* Ridolpho.]

[Leander, *sword in hand, opposite* Eugenio, *exclaims,* Give way—I will enter that Hotel.]

Eugenio. No, that shall never be. You are a scoundrel to your wife, and I will defend her to the last drop of my blood.

Leander. I will give you cause to repent this. [*Menacing with his sword.*]

Eugenio. I fear you not. [*He attacks* Leander, *and makes him give back so much, that, finding the door of the dancing-girl's house open,* Leander *escapes through, and so finishes.*](1)

ΔΙΆΛΟΓΟΙ ΟΙΚΕΙΑΚΟΊ.	FAMILIAR DIALOGUES.
Διὰ νὰ ζητήσῃς ἕνα πρᾶγμα.	*To ask for any thing.*
Σᾶς παρακαλῶ, δόσετέ με, ἂν ὁρίζετε.	I pray you, give me, if you please.
Φέρετέ με.	Bring me.
Δανείσετέ με.	Lend me.
Πηγαίνετε νὰ ζητήσετε.	Go to seek.
Τώρα εὐθύς.	Now directly.
Ὦ ἀκριβέ μου Κύριε, κάμετέ με αὐτὴν τὴν χάριν.	My dear Sir, do me this favour.
Ἐγὼ σᾶς παρακαλῶ.	I entreat you.
Ἐγὼ σᾶς ἐξορκίζω.	I conjure you.
Ἐγὼ σᾶς τὸ ζητῶ διὰ χάριν.	I ask it of you as a favour.
Ὑποχρεώσετέ με εἰς τόσον.	Oblige me so much.
Λόγια ἐρωτικὰ, ἢ ἀγάπης.	*Affectionate expressions.*
Ζωή μου.	My life.
Ἀκριβή μου ψυχή.	My dear soul.
Ἀγαπητέ μου, ἀκριβέ μου.	My dear.
Καρδίτζα μου.	My heart.
Ἀγάπη μου.	My love.
Διὰ νὰ εὐχαριστήσῃς, νὰ κάμῃς περιποίησες καὶ φιλικαῖς δεξίωσες.	*To thank, pay compliments, and testify regard.*
Ἐγὼ σᾶς εὐχαριστῶ.	I thank you.
Σᾶς γνωρίζω χάριν.	I return you thanks.
Σᾶς εἶμαι ὑπόχρεως κατὰ πολλά.	I am much obliged to you.
Ἐγὼ θέλω τὸ κάμει μετὰ χαρᾶς.	I will do it with pleasure.
Μὲ ὅλην μου τὴν καρδίαν.	With all my heart
Μὲ καλήν μου καρδίαν.	Most cordially.
Σᾶς εἶμαι ὑπόχρεως.	I am obliged to you.
Εἶμαι ὅλος ἐδικός σας.	I am wholly yours.
Εἶμαι δοῦλός σας.	I am your servant.
Ταπεινότατος δοῦλος.	Your most humble servant.
Εἴσθε κατὰ πολλὰ εὐγενικός.	You are too obliging.
Πολλὰ πειράζεσθε.	You take too much trouble.
Τὸ ἔχω διὰ χαράν μου νὰ σᾶς δουλεύσω.	I have a pleasure in serving you.
Εἴσθε εὐγενικὸς καὶ εὐπροσήγορος.	You are obliging and kind.
Αὐτὸ εἶναι πρέπον.	That is right.
Τί θέλετε; τί ὁρίζετε;	What is your pleasure? What are your commands?
Σᾶς παρακαλῶ νὰ μὲ μεταχειρίζεσθε ἐλεύθερα.	I beg you will treat me freely.
Χωρὶς περιποίησες.	Without ceremony.
Σᾶς ἀγαπῶ ἐξ ὅλης μου καρδίας.	I love you with all my heart.
Καὶ ἐγὼ ὁμοίως.	And I the same.
Τιμήσετε μὲ ταῖς προστάγαῖς σας.	Honour me with your commands.
Ἔχετε τίποτες νὰ μὲ προστάξετε;	Have you any commands for me?
Προστάξετε τὸν δοῦλόν σας.	Command your servant.
Προσμένω τὰς πρόσταγάς σας.	I wait your commands.
Μὲ κάμνετε μεγάλην τιμήν.	You do me great honour.
Φθάνουν ἡ περιποίησες σᾶς, παρακαλῶ.	Not so much ceremony, I beg.
Προσκυνήσετε ἐκ μέρους μου τὸν ἄρχοντα, ἢ τὸν κύριον.	Present my respects to the gentleman, or his lordship.
Βεβαιώσετέ τον πῶς τὸν ἐνθυμοῦμαι.	Assure him of my remembrance.
Βεβαιώσετε τὸν πῶς τὸν ἀγαπῶ.	Assure him of my friendship.
Δὲν θέλω λείψει νὰ τοῦ τὸ εἰπῶ.	I will not fail to tell him of it.

(1) Σόνεται—"finishes"—awkwardly enough, but it is the literal translation of the Romaic. The original of this comedy of Goldoni's I never read, but it does not appear one of his best. *Il Bugiardo* is one of the most lively; but I do not think it has been translated into Romaic: it is much more amusing than our own *Liar* by Foote. The character of Lelio is better drawn than Young Wilding. Goldoni's comedies amount to fifty; some perhaps the best in Europe, and others the worst. His *Life* is also one of the best specimens of autobiography, and, as Gibbon has observed, "more dramatic than any of his plays." The above scene was selected as containing some of the most familiar Romaic idioms; not for any wit which it displays, since there is more done than said, the greater part consisting of stage directions. The original is one of the few comedies by Goldoni which is without the buffoonery of the speaking Harlequin.

Ἄρχοντος ἐν ἐρχομενὸ θυνάρχω, μενὸς Ἀλαλκομενίω, ἐν δὲ F ἐλατίη Μενσίταο Ἀρχελάω μεινὸς πράτω. Ὁμολογᾶ Εὔϐωλυ F ἐλατίη, ο κὴ τῇ πόλι ἐρχομενίων. Ἐπειδὴ κεκομίστῃ Εὔϐωλος πὰρ τῆς πόλιος τὸ δάνειον ἅπαν κατ τὰς ὁμολογίας τὰς τεθίσας θυνάρχω ἄρχοντος, μεινὸς θειλουθίω, κὴ οὐτ ὀφειλέτη αὐτῶ ἔτι οὐθὲν πὰρ τὰν πόλιν, ἀλλ' ἀπέχι πάντα περὶ παντὸς, κὴ ἀποδεδόανθι τῇ πόλι τὸ ἔχοντες τὰς ὁμολογίας, εἰ μὲν ποτὶ δεδομένον χρόνον Εὔϐωλυ ἐπὶ νομίας F ἔτι ἀπέτταρα ϐούεσσι σὺν ἵππυς δια κατίης Fι κατι προϐάτυς σὺν ἤγυς χειλίης ἀρχὶ τῶ χρόνω ὁ ἐνιαυτὸς ὁ μετὰ θύναρχον ἄρχοντα ἐρχομενίος ἀπογραφέσθη δὲ Εὔϐωλον κάτ' ἐνιαυτὸν πὰρ τὸν ταμίαν κὴ τὸν νόμων ἂν τάτε καθματα τῶν προϐάτων, κὴ τῶν ἠγῶν, κὴ τῶν ϐουῶν, κὴ τῶν ἵππων, κὴ κάτινα ἀσαμαίων θίκη τὸ πλεῖθος μεὶ ἀπογράφεσο ὧδε πλίονα τῶν γεγραμμένων ἐν τῇ σουγχωρείσι ἡ δέκατις..... η τὸ ἐννόμιον Εὔϐωλον ὀφείλει.....λις τῶν ἐρχομενίων ἀργουρίω..... τετταράκοντα Εὔϐωλυ καθ' ἕκαστον ἐνιαυτὸν, κὴ τόκον φερέτω δραχμὰς..... τας μνᾶς ἑκάστας κατὰ μεῖνα..... τὸν κὴ ἔμπρακτος ἔστω τὸν ἐρχομένιον ..... καὶ τὰ ἑξῆς."

Ἐν ἄλλοις Λίθοις.

"Ἀνοδώρα σύνφορον χαῖρε." ΝΟΚΥΕΣ. "Καλλίπιτον ἀμφάριχος, καὶ ἄλλαι." Ἐν οὐδεμίᾳ ἐπιγραφῇ ἴδον τόνον, ἢ πνεῦμα, ἃ δὲ ἡμεῖς ὑπογράφομεν, οἱ παλαιοὶ προσέγραφον. Καὶ τὰ ἑξῆς.

The following is the prospectus of a translation of Anacharsis into Romaic, by my Romaic master, Marmarotouri, who wished to publish it in England.

ΕΪΔΗΣΙΣ ΤΥΠΟΓΡΑΦΙΚΗ.

Πρὸς τοὺς ἐν——φιλογενεῖς καὶ φιλέλληνας.

ὅΣΟΙ εἰς βιϐλία παντοδαπὰ ἐντρυφῶσιν, ἠξεύρουν πόσον εἶναι τὸ χρήσιμον τῆς Ἱστορίας· δι' αὐτῆς γὰρ ἐξευρίσκεται ἡ πλέον μεμακρυσμένη παλαιότης, καὶ θεωροῦνται ὡς ἐν κατόπτρῳ ἤθη, πράξεις καὶ διοικήσεις πολλῶν καὶ διαφόρων ἐθνῶν καὶ γενῶν, ὧν τὴν μνήμην διεσώσατο καὶ διασώσει ἡ Ἱστορικὴ Διήγησις εἰς αἰῶνα τὸν ἅπαντα.

Μία τέτοια ἐπιστήμη εἶναι εὐαπόκτητος, καὶ ἐν ταὐτῷ ὠφέλιμη, ἢ κρεῖττον εἰπεῖν ἀναγκαία· διατὶ λοιπὸν ἡμεῖς μόνοι νὰ τὴν ὑστερούμεθα, μὴ ἠξεύροντες οὔτε τὰς ἀρχὰς τῶν προγόνων μας, πόθεν πότε καὶ πῶς εὑρέθησαν εἰς τὰς πατρίδας μας, οὔτε τὰ ἤθη, τὰ κατορθώματα καὶ τὴν διοίκησίν των; Ἂν ἐρωτήσωμεν τοὺς ἀλλογενεῖς, ἠξεύρουν νὰ μᾶς δώσουν ὄχι μόνον ἱστορικῶς τὴν ἀρχὴν καὶ πρόοδον τῶν προγόνων μας, ἀλλὰ καὶ τοπογραφικῶς μᾶς δείχνουν τὰς θέσεις τῶν πατρίδων μας, καὶ οἱονεὶ χειραγωγοὶ γινόμενοι μὲ τοὺς γεωγραφικοὺς των πίνακας, μᾶς λέγουν, ἐδὼ εἶναι αἱ Ἀθῆναι, ἐδὼ ἡ Σπάρτη, ἐκεῖ αἱ Θῆϐαι, τόσα στάδια ἢ μίλια ἀπέχει ἡ μία ἐπαρχία ἀπὸ τὴν ἄλλην, τοῦτος ὠκοδόμησε τὴν μίαν πόλιν, ἐκεῖνος τὴν ἄλλην, καὶ τλ. Προσέτι ἂν ἐρωτήσωμεν αὐτοὺς τοὺς μὴ Ἕλληνας χειραγωγούς μας, πόθεν ἐπαρακινήθησαν νὰ ἐξερευνήσουν ἀρχὰς τόσον παλαιὰς, ἀνυποστόλως μᾶς ἀποκρίνονται μὲ αὐτοὺς τοὺς λόγους. Καθὼς ὁ ἐκ Σκυθίας Ἀνάχαρσις, ἂν δὲν ἐπεριέρχετο τὰ πανευφρόσυνα ἐκεῖνα κλίματα τῆς Ἑλλάδος, ἂν δὲν ἐμφορεῖτο τὰ ἀξιώματα, τὰ ἤθη καὶ τοὺς νόμους τῶν Ἑλλήνων, ἤθελε μείνῃ Σκύθης καὶ τὸ ὄνομα καὶ τὸ πρᾶγμα· οὕτω καὶ ὁ ἡμέτερος ἰατρὸς, ἂν δὲν ἐμάνθανε τὰ τοῦ Ἱπποκράτους, δὲν ἐδύνατο νὰ προχωρήσῃ εἰς τὴν τέχνην του· ἂν ὁ ἐν ἡμῖν νομοθέτης δὲν ἐξέταζε τὰ τοῦ Σόλωνος, Λυκούργου, καὶ Πιττακοῦ, δὲν ἐδύνατο νὰ ῥυθμήσῃ καὶ νὰ καλλιεργήσῃ τὰ ἤθη τῶν ὁμογενῶν του· ἂν ὁ ῥήτωρ δὲν ἀπηνθίζετο τὰς εὐφραδείας καὶ τοὺς χαριεντισμοὺς τοῦ Δημοσθένους, δὲν ἐνεργοῦσεν εἰς τὰς ψυχὰς τῶν ἀκροατῶν του. Ἂν ὁ Νέος Ἀνάχαρσις, ὁ Κύριος Ἀϐϐᾶς Βαρθελεμαῖος δὲν ἀνεγίνωσκε μὲ μεγάλην ἐπιμονὴν καὶ σκέψιν τοὺς πλέον ἐγκρίτους συγγραφεῖς τῶν Ἑλλήνων, ἐξερευνῶν αὐτοὺς κατὰ ϐάθος ἐπὶ τριάκοντα δύω ἔτη, δὲν ἤθελεν ἐξυφάνῃ τούτην τὴν περὶ Ἑλλήνων Ἱστορίαν του, ἥτις Περιήγησις τοῦ Νέου Ἀναχάρσεως παρ' αὐτοῦ προσωνομάσθη, καὶ εἰς ὅλας τὰς εὐρωπαϊκὰς διαλέκτους μετεγλωττίσθη." Καὶ ἐν ἑνὶ λόγῳ, οἱ νεώτεροι, ἂν δὲν ἔπερναν δία ὁδηγοὺς τοὺς προγόνους μας, ἤθελαν ἴσως περιφέρωνται ματαίως μέχρι τοῦ νῦν. Αὐτὰ δὲν εἶναι λόγια ἐνθουσιασμένου διὰ τὸ φιλογενὲς Γραικοῦ, εἶναι δὲ φιλαλήθους Γερμανοῦ, ὅστις ἐμετάφρασε τὸν Νέον Ἀνάχαρσιν ἀπὸ τοῦ Γαλλικοῦ εἰς τὸ Γερμανικόν.

Ἂν λοιπὸν καὶ ἡμεῖς θέλωμεν νὰ μεθέξωμεν τῆς γνώσεως τῶν λαμπρῶν κατορθωμάτων, ὁποῦ ἔκαμαν οἱ θαυμαστοὶ ἐκεῖνοι προπάτορες ἡμῶν, ἂν ἐπιθυμῶμεν νὰ μάθωμεν τὴν πρόοδον καὶ αὔξησίν των εἰς τὰς τέχνας καὶ ἐπιστήμας καὶ εἰς κάθε ἄλλο εἶδος μαθήσεως, ἂν ἔχωμεν περιέργειαν νὰ γνωρίσωμεν πόθεν καταγόμεθα, καὶ ὁποίους θαυμαστοὺς καὶ μεγάλους ἄνδρας, εἰ καὶ προγόνους ἡμῶν, φεῦ, ἡμεῖς δὲν γνωρίζομεν, εἰς καιρὸν ὁποῦ οἱ ἀλλογενεῖς θαυμάζουσιν αὐτοὺς, καὶ ὡς πατέρας παντοιασοῦν μαθήσεως σέϐονται, ἂς συνδράμωμεν ἅπαντες προθύμως εἰς τὴν ἔκδοσιν τοῦ θαυμασίου τούτου συγγράμματος τοῦ Νέου Ἀναχάρσεως.

Ἡμεῖς οὖν οἱ ὑπογεγραμμένοι θέλομεν ἐκτελέσει προθύμως τὴν μετάφρασιν τοῦ Βιϐλίου μὲ τὴν κατὰ τὸ δυνατὸν ἡμῖν καλὴν φράσιν τῆς νῦν καθ' ἡμᾶς ὁμιλίας, καὶ ἐκδόντες τοῦτο εἰς τύπον, θέλομεν τὸ καλλωπίσῃ μὲ τοὺς γεωγραφικοὺς πίνακας μὲ ἁπλᾶς Ρωμαϊκὰς λέξεις ἐγκεχαραγμένους εἰς ἐδικά μας γράμματα, προστιθέντες ὅτι ἄλλο χρήσιμον καὶ ἁρμόδιον εἰς τὴν ἱστορίαν.

Ὅλον τὸ σύγγραμμα θέλει γένει εἰς τόμους δώδεκα κατὰ μίμησιν τῆς Ἰταλικῆς ἐκδόσεως. Ἡ τιμὴ ὅλου τοῦ συγγράμματος εἶναι φιορίνια δεκαέξη τῆς Βιέννης διὰ τὴν προσθήκην τῶν γεωγραφικῶν πινάκων. Ὁ φιλογενὴς οὖν συνδρομητὴς πρέπει νὰ πληρώσῃ εἰς κάθε τόμον φιορίνι ἕνα καὶ καραντανία εἴκεσι τῆς Βιέννης, καὶ τοῦτο χωρὶς καμμίαν πρόδοσιν, ἀλλ' εὐθὺς ὁποῦ θέλει τῷ παραδοθῇ ὁ τόμος τυπωμένος καὶ δεμένος.

Ἐρρωμένοι καὶ εὐδαίμονες διαϐιώσοιτε, Ἑλλήνων παῖδες.
Τῆς ὑμετέρας ἀγάπης ἐξῃρτημένοι,

Ἰωάννης Μαρμαροτούρης.
Δημήτριος Βενιέρης.
Σπυρίδων Πρεϐέτος.

Ἐν Τριεστίῳ, τῇ πρώτῃ Ὀκτωϐρίου, 1799.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN ROMAIC.

Ὦ ΠΑΤΈΡΑ ΜΑΣ ὁποῦ εἶσαι εἰς τοὺς οὐρανοὺς, ἁς ἁγιασθῇ τὸ ὄνομά σου. Ἂς ἔλθῃ ἡ βασιλεία σου. Ἂς γένῃ τὸ θέλημά σου, καθὼς εἰς τὸν οὐρανὸν, ἔτζη καὶ εἰς τὴν γῆν. Τὸ ψωμί μας τὸ καθημερινὸν, δός μας τὸ σήμερον. Καὶ συγχώρησέ μας τὰ χρέη μας, καθὼς καὶ ἐμεῖς συγχωροῦμεν τοὺς χρεοφειλέτας μας. Καὶ μὴν μᾶς φέρε εἰς πειρασμὸν, ἀλλὰ ἐλευθέρωσέ μας ἀπὸ τὸν πονηρόν. Ὅτι ἐδική σου εἶναι ἡ βασιλεία δὲ, ἡ δύναμις, καὶ ἡ δόξα, εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας. Ἀμήν.

IN GREEK.

ΠΆΤΕΡ ἡμῶν, ὁ ἐν τοῖς οὐρανοῖς, ἁγιασθήτω τὸ ὄνομά σου. Ἐλθέτω ἡ βασιλεία σου· γενηθήτω τὸ θέλημά σου, ὡς ἐν οὐρανῷ, καὶ ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς. Τὸν ἄρτον ἡμῶν τὸν ἐπιούσιον δὸς ἡμῖν σήμερον. Καὶ ἄφες ἡμῖν τὰ ὀφειλήματα ἡμῶν, ὡς καὶ ἡμεῖς ἀφίεμεν τοῖς ὀφειλέταις ἡμῶν. Καὶ μὴ εἰσενέγκῃς ἡμᾶς εἰς πειρασμὸν, ἀλλὰ ῥῦσαι ἡμᾶς ἀπὸ τοῦ πονηροῦ. Ὅτι σοῦ ἐστὶν ἡ βασιλεία, καὶ ἡ δύναμις, καὶ ἡ δόξα, εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας. Ἀμήν.

CANTO III.

"Afin que cette application vous forçât de penser à autre chose; il n'y a en vérité de remède que celui-là et le temps." —*Lettre du Roi de Prusse à D'Alembert, Sept.* 7, 1770.

I.

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child!(1)
ADA! sole daughter of my house and heart?
When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smiled,
And then we parted,—not as now we part,
But with a hope.—
Awaking with a start,
The waters heave around me; and on high
The winds lift up their voices: I depart,
Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by,
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad mine eye.(2)

II.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider.(3) Welcome to the roar!
Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead!
Though the strain'd mast should quiver as a reed,
And the rent canvass fluttering strew the gale,
Still must I on; for I am as a weed,
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam, to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.

III.

In my youth's summer I did sing of one,
The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind;
Again I seize the theme, then but begun,
And bear it with me, as the rushing wind
Bears the cloud onwards: in that tale I find
The furrows of long thought, and dried-up tears,
Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind,
O'er which all heavily the journeying years
Plod the last sands of life,—where not a flower appears.

IV.

Since my young days of passion—joy, or pain,
Perchance my heart and harp have lost a string,
And both may jar: it may be, that in vain
I would essay as I have sung to sing.
Yet, though a dreary strain, to this I cling
So that it wean me from the weary dream
Of selfish grief or gladness—so it fling
Forgetfulness around me—it shall seem
To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful theme.

V.

He, who grown aged in this world of woe,
In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of life,
So that no wonder waits him; nor below
Can love, or sorrow, fame, ambition, strife,
Cut to his heart again with the keen knife
Of silent sharp endurance: he can tell
Why thought seeks refuge in lone caves, yet rife
With airy images, and shapes which dwell
Still unimpair'd, though old, in the soul's haunted cell.

VI.

'Tis to create, and in creating live
A being more intense, that we endow
With form our fancy, gaining as we give
The life we image, even as I do now.
What am I? Nothing: but not so art thou,
Soul of my thought! with whom I traverse earth,
Invisible but gazing, as I glow
Mix'd with thy spirit, blended with thy birth,
And feeling still with thee in my crush'd feelings' dearth.

VII.

Yet must I think less wildly:—I *have* thought
Too long and darkly, till my brain became,
In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,
A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame:
And thus, untaught in youth my heart to tame,
My springs of life were poison'd. 'Tis too late!
Yet am I changed; though still enough the same
In strength to bear what time can not abate,
And feed on bitter fruits without accusing Fate.

(1) Some years afterwards, Lord Byron wrote upon a proof-sheet of *Marino Faliero*, "Ada, all but the mouth, is the picture of her mother, and I am glad of it."—P. E.

In a hitherto unpublished letter, dated Verona, November 6, 1816, Lord Byron says—"By the way, *Ada's* name (which I found in our pedigree, under King John's reign) is the same with that of the sister of Charlemagne, as I redde, the other day, in a book treating of the Rhine."—L. E.

(2) Lord Byron quitted England, for the second and last time, on the 25th of April, 1816, attended by William Fletcher and Robert Rushton, the "yeoman" and "page" of Canto I.; his physician, Dr. Polidori; and a Swiss valet. —L. E.

(3) "In *The Two Noble Kinsmen* of Beaumont and Fletcher (a play to which the picture of passionate friendship delineated in the characters of Palamon and Arcite would be sure to draw the attention of Byron in his boyhood), we find the following passage:—

'Oh, never
Shall we two exercise, like twins of Honour,
Our arms again, and *feel our fiery horses*
Like proud seas under us.'

Out of this somewhat forced simile, by a judicious transposition of the comparison, and by the substitution of the more definite word 'waves' for 'seas,' Lord Byron's clear and noble thought has been produced." *Moore.*—P. E.

VIII.

Something too much of this:—but now 'tis past,
And the spell closes with its silent seal.
Long-absent HAROLD re-appears at last;
He of the breast which fain no more would feel,
Wrung with the wounds which kill not, but ne'er heal;
Yet Time, who changes all, had alter'd him
In soul and aspect as in age: (1) years steal
Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.

IX.

His had been quaff'd too quickly, and he found
The dregs were wormwood; but he fill'd again,
And from a purer fount, on holier ground,
And deem'd its spring perpetual; but in vain!
Still round him clung invisibly a chain
Which gall'd for ever, fettering though unseen,
And heavy though it clank'd not; worn with pain,
Which pined although it spoke not, and grew keen,
Entering with every step he took through many a scene.

X.

Secure in guarded coldness, he had mix'd
Again in fancied safety with his kind,
And deem'd his spirit now so firmly fix'd
And sheath'd with an invulnerable mind,
That, if no joy, no sorrow lurk'd behind;
And he, as one, might 'midst the many stand
Unheeded, searching through the crowd to find
Fit speculation; such as in strange land
He found in wonder-works of God and Nature's hand.

XI.

But who can view the ripen'd rose, nor seek
To wear it? who can curiously behold
The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek,
Nor feel the heart can never all grow old?
Who can contemplate Fame through clouds unfold
The star which rises o'er her steep, nor climb?
Harold, once more within the vortex, roll'd
On with the giddy circle, chasing Time,
Yet with a nobler aim than in his youth's fond prime.

XII.

But soon he knew himself the most unfit
Of men to herd with Man; with whom he held
Little in common; untaught to submit
His thoughts to others, though his soul was quell'd
In youth by his own thoughts; still uncompell'd,
He would not yield dominion of his mind
To spirits against whom his own rebell'd;
Proud though in desolation; which could find
A life within itself, to breathe without mankind.

XIII.

Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends;
Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his home;
Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,
He had the passion and the power to roam;
The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,
Were unto him companionship; they spake
A mutual language, clearer than the tome
Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake
For Nature's pages glass'd by sunbeams on the lake.

XIV.

Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars,
Till he had peopled them with beings bright
As their own beams; and earth, and earth-born jars,
And human frailties, were forgotten quite:
Could he have kept his spirit to that flight
He had been happy; but this clay will sink
Its spark immortal, envying it the light
To which it mounts, as if to break the link
That keeps us from yon heaven which woos us to its brink.

XV.

But in Man's dwellings he became a thing
Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome,
Droop'd as a wild-born falcon with clipt wing,
To whom the boundless air alone were home:
Then came his fit again, which to o'ercome,
As eagerly the barr'd-up bird will beat
His breast and beak against his wiry dome
Till the blood tinge his plumage, so the heat
Of his impeded soul would through his bosom eat.

XVI.

Self-exiled Harold (2) wanders forth again,
With nought of hope left, but with less of gloom;
The very knowledge that he lived in vain,
That all was over on this side the tomb,

(1) "The first and second canto of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* produced, on their appearance in 1812, an effect upon the public, at least equal to any work which has appeared within this or the last century, and placed at once upon Lord Byron's head the garland for which other men of genius have toiled long, and which they have gained late. He was placed pre-eminent among the literary men of his country by general acclamation. It was amidst such feelings of admiration that he entered the public stage. Every thing in his manner, person, and conversation, tended to maintain the charm which his genius had flung around him; and those admitted to his conversation, far from finding that the inspired poet sunk into ordinary mortality, felt themselves attached to him, not only by many noble qualities, but by the interest of a mysterious, undefined, and almost painful curiosity. A countenance exquisitely modelled to the expression of feeling and passion, and exhibiting the remarkable contrast of very dark hair and eyebrows, with light and expressive eyes, presented to the physiognomist the most interesting subject for the exercise of his art. The predominating expression was that of deep and habitual thought, which gave way to the most rapid play of features when he engaged in interesting discussion; so that a brother poet compared them to the sculpture of a beautiful alabaster vase, only seen to perfection when lighted up from within. The flashes of mirth, gaiety, indignation, or satirical dislike, which frequently animated Lord Byron's countenance, might, during an evening's conversation, be mistaken, by a stranger, for the habitual expression, so easily and so happily was it formed for them all; but those who had an opportunity of studying his features for a length of time, and upon various occasions, both of rest and emotion, will agree that their proper language was that of melancholy. Sometimes shades of this gloom interrupted even his gayest and most happy moments." *Sir Walter Scott.*—L. E.

(2) "In the third canto of *Childe Harold*," says Sir Egerton Brydges, "there is much inequality. The thoughts and images are sometimes laboured; but still they are a very great improvement upon the first two cantos. Lord Byron here speaks in his own language and character, not in the tone of others;—he is describing, not inventing; therefore he has not, and cannot have, the freedom with which fiction

Had made Despair a smilingness assume, [wreck
Which, though 't were wild,—as on the plunder'd
When mariners would madly meet their doom
With draughts intemperate on the sinking deck,—
Did yet inspire a cheer, which he forebore to check.(1)

XVII.

Stop!—for thy tread is on an empire's dust!
An earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!
Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust?
Nor column trophied for triumphal show?
None; but the moral's truth tells simpler so,
As the ground was before, thus let it be;—
How that red rain hath made the harvest grow!
And is this all the world has gain'd by thee,
Thou first and last of fields! king-making Victory?

XVIII.

And Harold stands upon this place of skulls,
The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo;
How in an hour the power which gave annuls
Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too!
In "pride of place" (2) here last the eagle flew,
Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain,(3)
Pierced by the shaft of banded nations through;
Ambition's life and labours all were vain; [chain.
He wears the shatter'd links of the world's broken

XIX.

Fit retribution! Gaul may champ the bit,
And foam in fetters;—but is Earth more free?
Did nations combat to make *one* submit;
Or league to teach all kings true sovereignty?
What! shall reviving Thraldom again be
The patch'd-up idol of enlighten'd days?
Shall we, who struck the lion down, shall we
Pay the wolf homage? proffering lowly gaze [praise!
And servile knees to thrones? No; *prove* before ye

XX.

If not, o'er one fallen despot boast no more!
In vain fair cheeks were furrow'd with hot tears
For Europe's flowers long rooted up before
The trampler of her vineyards; in vain years
Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,
Have all been borne, and broken by the accord
Of roused-up millions: all that most endears
Glory, is when the myrtle wreathes a sword
Such as Harmodius (4) drew on Athens' tyrant lord.

XXI.

There was a sound of revelry by night,(5)
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell:(6)
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

XXII.

Did ye not hear it?—No; 't was but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

XXIII.

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;

is composed. Sometimes he has a conciseness which is very powerful, but almost abrupt. From trusting himself alone, and working out his own deep-buried thoughts, he now, perhaps, fell into a habit of labouring, even where there was no occasion to labour. In the first sixteen stanzas there is yet a mighty but groaning burst of dark and appalling strength. It was unquestionably the unexaggerated picture of a most tempestuous and sombre but magnificent soul!"—L. E.

(1) "These stanzas,—in which the author, adopting more distinctly the character of Childe Harold than in the original poem, assigns the cause why he has resumed his Pilgrim's staff, when it was hoped he had sat down for life a denizen of his native country,—abound with much moral interest and poetical beauty. The commentary through which the meaning of this melancholy tale is rendered obvious is still in vivid remembrance; for the errors of those who excel their fellows in gifts and accomplishments are not soon forgotten. Those scenes, ever most painful to the bosom, were rendered yet more so by public discussion; and it is at least possible that amongst those who exclaimed most loudly on this unhappy occasion, were some in whose eyes literary superiority exaggerated Lord Byron's offence. The scene may be described in a few words:—the wise condemned—the good regretted—the multitude, idly or maliciously inquisitive, rushed from place to place, gathering gossip, which they mangled and exaggerated while they repeated it; and impudence, ever ready to hitch itself into notoriety, *hooked* on, as Falstaff enjoins Bardolph, blustered, bullied, and talked of 'pleading a cause,' and 'taking a side.'" *Sir Walter Scott.*—L. E.

(2) "Pride of place" is a term of falconry, and means the highest pitch of flight. See *Macbeth*, etc.

"An eagle towering in his pride of place," etc.

(3) In the original draught of this stanza (which, as well as the preceding one, was written after a visit to the field of Waterloo), the lines stood—

"Here his last flight the haughty eagle flew,
Then tore with bloody beak the fatal plain,"—

On seeing these lines, Mr. Reinagle sketched a spirited chained eagle, grasping the earth with his *talons*. The circumstance being mentioned to Lord Byron, he wrote thus to a friend at Brussels,—"Reinagle is a better poet and a better ornithologist than I am: eagles, and all birds of prey, attack with their talons, and not with their beaks; and I have altered the line thus:—

'Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain.'

This is, I think, a better line, besides its poetical justice."—L. E.

(4) See the famous song on Harmodius and Aristogiton. The best English translation is in *Bland's Anthology*, by Mr. (now Lord) Denman,—

"With myrtle my sword will I wreathe," etc.

(5) "There can be no more remarkable proof of the greatness of Lord Byron's genius, than the spirit and interest he has contrived to communicate to his picture of the often-drawn and difficult scene of the breaking up from Brussels before the great battle. It is a trite remark, that poets generally fail in the representation of great events, where the interest is recent, and the particulars are consequently clearly and commonly known. It required some courage to venture on a theme beset with so many dangers, and deformed with the wrecks of so many former adventures. See, however, with what easy strength he enters upon it, and with how much grace he gradually finds his way back to his own peculiar vein of sentiment and diction!" *Jeffrey.*—L. E.

(6) On the night previous to the action, it is said that a ball was given at Brussels.—[The popular error of the Duke of Wellington having been *surprised*, on the eve of the battle of Wa-

And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,(1)
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.(2)

XXIV.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

XXV.

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come! they come!"

XXVI.

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's(3) fame rings in each clansman's ears!

XXVII.

And Ardennes(4) waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

XXVIII.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!(5)

XXIX.

Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than mine;
Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
Partly because they blend me with his line,
And partly that I did his sire some wrong,(6)
And partly that bright names will hallow song;
And his was of the bravest, and when shower'd
The death-bolts deadliest the thinn'd files along,
Even where the thickest of war's tempest lower'd,
They reach'd no nobler breast than thine, young gallant Howard!(7)

XXX.

There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee,
And mine were nothing, had I such to give;
But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
Which living waves where thou didst cease to live,
And saw around me the wide field revive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turn'd from all she brought to those she could not bring.(8)

XXXI.

I turn'd to thee, to thousands, of whom each
And one as all a ghastly gap did make
In his own kind and kindred, whom to teach
Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake;

terloo, at a ball given by the Duchess of Richmond at Brussels, was first corrected on authority, in the *History of Napoleon Buonaparte*, which forms a portion of the *Family Library*. The Duke had received intelligence of Napoleon's decisive operations, and it was intended to put off the ball; but, on reflection, it seemed highly important that the people of Brussels should be kept in ignorance as to the course of events, and the Duke not only desired that the ball should proceed, but the general officers received his commands to appear at it—each taking care to quit the apartment as quietly as possible at ten o'clock, and proceed to join his respective division *en route*.—L. E.]

(1) The father of the Duke of Brunswick, who fell at Quatre-bras, received his death-wound at Jena.—L. E.

(2) "This stanza is very grand, even from its total unadornment. It is only a versification of the common narratives: but here may well be applied a position of Johnson, that 'where truth is sufficient to fill the mind, fiction is worse than useless.'" *Sir E. Brydges.*—L. E.

(3) Sir Evan Cameron, and his descendant Donald, the "gentle Lochiel" of the "forty-five."

(4) The wood of Soignies is supposed to be a remnant of the forest of Ardennes, famous in Boiardo's *Orlando*, and immortal in Shakspeare's *As you like it*. It is also celebrated in *Tacitus*, as being the spot of successful defence by the Germans against the Roman encroachments. I have ventured to adopt the name connected with nobler associations than those of mere slaughter.

(5) "Childe Harold, though he shuns to celebrate the victory of Waterloo, gives us here a most beautiful description of the evening which preceded the battle of Quatre-Bras, the alarm which called out the troops, and the hurry and confusion which preceded their march. I am not sure that any verses in our language surpass, in vigour and in feeling, this most beautiful description." *Sir Walter Scott.*—L. E.

(6) See note to *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, ante, p. 61.—L. E.

(7) "In the late battles, like all the world, I have lost a connection—poor Frederick Howard, the best of his race. I had little intercourse of late years with his family, but I never saw or heard but good of him." *Lord B. to Mr. Moore, Feb.* 1815.—P. E.

(8) My guide from Mont St. Jean over the field seemed intelligent and accurate. The place where Major Howard fell was not far from two tall and solitary trees (there was a third cut down, or shivered in the battle), which stand a few yards from each other at a pathway's side. Beneath these he died and was buried. The body has since been re-

The Archangel's trump, not Glory's, must awake
Those whom they thirst for; though the sound of Fame
May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake
The fever of vain longing, and the name
So honour'd but assumes a stronger, bitterer claim.

XXXII.

They mourn, but smile at length; and, smiling mourn:
The tree will wither long before it fall;
The hull drives on, though mast and sail be torn;
The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall
In massy hoariness; the ruin'd wall
Stands when its wind-worn battlements are gone;
The bars survive the captive they enthral; [sun;
The day drags through, though storms keep out the
And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on:

XXXIII.

Even as a broken mirror, which the glass
In every fragment multiplies; and makes
A thousand images of one that was,
The same, and still the more, the more it breaks;
And thus the heart will do which not forsakes,
Living in shatter'd guise, and still, and cold,
And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow aches,
Yet withers on till all without is old,
Showing no visible sign, for such things are untold.(1)

XXXIV.

There is a very life in our despair,
Vitality of poison,—a quick root
Which feeds these deadly branches; for it were
As nothing did we die; but Life will suit
Itself to Sorrow's most detested fruit,
Like to the apples(2) on the Dead Sea's shore,
All ashes to the taste. Did man compute
Existence by enjoyment, and count o'er
Such hours 'gainst years of life,—say, would he name threescore?

XXXV.

The Psalmist number'd out the years of man:
They are enough; and if thy tale be *true*,
Thou, who didst grudge him even that fleeting span,
More than enough, thou fatal Waterloo!
Millions of tongues record thee, and anew
Their children's lips shall echo them, and say—
"Here, where the sword united nations drew,
"Our countrymen were warring on that day!"
And this is much, and all which will not pass away.

XXXVI.

There sunk the greatest nor the worst of men;
Whose spirit antithetically mixt
One moment of the mightiest, and again
On little objects with like firmness fixt,
Extreme in all things! hadst thou been betwixt,
Thy throne had still been thine, or never been;
For daring made thy rise, as fall: thou seek'st
Even now to re-assume the imperial mien,
And shake again the world, the Thunderer of the scene!

XXXVII.

Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou!
She trembles at thee still, and thy wild name
Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds than now
That thou art nothing, save the jest of Fame,
Who woo'd thee once, thy vassal, and became
The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou wert
A god unto thyself; nor less the same
To the astounded kingdoms all inert,
Who deem'd thee for a time whate'er thou didst assert.

XXXVIII.

Oh, more or less than man—in high or low,
Battling with nations, flying from the field;
Now making monarchs' necks thy footstool, now
More than thy meanest soldier taught to yield;
An empire thou couldst crush, command, rebuild,
But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor,
However deeply in men's spirits skill'd,
Look through thine own, nor curb the lust of war,
Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the loftiest star.

XXXIX.

Yet well thy soul hath brook'd the turning tide
With that untaught innate philosophy,
Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,
Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.
When the whole host of hatred stood hard by,
To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast smiled
With a sedate and all-enduring eye;—
When Fortune fled her spoil'd and favourite child,
He stood unbow'd beneath the ills upon him piled.

XL.

Sager than in thy fortunes; for in them
Ambition steel'd thee on too far to show
That just habitual scorn, which could contemn
Men and their thoughts; 'twas wise to feel, not so
To wear it ever on thy lip and brow,
And spurn the instruments thou wert to use
Till they were turn'd unto thine overthrow;
'Tis but a worthless world to win or lose;
So hath it proved to thee, and all such lot who choose.

moved to England. A small hollow for the present marks where it lay, but will probably soon be effaced: the plough has been upon it, and the grain is. After pointing out the different spots where Picton and other gallant men had perished, the guide said, "Here Major Howard lay: I was near him when wounded." I told him my relationship, and he seemed then still more anxious to point out the particular spot and circumstances. The place is one of the most marked in the field, from the peculiarity of the two trees above mentioned. I went on horseback twice over the field, comparing it with my recollection of similar scenes. As a plain, Waterloo seems marked out for the scene of some great action, though this may be mere imagination: I have viewed with attention those of Platea, Troy, Mantinea, Leuctra, Chæronea, and Marathon; and the field around Mont St. Jean and Hougoumont appears to want little but a better cause, and that undefinable but impressive halo which the lapse of ages throws around a celebrated spot, to vie in interest with any or all of these, except, perhaps, the last-mentioned.

(1) "There is a richness and energy in this passage, which is peculiar to Lord Byron, among all modern poets, —a throng of glowing images, poured forth at once, with a facility and profusion, which must appear mere wastefulness to more economical writers, and a certain negligence and harshness of diction, which can belong only to an author who is oppressed with the exuberance and rapidity of his conceptions." *Jeffrey.*—L. E.

(2) The (fabled) apples on the brink of the lake Asphaltes were said to be fair without, and, within, ashes. Vide *Tacitus, Histor.* lib. v. 7.

XLI.

If, like a tower upon a headlong rock,
Thou hadst been made to stand or fall alone,
Such scorn of man had help'd to brave the shock;
But men's thoughts were the steps which paved thy throne,
Their admiration thy best weapon shone;
The part of Philip's son was thine, not then
(Unless aside thy purple had been thrown)
Like stern Diogenes to mock at men;
For sceptred cynics earth were far too wide a den.(1)

XLII.

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,
And *there* hath been thy bane; there is a fire
And motion of the soul which will not dwell
In its own narrow being, but aspire
Beyond the fitting medium of desire;
And, but once kindled, quenchless evermore,
Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire
Of aught but rest; a fever at the core,
Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.

XLIII.

This makes the madmen who have made men mad
By their contagion; conquerors and kings,
Founders of sects and systems, to whom add
Sophists, bards, statesmen, all unquiet things
Which stir too strongly the soul's secret springs,
And are themselves the fools to those they fool;
Envied, yet how unenviable! what stings
Are theirs! One breast laid open were a school
Which would unteach mankind the lust to shine or rule:

XLIV.

Their breath is agitation, and their life
A storm whereon they ride, to sink at last,
And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife,
That should their days, surviving perils past,
Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast
With sorrow and supineness, and so die;
Even as a flame unfed, which runs to waste
With its own flickering, or a sword laid by,
Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously.

XLV.

He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high *above* the sun of glory glow,
And far *beneath* the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led. (2)

XLVI.

Away with these! true Wisdom's world will be
Within its own creation, or in thine,
Maternal Nature! for who teems like thee,
Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine?
There Harold gazes on a work divine,
A blending of all beauties; streams and dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,
And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells
From grey but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells.

XLVII.

And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
All tenantless, save to the crannying wind,
Or holding dark communion with the cloud.
There was a day when they were young and proud,
Banners on high, and battles pass'd below;
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
And those which waved are shredless dust ere now,
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.

XLVIII.

Beneath these battlements, within those walls,
Power dwelt amidst her passions! in proud state
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
Doing his evil will, nor less elate
Than mightier heroes of a longer date. [have?
What want these outlaws(3) conquerors should
But History's purchased page to call them great?
A wider space, an ornamented grave? [brave.
Their hopes were not less warm, their souls were full as

XLIX.

In their baronial feuds and single fields,
What deeds of prowess unrecorded died!
And Love, which lent a blazon to their shields,
With emblems well devised by amorous pride,
Through all the mail of iron hearts would glide;
But still their flame was fierceness, and drew on
Keen contest and destruction near allied,
And many a tower, for some fair mischief won,
Saw the discolour'd Rhine beneath its ruin run.

(1) The great error of Napoleon, "if we have writ our annals true," was a continued obtrusion on mankind of his want of all community of feeling for or with them; perhaps more offensive to human vanity than the active cruelty of more trembling and suspicious tyranny. Such were his speeches to public assemblies as well as individuals; and the single expression which he is said to have used on returning to Paris after the Russian winter had destroyed his army, rubbing his hands over a fire, "This is pleasanter than Moscow," would probably alienate more favour from his cause than the destruction and reverses which led to the remark.—"Far from being deficient in that necessary branch of the politician's art which soothes the passions and conciliates the prejudices of those whom they wish to employ as instruments, Buonaparte possessed it in exquisite perfection. He seldom missed finding the very man that was fittest for his immediate purpose; and he had, in a peculiar degree, the art of moulding him to it. It was not, then, because he despised the means necessary to gain his end, that he finally fell short of attaining it, but because, confiding in his stars, his fortune, and his strength, the ends which he proposed were unattainable even by the gigantic means which he possessed." *Sir Walter Scott.*—L. E.

(2) "This is certainly splendidly written, but we trust it is not true. From Macedonia's madman to the Swede—from Nimrod to Buonaparte,—the hunters of men have pursued their sport with as much gaiety, and as little remorse, as the hunters of other animals; and have lived as cheerily in their days of action, and as comfortably in their repose, as the followers of better pursuits. It would be strange, therefore, if the other active but more innocent spirits, whom Lord Byron has here placed in the same predicament, and who share all their sources of enjoyment, without the guilt and the hardness which they cannot fail of contracting, should be more miserable or more unfriended than those splendid curses of their kind; and it would be passing strange, and pitiful, if the most precious gifts of Providence should produce only unhappiness, and mankind regard with hostility their greatest benefactors." *Jeffrey.*—L. E.

(3) "What wants that knave that a king should have?" was King James's question on meeting Johnny Armstrong and his followers in full accoutrements.—See *the Ballad.*

L.

But Thou, exulting and abounding river!
Making their waves a blessing as they flow
Through banks whose beauty would endure for ever
Could man but leave thy bright creation so,
Nor its fair promise from the surface mow
With the sharp scythe of conflict,—then to see
Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know
Earth paved like heaven; and to seem such to me,
Even now what wants thy stream?—that it should Lethe be.

LI.

A thousand battles have assail'd thy banks,
But these and half their fame have pass'd away,
And Slaughter heap'd on high his weltering ranks;
Their very graves are gone, and what are they?
Thy tide wash'd down the blood of yesterday,
And all was stainless, and on thy clear stream
Glass'd with its dancing light the sunny ray!
But o'er the blacken'd memory's blighting dream
Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping as they seem.

LII.

Thus Harold inly said, and pass'd along,
Yet not insensibly to all which here
Awoke the jocund birds to early song
In glens which might have made even exile dear:
Though on his brow were graven lines austere,
And tranquil sternness which had ta'en the place
Of feelings fierier far but less severe,
Joy was not always absent from his face, [trace.
But o'er it in such scenes would steal with transient

LIII.

Nor was all love shut from him, though his days
Of passion had consumed themselves to dust.
It is in vain that we would coldly gaze
On such as smile upon us; the heart must
Leap kindly back to kindness, though disgust
Hath wean'd it from all worldlings: thus he felt,
For there was soft remembrance, and sweet trust
In one fond breast, to which his own would melt,
And in its tenderer hour on that his bosom dwelt.

LIV.

And he had learn'd to love,—I know not why,
For this in such as him seems strange of mood,—
The helpless looks of blooming infancy,
Even in its earliest nurture: what subdued,
To change like this, a mind so far imbued
With scorn of man, it little boots to know;
But thus it was; and though in solitude
Small power the nipp'd affections have to grow,
In him this glow'd when all beside had ceased to glow.

LV.

And there was one soft breast, as hath been said,
Which unto his was bound, by stronger ties
Than the church links withal; and, though unwed,
That love was pure, and, far above disguise,
Had stood the test of mortal enmities
Still undivided, and cemented more
By peril, dreaded most in female eyes;
But this was firm, and from a foreign shore
Well to that heart might his these absent greetings pour!

1.

The castled crag of Drachenfels (1)
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scatter'd cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strew'd a scene, which I should see
With double joy wert *thou* with me.

2.

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of grey,
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

3.

I send the lilies given to me;
Though long before thy hand they touch,
I know that they must wither'd be,
But yet reject them not as such;
For I have cherish'd them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gather'd by the Rhine,
And offer'd from my heart to thine!

4.

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round:
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

LVI.

By Coblentz, on a rise of gentle ground,
There is a small and simple pyramid,
Crowning the summit of the verdant mound;
Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid,

(1) The castle of Drachenfels stands on the highest summit of "the Seven Mountains," over the Rhine banks: it is in ruins, and connected with some singular traditions. It is the first in view on the road from Bonn, but on the opposite side of the river; on this bank, nearly facing it, are the remains of another, called the Jew's Castle, and a large cross, commemorative of the murder of a chief by his brother. The number of castles and cities along the course of the Rhine on both sides is very great, and their situations remarkably beautiful.—[These verses were written on the banks of the Rhine, in May. The original pencilling is before us. It is needless to observe that they were addressed to his sister.—L. E.]

Our enemies'—but let not that forbid
Honour to Marceau! o'er whose early tomb
Tears, big tears, gush'd from the rough soldier's lid,
Lamenting and yet envying such a doom,
Falling for France, whose rights he battled to resume.

LVII.

Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career,—
His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes;
And fitly may the stranger lingering here
Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose;
For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,
The few in number, who had not o'erstept
The charter to chastise which she bestows
On such as wield her weapons; he had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept. (1)

LVIII.

Here Ehrenbreitstein, (2) with her shatter'd wall
Black with the miner's blast, upon her height
Yet shows of what she was, when shell and ball
Rebounding idly on her strength did light:
A tower of victory! from whence the flight
Of baffled foes was watch'd along the plain:
But Peace destroy'd what War could never blight,
And laid those proud roofs bare to Summer's rain—
On which the iron shower for years had pour'd in vain.

LIX.

Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How long delighted
The stranger fain would linger on his way!
Thine is a scene alike where souls united
Or lonely Contemplation thus might stray;
And could the ceaseless vultures cease to prey
On self-condemning bosoms, it were here,
Where nature, nor too sombre nor too gay,
Wild but not rude, awful yet not austere,
Is to the mellow earth as autumn to the year.

LX.

Adieu to thee again! a vain adieu!
There can be no farewell to scene like thine,
The mind is colour'd by thy every hue,
And if reluctantly the eyes resign
Their cherish'd gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine! (3)
'Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise;
More mighty spots may rise—more glaring shine,
But none unite in one attaching maze
The brilliant, fair, and soft,—the glories of old days,

LXI.

The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom
Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between,
The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets been
In mockery of man's art; and these withal
A race of faces happy as the scene,
Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,
Still springing o'er thy banks, though empires near them fall.

LXII.

But these recede. Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to show [below.
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man

LXIII.

But, ere these matchless heights I dare to scan,
There is a spot should not be pass'd in vain,—
Morat! the proud, the patriot field! where man
May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,
Nor blush for those who conquer'd on that plain;
Here Burgundy bequeath'd his tombless host,
A bony heap, through ages to remain,
Themselves their monument;—the Stygian coast
Unsepulchred they roam'd, and shriek'd each wandering ghost. (4)

LXIV.

While Waterloo with Cannæ's carnage vies,
Morat and Marathon twin names shall stand;
They were true Glory's stainless victories,
Won by the unambitious heart and hand

(1) The monument of the young and lamented General Marceau (killed by a rifle-ball at Alterkirchen, on the last day of the fourth year of the French republic) still remains as described. The inscriptions on his monument are rather too long, and not required: his name was enough; France adored, and her enemies admired; both wept over him. His funeral was attended by the generals and detachments from both armies. In the same grave General Hoche is interred, a gallant man also in every sense of the word; but though he distinguished himself greatly in battle, *he* had not the good fortune to die there: his death was attended by suspicions of poison. A separate monument (not over his body, which is buried by Marceau's) is raised for him near Andernach, opposite to which one of his most memorable exploits was performed, in throwing a bridge to an island on the Rhine. The shape and style are different from that of Marceau's, and the inscription more simple and pleasing:—"The Army of the Sambre and Meuse to its Commander-in-Chief Hoche." This is all, and as it should be. Hoche was esteemed among the first of France's earlier generals, before Buonaparte monopolised her triumphs. He was the destined commander of the invading army of Ireland.

(2) Ehrenbreitstein, *i. e.* "the broad stone of honour," one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, was dismantled and blown up by the French at the truce of Leoben. It had been, and could only be, reduced by famine or treachery. It yielded to the former, aided by surprise. After having seen the fortifications of Gibraltar and Malta, it did not much strike by comparison; but the situation is commanding. General Marceau besieged it in vain for some time, and I slept in a room where I was shown a window at which he is said to have been standing observing the progress of the siege by moonlight, when a ball struck immediately below it.

(3) On taking Hockheim, the Austrians, in one part of the engagement, got to the brow of the hill, whence they had their first view of the Rhine. They instantly halted—not a gun was fired—not a voice heard: but they stood gazing on the river with those feelings which the events of the last fifteen years at once called up. Prince Schwartzenberg rode up to know the cause of this sudden stop; then they gave three cheers, rushed after the enemy, and drove them into the water.—L. E.

(4) The chapel is destroyed, and the pyramid of bones diminished to a small number by the Burgundian legion in the service of France; who anxiously effaced this record of their ancestors' less successful invasions. A few still remain, notwithstanding the pains taken by the Burgundians for ages (all who passed that way removing a bone to their own country), and the less justifiable larcenies of the Swiss postilions, who carried them off to sell for knife-handles; a purpose for which the whiteness imbibed by the bleaching of years had rendered them in great request. Of these relics I ventured to bring away as much as may have made a quarter of a hero, for which the sole excuse is, that if I had not, the next passer-by might have perverted them to worse uses than the careful preservation which I intend for them.

Of a proud, brotherly, and civic band,
All unbought champions in no princely cause
Of vice-entail'd Corruption; they no land
Doom'd to bewail the blasphemy of laws
Making kings' rights divine, by some Draconic clause.

LXV.

By a lone wall a lonelier column rears
A grey and grief-worn aspect of old days;
'Tis the last remnant of the wreck of years,
And looks as with the wild-bewilder'd gaze
Of one to stone converted by amaze,
Yet still with consciousness; and there it stands
Making a marvel that it not decays,
When the coeval pride of human hands, [lands.
Levell'd Aventicum (1), hath strew'd her subject

LXVI.

And there—oh! sweet and sacred be the name!—
Julia—the daughter, the devoted—gave
Her youth to Heaven; her heart, beneath a claim
Nearest to Heaven's, broke o'er a father's grave.
Justice is sworn 'gainst tears, and hers would crave
The life she lived in; but the judge was just,
And then she died on him she could not save.
Their tomb was simple, and without a bust,
And held within their urn one mind, one heart, one dust. (2)

LXVII.

But these are deeds which should not pass away,
And names that must not wither, though the earth
Forgets her empires with a just decay, [birth;
The enslavers and the enslaved, their death and
The high, the mountain-majesty of worth
Should be, and shall, survivor of its woe,
And from its immortality look forth
In the sun's face, like yonder Alpine snow, (3)
Imperishably pure beyond all things below.

LXVIII.

Lake Leman woos me with its crystal face, (4)
The mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue:
There is too much of man here, to look through
With a fit mind the might which I behold;
But soon in me shall Loneliness renew
Thoughts hid, but not less cherish'd than of old,
Ere mingling with the herd had penn'd me in their fold.

LXIX.

To fly from, need not be to hate, mankind:
All are not fit with them to stir and toil,
Nor is it discontent to keep the mind
Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil
In the hot throng, where we become the spoil
Of our infection, till too late and long
We may deplore and struggle with the coil,
In wretched interchange of wrong for wrong,
'Midst a contentious world, striving where none are strong.

LXX.

There, in a moment, we may plunge our years
In fatal penitence, and in the blight
Of our own soul turn all our blood to tears,
And colour things to come with hues of Night;
The race of life becomes a hopeless flight
To those that walk in darkness: on the sea,
The boldest steer but where their ports invite,
But there are wanderers o'er Eternity
Whose bark drives on and on, and anchor'd ne'er shall be.

LXXI.

Is it not better, then, to be alone,
And love Earth only for its earthly sake?
By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone, (5)
Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake,
Which feeds it as a mother who doth make
A fair but froward infant her own care,
Kissing its cries away as these awake;—
Is it no better thus our lives to wear,
Than join the crushing crowd, doom'd to inflict or bear?

LXXII.

I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me; and to me
High mountains are a feeling, (6) but the hum
Of human cities torture: I can see

(1) Aventicum, near Morat, was the Roman capital of Helvetia, where Avenches now stands.

(2) Julia Alpinula, a young Aventian priestess, died soon after a vain endeavour to save her father, condemned to death as a traitor by Aulus Cæcina. Her epitaph was discovered many years ago;—it is thus:—"Julia Alpinula: Hic jaceo, Infelicis patris infelix proles. Deæ Aventiæ Sacerdos. Exorare patris necem non potui: Male mori in fatis ille erat. Vixi annos XXIIII."—I know of no human composition so affecting as this, nor a history of deeper interest. These are the names and actions which ought not to perish, and to which we turn with a true and healthy tenderness, from the wretched and glittering detail of a confused mass of conquests and battles, with which the mind is roused for a time to a false and feverish sympathy, from whence it recurs at length with all the nausea consequent on such intoxication.

(3) This is written in the eye of Mont Blanc (June 3d, 1816), which even at this distance dazzles mine.—(July 20th.) I this day observed for some time the distinct reflection of Mont Blanc and Mont Argentière in the calm of the lake, which I was crossing in my boat; the distance of these mountains from their mirror is sixty miles.

(4) In the exquisite lines which the poet, at this time, addressed to his sister, there is this touching stanza:—

"I did remind thee of our own dear lake*
By the old hall which may be mine no more.

* The lake of Newstead Abbey.

Leman's is fair; but think not I forsake
The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore:
Sad havoc Time must with my memory make
Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes before;
Though, like all things which I have loved, they are
Resign'd for ever, or divided far."—L. E.

(5) The colour of the Rhone at Geneva is blue, to a depth of that which I have never seen equalled in water, salt or fresh, except in the Mediterranean and Archipelago. —[See *Don Juan*, canto xiv. stanza 87, for a beautiful comparison.—L. E.]

(6) "Mr. Hobhouse and myself are just returned from a journey of lakes and mountains. We have been to the Grindelwald, and the Jungfrau, and stood on the summit of the Wengen Alp; and seen torrents of 900 feet in fall, and glaciers of all dimensions; we have heard shepherds' pipes, and avalanches, and looked on the clouds foaming up from the valleys below us like the spray of the ocean of hell. Chamouni, and that which it inherits, we saw a month ago; but, though Mont Blanc is higher, it is not equal in wildness to the Jungfrau, the Eighers, the Shreckhorn, and the Rose Glaciers. Besides this, I have been over all the Bernese Alps and their lakes, and think many of the scenes (some of which were not those usually frequented by the English) finer than Chamouni. I have been to Clarens again, and crossed the mountains behind it." *B. Letters, Sept.* 1816.—L. E.

Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be
A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,
Class'd among creatures, when the soul can flee,
And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain
Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in vain.

LXXIII.

And thus I am absorb'd, and this is life;
I look upon the peopled desert past
As on a place of agony and strife,
Where, for some sin, to sorrow I was cast,
To act and suffer, but remount at last,
With a fresh pinion; which I feel to spring,
Though young, yet waxing vigorous, as the blast
Which it would cope with, on delighted wing,
Spurning the clay-cold bonds which round our being cling.

LXXIV.

And when, at length, the mind shall be all free
From what it hates in this degraded form,
Reft of its carnal life, save what shall be
Existent happier in the fly and worm,—
When elements to elements conform,
And dust is as it should be, shall I not
Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more warm?
The bodiless thought? the spirit of each spot?
Of which, even now, I share at times the immortal lot?

LXXV.

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them?
Is not the love of these deep in my heart
With a pure passion? should I not contemn
All objects, if compared with these? and stem
A tide of suffering, rather than forego
Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm
Of those whose eyes are only turn'd below,
Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which dare not glow?

LXXVI.

But this is not my theme; and I return
To that which is immediate, and require
Those who find contemplation in the urn,
To look on one, whose dust was once all fire,
A native of the land where I respire
The clear air for a while—a passing guest,
Where he became a being,—whose desire
Was to be glorious; 'twas a foolish quest,
The which to gain and keep, he sacrificed all rest.

LXXVII.

Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau, (1)
The apostle of affliction, he who threw
Enchantment over passion, and from woe
Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew
The breath which made him wretched; yet he knew
How to make madness beautiful, and cast
O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly hue (2)
Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they past
The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feelingly and fast.

LXXVIII.

His love was passion's essence—as a tree
On fire by lightning; with ethereal flame
Kindled he was, and blasted; for to be
Thus, and enamour'd, were in him the same.
But his was not the love of living dame,
Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,
But of ideal beauty, which became
In him existence, and o'erflowing teems
Along his burning page, distemper'd though it seems.

LXXIX.

This breathed itself to life in Julie, *this*
Invested her with all that's wild and sweet;
This hallow'd, too, the memorable kiss (3)
Which every morn his fever'd lip would greet,
From hers, who but with friendship his would meet;
But to that gentle touch, through brain and breast
Flash'd the thrill'd spirit's love-devouring heat;
In that absorbing sigh perchance more blest
Than vulgar minds may be with all they seek possest. (4)

LXXX.

His life was one long war with self-sought foes,
Or friends by him self-banish'd; for his mind
Had grown Suspicion's sanctuary, and chose,
For its own cruel sacrifice, the kind,

(1) "I have traversed all Rousseau's ground with the *Heloise* before me, and am struck to a degree that I cannot express with the force and accuracy of his descriptions, and the beauty of their reality. Meillerie, Clarens, and Vevay, and the Château de Chillon, are places of which I shall say little; because all I could say must fall short of the impressions they stamp." *B. Letters.*—L. E.

(2) "It is evident that the impassioned parts of Rousseau's romance had made a deep impression upon the feelings of the noble poet. The enthusiasm expressed by Lord Byron is no small tribute to the power possessed by Jean Jacques over the passions: and, to say truth, we needed some such evidence; for, though almost ashamed to avow the truth,—still, like the barber of Midas, we must speak or die,—we have never been able to feel the interest or discover the merit of this far-famed performance. That there is much eloquence in the letters we readily admit: there lay Rousseau's strength. But his lovers, the celebrated St. Preux and Julie, have, from the earliest moment we have heard the tale (which we well remember), down to the present hour, totally failed to interest us. There might be some constitutional hardness of heart; but like Lance's pebble-hearted cur, Crab, we remained dry-eyed while all wept around us. And still, on resuming the volume, even now, we can see little in the loves of these two tiresome pedants to interest our feelings for either of them. To state our opinion in language* much better than our own, we are unfortunate enough to regard this far-famed history of philosophical gallantry as an 'unfashioned, indelicate, sour, gloomy, ferocious medley of pedantry and lewdness; of metaphysical speculations, blended with the coarsest sensuality.'" *Sir Walter Scott.*—L. E.

* "See Burke's Reflections."

(3) This refers to the account in his *Confessions* of his passion for the Comtesse d'Houdetot (the mistress of St. Lambert), and his long walk every morning, for the sake of the single kiss which was the common salutation of French acquaintance. Rousseau's description of his feelings on this occasion may be considered as the most passionate, yet not impure, description and expression of love that ever kindled into words; which, after all, must be felt, from their very force, to be inadequate to the delineation: a painting can give no sufficient idea of the ocean.

(4) "Lord Byron's character of Rousseau is drawn with great force, great power of discrimination, and great eloquence. I know not that he says any thing which has not been said before,—but what he says issues, apparently, from the recesses of his own mind. It is a little laboured, which, possibly, may be caused by the form of the stanza into which it was necessary to throw it; but it cannot be doubted that the poet felt a sympathy for the enthusiastic tenderness of Rousseau's genius, which he could not have recognised with such extreme fervour, except from a consciousness of having at least occasionally experienced similar emotions." *Sir E. Brydges.*—L. E.

'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange and blind.
But he was frensied,—wherefore, who may know?
Since cause might be which skill could never find;
But he was frensied, by disease or woe, [show.
To that worst pitch of all, which wears a reasoning

LXXXI.

For then he was inspired, and from him came,
As from the Pythian's mystic cave of yore,
Those oracles which set the world in flame,
Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no more:
Did he not this for France, which lay before
Bow'd to the inborn tyranny of years?
Broken and trembling to the yoke she bore,
Till by the voice of him and his compeers
Roused up to too much wrath, which follows o'ergrown fears,

LXXXII.

They made themselves a fearful monument!
The wreck of old opinions—things which grew,
Breathed from the birth of time: the veil they rent,
And what behind it lay all earth shall view.
But good with ill they also overthrew,
Leaving but ruins, wherewith to rebuild
Upon the same foundation, and renew [fill'd,
Dungeons and thrones, which the same hour re-
As heretofore, because ambition was self-will'd.

LXXXIII.

But this will not endure, nor be endured!
Mankind have felt their strength, and made it felt.
They might have used it better, but, allured
By their new vigour, sternly have they dealt
On one another; Pity ceased to melt
With her once natural charities. But they,
Who in oppression's darkness caved had dwelt,
They were not eagles, nourish'd with the day;
What marvel then, at times, if they mistook their prey?

LXXXIV.

What deep wounds ever closed without a scar?
The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to wear
That which disfigures it; and they who war
With their own hopes, and have been vanquish'd,
Silence, but not submission: in his lair [bear
Fix'd Passion holds his breath, until the hour
Which shall atone for years; none need despair:
It came, it cometh, and will come,—the power
To punish or forgive—in *one* we shall be slower.

LXXXV.

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

LXXXVI.

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darken'd Jura, whose capt heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more:

LXXXVII.

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues. (1)

LXXXVIII.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven,
That, in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

LXXXIX.

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:—
All heaven and earth are still: from the high host

(1) During Lord Byron's stay in Switzerland, he took up his residence at the well-known Campagne-Diodati, in the village of Coligny. It stands at the top of a rapidly-descending vineyard; the windows commanding, one way, a noble view of the lake and of Geneva; the other, up the lake. Every evening the poet embarked on the lake; and to the feelings created by these excursions we owe these delightful stanzas. Of his mode of passing a day, the following, from the Journal already referred to, is a pleasant specimen:—

"*September* 18. Called. Got up at five. Hobhouse walked on before. Rode till within a mile of Vevay. Stopped at Vevay two hours. View from the church-yard superb; within it Ludlow (the regicide's) monument—black marble—long inscription; Latin, but simple. Near him Broughton (who read King Charles's sentence to Charles Stuart) is buried, with a queer and rather canting inscription. Ludlow's house shown. Walked down to the lake side; servants, carriages, saddle-horses,—all set off, and left us *plantés là* by some mistake. Hobhouse ran on before, and overtook them. Arrived at Clarens. Went to Chillon through scenery worthy of I know not whom; went over the castle again. Met an English party in a carriage; a lady in it fast asleep—fast sleep in the most anti-narcotic spot in the world,—excellent! After a slight and short dinner, visited the Château de Clarens. Saw all worth seeing, and then descended to the 'Bosquet de Julie,' etc. etc.: our guide full of Rousseau, whom he is eternally confounding with St. Preux, and mixing the man and the book. Went again as far as Chillon, to revisit the little torrent from the hill behind it. The corporal who showed the wonders of Chillon was as drunk as Blucher, and (to my mind) as great a man: he was deaf also; and, thinking every one else so, roared out the legends of the castle so fearfully, that Hobhouse got out of humour. However, we saw things, from the gallows to the dungeons. Sunset reflected in the lake. Nine o'clock—going to bed. Have to get up at five to-morrow."—After Lord Byron quitted the Campagne-Diodati, Sir Egerton Brydges tells us, that the doors of the house were beset by travellers, anxious to get a sight of the room in which the poet slept.—L. E.

Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain-coast,
All is concenter'd in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

XC.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
In solitude, where we are *least* alone;
A truth, which through our being then doth melt
And purifies from self: it is a tone,
The soul and source of music, which makes known
Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
Binding all things with beauty;—'t would disarm
The spectre Death, had he substantial power to harm.

XCI.

Not vainly did the early Persian make
His altar the high places and the peak
Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, (1) and thus take
A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek
The Spirit in whose honour shrines are weak,
Uprear'd of human hands. Come, and compare
Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
With Nature's realms of worship, earth and air,
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy prayer!

XCII.

Thy sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

XCIII.

And this is in the night:—Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and fair delight,—
A portion of the tempest and of thee! (2)
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth. (3)

XCIV.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
Heights which appear as lovers who have parted
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted!
Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,
Love was the very root of the fond rage
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed:
Itself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years all winters,—war within themselves to wage.

XCV.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:
For here, not one, but many, make their play,
And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to hand,
Flashing and cast around: of all the band,
The brightest through these parted hills hath fork'd
His lightnings,—as if he did understand,
That in such gaps as desolation work'd,
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurk'd.

XCVI.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye!
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful; the far roll
Of your departing voices is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest. (4)
But where of ye, oh tempests! is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?

XCVII.

Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me,—could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,

(1) It is to be recollected, that the most beautiful and impressive doctrines of the divine Founder of Christianity were delivered, not in the *Temple*, but on the *Mount*. To waive the question of devotion, and turn to human eloquence,—the most effectual and splendid specimens were not pronounced within walls. Demosthenes addressed the public and popular assemblies. Cicero spoke in the forum. That this added to their effect on the mind of both orator and hearers may be conceived from the difference between what we read of the emotions then and there produced, and those we ourselves experience in the perusal in the closet. It is one thing to read the *Iliad* at Sigæum and on the tumuli, or by the springs, with Mount Ida above, and the plain and rivers and Archipelago around you; and another to trim your taper over it in a snug library—*this* I know. Were the early and rapid progress of what is called Methodism to be attributed to any cause beyond the enthusiasm excited by its vehement faith and doctrines (the truth or error of which I presume neither to canvass nor to question), I should venture to ascribe it to the practice of preaching in the *fields*, and the unstudied and extemporaneous effusions of its teachers. The Mussulmans, whose erroneous devotion (at least in the lower orders) is most sincere, and therefore impressive, are accustomed to repeat their prescribed orisons and prayers, wherever they may be, at the stated hours—of course frequently in the open air, kneeling upon a light mat (which they carry for the purpose of a bed or cushion as required): the ceremony lasts some minutes, during which they are totally absorbed, and only living in their supplication: nothing can disturb them. On me the simple and entire sincerity of these men, and the spirit which appeared to be within and upon them, made a far greater impression than any general rite which was ever performed in places of worship, of which I have seen those of almost every persuasion under the sun; including most of our own sectaries, and the Greek, the Catholic, the Armenian, the Lutheran, the Jewish, and the Mahometan. Many of the negroes, of whom there are numbers in the Turkish empire, are idolaters, and have free exercise of their belief and its rites: some of these I had a distant view of at Patras; and, from what I could make out of them, they appeared to be of a truly Pagan description, and not very agreeable to a spectator.

(2) The thunder-storm to which these lines refer occurred on the 13th of June, 1816, at midnight. I have seen, among the Acroceraunian mountains of Chimari, several more terrible, but none more beautiful.—[The opposite engraving presents a fac-simile of one of these remarkable stanzas, as dashed off by Lord Byron during one of his evening excursions on the Lake of Geneva.—L. E.]

(3) "This is one of the most beautiful passages of the poem. The 'fierce and fair delight' of a thunder-storm is here described in verse almost as vivid as its lightnings. The live thunder 'leaping among the rattling crags'—the voice of mountains, as if shouting to each other—the plashing of the big rain—the gleaming of the wide lake, lighted like a phosphoric sea—present a picture of sublime terror, yet of enjoyment, often attempted, but never so well, certainly never better, brought out in poetry." *Sir Walter Scott.*—L. E.

(4) The Journal of his Swiss tour, which Lord Byron kept

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All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into *one* word,
And that one word were Lightning, I would speak;
But as it is, I live and die unheard,
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.

XCVIII.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contain'd no tomb,—
And glowing into day: we may resume
The march of our existence: and thus I,
Still on thy shores, fair Leman! may find room
And food for meditation, nor pass by
Much, that may give us pause, if ponder'd fittingly.

XCIX.

Clarens! sweet Clarens,(1) birthplace of deep Love!
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought;
Thy trees take root in Love; the snows above
The very glaciers have his colours caught,
And sunset into rose-hues sees them wrought
By rays which sleep there lovingly: the rocks,
The permanent crags, tell here of Love, who sought
In them a refuge from the worldly shocks,
Which stir and sting the soul with hope that woos, then mocks.

C.

Clarens! by heavenly feet thy paths are trod,—
Undying Love's, who here ascends a throne
To which the steps are mountains; where the god
Is a pervading life and light,—so shown
Not on those summits solely, nor alone
In the still cave and forest; o'er the flower
His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath blown,
His soft and summer breath, whose tender power
Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate hour.(2)

CI.

All things are here of *him;* from the black pines,
Which are his shade on high, and the loud roar
Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the vines
Which slope his green path downward to the shore,

for his sister, closes with the following mournful passage:—"In the weather, for this tour of thirteen days, I have been very fortunate—fortunate in a companion" (Mr. Hobhouse)—"fortunate in our prospects, and exempt from even the little petty accidents and delays which often render journeys in a less wild country disappointing. I was disposed to be pleased. I am a lover of nature, and an admirer of beauty. I can bear fatigue, and welcome privation, and have seen some of the noblest views in the world. But in all this,—the recollection of bitterness, and more especially of recent and more home desolation, which must accompany me through life, has preyed upon me here; and neither the music of the shepherd, the crashing of the avalanche, nor the torrent, the mountain, the glacier, the forest, nor the cloud, have for one moment lightened the weight upon my heart, nor enabled me to lose my own wretched identity, in the majesty, and the power, and the glory, around, above, and beneath me."—L. E.

(1) "Stanzas xcix. to cxv. are exquisite. They have every thing which makes a poetical picture of local and particular scenery perfect. They exhibit a miraculous brilliancy and force of fancy; but the very fidelity causes a little constraint and labour of language. The poet seems to have been so engrossed by the attention to give vigour and fire to the imagery, that he both neglected and disdained to render himself more harmonious by diffuser words, which, while they might have improved the effect upon the ear, might have weakened the impression upon the mind. This mastery over new matter—this supply of powers equal not only to an untouched subject, but that subject one of peculiar and unequalled grandeur and beauty—was sufficient to occupy the strongest poetical faculties, young as the author was, without adding to it all the practical skill of the artist. The stanzas, too, on Voltaire and Gibbon are discriminative, sagacious, and just. They are among the proofs of that very great variety of talent which this Canto of Lord Byron exhibits." *Sir E. Brydges.*—L. E.

(2) Rousseau's *Heloise*, lettre 17. part. 4. note. "Ces montagnes sont si hautes qu'une demi-heure après le soleil couché, leurs sommets sont éclairés de ses rayons, dont le rouge forme sur ces cimes blanches *une belle couleur de rose*, qu'on aperçoit de fort loin."—This applies more particularly to the heights over Meillerie.—"J'allai à Vevay loger à la Clef, et pendant deux jours que j'y restai, sans voir personne, je pris pour cette ville un amour qui m'a suivi dans tous mes voyages, et qui m'y a fait établir enfin les héros de mon roman. Je dirois volontiers à ceux qui ont du goût, et qui sont sensibles: Allez à Vevay—visitez le pays, examinez les sites, promenez-vous sur le lac, et dites si la Nature n'a pas fait ce beau pays pour une Julie, pour une Claire, et pour un St. Preux; mais ne les y cherchez pas."—*Les Confessions*, livre iv. p. 306. Lyons, ed. 1796.—In July, 1816, I made a voyage round the Lake of Geneva; and, as far as my own observations have led me in a not uninterested nor inattentive survey of all the scenes most celebrated by Rousseau in his *Heloise*, I can safely say, that in this there is no exaggeration. It would be difficult to see Clarens (with the scenes around it, Vevay, Chillon, Bôveret, St. Gingo, Meillerie, Elvan, and the entrances of the Rhone) without being forcibly struck with its peculiar adaptation to the persons and events with which it has been peopled. But this is not all: the feeling with which all around Clarens and the opposite rocks of Meillerie is invested, is of a still higher and more comprehensive order than the mere sympathy with individual passion; it is a sense of the existence of love in its most extended and sublime capacity, and of our own participation of its good and of its glory: it is the great principle of the universe, which is there more condensed, but not less manifested; and of which, though knowing ourselves a part, we lose our individuality, and mingle in the beauty of the whole. If Rousseau had never written, nor lived, the same associations would not less have belonged to such scenes. He has added to the interest of his works by their adoption; he has shown his sense of their beauty by the selection; but they have done that for him which no human being could do for them. I had the fortune (good or evil as it might be) to sail from Meillerie (where we landed for some time) to St. Gingo during a lake storm, which added to the magnificence of all around, although occasionally accompanied by danger to the boat, which was small and overloaded. It was over this very part of the lake that Rousseau has driven the boat of St. Preux and Madame Wolmar to Meillerie, for shelter during a tempest. On gaining the shore at St. Gingo, I found that the wind had been sufficiently strong to blow down some fine old chestnut-trees on the lower part of the mountains. On the opposite height of Clarens is a château. The hills are covered with vineyards, and interspersed with some small but beautiful woods; one of these was named the "Bosquet de Julie;" and it is remarkable that, though long ago cut down by the brutal selfishness of the monks of St. Bernard (to whom the land appertained), that the ground might be enclosed into a vineyard for the miserable drones of an execrable superstition, the inhabitants of Clarens still point out the spot where its trees stood, calling it by the name which consecrated and survived them. Rousseau has not been particularly fortunate in the preservation of the "local habitations" he has given to "airy nothings." The Prior of Great St. Bernard has cut down some of his woods for the sake of a few casks of wine, and Buonaparte has levelled part of the rocks of Meillerie in improving the road to the Simplon. The road is an excellent one, but I cannot quite agree with the remark which I heard made, that "La route vaut mieux que les souvenirs."—[During the squall off Meillerie, of which Lord Byron here makes mention, the danger of the party was considerable. At Ouchy, near Lausanne, he was detained two days, in a small inn, by the weather; and here it was that he wrote, in that short interval, the *Prisoner of Chillon*: "adding," says Moore, "one more deathless association to the already immortalised localities of the Lake."—L. E.]

Where the bow'd waters meet him, and adore,
Kissing his feet with murmurs; and the wood,
The covert of old trees, with trunks all hoar,
But light leaves, young as Joy, stands where it stood,
Offering to him, and his, a populous solitude.

CII.

A populous solitude of bees and birds,
And fairy-form'd and many-colour'd things,
Who worship him with notes more sweet than words,
And innocently open their glad wings,
Fearless and full of life: the gush of springs,
And fall of lofty fountains, and the bend
Of stirring branches, and the bud which brings
The swiftest thought of beauty, here extend,
Mingling, and made by Love, unto one mighty end.

CIII.

He who hath loved not, here would learn that lore,
And make his heart a spirit; he who knows
That tender mystery, will love the more,
For this is Love's recess, where vain men's woes,
And the world's waste, have driven him far from those,
For 'tis his nature to advance or die;
He stands not still, but or decays, or grows
Into a boundless blessing, which may vie
With the immortal lights, in its eternity!

CIV.

'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,
Peopling it with affections; but he found
It was the scene which passion must allot
To the mind's purified beings; 'twas the ground
Where early Love his Psyche's zone unbound,
And hallow'd it with loveliness: 'tis lone,
And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,
And sense, and sight of sweetness; here the Rhone
Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have rear'd a throne.

CV.

Lausanne! and Ferney! ye have been the abodes
Of names which unto you bequeath'd a name;(1)
Mortals, who sought and found, by dangerous roads,
A path to perpetuity of fame:
They were gigantic minds, and their steep aim
Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile
Thoughts which should call down thunder, and the flame
Of Heaven, again assail'd, if Heaven the while
On man and man's research could deign do more than smile.

CVI.

The one was fire and fickleness, a child,
Most mutable in wishes, but in mind,
A wit as various,—gay, grave, sage, or wild,—
Historian, bard, philosopher, combined;
He multiplied himself among mankind,
The Proteus of their talents: but his own
Breathed most in ridicule,—which, as the wind,
Blew where it listed, laying all things prone,
Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a throne.

CVII.

The other, deep and slow, exhausting thought,
And hiving wisdom with each studious year,
In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,
And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,
Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer;
The lord of irony,—that master-spell,
Which stang his foes to wrath, which grew from fear,
And doom'd him to the zealot's ready hell,
Which answers to all doubts so eloquently well.

CVIII.

Yet, peace be with their ashes,—for by them,
If merited, the penalty is paid;
It is not ours to judge,—far less condemn;
The hour must come when such things shall be made
Known unto all,—or hope and dread allay'd
By slumber, on one pillow,—in the dust,
Which, thus much we are sure, must lie decay'd;
And when it shall revive, as is our trust,
'Twill be to be forgiven, or suffer what is just.

CIX.

But let me quit man's works again to read
His Maker's spread around me, and suspend
This page, which from my reveries I feed,
Until it seems prolonging without end.
The clouds above me to the white Alps tend,
And I must pierce them, and survey whate'er
May be permitted, as my steps I bend
To their most great and growing region, where
The earth to her embrace compels the powers of air.

CX.

Italia! too,—Italia! looking on thee,
Full flashes on the soul the light of ages,
Since the fierce Carthaginian almost won thee,
To the last halo of the chiefs and sages
Who glorify thy consecrated pages;
Thou wert the throne and grave of empires; still,
The fount at which the panting mind assuages
Her thirst of knowledge, quaffing there her fill,
Flows from the eternal source of Rome's imperial hill.

CXI.

Thus far have I proceeded in a theme
Renew'd with no kind auspices:—to feel
We are not what we have been, and to deem
We are not what we should be, and to steel
The heart against itself; and to conceal
With a proud caution, love, or hate, or aught,—
Passion or feeling, purpose, grief, or zeal,—
Which is the tyrant spirit of our thought,
Is a stern task of soul:—No matter,—it is taught.

CXII.

And for these words, thus woven into song,
It may be that they are a harmless wile,
The colouring of the scenes which fleet along,
Which I would seize, in passing, to beguile

(1) Voltaire and Gibbon.

"From Ouchy, the little port of Lausanne, on the Lake of Geneva, Lord Byron wrote to Mr. Murray, enclosing a sprig of Gibbon's *acacia*, and some rose-leaves from his garden. In addition to the house of Gibbon, the English traveller now makes a pilgrimage to the tomb of a friend of Byron,—John Philip Kemble. He reposes in the cemetery, beneath a plain stone slab, distinguished by his name. It is enclosed within some iron rails, and surrounded by shrubs of which the leaves are thinned by English travellers, and kept as certificates of their to visit the tomb of Kemble." *Finden's Illustrations.*—P. E.]

My breast, or that of others, for a while.
Fame is the thirst of youth,—but I am not
So young as to regard men's frown or smile,
As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot;
I stood and stand alone,—remember'd or forgot.

CXIII.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor bow'd
To its idolatries a patient knee,—
Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles,—nor cried aloud
In worship of an echo; in the crowd
They could not deem me one of such; I stood
Among them, but not of them; in a shroud
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and still could,
Had I not filed (1) my mind, which thus itself subdued.

CXIV.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me,—
But let us part fair foes; I do believe,
Though I have found them not, that there may be
Words which are things,—hopes which will not deceive,
And virtues which are merciful, nor weave
Snares for the failing: I would also deem
O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve; (2)
That two, or one, are almost what they seem,—
That goodness is no name, and happiness no dream. (3)

CXV.

My daughter! with thy name this song begun—
My daughter! with thy name thus much shall end—
I see thee not,—I hear thee not,—but none
Can be so wrapt in thee; thou art the friend
To whom the shadows of far years extend:
Albeit my brow thou never shouldst behold,
My voice shall with thy future visions blend,
And reach into thy heart,—when mine is cold,—
A token and a tone, even from thy father's mould.

CXVI.

To aid thy mind's developement,—to watch
Thy dawn of little joys,—to sit and see
Almost thy very growth,—to view thee catch
Knowledge of objects,—wonders yet to thee!
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss,—
This, it should seem, was not reserved for me;
Yet this was in my nature:—as it is,
I know not what is there, yet something like to this.

CXVII.

Yet, though dull Hate as duty should be taught,
I know that thou wilt love me; though my name
Should be shut from thee, as a spell still fraught
With desolation,—and a broken claim: [same,
Though the grave close between us,—'twere the
I know that thou wilt love me; though to drain
My blood from out thy being were an aim,
And an attainment,—all would be in vain,—
Still thou wouldst love me, still that more than life retain.

CXVIII.

The child of love,—though born in bitterness
And nurtured in convulsion. Of thy sire
These were the elements,—and thine no less.
As yet such are around thee,—but thy fire
Shall be more temper'd, and thy hope far higher.
Sweet be thy cradled slumbers! O'er the sea,
And from the mountains where I now respire,
Fain would I waft such blessing upon thee, [me!
As, with a sigh, I deem thou mightst have been to

(1) ——————"If it be thus,
For Banquo's issue have I *filed* my mind."—*Macbeth.*

(2) It is said by Rochefoucault, that "there is always something in the misfortunes of men's best friends not displeasing to them."

(3) "It is not the temper and talents of the poet, but the use to which he puts them, on which his happiness or misery is grounded. A powerful and unbridled imagination is the author and architect of its own disappointments. Its fascinations, its exaggerated pictures of good and evil, and the mental distress to which they give rise, are the natural and necessary evils attending on that quick susceptibility of feeling and fancy incident to the poetical temperament. But the Giver of all talents, while he has qualified them each with its separate and peculiar alloy, has endowed the owner with the power of purifying and refining them. But, as if to moderate the arrogance of genius, it is justly and wisely made requisite, that he must regulate and tame the fire of his fancy, and descend from the heights to which she exalts him, in order to obtain ease of mind and tranquillity. The materials of happiness, that is, of such degree of happiness as is consistent with our present state, lie around us in profusion. But the man of talents must stoop to gather them, otherwise they would be beyond the reach of the mass of society, for whose benefit, as well as for his, Providence has created them. There is no royal and no poetical path to contentment and heart's-ease: that by which they are attained is open to all classes of mankind, and lies within the most limited range of intellect. To narrow our wishes and desires within the scope of our powers of attainment; to consider our misfortunes, however peculiar in their character, as our inevitable share in the patrimony of Adam; to bridle those irritable feelings, which ungoverned are sure to become governors: to shun that intensity of galling and self-wounding reflection which our poet has so forcibly described in his own burning language:—

'I have thought
Too long and darkly, till my brain became,
In its own eddy, boiling and o'erwrought,
A whirling gulf of fantasy and flame'——

—to stoop, in short, to the realities of life; repent if we have offended, and pardon if we have been trespassed against; to look on the world less as our foe than as a doubtful and capricious friend, whose applause we ought as far as possible to deserve, but neither to court nor contemn—such seem the most obvious and certain means of keeping or regaining mental tranquillity.

——————'Semita certe
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.'"
Sir Walter Scott.—L. E.

CANTO IV.

Visto ho Toscana, Lombardia, Romagna,
Quel monte che divide, e quel che serra
Italia, e un mare e l'altro che la bagna.
Ariosto, Satira iii.

TO JOHN HOBHOUSE, ESQ. A.M. F.R.S.

etc. etc. etc.

My dear Hobhouse,

After an interval of eight years between the composition of the first and last cantos of *Childe Harold*, the conclusion of the poem is about to be submitted to the public. In parting with so old a friend, it is

not extraordinary that I should recur to one still older and better,—to one who has beheld the birth and death of the other, and to whom I am far more indebted for the social advantages of an enlightened friendship, than—though not ungrateful—I can, or could be, to *Childe Harold*, for any public favour reflected through the poem on the poet,—to one, whom I have known long, and accompanied far, whom I have found wakeful over my sickness and kind in my sorrow, glad in my prosperity and firm in my adversity, true in counsel and trusty in peril, to a friend often tried and never found wanting;—to yourself.

In so doing, I recur from fiction to truth; and in dedicating to you in its complete, or at least concluded state, a poetical work which is the longest, the most thoughtful and comprehensive, of my compositions, I wish to do honour to myself by the record of many years' intimacy with a man of learning, of talent, of steadiness, and of honour. It is not for minds like ours to give or to receive flattery; yet the praises of sincerity have ever been permitted to the voice of friendship; and it is not for you, nor even for others, but to relieve a heart which has not elsewhere, or lately, been so much accustomed to the encounter of good-will as to withstand the shock firmly, that I thus attempt to commemorate your good qualities, or rather the advantages which I have derived from their exertion. Even the recurrence of the date of this letter, the anniversary of the most unfortunate day of my past existence, but which cannot poison my future, while I retain the resource of your friendship and of my own faculties, will henceforth have a more agreeable recollection for both, inasmuch as it will remind us of this my attempt to thank you for an indefatigable regard, such as few men have experienced, and no one could experience without thinking better of his species and of himself.

It has been our fortune to traverse together, at various periods, the countries of chivalry, history, and fable—Spain, Greece, Asia Minor, and Italy; and what Athens and Constantinople were to us a few years ago, Venice and Rome have been more recently. The poem also, or the pilgrim, or both, have accompanied me from first to last; and perhaps it may be a pardonable vanity which induces me to reflect with complacency on a composition which in some degree connects me with the spot where it was produced, and the objects it would fain describe; and however unworthy it may be deemed of those magical and memorable abodes, however short it may fall of our distant conceptions and immediate impressions, yet as a mark of respect for what is venerable, and of feeling for what is glorious, it has been to me a source of pleasure in the production, and I part with it with a kind of regret, which I hardly suspected that events could have left me for imaginary objects.

With regard to the conduct of the last canto, there will be found less of the pilgrim than in any of the preceding, and that little slightly, if at all, separated from the author speaking in his own person. The fact is, that I had become weary of drawing a line which every one seemed determined not to perceive: like the Chinese in Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*, whom nobody would believe to be a Chinese, it was in vain that I asserted, and imagined, that I had drawn a distinction between the author and the pilgrim; and the very anxiety to preserve this difference, and disappointment at finding it unavailing, so far crushed my efforts in the composition, that I determined to abandon it altogether—and have done so. The opinions which have been, or may be, formed on that subject, are *now* a matter of indifference; the work is to depend on itself, and not on the writer; and the author who has no resources in his own mind beyond the reputation, transient or permanent, which is to arise from his literary efforts, deserves the fate of authors.

In the course of the following canto it was my intention, either in the text or in the notes, to have touched upon the present state of Italian literature, and perhaps of manners. But the text, within the limits I proposed, I soon found hardly sufficient for the labyrinth of external objects, and the consequent reflections; and for the whole of the notes, excepting a few of the shortest, I am indebted to yourself, and these were necessarily limited to the elucidation of the text.

It is also a delicate and no very grateful task, to dissert upon the literature and manners of a nation so dissimilar; and requires an attention and impartiality which would induce us—though perhaps no inattentive observers, nor ignorant of the language or customs of the people amongst whom we have recently abode—to distrust, or at least defer, our judgment, and more narrowly examine our information. The state of literary as well as political party appears to run, or to *have* run, so high, that for a stranger to steer impartially between them is next to impossible. It may be enough, then, at least for my purpose, to quote from their own beautiful language—"Mi pare che in un paese tutto poetico, che vanta la lingua la più nobile ed insieme la più dolce, tutte tutte la vie diverse si possono tentare, e che sinchè la patria di Alfieri e di Monti non ha perduto l'antico valore, in tutte essa dovrebbe essere la prima." Italy has great names still—Canova, Monti, Ugo Foscolo, Pindemonte, Visconti, Morelli, Cicognara, Albrizzi, Mezzophanti, Mai, Mustoxidi, Aglietti, and Vacca, will secure to the present generation an honourable place in most of the departments of art, science, and belles lettres; and in some the very highest:—Europe—the world—has but one Canova.

It has been somewhere said by Alfieri, that "La pianta uomo nasce più robusta in Italia che in qualunque altra terra—e che gli stessi atroci delitti che vi si commettono ne sono una prova." Without subscribing to the latter part of his proposition, a dangerous doctrine, the truth of which may be disputed on better grounds, namely, that the Italians are in no respect more ferocious than their neighbours, that man—must be wilfully blind, or ignorantly heedless, who is not struck with the extraordinary capacity of this people, or, if such a word be admissible, their *capabilities*, the facility of their acquisitions, the rapidity of their conceptions, the fire of their genius, their sense of beauty, and, amidst all the disadvantages of repeated revolutions, the desolation of battles, and the despair of ages, their still unquenched "longing after immortality,"—the immortality of independence. And when we ourselves, in riding round the walls of Rome, heard the simple lament of the labourers' chorus, "Roma! Roma! Roma! Roma non è più come era prima," it was difficult not to contrast this melancholy dirge with the bacchanal roar of the songs of exultation still yelled from the London taverns, over the carnage of Mont St. Jean, and the betrayal of Genoa,

of Italy, of France, and of the world, by men whose conduct you yourself have exposed in a work worthy of the better days of our history. For me,—

> "Non movero mai corda
> Ove la turba di sue ciance assorda."

What Italy has gained by the late transfer of nations, it were useless for Englishmen to inquire, till it becomes ascertained that England has acquired something more than a permanent army and a suspended Habeas Corpus; it is enough for them to look at home. For what they have done abroad, and especially in the South, "verily they *will have* their reward," and at no very distant period.

Wishing you, my dear Hobhouse, a safe and agreeable return to that country whose real welfare can be dearer to none than to yourself, I dedicate to you this poem in its completed state; and repeat once more how truly I am ever

Your obliged and affectionate friend,

BYRON.

VENICE, January 2, 1818.

I.

I STOOD in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs; (1)
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles!

II.

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean, (2)
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers:
And such she was;—her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deem'd their dignity increased.

III.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more, (3)
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear:
Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here.
States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

(1) See Historical Notes, at the end of this Canto, No. I. —L. E.

(2) An old writer, describing the appearance of Venice, has made use of the above image, which would not be poetical were it not true:—"Quo fit ut qui superne urbem contempletur, turritam telluris imaginem medio oceano figuratam se putet inspicere."*

* *Marci Antonii Sabelli, de Venetæ Urbis Situ, Narratio*, edit. Taurin, 1527; lib. i. fol. 202.

IV.

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
Above the dogeless city's vanish'd sway;
Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto; (4) Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierre, can not be swept or worn away —
The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

V.

The beings of the mind are not of clay;
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray
And more beloved existence: that which Fate
Prohibits to dull life, in this our state
Of mortal bondage, by these spirits supplied
First exiles, then replaces what we hate;
Watering the heart whose early flowers have died,
And with a fresher growth replenishing the void.

VI.

Such is the refuge of our youth and age,
The first from hope, the last from vacancy;
And this worn feeling peoples many a page,
And, may be, that which grows beneath mine eye:
Yet there are things whose strong reality
Outshines our fairy-land; in shape and hues
More beautiful than our fantastic sky,
And the strange constellations which the Muse
O'er her wild universe is skilful to diffuse:

VII.

I saw or dream'd of such,—but let them go,—
They came like truth, and disappear'd like dreams;
And whatsoe'er they were—are now but so:
I could replace them if I would; still teems
My mind with many a form which aptly seems
Such as I sought for, and at moments found;
Let these too go—for waking Reason deems
Such over-weening fantasies unsound,
And other voices speak, and other sights surround.

VIII.

I've taught me other tongues—and in strange eyes
Have made me not a stranger; to the mind
Which is itself, no changes bring surprise;
Nor is it harsh to make, nor hard to find,
A country with—ay, or without mankind;
Yet was I born where men are proud to be,
Not without cause; and should I leave behind
The inviolate island of the sage and free,
And seek me out a home by a remoter sea?

IX.

Perhaps I loved it well; and should I lay
My ashes in a soil which is not mine,
My spirit shall resume it—if we may
Unbodied choose a sanctuary. I twine

(3) See Historical Notes, at the end of this Canto, No. II. —L. E.

(4) "The Rialto was called the Ripa Alta, or Riva Alta. The arch of this bridge, the largest in span in the city, connects the Rialto with other parts of Venice. On the island is the Exchange, where the merchants of this most celebrated commercial city met foreigners of every nation in correspondence with Venice, but principally Italians from other states of Italy, French, English, Spaniards, and Turks. The present bridge of the Rialto was commenced in 1588, and completed in three years." *Finden's Illustrations.*—P. E.

My hopes of being remember'd in my line
With my land's language: if too fond and far
These aspirations in their scope incline,—
If my fame should be, as my fortunes are,
Of hasty growth and blight, and dull Oblivion bar.

X.

My name from out the temple where the dead
Are honour'd by the nations—let it be—
And light the laurels on a loftier head!
And be the Spartan's epitaph on me—
"Sparta hath many a worthier son than he." (1)
Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need;
The thorns which I have reap'd are of the tree
I planted,—they have torn me,—and I bleed:
I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.

XI.

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord;
And, annual marriage now no more renew'd,
The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,
Neglected garment of her widowhood!
St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood, (2)
Stand, but in mockery of his wither'd power,
Over the proud Place where an emperor sued,
And monarchs gazed and envied, in the hour
When Venice was a queen with an unequall'd dower.

XII.

The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian reigns—(3)
An emperor tramples where an emperor knelt;
Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and chains
Clank over sceptred cities; nations melt
From power's high pinnacle, when they have felt
The sunshine for a while, and downward go
Like lauwine loosen'd from the mountain's belt:
Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo! (4)
The octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe.

XIII.

Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,
Their gilded collars glittering in the sun;
But is not Doria's menace come to pass? (5)
Are they not *bridled?*—Venice, lost and won,
Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,
Sinks, like a sea-weed, into whence she rose!
Better be whelm'd beneath the waves, and shun,
Even in destruction's depth, her foreign foes,
From whom submission wrings an infamous repose.

XIV.

In youth she was all glory,—a new Tyre,—
Her very by-word sprung from victory,
The "Planter of the Lion," (6) which through fire
And blood she bore o'er subject earth and sea;
Though making many slaves, herself still free,
And Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite;
Witness Troy's rival, Candia! Vouch it, ye
Immortal waves that saw Lepanto's fight!
For ye are names no time nor tyranny can blight.

(1) The answer of the mother of Brasidas, the Lacedæmonian general, to the strangers who praised the memory of her son.

(2, 3, 4, 5) See Historical Notes, at the end of this Canto, Nos. III. IV. V. VI.—L. E.

(6) That is, the Lion of St. Mark, the standard of the republic, which is the origin of the word Pantaloon—Piantaleone, Pantaleon, Pantaloon.

XV.

Statues of glass—all shiver'd—the long file
Of her dead doges are declined to dust;
But where they dwelt, the vast and sumptuous pile
Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid trust;
Their sceptre broken, and their sword in rust,
Have yielded to the stranger: empty halls,
Thin streets, and foreign aspects, such as must
Too oft remind her who and what enthrals, (7)
Have flung a desolate cloud o'er Venice' lovely walls.

XVI.

When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,
And fetter'd thousands bore the yoke of war,
Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse, (8)
Her voice their only ransom from afar:
See! as they chant the tragic hymn, the car
Of the o'ermaster'd victor stops, the reins
Fall from his hands—his idle scimitar
Starts from its belt—he rends his captive's chains,
And bids him thank the bard for freedom and his strains.

XVII.

Thus, Venice, if no stronger claim were thine,
Were all thy proud historic deeds forgot,
Thy choral memory of the Bard divine,
Thy love of Tasso, should have cut the knot
Which ties thee to thy tyrants; and thy lot
Is shameful to the nations,—most of all,
Albion! to thee: the Ocean queen should not
Abandon Ocean's children; in the fall
Of Venice think of thine, despite thy watery wall.

XVIII.

I loved her from my boyhood—she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water-columns from the sea,
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;
And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakspeare's art, (9)
Had stamp'd her image in me, and even so,
Although I found her thus, we did not part,
Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,
Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a show.

XIX.

I can repeople with the past—and of
The present there is still for eye and thought,
And meditation chasten'd down, enough;
And more, it may be, than I hoped or sought;
And of the happiest moments which were wrought
Within the web of my existence, some
From thee, fair Venice! have their colours caught:
There are some feelings Time cannot benumb,
Nor Torture shake, or mine would now be cold and dumb.

XX.

But from their nature will the tannen grow (10)
Loftiest on loftiest and least shelter'd rocks,
Rooted in barrenness, where nought below
Of soil supports them 'gainst the Alpine shocks

(7) See Historical Notes, at the end of this Canto, No. VII.—L. E.

(8) The story is told in Plutarch's Life of Nicias.

(9) *Venice Preserved; Mysteries of Udolpho; the Ghost-Seer, or Armenian; the Merchant of Venice; Othello.*

(10) *Tannen* is the plural of *tanne*, a species of fir peculiar to the Alps, which only thrives in very rocky parts, where scarcely soil sufficient for its nourishment can be found. On

Of eddying storms; yet springs the trunk, and mocks
The howling tempest, till its height and frame
Are worthy of the mountains from whose blocks
Of bleak grey granite into life it came,
And grew a giant tree;—the mind may grow the same.

XXI.

Existence may be borne, and the deep root
Of life and sufferance make its firm abode
In bare and desolated bosoms: mute
The camel labours with the heaviest load,
And the wolf dies in silence,—not bestow'd
In vain should such example be; if they,
Things of ignoble or of savage mood,
Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay
May temper it to bear,—it is but for a day.

XXII.

All suffering doth destroy, or is destroy'd,
Even by the sufferer; and, in each event,
Ends:—Some, with hope replenish'd and rebuoy'd,
Return to whence they came—with like intent,
And weave their web again; some, bow'd and bent,
Wax grey and ghastly, withering ere their time,
And perish with the reed on which they leant;
Some seek devotion, toil, war, good or crime,
According as their souls were form'd to sink or climb.

XXIII.

But ever and anon of griefs subdued
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued;
And slight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside for ever: it may be a sound—
A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring—
A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound;

XXIV.

And how and why we know not, nor can trace
Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,
But feel the shock renew'd, nor can efface
The blight and blackening which it leaves behind,
Which out of things familiar, undesign'd,
When least we deem of such, calls up to view
The spectres whom no exorcism can bind,
The cold, the changed, perchance the dead, anew,
The mourn'd, the loved, the lost—too many!—yet how few!

XXV.

But my soul wanders; I demand it back
To meditate amongst decay, and stand
A ruin amidst ruins; there to track
Fall'n states and buried greatness, o'er a land
Which *was* the mightiest in its old command,
And *is* the loveliest, and must ever be
The master-mould of Nature's heavenly hand,
Wherein were cast the heroic and the free,
The beautiful, the brave—the lords of earth and sea,

XXVI.

The commonwealth of kings, the men of Rome!
And even since, and now, fair Italy!
Thou art the garden of the world, the home
Of all Art yields, and Nature (1) can decree;
Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
More rich than other climes' fertility;
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced.

XXVII.

The moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains; Heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
Melted to one vast Iris of the West,
Where the Day joins the past Eternity;
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest! (2)

XXVIII.

A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rhætian hill,
As Day and Night contending were, until
Nature reclaim'd her order:—gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd within it glows,

XXIX.

Fill'd with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse:
And now they change; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'t is gone—and all is grey.

XXX.

There is a tomb in Arqua;—rear'd in air,
Pillar'd in their sarcophagus, repose
The bones of Laura's lover: here repair
Many familiar with his well-sung woes,

these spots it grows to a greater height than any other mountain-tree.

(1) "The whole of this canto is rich in description of Nature. The love of Nature now appears as a distinct passion in Byron's mind. It is a love that does not rest in beholding, nor is satisfied with describing, what is before him. It has a power and being, blending itself with the poet's very life. Though Byron had, with his real eyes, perhaps, seen more of Nature than ever was before permitted to any great poet, yet he never before seemed to open his whole heart to her genial impulses. But in this he is changed; and in the third and fourth Cantos of *Childe Harold*, he will stand a comparison with the best descriptive poets, in this age of descriptive poetry." *Professor Wilson.*—L. E.

(2) The above description may seem fantastical or exaggerated to those who have never seen an Oriental or an Italian sky, yet it is but a literal and hardly sufficient delineation of an August evening (the eighteenth), as contemplated in one of many rides along the banks of the Brenta, near La Mira.

The pilgrims of his genius. He arose
To raise a language, and his land reclaim
From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes:
Watering the tree which bears his lady's name (1)
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame.

XXXI.

They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died; (2)
The mountain-village where his latter days
Went down the vale of years; and 't is their pride—
An honest pride—and let it be their praise,
To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
His mansion and his sepulchre; both plain
And venerably simple, such as raise
A feeling more accordant with his strain
Than if a pyramid form'd his monumental fane.

XXXII.

And the soft quiet hamlet where he dwelt (3)
Is one of that complexion which seems made
For those who their mortality have felt,
And sought a refuge from their hopes decay'd
In the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade,
Which shows a distant prospect far away
Of busy cities, now in vain display'd,
For they can lure no further; and the ray
Of a bright sun can make sufficient holiday.

XXXIII.

Developing the mountains, leaves, and flowers,
And shining in the brawling brook, where-by,
Clear as its current, glide the sauntering hours
With a calm languor, which, though to the eye
Idlesse it seem, hath its morality.
If from society we learn to live,
'T is solitude should teach us how to die;
It hath no flatterers; vanity can give
No hollow aid; alone—man with his God must strive:

XXXIV.

Or, it may be, with demons, who impair (4)
The strength of better thoughts, and seek their prey
In melancholy bosoms, such as were
Of moody texture from their earliest day,
And loved to dwell in darkness and dismay,
Deeming themselves predestined to a doom
Which is not of the pangs that pass away;
Making the sun like blood, the earth a tomb,
The tomb a hell, and hell itself a murkier gloom.

XXXV.

Ferrara! (5) in thy wide and grass-grown streets,
Whose symmetry was not for solitude,
There seems as 't were a curse upon the seats
Of former sovereigns, and the antique brood
Of Este, which for many an age made good
Its strength within thy walls, and was of yore
Patron or tyrant, as the changing mood
Of petty power impell'd, of those who wore
The wreath which Dante's brow alone had worn before.

XXXVI.

And Tasso is their glory and their shame:
Hark to his strain! and then survey his cell!
And see how dearly earn'd Torquato's fame,
And where Alfonso bade his poet dwell!
The miserable despot could not quell
The insulted mind he sought to quench, and blend
With the surrounding maniacs, in the hell
Where he had plunged it. Glory without end
Scatter'd the clouds away—and on that name attend

XXXVII.

The tears and praises of all time; while thine
Would rot in its oblivion—in the sink
Of worthless dust, which from thy boasted line
Is shaken into nothing; but the link
Thou formest in his fortunes bids us think
Of thy poor malice, naming thee with scorn—
Alfonso! how thy ducal pageants shrink
From thee! if in another station born,
Scarce fit to be the slave of him thou madest to mourn:

XXXVIII.

Thou! form'd to eat, and be despised, and die,
Even as the beasts that perish, save that thou
Hadst a more splendid trough and wider sty:
He! with a glory round his furrow'd brow,

(1, 2) See Historical Notes, at the end of this Canto, Nos. VIII. and IX.—L. E.

(3) ——————"Half way up
He built his house, whence as by stealth he caught
Among the hills a glimpse of busy life,
That soothed, not stirr'd."

"I have built, among the Euganean hills, a small house, decent and proper; in which I hope to pass the rest of my days, thinking always of my dead or absent friends." Among those still living was Boccaccio, who is thus mentioned by him in his will:—"To Don Giovanni of Certaldo, for a winter gown at his evening studies, I leave fifty golden florins; truly, little enough for so great a man." When the Venetians overran the country, Petrarch prepared for flight. "Write your name over your door," said one of his friends, "and you will be safe." "I am not sure of that," replied Petrarch, and fled with his books to Padua. His books he left to the republic of Venice, laying, as it were, a foundation for the library of St. Mark; but they exist no longer. His legacy to Francis Carrara, a Madonna painted by Giotto, is still preserved in the Cathedral of Padua." *Rogers.*—L. E.

(4) The struggle is to the full as likely to be with demons as with our better thoughts. Satan chose the wilderness for the temptation of our Saviour. And our unsullied John Locke preferred the presence of a child to complete solitude.

(5) In April, 1817, Lord Byron visited Ferrara, and went over the castle, cell, etc., and wrote, a few days after, the *Lament of Tasso.*—"One of the Ferrarese asked me," he says, in a letter to a friend, "if I knew 'Lord Byron,' an acquaintance of his, *now* at Naples. I told him 'No!' which was true both ways, for I knew not the impostor; and, in the other, no one knows himself. He stared, when told that I was the real Simon Pure! Another asked me, if I had not translated *Tasso.* You see what fame is! how accurate! how boundless! I don't know how others feel, but I am always the lighter and the better looked on when I have got rid of mine. It sits on me like armour on the Lord Mayor's champion; and I got rid of all the husk of literature, and the attendant bubble, by answering that I had not translated *Tasso*, but a namesake had; and, by the blessing of Heaven, I looked so little like a poet, that every body believed me." *B. Letters.*—L. E.

Ferrara is supposed to occupy the site of *Forum Allieni*, which, contracted to *Forum Arrii*, would easily pass into its present name. The modern city dates its foundation from the fifth century. Hazlitt, in his *Notes of a Journey through France and Italy*, calls Ferrara "the ideal of an Italian city, once great, now a shadow of itself; a classic vestige of antiquity drooping into peaceful decay—a sylvan suburb—

'Where buttress, wall, and tower
Seem fading fast away
From human thoughts and purposes,
To yield to some transforming power,
And blend with the surrounding trees.'"—P. E.

Which emanated then, and dazzles now,
In face of all his foes, the Cruscan quire,
And Boileau, whose rash envy could allow (1)
No strain which shamed his country's creaking lyre,
That whetstone of the teeth—monotony in wire!

XXXIX.

Peace to Torquato's injured shade! 'twas his
In life and death to be the mark where Wrong
Aim'd with her poison'd arrows, but to miss.
Oh, victor unsurpass'd in modern song!
Each year brings forth its millions; but how long
The tide of generations shall roll on,
And not the whole combined and countless throng
Compose a mind like thine? though all in one [sun.
Condensed their scatter'd rays, they would not form a

XL.

Great as thou art, yet parallel'd by those,
Thy countrymen, before thee born to shine,
The Bards of Hell and Chivalry: first rose
The Tuscan father's comedy divine;
Then, not unequal to the Florentine,
The southern Scott, (2) the minstrel who call'd forth
A new creation with his magic line,
And, like the Ariosto of the North, (3)
Sang ladye-love and war, romance and knightly worth.

XLI.

The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust (4)
The iron crown of laurel's mimick'd leaves;
Nor was the ominous element unjust,
For the true laurel-wreath which Glory weaves
Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves, (5)
And the false semblance but disgraced his brow;
Yet still, if fondly Superstition grieves,
Know, that the lightning sanctifies below (6)
Whate'er it strikes;—you head is doubly sacred now.

XLII.

Italia! oh Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty, which became
A funeral dower of present woes and past,
On thy sweet brow is sorrow plough'd by shame,
And annals graved in characters of flame.
Oh, God! that thou wert in thy nakedness
Less lovely or more powerful, and couldst claim
Thy right, and awe the robbers back, who press
To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy distress;

XLIII.

Then might'st thou more appal; or, less desired,
Be homely and be peaceful, undeplored
For thy destructive charms; then, still untired,
Would not be seen the armed torrents pour'd
Down the deep Alps; nor would the hostile horde
Of many-nation'd spoilers from the Po
Quaff blood and water; nor the stranger's sword
Be thy sad weapon of defence, and so,
Victor or vanquish'd, thou the slave of friend or foe. (7)

XLIV.

Wandering in youth, I traced the path of him, (8)
The Roman friend of Rome's least-mortal mind,
The friend of Tully: as my bark did skim
The bright blue waters with a fanning wind,
Came Megara before me, and behind
Ægina lay, Piræus on the right,
And Corinth on the left; I lay reclined
Along the prow, and saw all these unite
In ruin, even as he had seen the desolate sight;

XLV.

For time hath not rebuilt them, but uprear'd
Barbaric dwellings on their shatter'd site,
Which only make more mourn'd and more endear'd
The few last rays of their far-scatter'd light,
And the crush'd relics of their vanish'd might.
The Roman saw these tombs in his own age,
These sepulchres of cities, which excite
Sad wonder, and his yet surviving page
The moral lesson bears, drawn from such pilgrimage.

XLVI.

That page is now before me, and on mine
His country's ruin added to the mass
Of perish'd states he mourn'd in their decline,
And I in desolation: all that *was*
Of then destruction *is;* and now, alas!
Rome—Rome imperial, bows her to the storm,
In the same dust and blackness, and we pass
The skeleton of her Titanic form, (9)
Wrecks of another world, whose ashes still are warm.

(1) See Notes, at the end of this Canto, No. X.—L. E.

(2) "Scott," says Lord Byron, in his MS. *Diary*, for 1821, "is certainly the most wonderful writer of the day. His novels are a new literature in themselves, and his poetry as good as any—if not better (only on an erroneous system),—and only ceased to be so popular, because the vulgar were tired of hearing 'Aristides called the Just,' and Scott the Best, and ostracised him. I know no reading to which I fall with such alacrity as a work of his. I love him, too, for his manliness of character, for the extreme pleasantness of his conversation, and his good-nature towards myself, personally. May he prosper! for he deserves it." In a letter, written to Sir Walter, from Pisa, in 1822, he says—"I owe to you far more than the usual obligation for the courtesies of literature and common friendship; for you went out of your way, in 1817, to do me a service, when it required not merely kindness, but courage, to do so; to have been recorded by you in such a manner, would have been a proud memorial at any time, but at such a time, when 'All the world and his wife,' as the proverb goes, were trying to trample upon me, was something still higher to my self-esteem. Had it been a common criticism, however eloquent or panegyrical, I should have felt pleased and grateful, but not to the extent which the extraordinary good-heartedness of the whole proceeding must induce in any mind capable of such sensations."—L. E.

(3) "I do not know whether Scott will like it, but I have called him the '*Ariosto* of the North' in my text. If he should not, say so in time." *Lord B. to Mr. Murray*, La Mira, near Venice, August, 1817.—P. E.

(4, 5, 6) See Historical Notes, at the end of this Canto, Nos. XI. XII. XIII.—L. E.

(7) The two stanzas xlii. and xliii. are, with the exception of a line or two, a translation of the famous sonnet of Filicaja:—"Italia, Italia, O tu cui feo la sorte!"

(8) The celebrated letter of Servius Sulpicius to Cicero, on the death of his daughter, describes as it then was, and now is, a path which I often traced in Greece, both by sea and land, in different journeys and voyages:—"On my return from Asia, as I was sailing from Ægina towards Megara, I began to contemplate the prospect of the countries around me: Ægina was behind, Megara before me; Piræus on the right, Corinth on the left: all which towns, once famous and flourishing, now lie overturned and buried in their ruins. Upon this sight, I could not but think presently within myself, Alas! how do we poor mortals fret and vex ourselves if any of our friends happen to die or be killed, whose life is yet so short, when the carcasses of so many noble cities lie here exposed before me in one view."—See *Middleton's Cicero*, vol. ii. p. 371.

(9) It is Poggio, who, looking from the Capitoline hill upon ruined Rome, breaks forth into the exclamation, "Ut

XLVII.

Yet, Italy! through every other land
Thy wrongs should ring, and shall, from side to side;
Mother of arts! as once of arms; thy hand
Was then our guardian, and is still our guide;
Parent of our religion! whom the wide
Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven!
Europe, repentant of her parricide,
Shall yet redeem thee, and, all backward driven,
Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven.

XLVIII.

But Arno wins us to the fair white walls,
Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps
A softer feeling for her fairy halls.
Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps
Her corn, and wine, and oil, and Plenty leaps
To laughing life, with her redundant horn.
Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps
Was modern Luxury of Commerce born,
And buried Learning rose, redeem'd to a new morn.

XLIX.

There, too, the Goddess loves in stone, and fills (1)
The air around with beauty; we inhale
The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld, instils
Part of its immortality; the veil
Of heaven is half undrawn; within the pale
We stand, and in that form and face behold
What mind can make, when Nature's self would fail;
And to the fond idolaters of old
Envy the innate flash which such a soul could mould:

L.

We gaze and turn away, and know not where,
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart (2)
Reels with its fulness; there—for ever there—
Chain'd to the chariot of triumphal Art,
We stand as captives, and would not depart.
Away!—there need no words, nor terms precise,
The paltry jargon of the marble mart,
Where Pedantry gulls Folly—we have eyes:
Blood—pulse—and breast, confirm the Dardan Shepherd's prize.

LI.

Appear'dst thou not to Paris in this guise?
Or to more deeply blest Anchises? or,
In all thy perfect goddess-ship, when lies
Before thee thy own vanquish'd Lord of War?
And gazing in thy face as toward a star,
Laid on thy lap, his eyes to thee upturn,
Feeding on thy sweet cheek! (3) while thy lips are
With lava kisses melting while they burn,
Shower'd on his eyelids, brow, and mouth, as from an urn! (4)

LII.

Glowing, and circumfused in speechless love,
Their full divinity inadequate
That feeling to express, or to improve,
The gods become as mortals, and man's fate
Has moments like their brightest; but the weight
Of earth recoils upon us;—let it go!
We can recall such visions, and create,
From what has been, or might be, things which grow
Into thy statue's form, and look like gods below.

LIII.

I leave to learned fingers, and wise hands,
The artist and his ape, (5) to teach and tell

nunc omni decore nudata, prostrata jacet, instar gigantei cadaveris corrupti atque undique exesi."*

(1) See Historical Notes, at the end of this Canto, No. XIV.—L. E.

(2) In 1817, the poet visited Florence, on his way to Rome. "I remained," he says, "*but a day:* however, I went to the two galleries, from which one returns *drunk with beauty*. The Venus is more for admiration than love; but there are sculpture and painting, which, for the first time, at all gave me an idea of what people mean by their cant about those two most artificial of the arts. What struck me most were, the mistress of Raphael, a portrait; the mistress of Titian, a portrait; a Venus of Titian in the Medici Gallery; *the* Venus; Canova's Venus, also, in the other gallery: Titian's mistress is also in the other gallery (that is, in the Pitti Palace gallery); the Parcæ of Michael Angelo, a picture; and the Antinous, the Alexander, and one or two not very decent groups in marble; the Genius of Death, a sleeping figure, etc. etc. I also went to the Medici chapel. Fine frippery in great slabs of various expensive stones, to commemorate fifty rotten and forgotten carcasses. It is unfinished, and will remain so." We find the following note of a second visit to the galleries in 1821, accompanied by the author of *The Pleasures of Memory*:—"My former impressions were confirmed; but there were too many visitors to allow me to *feel* any thing properly. When we were (about thirty or forty) all stuffed into the cabinet of gems and knick-knackeries, in a corner of one of the galleries, I told Rogers that 'it felt like being in the watch-house.' I heard one bold Briton declare to the woman on his arm, looking at the Venus of Titian, 'Well, now, that is really very fine indeed!'—an observation which, like that of the landlord in *Joseph Andrews*, on 'the certainty of death,' was (as the landlord's wife observed) 'extremely true.' In the Pitti Palace, I did not omit Goldsmith's prescription for a connoisseur, viz. 'that the pictures would have been better if the painter had taken more pains, and to praise the works of Peter Perugino.'"—L. E.

(3) Ὀφθαλμοὺς ἐστάλον.
"Atque oculos pascat uterque suos."—*Ovid. Amor.* lib. ii.

(4) "The delight with which the pilgrim contemplates the ancient Greek statues at Florence, and afterwards at Rome, is such as might have been expected from any great poet, whose youthful mind had, like his, been imbued with those classical ideas and associations which afford so many sources of pleasure, through every period of life. He has gazed upon these masterpieces of art with a more susceptible, and, in spite of his disavowal, with a more learned eye, than can be traced in the effusions of any poet who had previously expressed, in any formal manner, his admiration of their beauty. It may appear fanciful to say so;—but we think the genius of Byron is, more than that of any other modern poet, akin to that peculiar genius which seems to have been diffused among all the poets and artists of ancient Greece; and in whose spirit, above all its other wonders, the great specimens of sculpture seem to have been conceived and executed. His creations, whether of beauty or of strength, are all single creations. He requires no grouping to give effect to his favourites, or to tell his story. His heroines are solitary symbols of loveliness, which require no foil; his heroes stand alone as upon marble pedestals, displaying the naked power of passion, or the wrapped up and reposing energy of grief. The artist who would illustrate, as it is called, the works of any of our other poets, must borrow the mimic splendours of the pencil. He who would transfer into another vehicle the spirit of Byron, must pour the liquid metal, or hew the stubborn rock. What he loses in ease he will gain in power. He might draw from Medora, Gulnare, Lara, or Manfred, subjects for relievos, worthy of enthusiasm almost as great as Harold has himself displayed on the contemplation of the loveliest and the sternest relics of the inimitable genius of the Greeks."—*Wilson.*—L. E.

(5) Only a week before the poet visited the Florence gallery, he wrote thus to a friend:—"I know nothing of painting. Depend upon it, of all the arts, it is the most artificial and

* *De Fortunæ varietate Urbis Romæ, et de Ruinis ejusdem Descriptio, ap Sallengre, Thesaur.* tom. i., p. 201.

How well his connoisseurship understands
The graceful bend, and the voluptuous swell:
Let these describe the undescribable:
I would not their vile breath should crisp the stream
Wherein that image shall for ever dwell;
The unruffled mirror of the loveliest dream
That ever left the sky on the deep soul to beam.

LIV.

In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie (1)
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
Even in itself an immortality,
Though there were nothing save the past, and this,
The particle of those sublimities
Which have relapsed to chaos:—here repose
Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his, (2)
The starry Galileo, with his woes;
Here Machiavelli's earth return'd to whence it rose. (3)

LV.

These are four minds which, like the elements,
Might furnish forth creation;—Italy!
Time, which hath wrong'd thee with ten thousand rents
Of thine imperial garment, shall deny,
And hath denied, to every other sky,
Spirits which soar from ruin:—thy decay
Is still impregnate with divinity,
Which gilds it with revivifying ray;
Such as the great of yore, Canova is to-day.

LVI.

But where repose the all-Etruscan three—
Dante, and Petrarch, and, scarce less than they,
The Bard of Prose, creative spirit! he
Of the Hundred Tales of love—where did they lay
Their bones, distinguish'd from our common clay
In death as life? Are they resolved to dust,
And have their country's marbles nought to say?
Could not her quarries furnish forth one bust?
Did they not to her breast their filial earth intrust?

LVII.

Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar, (4)
Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore; (5)
Thy factions, in their worse than civil war,
Proscribed the bard whose name for evermore
Their children's children would in vain adore
With the remorse of ages; and the crown (6)
Which Petrarch's laureate brow supremely wore,
Upon a far and foreign soil had grown,
His life, his fame, his grave, though rifled—not thine own.

LVIII.

Boccaccio to his parent earth bequeath'd (7)
His dust,—and lies it not her great among,
With many a sweet and solemn requiem breathed
O'er him who form'd the Tuscan's siren tongue?
That music in itself, whose sounds are song,
The poetry of speech? No;—even his tomb
Uptorn, must bear the hyæna bigot's wrong,
No more amidst the meaner dead find room,
Nor claim a passing sigh, because it told for *whom!*

LIX.

And Santa Croce wants their mighty dust;
Yet for this want more noted, as of yore
The Cæsar's pageant, shorn of Brutus' bust,
Did but of Rome's best son remind her more:
Happier Ravenna! on thy hoary shore,
Fortress of falling empire! honour'd sleeps
The immortal exile;—Arqua, too, her store
Of tuneful relics proudly claims and keeps,
While Florence vainly begs her banish'd dead and weeps.

LX.

What is her pyramid of precious stones? (8)
Of porphyry, jasper, agate, and all hues
Of gem and marble, to encrust the bones
Of merchant-dukes? the momentary dews
Which, sparkling to the twilight stars, infuse
Freshness in the green turf that wraps the dead,
Whose names are mausoleums of the Muse,
Are gently press'd with far more reverent tread
Than ever paced the slab which paves the princely head.

LXI.

There be more things to greet the heart and eyes
In Arno's dome of Art's most princely shrine,
Where Sculpture with her rainbow sister vies;
There be more marvels yet—but not for mine;
For I have been accustom'd to entwine
My thoughts with Nature rather in the fields,
Than Art in galleries: though a work divine
Calls for my spirit's homage, yet it yields
Less than it feels, because the weapon which it wields

LXII.

Is of another temper, and I roam
By Thrasimene's lake, in the defiles
Fatal to Roman rashness, more at home;
For there the Carthaginian's warlike wiles
Come back before me, as his skill beguiles
The host between the mountains and the shore,
Where Courage falls in her despairing files,
And torrents, swoll'n to rivers with their gore,
Reek through the sultry plain, with legions scatter'd o'er,

LXIII.

Like to a forest fell'd by mountain winds;
And such the storm of battle on this day,
And such the frenzy, whose convulsion blinds
To all save carnage, that, beneath the fray,

unnatural, and that by which the nonsense of mankind is most imposed upon. I never yet saw the picture or the statue which came a league within my conception or expectation; but I have seen many mountains, and seas, and rivers, and views, and two or three women, who went as far beyond it." *B. Letters.*—L. E.

(1, 2, 3) See Historical Notes, at the end of this Canto, Nos. XV. XVI. XVII.—"The church of Santa Croce contains much illustrious nothing. The tombs of Machiavelli, Michael Angelo, Galileo, and Alfieri, make it the Westminster Abbey of Italy. I did not admire any of these tombs—beyond their contents. That of Alfieri is heavy; and all of them seem to me overloaded. What is necessary but a bust and name? and perhaps a date? the last for the unchronological, of whom I am one. But all your allegory and eulogy is infernal, and worse than the long wigs of English numskulls upon Roman bodies, in the statuary of the reigns of Charles the Second, William, and Anne." *B. Letters*, 1817.—L. E.

(4, 5, 6, 7) See Historical Notes, at the end of this Canto, Nos. XVIII. XIX. XX. and XXI.—L. E.

(8) See Historical Notes, at the end of this Canto, No. XXII.—L. E.

An earthquake reel'd unheededly away! (1)
None felt stern Nature rocking at his feet,
And yawning forth a grave for those who lay
Upon their bucklers for a winding-sheet; [meet!
Such is the absorbing hate when warring nations

LXIV.

The earth to them was as a rolling bark
Which bore them to Eternity; they saw
The ocean round, but had no time to mark
The motions of their vessel; Nature's law,
In them suspended, reck'd not of the awe [birds
Which reigns when mountains tremble, and the
Plunge in the clouds for refuge, and withdraw
From their down-toppling nests; and bellowing herds
Stumble o'er heaving plains, and man's dread hath no words.

LXV.

Far other scene is Thrasimene now;
Her lake a sheet of silver, and her plain
Rent by no ravage save the gentle plough;
Her aged trees rise thick as once the slain
Lay where their roots are; but a brook hath ta'en—
A little rill of scanty stream and bed—
A name of blood from that day's sanguine rain;
And Sanguinetto tells ye where the dead [red. (2)
Made the earth wet, and turn'd the unwilling waters

LXVI.

But thou, Clitumnus! in thy sweetest wave (3)
Of the most living crystal that was e'er
The haunt of river nymph, to gaze and lave
Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost rear
Thy grassy banks whereon the milk-white steer
Grazes; the purest god of gentle waters!
And most serene of aspect, and most clear;
Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughters—
A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters!

LXVII.

And on thy happy shore a temple (4) still,
Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,
Upon a mild declivity of hill,
Its memory of thee; beneath it sweeps
Thy current's calmness; oft from out it leaps
The finny darter with the glittering scales,
Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps;
While, chance, some scatter'd water-lily sails
Down where the shallower wave still tells its bubbling tales.

LXVIII.

Pass not unblest the Genius of the place!
If through the air a zephyr more serene
Win to the brow, 'tis his; and if ye trace
Along his margin a more eloquent green,
If on the heart the freshness of the scene
Sprinkle its coolness, and from the dry dust
Of weary life a moment lave it clean
With Nature's baptism,—'tis to him ye must
Pay orisons for this suspension of disgust. (5)

LXIX.

The roar of waters!—from the headlong height
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;
The fall of waters! rapid as the light
The flashing mass foams, shaking the abyss;
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,

LXX.

And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald:—how profound
The gulf! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent

LXXI.

To the broad column which rolls on, and shows
More like the fountain of an infant sea
Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
Of a new world, than only thus to be

(1) See Historical Notes, at the end of this Canto, No. XXIII.—An earthquake, which shook all Italy, occurred during the battle, and was unfelt by any of the combatants. —L. E.

(2) "The lovely peaceful mirror reflected the mountains of Monte Pulciano, and the wild fowl skimming its ample surface touched the waters with their rapid wings, leaving circles and trains of light to glitter in grey repose. As we moved along, one set of interesting features yielded to another, and every change excited new delight. Yet, was it not among these tranquil scenes that Hannibal and Flaminius met? Was not the blush of blood upon the silver lake of Thrasimene?" *H. W. Williams.*—L. E.

(3) No book of travels has omitted to expatiate on the temple of the Clitumnus, between Foligno and Spoleto; and no site, or scenery, even in Italy, is more worthy a description. For an account of the dilapidation of this temple, the reader is referred to *Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold*, p. 35.

(4) "This pretty little gem stands on the acclivity of a bank overlooking its crystal waters, which have their source at the distance of some hundred yards towards Spoleto. The temple, fronting the river, is of an oblong form, in the Corinthian order. Four columns support the pediment, the shafts of which are covered in spiral lines, and in forms to represent the scales of fishes: the bases, too, are richly sculptured. Within the building is a chapel, the walls of which are covered with many hundred names; but we saw none which we could recognise as British. Can it be that this classical temple is seldom visited by our countrymen, though celebrated by Dryden and Addison? To future travellers from Britain it will surely be rendered interesting by the beautiful lines of Lord Byron, flowing as sweetly as the lovely stream which they describe." *H. W. Williams.*—L. E.

(5) "Perhaps there are no verses in our language of happier descriptive power than the two stanzas which characterise the Clitumnus. In general poets find it so difficult to leave an interesting subject, that they injure the distinctness of the description by loading it so as to embarrass, rather than excite, the fancy of the reader; or else, to avoid that fault, they confine themselves to cold and abstract generalities. Byron has, in these stanzas, admirably steered his course betwixt these extremes: while they present the outlines of a picture as pure and as brilliant as those of Claude Lorraine, the task of filling up the more minute particulars is judiciously left to the imagination of the reader; and it must be dull indeed if it does not supply what the poet has left unsaid, or but generally and briefly intimated. While the eye glances over the lines, we seem to feel the refreshing coolness of the scene—we hear the bubbling tale of the more rapid streams, and see the slender proportions of the rural temple reflected in the crystal depth of the calm pool." *Bishop Heber.*—L. E.

Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly, [back!
With many windings, through the vale.—Look
Lo! where it comes like an eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its track,
Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract, (1)

LXXII.

Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge, (2)
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn:
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.

LXXIII.

Once more upon the woody Apennine,
The infant Alps, which—had I not before
Gazed on their mightier parents, where the pine
Sits on more shaggy summits, and where roar (3)
The thundering lauwine—might be worshipp'd more;
But I have seen the soaring Jungfrau rear
Her never-trodden snow, and seen the hoar
Glaciers of bleak Mont Blanc both far and near,
And in Chimari heard the thunder-hills of fear,

LXXIV.

The Acroceraunian mountains of old name;
And on Parnassus seen the eagles fly
Like spirits of the spot, as 't were for fame,
For still they soar'd unutterably high:
I've look'd on Ida with a Trojan's eye;
Athos, Olympus, Ætna, Atlas, made
These hills seem things of lesser dignity,
All, save the lone Soracte's heights display'd
Not *now* in snow, which asks the lyric Roman's aid

LXXV.

For our remembrance, and from out the plain
Heaves like a long-swept wave about to break,
And on the curl hangs pausing: not in vain
May he, who will, his recollections rake
And quote in classic raptures, and awake
The hills with Latian echoes; I abhorr'd
Too much, to conquer for the poet's sake,
The drill'd dull lesson, forced down word by word (4)
In my repugnant youth, with pleasure to record

LXXVI.

Aught that recalls the daily drug which turn'd
My sickening memory; and, though Time hath taught
My mind to meditate what then it learn'd,
Yet such the fix'd inveteracy wrought
By the impatience of my early thought,
That, with the freshness wearing out before
My mind could relish what it might have sought,
If free to choose, I cannot now restore
Its health; but what it then detested, still abhor.

LXXVII.

Then farewell, Horace; whom I hated so,
Not for thy faults, but mine; it is a curse
To understand, not feel, thy lyric flow,
To comprehend but never love thy verse, (5)

(1) I saw the "Cascata del Marmore" of Terni twice, at different periods; once from the summit of the precipice, and again from the valley below. The lower view is far to be preferred, if the traveller has time for one only; but in any point of view, either from above or below, it is worth all the cascades and torrents of Switzerland put together: the Staubach, Reichenbach, Pisse Vache, fall of Arpenaz, etc. are rills in comparative appearance. Of the fall of Schaffhausen I cannot speak, not yet having seen it.

["The stunning sound, the mist, uncertainty, and tremendous depth, bewildered the senses for a time, and the eye had little rest from the impetuous and hurrying waters, to search into the mysterious and whitened gulf, which presented, through a cloud of spray, the apparitions, as it were, of rocks and overhanging wood. The wind, however, would sometimes remove for an instant this misty veil, and display such a scene of havoc as appalled the soul." *H. W. Williams.*—L. E.]

(2) Of the time, place, and qualities of this kind of iris, the reader will see a short account, in a note to *Manfred*. The fall looks so much like "the hell of waters," that Addison thought the descent alluded to be the gulf in which Alecto plunged into the infernal regions. It is singular enough, that two of the finest cascades in Europe should be artificial—this of the Velino, and the one at Tivoli. The traveller is strongly recommended to trace the Velino, at least as high as the little lake, called *Pie' di Lup*. The Reatine territory was the Italian Tempe,* and the ancient naturalists, among other beautiful varieties, remarked the daily rainbows of the lake Velinus.† A scholar of great name has devoted a treatise to this district alone.§

(3) In the greater part of Switzerland, the avalanches are known by the name of lauwine.

* "Reatini me ad sua Tempe duxerunt."—*Cicer. Epist. ad Attic.* xv. lib. iv.

† "In eodem lacu nullo non die apparere arcus."—*Plin. Hist. Nat.* lib. ii. cap. lxii.

§ *Ant. Manut. de Reatina Urbe Agroque, ap. Sallengre. Thesaur,* tom. i. p. 773.

(4) These stanzas may probably remind the reader of Ensign Northerton's remarks: "D—n Homo," etc.; but the reasons for our dislike are not exactly the same. I wish to express, that we become tired of the task before we can comprehend the beauty; that we learn by rote before we can get by heart; that the freshness is worn away, and the future pleasure and advantage deadened and destroyed, by the didactic anticipation, at an age when we can neither feel nor understand the power of compositions which it requires an acquaintance with life, as well as Latin and Greek, to relish or to reason upon. For the same reason, we never can be aware of the fulness of some of the finest passages of Shakspeare ("To be, or not to be," for instance), from the habit of having them hammered into us at eight years old, as an exercise, not of mind, but of memory: so that when we are old enough to enjoy them, the taste is gone, and the appetite palled. In some parts of the continent, young persons are taught from more common authors, and do not read the best classics till their maturity. I certainly do not speak on this point from any pique or aversion towards the place of my education. I was not a slow, though an idle, boy; and I believe no one could, or can be, more attached to Harrow than I have always been, and with reason;—a part of the time passed there was the happiest of my life; and my preceptor, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Drury, was the best and worthiest friend I ever possessed, whose warnings I have remembered but too well, though too late when I have erred, —and whose counsels I have but followed when I have done well or wisely. If ever this imperfect record of my feelings towards him should reach his eyes, let it remind him of one who never thinks of him but with gratitude and veneration—of one who would more gladly boast of having been his pupil, if, by more closely following his injunctions, he could reflect any honour upon his instructor. [See p. 35. —L. E.]

(5) Byron's prepossession against *Horace* is not without a parallel. "It was not," says Moore, "till released from the duty of reading *Virgil* as a task, that Gray could feel himself capable of enjoying the beauties of that poet."—P. E.

Although no deeper moralist rehearse
Our little life, nor bard prescribe his art,
Nor livelier satirist the conscience pierce,
Awakening without wounding the touch'd heart,
Yet fare thee well—upon Soracte's ridge we part.

LXXVIII.

Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Ye!
Whose agonies are evils of a day—
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

LXXIX.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,(1)
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her wither'd hands,
Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago;
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;(2)
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress.

LXXX.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climb'd the capitol; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:—
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, "here was, or is," where all is doubly night?

LXXXI.

The double night of ages, and of her,
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap
All round us; we but feel our way to err:
The ocean hath his chart, the stars their map,
And Knowledge spreads them on her ample lap;
But Rome is as the desert, where we steer
Stumbling o'er recollections; now we clap
Our hands, and cry "Eureka!" it is clear—
When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

LXXXII.

Alas! the lofty city! and alas!
The trebly hundred triumphs! (3) and the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictured page!—but these shall be
Her resurrection; all beside—decay.
Alas, for Earth, for never shall we see
That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free!

LXXXIII.

Oh thou, whose chariot roll'd on Fortune's wheel,
Triumphant Sylla! Thou, who didst subdue
Thy country's foes ere thou wouldst pause to feel
The wrath of thy own wrongs, or reap the due
Of hoarded vengeance till thine eagles flew
O'er prostrate Asia;—thou, who with thy frown
Annihilated senates,—Roman, too,
With all thy vices, for thou didst lay down
With an atoning smile a more than earthly crown—

LXXXIV.

The dictatorial wreath (4),—couldst thou divine
To what would one day dwindle that which made
Thee more than mortal? and that so supine
By aught than Romans Rome should thus be laid?
She who was named Eternal, and array'd
Her warriors but to conquer—she who veil'd
Earth with her haughty shadow, and display'd,
Until the o'er-canopied horizon fail'd,
Her rushing wings—Oh! she who was almighty hail'd!

LXXXV.

Sylla was first of victors; but our own
The sagest of usurpers, Cromwell; he
Too swept off senates while he hew'd the throne
Down to a block—immortal rebel! See
What crimes it costs to be a moment free
And famous through all ages! but beneath
His fate the moral lurks of destiny;
His day of double victory and death [breath. (5)
Beheld him win two realms, and, happier, yield his

LXXXVI.

The third of the same moon whose former course
Had all but crown'd him, on the selfsame day
Deposed him gently from his throne of force,
And laid him with the earth's preceding clay.

(1) "I have been some days in Rome the Wonderful. I am delighted with Rome. As a whole,—ancient and modern,—it beats Greece, Constantinople, every thing—at least that I have ever seen. But I can't describe, because my first impressions are always strong and confused, and my memory *selects* and reduces them to order, like distance in the landscape, and blends them better, although they may be less distinct. I have been on horseback most of the day, all days since my arrival. I have been to Albano, its lakes, and to the top of the Alban Mount, and to Frescati, Aricia, etc. As for the Coliseum, Pantheon, St. Peter's, the Vatican, Palatine, etc. etc.—they are quite inconceivable, and must be *seen*." *B. Letters*, May, 1817.—L. E.

(2) For a comment on this and the two following stanzas, the reader may consult *Historical Illustrations*, p. 46.

(3) Orosius gives 320 for the number of triumphs. He is followed by Panvinius; and Panvinius by Mr. Gibbon and the modern writers.

(4) Certainly, were it not for these two traits in the life of Sylla, alluded to in this stanza, we should regard him as a monster unredeemed by any admirable quality. The *atonement* of his voluntary resignation of empire may perhaps be accepted by us, as it seems to have satisfied the Romans, who if they had not respected must have destroyed him. There could be no mean, no division, of opinion; they must have all thought, like Eucrates, that what had appeared ambition was a love of glory, and that what had been mistaken for pride was a real grandeur of soul.*

(5) On the 3d of September, Cromwell gained the victory of Dunbar: a year afterwards he obtained "his crowning mercy" of Worcester; and a few years after, on the same day, which he had ever esteemed the most fortunate for him, died.

* "Seigneur, vous changez toutes mes idées de la façon dont je vous vois agir. Je croyois que vous aviez de l'ambition, mais surtout amour pour la gloire: je voyois bien que votre ame étoit haute; mais je ne soupçonnois pas qu'elle fût grande."—*Dialogues de Sylla et d'Eucrate.*

And show'd not Fortune thus how fame and sway,
And all we deem delightful, and consume
Our souls to compass through each arduous way,
Are in her eyes less happy than the tomb?
Were they but so in man's, how different were his doom!

LXXXVII.

And thou, dread statue! yet existent in(1)
The austerest form of naked majesty,
Thou who beheldest, 'mid the assassins' din,
At thy bathed base the bloody Cæsar lie,
Folding his robe in dying dignity,
An offering to thine altar from the queen
Of gods and men, great Nemesis! did he die,
And thou, too, perish, Pompey? have ye been
Victors of countless kings, or puppets of a scene?

LXXXVIII.

And thou, the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome! (2)
She-wolf! whose brazen-imaged dugs impart
The milk of conquest yet within the dome
Where, as a monument of antique art,
Thou standest:—Mother of the mighty heart,
Which the great founder suck'd from thy wild teat,
Scorch'd by the Roman Jove's etherial dart,
And thy limbs black with lightning—dost thou yet
Guard thine immortal cubs, nor thy fond charge forget?

LXXXIX.

Thou dost;—but all thy foster-babes are dead—
The men of iron; and the world hath rear'd
Cities from out their sepulchres: men bled
In imitation of the things they fear'd, [steer'd,
And fought and conquer'd, and the same course
At apish distance; but as yet none have,
Nor could, the same supremacy have near'd,
Save one vain man, who is not in the grave,
But, vanquish'd by himself, to his own slaves a slave—

XC.

The fool of false dominion—and a kind
Of bastard Cæsar, following him of old
With steps unequal; for the Roman's mind
Was modell'd in a less terrestrial mould, (3)
With passions fiercer, yet a judgment cold,
And an immortal instinct which redeem'd
The frailties of a heart so soft, yet bold;
Alcides with the distaff now he seem'd
At Cleopatra's feet,—and now himself he beam'd,

XCI.

And came—and saw—and conquer'd! But the man
Who would have tamed his eagles down to flee,
Like a train'd falcon, in the Gallic van,
Which he, in sooth, long led to victory,
With a deaf heart which never seem'd to be
A listener to itself, was strangely framed;
With but one weakest weakness—vanity,
Coquettish in ambition—still he aim'd—
At what? can he avouch—or answer what he claim'd?

XCII.

And would be all or nothing—nor could wait
For the sure grave to level him; few years
Had fix'd him with the Cæsars in his fate,
On whom we tread: For *this* the conqueror rears
The arch of triumph! and for this the tears
And blood of earth flow on as they have flow'd,
A universal deluge, which appears
Without an ark for wretched man's abode,
And ebbs but to reflow!—Renew thy rainbow, God!

XCIII.

What from this barren being do we reap?
Our senses narrow, and our reason frail,(4)
Life short, and truth a gem which loves the deep,
And all things weigh'd in custom's falsest scale;
Opinion an omnipotence,—whose veil
Mantles the earth with darkness, until right
And wrong are accidents, and men grow pale
Lest their own judgments should become too bright,
And their free thoughts be crimes, and earth have too much light.

XCIV.

And thus they plod in sluggish misery,
Rotting from sire to son, and age to age,
Proud of their trampled nature, and so die,
Bequeathing their hereditary rage
To the new race of inborn slaves, who wage
War for their chains, and, rather than be free,
Bleed gladiator-like, and, still engage
Within the same arena where they see
Their fellows fall before, like leaves of the same tree.

XCV.

I speak not of men's creeds—they rest between
Man and his Maker—but of things allow'd,
Averr'd, and known,—and daily, hourly seen—
The yoke that is upon us doubly bow'd,
And the intent of tyranny avow'd,
The edict of Earth's rulers, who are grown
The apes of him who humbled once the proud,
And shook them from their slumbers on the throne;
Too glorious, were this all his mighty arm had done.

XCVI.

Can tyrants but by tyrants conquer'd be,
And Freedom find no champion and no child,
Such as Columbia saw arise when she
Sprung forth a Pallas, arm'd and undefiled?
Or must such minds be nourish'd in the wild,
Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the roar
Of cataracts, where nursing Nature smiled
On infant Washington? Has Earth no more
Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no such shore?

XCVII.

But France got drunk with blood to vomit crime,
And fatal have her Saturnalia been
To Freedom's cause, in every age and clime;
Because the deadly days which we have seen,

(1, 2, 3.) See Historical Notes, at the end of this Canto, Nos. XXIV. XXV. XXVI.—L. E.

(4) " . . . Omnes pene veteres; qui nihil cognosci, nihil percipi, nihil sciri posse dixerunt; angustos sensus; imbecilles animos, breviæ curricula vitæ; in profundo veritatem demersam; opinionibus et institutis omnia teneri: nihil veritati relinqui: deinceps omnia tenebris circumfusa esse dixerunt." The eighteen hundred years which have elapsed since Cicero wrote this have not removed any of the imperfections of humanity: and the complaints of the ancient philosophers may, without injustice or affectation, be transcribed in a poem written yesterday.

* Academ. I. 15.

And vile Ambition, that built up between
Man and his hopes an adamantine wall,
And the base pageant last upon the scene,
Are grown the pretext for the eternal thrall
Which nips life's tree, and dooms man's worst—his second fall.

XCVIII.

Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
Streams like the thunder-storm *against* the wind;
Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying,
The loudest still the tempest leaves behind;
Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and the rind,
Chopp'd by the axe, looks rough and little worth,
But the sap lasts, and still the seed we find
Sown deep, even in the bosom of the North;
So shall a better spring less bitter fruit bring forth.

XCIX.

There is a stern round tower of other days,(1)
Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone,
Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
Standing with half its battlements alone,
And with two thousand years of ivy grown,
The garland of eternity, where wave
The green leaves over all by time o'erthrown;—
What was this tower of strength? within its cave
What treasure lay so lock'd, so hid?—A woman's grave.

C.

But who was she, the lady of the dead,
Tomb'd in a palace? Was she chaste and fair?
Worthy a king's—or more—a Roman's bed?
What race of chiefs and heroes did she bear?
What daughter of her beauties was the heir?
How lived—how loved—how died she? Was she not
So honour'd—and conspicuously there,
Where meaner relics must not dare to rot,
Placed to commemorate a more than mortal lot?

CI.

Was she as those who love their lords, or they
Who love the lords of others? such have been
Even in the olden time, Rome's annals say.
Was she a matron of Cornelia's mien,
Or the light air of Egypt's graceful queen,
Profuse of joy—or 'gainst it did she war,
Inveterate in virtue? Did she lean
To the soft side of the heart, or wisely bar
Love from amongst her griefs?—for such the affections are.

CII.

Perchance she died in youth: it may be, bow'd
With woes far heavier than the ponderous tomb
That weigh'd upon her gentle dust, a cloud
Might gather o'er her beauty, and a gloom
In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom
Heaven gives its favourites—early death; (2) yet shed
A sunset charm around her, and illume
With hectic light, the Hesperus of the dead,
Of her consuming cheek the autumnal leaf-like red.

CIII.

Perchance she died in age—surviving all,
Charms, kindred, children—with the silver grey
On her long tresses, which might yet recall,
It may be, still a something of the day
When they were braided, and her proud array
And lovely form were envied, praised, and eyed
By Rome—But whither would conjecture stray?
Thus much alone we know—Metella died,(3)
The wealthiest Roman's wife; behold his love or pride!

CIV.

I know not why—but, standing thus by thee,
It seems as if I had thine inmate known,
Thou tomb! and other days come back on me
With recollected music, though the tone
Is changed and solemn, like the cloudy groan
Of dying thunder on the distant wind;
Yet could I seat me by this ivied stone
Till I had bodied forth the heated mind
Forms from the floating wreck which Ruin leaves behind;

CV.

And from the planks, far shatter'd o'er the rocks,
Built me a little bark of hope, once more
To battle with the ocean and the shocks
Of the loud breakers, and the ceaseless roar
Which rushes on the solitary shore
Where all lies founder'd that was ever dear:
But could I gather from the wave-worn store
Enough for my rude boat, where should I steer?
There woos no home, nor hope, nor life, save what is here.

CVI.

Then let the winds howl on! their harmony
Shall henceforth be my music, and the night
The sound shall temper with the owlets' cry,
As I now hear them, in the fading light
Dim o'er the bird of darkness' native site,
Answering each other on the Palatine,
With their large eyes, all glistening grey and bright,
And sailing pinions.—Upon such a shrine
What are our petty griefs?—let me not number mine.

CVII.

Cypress and ivy, weed and wall-flower, grown
Matted and mass'd together, hillocks heap'd
On what were chambers, arch crush'd, column strown
In fragments, choked-up vaults, and frescos steep'd

(1) Alluding to the tomb of Cecilia Metella, called Capo di Bove. See *Historical Illustrations*, p. 200.

(2) Ὃν οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν, ἀποθνήσκει νέος.
Τὸ γὰρ θανεῖν οὐκ αἰσχρὸν, ἀλλ' αἰσχρῶς θανεῖν.
Rich. Franc. Phil. Brunck, Poetæ Gnomici, p. 231, ed. 1784.

(3) "Four words, and two initials," says Mr. Hobhouse, "compose the whole of the inscription which, whatever was its ancient position, is now placed in front of this towering sepulchre: CÆCILIÆ. Q. CRETICI. F. METELLÆ. CRASSI. It is more likely to have been the pride than the love of Crassus, which raised so superb a memorial to a wife whose name is not mentioned in history, unless she be supposed to be that lady whose intimacy with Dolabella was so offensive to Tullia, the daughter of Cicero; or she who was divorced by Lentulus Spinther; or she, perhaps the same person, from whose ear the son of Æsopus transferred a precious jewel to enrich his daughter."—P. E.

In subterranean damps, where the owl peep'd,
Deeming it midnight:—Temples, baths, or halls?
Pronounce who can; for all that Learning reap'd
From her research hath been, that these are walls—
Behold the Imperial Mount! 'tis thus the mighty falls. (1)

CVIII.

There is the moral of all human tales; (2)
'T is but the same rehearsal of the past,
First Freedom and then Glory—when that fails,
Wealth, vice, corruption,—barbarism at last.
And History, with all her volumes vast,
Hath but *one* page,—'tis better written here,
Where gorgeous Tyranny hath thus amass'd
All treasures, all delights that eye or ear,
Heart, soul could seek, tongue ask—Away with words! draw near,

CIX.

Admire, exult—despise—laugh, weep,—for here
There is such matter for all feeling:—Man!
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear,
Ages and realms are crowded in this span,
This mountain, whose obliterated plan
The pyramid of empires pinnacled,
Of Glory's gewgaws shining in the van
Till the sun's rays with added flame were fill'd!
Where are its golden roofs! where those who dared to build?

CX.

Tully was not so eloquent as thou,
Thou nameless column with the buried base!
What are the laurels of the Cæsar's brow?
Crown me with ivy from his dwelling-place.
Whose arch or pillar meets me in the face,
Titus, or Trajan's? No—'tis that of Time:
Triumph, arch, pillar, all he doth displace
Scoffing; and apostolic statues climb [lime, (3)
To crush the imperial urn, whose ashes slept sub-

CXI.

Buried in air, the deep blue sky of Rome,
And looking to the stars: they had contain'd
A spirit which with these would find a home,
The last of those who o'er the whole earth reign'd,
The Roman globe, for after none sustain'd,
But yielded back his conquests:—he was more
Than a mere Alexander, and, unstain'd
With household blood and wine, serenely wore
His sovereign virtues—still we Trajan's name adore. (4)

CXII.

Where is the rock of Triumph, the high place
Where Rome embraced her heroes? where the steep
Tarpeian? fittest goal of Treason's race,
The promontory whence the Traitor's Leap
Cured all ambition. Did the conquerors heap
Their spoils here? Yes, and in yon field below,
A thousand years of silenced factions sleep—
The Forum, where the immortal accents glow,
And still the eloquent air breathes—burns with Cicero!

CXIII.

The field of freedom, faction, fame, and blood:
Here a proud people's passions were exhaled,
From the first hour of empire in the bud
To that when further worlds to conquer fail'd;
But long before had Freedom's face been veil'd,
And Anarchy assumed her attributes;
Till every lawless soldier who assail'd
Trod on the trembling senate's slavish mutes,
Or raised the venal voice of baser prostitutes.

CXIV.

Then turn we to her latest tribune's name,
From her ten thousand tyrants turn to thee,
Redeemer of dark centuries of shame—
The friend of Petrarch—hope of Italy—

(1) The Palatine is one mass of ruins, particularly on the side towards the Circus Maximus. The very soil is formed of crumbled brickwork. Nothing has been told, nothing can be told, to satisfy the belief of any but a Roman antiquary. See *Historical Illustrations*, p. 206.—["The voice of Marius could not sound more deep and solemn among the ruined arches of Carthage, than the strains of the Pilgrim amid the broken shrines and fallen statues of her subduer." *Heber.*—L. E.]

(2) The author of the *Life of Cicero*, speaking of the opinion entertained of Britain by that orator and his contemporary Romans, has the following eloquent passage:—"From their railleries of this kind, on the barbarity and misery of our island, one cannot help reflecting on the surprising fate and revolutions of kingdoms; how Rome, once the mistress of the world, the seat of arts, empire, and glory, now lies sunk in sloth, ignorance, and poverty, enslaved to the most cruel as well as to the most contemptible of tyrants, superstition and religious imposture: while this remote country, anciently the jest and contempt of the polite Romans, is become the happy seat of liberty, plenty, and letters; flourishing in all the arts and refinements of civil life; yet running, perhaps, the same course which Rome itself had run before it, from virtuous industry to wealth; and from wealth to luxury; from luxury to an impatience of discipline, and corruption of morals: till, by a total degeneracy and loss of virtue, being grown ripe for destruction, it fall a prey at last to some hardy oppressor, and, with the loss of liberty, losing every thing that is valuable, sink gradually again into its original barbarism."*

(3) The column of Trajan is surmounted by St. Peter: that of Aurelius by St. Paul. See *Historical Illustrations*, p. 214.

(4) Trajan was *proverbially* the best of the Roman princes;† and it would be easier to find a sovereign uniting exactly the opposite characteristics, than one possessed of all the happy qualities ascribed to this emperor. "When he mounted the throne," says the historian Dion, § "he was strong in body, he was vigorous in mind; age had impaired none of his faculties; he was altogether free from envy and from detraction; he honoured all the good, and he advanced them; and on this account they could not be the objects of his fear, or of his hate; he never listened to informers; he gave not way to his anger; he abstained equally from unfair exactions and unjust punishments; he had rather be loved as a man than honoured as a sovereign; he was affable with his people, respectful to the senate, and universally beloved by both; he inspired none with dread but the enemies of his country."

* The *History of the Life of M. Tullius Cicero*, sect. vi. vol. ii., page 102. The contrast has been reversed in a late extraordinary instance. A gentleman was thrown into prison at Paris; efforts were made for his release. The French Minister continued to detain him, under the pretext that he was not an Englishman, but only a *Roman*. See *Interesting facts relating to Joachim Murat*, page 159.

† "Hujus tantum memoriæ delatum est, ut, usque ad nostram ætatem non aliter in Senatu principibus acclamatur, nisi *Felicior Augusto melior Trajano.*"—*Eutrop. Brev. Hist. Rom.* lib. viii. cap. v.

§ Τῷ τε γὰρ σώματι ἐρρώετο..... καὶ τῇ ψυχῇ ἤκμαζεν, ὡς μηθ' ὑπὸ γήρους ἀμβλύνεσθαι..... καὶ οὔτ' ἐφθόνει, οὔτε καθῆρει τινὰ, ἀλλὰ καὶ πάνυ πάντας τοὺς ἀγαθοὺς ἐτίμα καὶ ἐμεγάλυνε· καὶ διὰ τοῦτο οὔτε ἐφοβεῖτό τινα αὐτῶν, οὔτε ἐμίσει..... διαβολαῖς τε ἥκιστα ἐπίστευε, καὶ ὀργῇ ἥκιστα ἐδουλοῦτο· τῶν τε χρημάτων τῶν ἀλλοτρίων ἔσα καὶ φόνων τῶν ἀδίκων ἀπείχετο.....φιλούμενός τε οὖν ὑπ' αὐτοῖς μᾶλλον ἢ τιμώμενος ἔχαιρε, καὶ τῷ τε δήμῳ μετ' ἐπιεικείας συνεγίνετο, καὶ τῇ γερουσίᾳ σεμνοπρεπῶς· ὡμίλει, ἀγαπητὸς μὲν πᾶσι, φοβερὸς δὲ μηδενὶ πλὴν πολεμίοις ὤν. *Hist. Rom.* lib. lxviii. cap. vi, vii; tom. ii. p. 1123, 1124. edit. Hamb. 1750.

Rienzi! last of Romans!(1) While the tree
Of freedom's wither'd trunk puts forth a leaf,
Even for thy tomb a garland let it be—
The forum's champion, and the people's chief—
Her new-born Numa thou—with reign, alas! too brief.

CXV.

Egeria! sweet creation of some heart(2)
Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
As thine ideal breast; whate'er thou art
Or wert,—a young Aurora of the air,
The nympholepsy of some fond despair;
Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,
Who found a more than common votary there
Too much adoring; whatsoe'er thy birth,
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth.

CXVI.

The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled
With thine Elysian water-drops; the face
Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years unwrinkled,
Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,
Whose green wild margin now no more erase
Art's works; nor must the delicate waters sleep,
Prison'd in marble, bubbling from the base
Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap [creep
The rill runs o'er, and round, fern, flowers, and ivy,

CXVII.

Fantastically tangled; the green hills
Are clothed with early blossoms, through the grass
The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the bills
Of summer-birds sing welcome as ye pass;
Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their class,
Implore the pausing step, and with their dyes
Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass;
The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes,
Kiss'd by the breath of heaven, seems colour'd by its skies.

CXVIII.

Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted cover,
Egeria! thy all-heavenly bosom beating
For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover;
The purple Midnight veil'd that mystic meeting
With her most starry canopy, and seating
Thyself by thine adorer, what befell?
This cave was surely shaped out for the greeting
Of an enamour'd goddess, and the cell
Haunted by holy Love—the earliest oracle!

CXIX.

And didst thou not, thy breast to his replying,
Blend a celestial with a human heart;
And Love, which dies as it was born, in sighing,
Share with immortal transports? could thine art
Make them indeed immortal, and impart
The purity of heaven to earthly joys,
Expel the venom and not blunt the dart—
The dull satiety which all destroys— [cloys?
And root from out the soul the deadly weed which

CXX.

Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert; whence arise
But weeds of dark luxuriance, tares of haste,
Rank at the core, though tempting to the eyes,
Flowers whose wild odours breathe but agonies,
And trees whose gums are poison; such the plants
Which spring beneath her steps, as Passion flies
O'er the world's wilderness, and vainly pants
For some celestial fruit forbidden to our wants.

CXXI.

Oh Love! no habitant of earth thou art—
An unseen seraph, we believe in thee,
A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart,
But never yet hath seen, nor e'er shall see
The naked eye, thy form, as it should be;
The mind hath made thee, as it peopled heaven,
Even with its own desiring fantasy,
And to a thought such shape and image given,
As haunts the unquench'd soul—parch'd—wearied—wrung—and riven.

CXXII.

Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,
And fevers into false creation:—where,
Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath seized?
In him alone. Can Nature show so fair?
Where are the charms and virtues which we dare
Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men,
The unreach'd Paradise of our despair,
Which o'er-informs the pencil and the pen,
And overpowers the page where it would bloom again?

CXXIII.

Who loves, raves—'tis youth's frenzy—but the cure
Is bitterer still; as charm by charm unwinds
Which robed our idols, and we see too sure
Nor worth nor beauty dwells from out the mind's
Ideal shape of such; yet still it binds
The fatal spell, and still it draws us on,
Reaping the whirlwind from the oft-sown winds;
The stubborn heart, its alchemy begun,
Seems ever near the prize—wealthiest when most undone.

CXXIV.

We wither from our youth, we gasp away—
Sick—sick; unfound the boon—unslaked the thirst,
Though to the last, in verge of our decay,
Some phantom lures, such as we sought at first—
But all too late,—so are we doubly curst.
Love, fame, ambition, avarice—'tis the same,
Each idle—and all ill—and none the worst—
For all are meteors with a different name,
And Death the sable smoke where vanishes the flame.

CXXV.

Few—none—find what they love or could have loved,
Though accident, blind contact, and the strong
Necessity of loving, have removed
Antipathies—but to recur, ere long,
Envenom'd with irrevocable wrong;
And Circumstance, that unspiritual god
And miscreator, makes and helps along
Our coming evils with a crutch-like rod, [have trod.
Whose touch turns Hope to dust,—the dust we all

(1) The name and exploits of Rienzi must be familiar to the reader of Gibbon. Some details and inedited manuscripts, relative to this unhappy hero, will be seen in the *Historical Illustrations of the IV'th Canto*, p. 248.

(2) See Historical Notes, at the end of this Canto, No. XXVII.—L. E.

CXXVI.

Our life is a false nature—'tis not in
The harmony of things,—this hard decree,
This uneradicable taint of sin,
This boundless upas, this all-blasting tree,
Whose root is earth, whose leaves and branches be
The skies which rain their plagues on men like dew—
Disease, death, bondage—all the woes we see—
And worse, the woes we see not—which throb through
The immedicable soul, with heart-aches ever new.

CXXVII.

Yet let us ponder boldly—'tis a base(1)
Abandonment of reason to resign
Our right of thought—our last and only place
Of refuge; this, at least, shall still be mine:
Though from our birth the faculty divine
Is chain'd and tortured—cabin'd, cribb'd, confined,
And bred in darkness, lest the truth should shine
Too brightly on the unprepared mind,
The beam pours in, for time and skill will couch the blind.

CXXVIII.

Arches on arches! as it were that Rome,
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
Her Coliseum stands; the moonbeams shine
As 'twere its natural torches, for divine
Should be the light which streams here, to illume
This long-explored but still exhaustless mine
Of contemplation; and the azure gloom
Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

CXXIX.

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of heaven,
Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
And shadows forth its glory. There is given
Unto the things of earth, which Time hath bent,
A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
And magic in the ruin'd battlement,
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.

CXXX.

O Time! the beautifier of the dead,
Adorner of the ruin, comforter
And only healer when the heart hath bled—
Time! the corrector where our judgments err,
The test of truth, love,—sole philosopher,
For all beside are sophists, from thy thrift,
Which never loses though it doth defer—
Time, the avenger! unto thee I lift [gift:
My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of thee a

CXXXI.

Amidst this wreck, where thou hast made a shrine
And temple more divinely desolate,
Among thy mightier offerings here are mine,
Ruins of years—though few, yet full of fate:—
If thou hast ever seen me too elate,
Hear me not; but if calmly I have borne
Good, and reserved my pride against the hate
Which shall not whelm me, let me not have worn
This iron in my soul in vain—shall *they* not mourn?

CXXXII.

And thou, who never yet of human wrong
Left the unbalanced scale, great Nemesis!(2)
Here, where the ancient paid thee homage long—
Thou, who didst call the Furies from the abyss,
And round Orestes bade them howl and hiss
For that unnatural retribution—just,
Had it but been from hands less dear—in this
Thy former realm, I call thee from the dust!
Dost thou not hear my heart?—Awake! thou shalt, and must.

CXXXIII.

It is not that I may not have incurr'd
For my ancestral faults or mine the wound
I bleed withal, and, had it been conferr'd
With a just weapon, it had flow'd unbound;
But now my blood shall not sink in the ground;
To thee I do devote it—*thou* shalt take
The vengeance, which shall yet be sought and found,
Which if *I* have not taken for the sake——
But let that pass—I sleep, but thou shalt yet awake.

CXXXIV.

And if my voice break forth, 'tis not that now
I shrink from what is suffer'd: let him speak
Who hath beheld decline upon my brow,
Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it weak;
But in this page a record will I seek.
Not in the air shall these my words disperse,
Though I be ashes; a far hour shall wreak
The deep prophetic fullness of this verse,
And pile on human heads the mountain of my curse!

CXXXV.

That curse shall be forgiveness.—Have I not—
Hear me, my mother Earth! behold it, Heaven!—
Have I not had to wrestle with my lot!
Have I not suffer'd things to be forgiven?
Have I not had my brain sear'd, my heart riven,
Hopes sapp'd, name blighted, Life's life lied away?
And only not to desperation driven,
Because not altogether of such clay
As rots into the souls of those whom I survey.

(1) "At all events," says the author of the *Academical Questions*, "I trust, whatever may be the fate of my own speculations, that philosophy will regain that estimation which it ought to possess. The free and philosophic spirit of our nation has been the theme of admiration to the world. This was the proud distinction of Englishmen, and the luminous source of all their glory. Shall we then forget the manly and dignified sentiments of our ancestors, to prate in the language of the mother or the nurse about our good old prejudices? This is not the way to defend the cause of truth. It was not thus that our fathers maintained it in the brilliant periods of our history. Prejudice may be trusted to guard the outworks for a short space of time, while reason slumbers in the citadel; but if the latter sink into a lethargy, the former will quickly erect a standard for herself. Philosophy, wisdom, and liberty support each other: he who will not reason is a bigot; he who cannot, is a fool: and he who dares not, is a slave."—*Preface*, p. 14, 15, vol. i. 1805.

(2) See Historical Notes, at the end of this Canto, No. XXVIII.—L. E.

CXXXVI.

From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy,
Have I not seen what human things could do?
From the loud roar of foaming calumny
To the small whisper of the as paltry few,
And subtler venom of the reptile crew,
The Janus glance of whose significant eye,
Learning to lie with silence, would *seem* true,
And without utterance, save the shrug or sigh,
Deal round to happy fools its speechless obloquy. (1)

CXXXVII.

But I have lived, and have not lived in vain:
My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,
And my frame perish even in conquering pain;
But there is that within me which shall tire
Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire;
Something unearthly, which they deem not of,
Like the remember'd tone of a mute lyre,
Shall on their soften'd spirits sink, and move
In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of love.

CXXXVIII.

The seal is set.—Now welcome, thou dread power!
Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here
Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour
With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear;
Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear
Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene
Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear,
That we become a part of what has been,
And grow unto the spot, all-seeing but unseen.

CXXXIX.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
In murmur'd pity, or loud-roar'd applause,
As man was slaughter'd by his fellow man.
And wherefore slaughter'd? wherefore, but because
Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore not?
What matters where we fall, to fill the maws
Of worms—on battle-plains or listed spot?
Both are but theatres, where the chief actors rot.

CXL.

I see before me the Gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch who won.

CXLI.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away; (2)
He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay;
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday—(3)
All this rush'd with his blood—Shall he expire,
And unavenged?—Arise, ye Goths! and glut your ire.

CXLII.

But here, where Murder breathed her bloody steam;
And here, where buzzing nations choked the ways,
And roar'd or murmur'd like a mountain stream
Dashing or winding as its torrent strays;
Here, where the Roman million's blame or praise
Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd, (4)
My voice sounds much—and fall the star's faint rays
On the arena void—seats crush'd—walls bow'd—
And galleries, where my steps seem echoes strangely loud.

CXLIII.

A ruin—yet what ruin! from its mass
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been rear'd;
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
And marvel where the spoil could have appear'd.
Hath it indeed been plunder'd, or but clear'd?
Alas! developed, opens the decay,
When the colossal fabric's form is near'd:
It will not bear the brightness of the day,
Which streams too much on all years, man, have reft away.

CXLIV.

But when the rising moon begins to climb
Its topmast arch, and gently pauses there;
When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
And the low night-breeze waves along the air
The garland forest, which the grey walls wear,
Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head; (5)
When the light shines serene but doth not glare,
Then in this magic circle raise the dead: [tread.
Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust ye

(1) The following stanza was written as the 136th, but afterwards suppressed:—

"If to forgive be heaping coals of fire—
As God hath spoken—on the heads of foes,
Mine should be a volcano and rise higher
Than, o'er the Titans crush'd, Olympus rose,
Or Athos soars, or blazing Etna glows:—
True they who stung were creeping things, but what
Than serpents' teeth inflicts with deadlier throes?
The lion may be goaded by the gnat.—
Who sucks the slumberer's blood?—The eagle?—No: the bat."
—P. E.

(2) Whether the wonderful statue which suggested this image be a laquearian gladiator, which, in spite of Winkelmann's criticism, has been stoutly maintained;* or whether it be a Greek herald, as that great antiquary positively asserted;† or whether it is to be thought a Spartan or barbarian shield-bearer, according to the opinion of his Italian editor; § it must assuredly seem a *copy* of that masterpiece of Ctesilaus which represented a "wounded man dying, who perfectly expressed what there remained of life in him." ** Montfaucon †† and Maffei §§ thought it the identical statue; but that statue was of bronze. The Gladiator was once in the Villa Ludovizi, and was bought by Clement XII. The right arm is an entire restoration of Michael Angelo. ***

(3, 4) See Historical Notes, at the end of this Canto, Nos. XXIX. XXX.—L. E.

(5) Suetonius informs us that Julius Cæsar was particu-

* By the Abate Bracci, *Dissertazione sopra un Clipeo Votivo*, etc. Preface, p. 7, who accounts for the cord round the neck, but not for the horn, which it does not appear the gladiators themselves ever used. Note [A] *Storia delle Arti*, tom. ii. p 203.

† Either Pidifontes, herald of Laius, killed by Œdipus; or Cepreas, herald of Euritheus, killed by the Athenians when he endeavoured to drag the Heraclidæ from the altar of mercy, and in whose honour they instituted annual games, continued till the time of Hadrian; or Anthemocritus, the Athenian herald, killed by the Megarenses, who never recovered the impiety. See *Storia delle Arti*, etc. tom. ii. pag. 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, lib. ix. cap. ii.

§ *Storia*, etc., tom. ii. p. 207. Note [A.]

** "Vulneratum deficientem fecit in quo possit intelligi quantum restat animæ." *Plin. Nat. Hist.* lib. xxxiv. cap. 8.

†† *Antiq.* tom. iii. par. 2. tab. 133. §§ *Racc. Stat.* tab. 64.

*** *Mus. Capitol.* tom. iii. p. 134. edit. 1755.

CXLV.

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand; (1)
"When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall; [land
"And when Rome falls—the world." From our own
Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall
In Saxon times, which we are wont to call
Ancient; and these three mortal things are still
On their foundations, and unalter'd all;
Rome and her ruin past redemption's skill,
The world, the same wide den—of thieves, or what ye will.

CXLVI.

Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—
Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods,
From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by time; (2)
Looking tranquillity, while falls or nods
Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and man plods
His way through thorns to ashes—glorious dome!
Shalt thou not last? Time's scythe and tyrants' rods
Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home
Of art and piety—Pantheon!—pride of Rome!

CXLVII.

Relic of nobler days, and noblest arts!
Despoil'd yet perfect, with thy circle spreads
A holiness appealing to all hearts—
To art a model; and to him who treads
Rome for the sake of ages, Glory sheds
Her light through thy sole aperture; to those
Who worship, here are altars for their beads;
And they who feel for genius may repose
Their eyes on honour'd forms, whose busts around them close. (3)

CXLVIII.

There is a dungeon, in whose dim drear light (4)
What do I gaze on? Nothing: Look again!
Two forms are slowly shadow'd on my sight—
Two insulated phantoms of the brain:
Is it not so; I see them full and plain—
An old man, and a female young and fair,
Fresh as a nursing mother, in whose vein
The blood is nectar:—but what doth she there,
With her unmantled neck, and bosom white and bare?

CXLIX.

Full swells the deep pure fountain of young life;
Where *on* the heart and *from* the heart we took
Our first and sweetest nurture, when the wife,
Blest into mother, in the innocent look,
Or even the piping cry of lips that brook
No pain and small suspense, a joy perceives
Man knows not, when from out its cradled nook
She sees her little bud put forth its leaves—
What may the fruit be yet?—I know not—Cain was Eve's.

CL.

But here youth offers to old age the food,
The milk of his own gift:—it is her sire
To whom she renders back the debt of blood
Born with her birth. No; he shall not expire
While in those warm and lovely veins the fire
Of health and holy feeling can provide
Great Nature's Nile, whose deep stream rises higher
Than Egypt's river:—from that gentle side
Drink, drink and live, old man! Heaven's realm holds no such tide.

CLI.

The starry fable of the milky way
Has not thy story's purity; it is
A constellation of a sweeter ray,
And sacred Nature triumphs more in this
Reverse of her decree, than in the abyss
Where sparkle distant worlds:—Oh, holiest nurse!
No drop of that clear stream its way shall miss
To thy sire's heart, replenishing its source
With life, as our freed souls rejoin the universe.

CLII.

Turn to the Mole which Hadrian rear'd on high, (5)
Imperial mimic of old Egypt's piles,
Colossal copyist of deformity,
Whose travell'd fantasy from the far Nile's
Enormous model, doom'd the artist's toils
To build for giants, and for his vain earth,
His shrunken ashes, raise this dome: how smiles
The gazer's eye with philosophic mirth, [birth!
To view the huge design which sprung from such a

CLIII.

But lo! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome, (6)
To which Diana's marvel was a cell—
Christ's mighty shrine above his martyr's tomb!
I have beheld the Ephesian's miracle—
Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell
The hyæna and the jackall in their shade;
I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell
Their glittering mass i' the sun, and have survey'd
Its sanctuary, the while the usurping Moslem pray'd;

larly gratified by that decree of the senate which enabled him to wear a wreath of laurel on all occasions. He was anxious, not to show that he was conqueror of the world, but to hide that he was bald. A stranger at Rome would hardly have guessed the motive, nor should we without the help of the historian.

(1) This is quoted in the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, as a proof that the Coliseum was entire, when seen by the Anglo-Saxon pilgrims at the end of the seventh, or the beginning of the eighth, century. A notice on the Coliseum may be seen in the *Historical Illustrations*, p. 263.

(2) "Though plundered of all its brass, except the ring which was necessary to preserve the aperture above; though exposed to repeated fires; though sometimes flooded by the river, and always open to the rain, no monument of equal antiquity is so well preserved as this rotunda. It passed with little alteration from the Pagan into the present worship; and so convenient were its niches for the Christian altar, that Michael Angelo, ever studious of ancient beauty, introduced their design as a model in the Catholic church." —*Forsyth's Italy*, p. 137.—2d edit.

(3) The Pantheon has been made a receptacle for the busts of modern great, or, at least, distinguished, men. The flood of light which once fell through the large orb above on the whole circle of divinities, now shines on a numerous assemblage of mortals, some one or two of whom have been almost deified by the veneration of their countrymen. For a notice of the Pantheon, see *Historical Illustrations*, p. 287.

(4) "There is a dungeon, in whose dim drear light
What do I gaze on?" etc.

This and the three next stanzas allude to the story of the Roman daughter, which is recalled to the traveller by the site, or pretended site, of that adventure, now shown at the church of St. Nicholas *in Carcere*. The difficulties attending the full belief of the tale are stated in *Historical Illustrations*, p. 295.

(5) The Castle of St. Angelo.—See *Historical Illustrations*.

(6) This and the next six stanzas have a reference to the church of St. Peter. For a measurement of the comparative length of this basilica, and the other great churches of

CLIV.

But thou, of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
Since Zion's desolation, when that He
Forsook his former city, what could be,
Of earthly structures, in his honour piled,
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty, all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

CLV.

Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;(1)
And why? it is not lessen'd; but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal, and can only find
A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of immortality; and thou
Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by his brow.

CLVI.

Thou movest—but increasing with the advance,
Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise,
Deceived by its gigantic elegance;
Vastness which grows—but grows to harmonise—
All musical in its immensities;
Rich marbles—richer painting—shrines where flame
The lamps of gold—and haughty dome, which vies
In air with Earth's chief structures, though their frame
Sits on the firm-set ground—and this the clouds must claim.

CLVII.

Thou seest not all; but piecemeal thou must break,
To separate contemplation, the great whole;
And as the ocean many bays will make,
That ask the eye—so here condense thy soul
To more immediate objects, and control
Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by heart
Its eloquent proportions, and unroll
In mighty graduations, part by part,
The glory which at once upon thee did not dart,

CLVIII.

Not by its fault—but thine: our outward sense
Is but of gradual grasp—and as it is
That what we have of feeling most intense,
Outstrips our faint expression; even so this
Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice
Fools our fond gaze, and, greatest of the great,
Defies at first our Nature's littleness,
Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate
Our spirits to the size of that they contemplate.

CLIX.

Then pause, and be enlighten'd; there is more
In such a survey than the sating gaze
Of wonder pleased, or awe which would adore
The worship of the place; or the mere praise
Of art and its great masters who could raise
What former time, nor skill, nor thought could plan;
The fountain of sublimity displays
Its depth, and thence may draw the mind of man
Its golden sands, and learn what great conceptions can.

CLX.

Or, turning to the Vatican, go see
Laocoon's torture dignifying pain—
A father's love and mortal's agony
With an immortal's patience blending:—vain
The struggle; vain, against the coiling strain
And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,
The old man's clench; the long envenom'd chain
Rivets the living links,—the enormous asp
Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp.

CLXI.

Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,
The God of life, and poesy, and light—
The Sun in human limbs array'd, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight;
The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright
With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might
And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the Deity.

CLXII.

But in his delicate form—a dream of Love,
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
Long'd for a deathless lover from above,
And madden'd in that vision—are exprest
All that ideal beauty ever bless'd
The mind with in its most unearthly mood,
When each conception was a heavenly guest—
A ray of immortality—and stood,
Starlike, around, until they gather'd to a god!

CLXIII.

And if it be Prometheus stole from heaven
The fire which we endure, it was repaid
By him to whom the energy was given
Which this poetic marble hath array'd
With an eternal glory—which, if made
By human hands, is not of human thought;
And Time himself hath hallow'd it, nor laid
One ringlet in the dust—nor hath it caught
A tinge of years, but breathes the flame with which 'twas wrought.

Europe, see the pavement of St. Peter's, and the *Classical Tour through Italy*, vol. ii p. 125, et seq. chap. iv.

(1) "I remember very well," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "my own disappointment when I first visited the Vatican; but on confessing my feelings to a brother student, of whose ingenuousness I had a high opinion, he acknowledged that the works of Raphael had the same effect on him, or rather that they did not produce the effect which he expected. This was a great relief to my mind; and, on inquiring further of other students, I found that those persons only who, from natural imbecility, appeared to be incapable of relishing those divine performances, made pretensions to instantaneous raptures on first beholding them. In justice to myself, however, I must add, that though disappointed and mortified at not finding myself enraptured with the works of this great master, I did not for a moment conceive or suppose that the name of Raphael, and those admirable paintings in particular, owed their reputation to the ignorance and prejudice of mankind; on the contrary, my not relishing them, as I was conscious I ought to have done, was one of the most humiliating circumstances that ever happened to me; I found myself in the midst of works executed upon principles with which I was unacquainted: I felt my ignorance, and stood abashed. All the indigested notions of painting which I had brought with me from England, where the art was in the lowest state it had ever been in (it could not, indeed, be lower), were to be totally done away and eradicated from my mind. It was neces-

CLXIV.

But where is he, the Pilgrim of my song,
The being who upheld it through the past?
Methinks he cometh late and tarries long.
He is no more—these breathings are his last;
His wanderings done, his visions ebbing fast,
And he himself as nothing:—if he was
Aught but a fantasy, and could be class'd
With forms which live and suffer—let that pass—
His shadow fades away into Destruction's mass,

CLXV.

Which gathers shadow, substance, life, and all
That we inherit in its mortal shroud,
And spreads the dim and universal pall [cloud
Through which all things grow phantoms; and the
Between us sinks and all which ever glow'd,
Till Glory's self is twilight, and displays
A melancholy halo scarce allow'd
To hover on the verge of darkness; rays
Sadder than saddest night, for they distract the gaze,

CLXVI.

And send us prying into the abyss,
To gather what we shall be when the frame
Shall be resolved to something less than this
Its wretched essence; and to dream of fame,
And wipe the dust from off the idle name
We never more shall hear,—but never more,
Oh, happier thought! can we be made the same:
It is enough in sooth that *once* we bore
These fardels of the heart—the heart whose sweat
was gore.

CLXVII.

Hark! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,
A long low distant murmur of dread sound,
Such as arises when a nation bleeds
With some deep and immedicable wound; [ground,
Through storm and darkness yawns the rending
The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the chief
Seems royal still, though with her head discrown'd,
And pale, but lovely, with maternal grief
She clasps a babe, to whom her breast yields no relief.

CLXVIII.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou?
Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead?
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
Some less majestic, less beloved head?
In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled,
The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,
Death hush'd that pang for ever: with thee fled
The present happiness and promised joy
Which fill'd the imperial isles so full it seem'd to cloy.

CLXIX.

Peasants bring forth in safety.—Can it be,
O thou that wert so happy, so adored!
Those who weep not for kings shall weep for thee,
And Freedom's heart, grown heavy, cease to hoard
Her many griefs for ONE: for she had pour'd
Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head
Beheld her Iris.—Thou, too, lonely lord,
And desolate consort—vainly wert thou wed!
The husband of a year! the father of the dead!

CLXX.

Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment made;
Thy bridal's fruit is ashes: in the dust
The fair-hair'd Daughter of the Isles is laid,
The love of millions! How we did intrust
Futurity to her! and, though it must
Darken above our bones, yet fondly deem'd
Our children should obey her child, and bless'd
Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise seem'd
Like stars to shepherds' eyes:—'twas but a meteor
beam'd.

CLXXI.

Woe unto us, not her; (1) for she sleeps well:
The fickle reek of popular breath, the tongue
Of hollow counsel, the false oracle,
Which from the birth of monarchy hath rung
Its knell in princely ears, till the o'erstung
Nations have arm'd in madness, the strange fate (2)
Which tumbles mightiest sovereigns, and hath flung
Against their blind omnipotence a weight
Within the opposing scale, which crushes soon or late,—

CLXXII.

These might have been her destiny; but no,
Our hearts deny it: and so young, so fair,
Good without effort, great without a foe;
But now a bride and mother—and now *there!*
How many ties did that stern moment tear!
From thy sire's to his humblest subject's breast
Is link'd the electric chain of that despair,
Whose shock was as an earthquake's, and oppresst
The land which loved thee so that none could love
thee best.

CLXXIII.

Lo, Nemi! (3) navell'd in the woody hills
So far, that the uprooting wind which tears
The oak from his foundation, and which spills
The ocean o'er its boundary, and bears
Its foam against the skies, reluctant spares
The oval mirror of thy glassy lake;
And, calm as cherish'd hate, its surface wears
A deep cold settled aspect nought can shake,
All coil'd into itself and round, as sleeps the snake.

sary, as it is expressed on a very solemn occasion, that I should become *as a little child*. Notwithstanding my disappointment, I proceeded to copy some of those excellent works. I viewed them again and again; I even affected to feel their merit and admire them more than I really did. In a short time, a new taste and a new perception began to dawn upon me, and I was convinced that I had originally formed a false opinion of the perfection of the art, and that this great painter was well entitled to the high rank which he holds in the admiration of the world. The truth is, that if these works had really been what I had expected, they would have contained beauties superficial and alluring, but by no means such as would have entitled them to the great reputation which they have borne so long, and so justly obtained."—L. E.

(1) "The death of the Princess Charlotte has been a shock even here (Venice), and must have been an earthquake at home. The fate of this poor girl is melancholy in every respect; dying at twenty or so, in childbed—of a boy too, a present princess and a future queen, and just as she began to be happy, and to enjoy herself, and the hopes which she inspired. I feel sorry in every respect." *B. Letters.* —L. E.

(2) Mary died on the scaffold; Elizabeth of a broken heart; Charles V. a hermit; Louis XIV. a bankrupt in means and glory; Cromwell of anxiety; and, "the greatest is behind," Napoleon lives a prisoner. To these sovereigns a long but superfluous list might be added of names equally illustrious and unhappy.

(3) The village of Nemi was near the Arician retreat of

CLXXIV.

And near Albano's scarce divided waves
Shine from a sister valley;—and afar
The Tiber winds, and the broad ocean laves
The Latian coast where sprang the epic war,
"Arms and the man," whose re-ascending star
Rose o'er an empire:—but beneath thy right
Tully reposed from Rome;—and where yon bar
Of girdling mountains intercepts the sight
The Sabine farm was till'd, the weary bard's delight.(1)

CLXXV.

But I forget.—My Pilgrim's shrine is won,
And he and I must part,—so let it be,—
His task and mine alike are nearly done;
Yet once more let us look upon the sea;
The midland ocean breaks on him and me,
And from the Alban Mount we now behold
Our friend of youth, that ocean, which when we
Beheld it last by Calpe's rock unfold
Those waves, we follow'd on till the dark Euxine roll'd

CLXXVI.

Upon the blue Symplegades: long years—
Long, though not very many, since have done
Their work on both; some suffering and some tears
Have left us nearly where we had begun:
Yet not in vain our mortal race hath run,
We have had our reward—and it is here;
That we can yet feel gladden'd by the sun,
And reap from earth, sea, joy almost as dear
As if there were no man to trouble what is clear.

CLXXVII.

Oh! that the desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her!
Ye elements!—in whose ennobling stir
I feel myself exalted—Can ye not
Accord me such a being? Do I err
In deeming such inhabit many a spot?
Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.

CLXXVIII.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

CLXXIX.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

CLXXX.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.

CLXXXI.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

CLXXXII.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?(2)
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

CLXXXIII.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

Egeria, and, from the shades which embosomed the temple of Diana, has preserved to this day its distinctive appellation of *The Grove*. Nemi is but an evening's ride from the comfortable inn of Albano.

(1) The whole declivity of the Alban hill is of unrivalled beauty, and from the convent on the highest point, which has succeeded to the temple of the Latian Jupiter, the prospect embraces all the objects alluded to in this stanza; the Mediterranean; the whole scene of the latter half of the Æneid, and the coast from beyond the mouth of the Tiber, to the headland of Circæum and the Cape of Terracina.—[See Historical Notes, at the end of this Canto, No. XXXI.—L. E.]

(2) When Lord Byron wrote this stanza, he had, no doubt, the following passage in *Boswell's Johnson* floating on his mind:—"Dining one day with General Paoli, and talking of his projected journey to Italy,—'A man,' said Johnson, 'who has not been in Italy, is always conscious of an inferiority, from his not having seen what it is expected a man should see. The grand object of all travelling is to see the shores of the Mediterranean. On these shores were the four great empires of the world; the Assyrian, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman. All our religion, almost all our law, almost all our arts, almost all that sets us above savages, has come to us from the shores of the Mediterranean.' The General observed, that '*The Mediterranean*' would be a noble subject for a poem." *Croker's Boswell*, vol. iii. p. 400.—L. E.

CLXXXIV.

And I have loved thee, Ocean!(1) and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

CLXXXV.

My task is done(2)—my song hath ceased—my theme
Has died into an echo; it is fit
The spell should break of this protracted dream.
The torch shall be extinguish'd which hath lit
My midnight lamp—and what is writ is writ,—
Would it were worthier! but I am not now
That which I have been—and my visions flit
Less palpably before me—and the glow
Which in my spirit dwelt is fluttering, faint, and low.

CLXXXVI.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger;—yet—farewell!
Ye! who have traced the Pilgrim to the scene
Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
A thought which once was his, if on ye swell
A single recollection, not in vain
He wore his sandal-shoon, and scallop-shell;
Farewell! with *him* alone may rest the pain,
If such there were—with *you*, the moral of his strain!

HISTORICAL NOTES

TO CANTO IV.

I.

STATE DUNGEONS OF VENICE.

"I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand."
Stanza i. lines 1. and 2.

THE communication between the ducal palace and the prisons of Venice is by a gloomy bridge, or covered gallery, high above the water, and divided by a stone wall into a passage and a cell. The state dungeons, called "pozzi," or wells, were sunk in the thick walls of the palace; and the prisoner when taken out to die was conducted across the gallery to the other side, and being then led back into the other compartment, or cell, upon the bridge, was there strangled. The low portal through which the criminal was taken into this cell is now walled up; but the passage is still open, and is still known by the name of the Bridge of Sighs. The pozzi are under the flooring of the chamber at the foot of the bridge. They were formerly twelve, but on the first arrival of the French, the Venetians hastily blocked or broke up the deeper of these dungeons. You may still, however, descend by a trap-door, and crawl down through holes, half-choked by rubbish, to the depth of two stories below the first range. If you are in want of consolation for the extinction of patrician power, perhaps you may find it there; scarcely a ray of light glimmers into the narrow gallery which leads to the cells, and the places of confinement themselves are totally dark. A small hole in the wall admitted the damp air of the passages, and served for the introduction of the prisoner's food. A wooden pallet, raised a foot from the ground, was the only furniture. The conductors tell you that a light was not allowed. The cells are about five paces in length, two and a half in width, and seven feet in height. They are directly beneath one another, and respiration is somewhat difficult in the lower holes. Only one prisoner was found when the republicans descended into these hideous recesses, and he is said to have been confined sixteen years. But the inmates of the dungeons beneath had left traces of their repentance, or of their despair, which are still visible, and may, perhaps, owe something to recent ingenuity. Some of the detained appear to have offended against, and others to have belonged to, the sacred body, not only from their signatures, but from the churches and belfries which they have scratched upon the walls. The reader may not object to see a specimen of the records prompted by so terrific a solitude. As nearly as they could be copied by more than one pencil, three of them are as follows:—

1. NON TI FIDAR AD ALCUNO PENSA C TACI
SE FUGIR VUOI DE SPIONI INSIDIE C LACCI
IL PENTIRTI PENTIRTI NULLA GIOVA
MA SEN DI VALOR TUO LA VERA PROVA
1607. ADI 2. GENARO. FUI BETENTO P' LA BESTIEMMA P' AVER DATO
DA MANZAR A UN MONTO
IACOMO. GRITTI. SCRISSE.

2. UN PARLAR POCO et
NEGARE PRONTO et
UN PENSAR AL FINE PUO DARE LA VITA
A NOI ALTRI MESCHINI
1605.
EGO IOHN BATTISTA AD
ECCLESIAM CORTELLARIUS.

3. DI CHI MI FIDO GUARDAMI DIO
DA CHI NON MI FIDO MI GUARDERÒ IO
A TÀ H A NA
V. LA N .C .R .R .

(1) "This passage would perhaps, be read without emotion, if we did not know that Lord Byron was here describing his actual feelings and habits, and that this was an unaffected picture of his propensities and amusements even from childhood,—when he listened to the roar, and watched the bursts, of the northern ocean on the tempestuous shores of Aberdeenshire. It was a fearful and violent change at the age of ten years to be separated from this congenial solitude,—this independence, so suited to his haughty and contemplative spirit,—this rude grandeur of nature,—and thrown among the mere worldly-minded and selfish ferocity, the affected polish and repelling coxcombry, of a great public school. How many thousand times did the moody, sullen, and indignant boy wish himself back to the keen air and boisterous billows that broke lonely upon the simple and soul-invigorating haunts of his childhood! How did he prefer some ghost-story; some tale of second-sight; some relation of Robin Hood's feats; some harrowing narrative of buccaneer exploits, to all of Horace, and Virgil, and Homer, that was dinned into his repulsive spirit! To the shock of this change is, I suspect, to be traced much of the eccentricity of Lord Byron's future life. This fourth Canto is the fruit of a mind which had stored itself with great care and toil, and had digested with profound reflection and intense vigour what it had learned: the sentiments are not such as lie on the surface, but could only be awakened by long meditation. Whoever reads it, and is not impressed with the many grand virtues as well as gigantic powers of the mind that wrote it, seems to me to afford a proof both of insensibility of heart, and great stupidity of intellect." *Sir E. Brydges.*—L. E.

(2) "It was a thought worthy of the great spirit of Byron,

The copyist has followed, not corrected, the solecisms; some of which are, however, not quite so decided, since the letters were evidently scratched in the dark. It only need be observed, that *bestemmia* and *mangiar* may be read in the first inscription, which was probably written by a prisoner confined for some act of impiety committed at a funeral; that *Cortellarius* is the name of a parish on terra firma, near the sea; and that the last initials evidently are put for *Viva la santa Chiesa Cattolica Romana.*

II.

SONGS OF THE GONDOLIERS.

"*In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more.*"

Stanza iii. line 1.

The well-known song of the gondoliers, of alternate stanzas, from Tasso's *Jerusalem*, has died with the independence of Venice. Editions of the poem, with the original in one column and the Venetian variations on the other, as sung by the boatmen, were once common, and are still to be found. The following extract will serve to show the difference between the Tuscan epic and the "Canto alla Barcariola."

ORIGINAL.

Canto l' arme pietose, e 'l capitano
  Che 'l gran Sepolcro liberò di Cristo.
Molto egli oprò col senno, e con la mano
  Molto soffrì nel glorioso acquisto;
E in van l' Inferno a lui s' oppose, e in vano
  S' armò d' Asia, e di Libia il popol misto,
Che il Ciel gli diè favore, e sotto a i Santi
Segni ridusse i suoi compagni erranti.

VENETIAN.

L' arme pietose de cantar gho vogia,
  E de Goffredo la immortal braura
Che al fin l' ha libera co strassia, e dogia
  Del nostro buon Gesù la Sepoltura
De mezo mondo unito, e de quel Bogia
  Missier Pluton non l' ha bu mai paura:
Dio l' ha agiuta, e i compagni sparpagnai
Tutti 'l gh' i ha messi insieme i di del Dai.

Some of the elder gondoliers will, however, take up and continue a stanza of their once-familiar bard.

On the 7th of last January, the author of *Childe Harold*, and another Englishman, the writer of this notice, rowed to the Lido with two singers, one of whom was a carpenter, and the other a gondolier. The former placed himself at the prow, the latter at the stern, of the boat. A little after leaving the quay of the Piazzetta, they began to sing, and continued their exercise until we arrived at the island. They gave us, amongst other essays, the Death of Clorinda, and the Palace of Armida; and did not sing the Venetian but the Tuscan verses. The carpenter, however, who was the cleverer of the two, and was frequently obliged to prompt his companion, told us that he could *translate* the original. He added, that he could sing almost three hundred stanzas, but had not spirits (*morbin* was the word he used) to learn any more, or to sing what he already knew: a man must have idle time on his hands to acquire, or to repeat, and, said the poor fellow, "look at my clothes and at me; I am starving." This speech was more affecting than his performance, which habit alone can make attractive. The recitative was shrill, screaming, and monotonous; and the gondolier behind assisted his voice by holding his hand to one side of his mouth. The carpenter used a quiet action, which he evidently endeavoured to restrain, but was too much interested in his subject altogether to repress. From these men we learnt that singing is not confined to the gondoliers, and that, although the chant is seldom, if ever, voluntary, there are still several amongst the lower classes who are acquainted with a few stanzas.

It does not appear that it is usual for the performers to row and sing at the same time. Although the verses of the *Jerusalem* are no longer casually heard, there is yet much music upon the Venetian canals; and upon holidays, those strangers who are not near or informed enough to distinguish the words, may fancy that many of the gondolas still resound with the strains of Tasso. The writer of some remarks which appeared in the *Curiosities of Literature* must excuse his being twice quoted; for, with the exception of some phrases a little too ambitious and extravagant, he has furnished a very exact, as well as agreeable, description:—

"In Venice the gondoliers know by heart long passages from *Ariosto* and *Tasso*, and often chant them with a peculiar melody. But this talent seems at present on the decline:—at least, after taking some pains, I could find no more than two persons who delivered to me in this way a passage from *Tasso*. I must add, that the late Mr. Berry once chanted to me a passage in *Tasso* in the manner, as he assured me, of the gondoliers.

"There are always two concerned, who alternately sing the strophes. We know the melody eventually by Rousseau, to whose songs it is printed; it has properly no melodious movement, and is a sort of medium between the canto fermo and the canto figurato; it approaches to the former by recitativical declamation, and to the latter by passages and course, by which one syllable is detained and embellished.

"I entered a gondola by moonlight; one singer placed himself forwards and the other aft, and thus proceeded to San Giorgio. One began the song: when he had ended his strophe, the other took up the lay, and so continued the song alternately. Throughout the whole of it, the same notes invariably returned, but, according to the subject matter of the strophe, they laid a greater or a smaller stress, sometimes on one, and sometimes on another note, and indeed changed

after exhibiting to us his Pilgrim amidst all the most striking scenes of earthly grandeur and earthly decay,—after teaching us, like him, to sicken over the mutability, and vanity, and emptiness of human greatness, to conduct him and us at last to the borders of 'the Great Deep.' It is there that we may perceive an image of the awful and unchangeable abyss of eternity, into whose bosom so much has sunk, and all shall one day sink,—of that eternity wherein the scorn and the contempt of man, and the melancholy of great, and the fretting of little minds, shall be at rest for ever. No one, but a true poet of man and of nature, would have dared to frame such a termination for such a Pilgrimage. The image of the wanderer may well be associated, for a time, with the rock of Calpe, the shattered temples of Athens, or the gigantic fragments of Rome; but when we wish to think of this dark personification as of a thing which is, where can we so well imagine him to have his daily haunt as by the roaring of the waves? It was thus that Homer represented Achilles in his moments of ungovernable and inconsolable loss for Patroclus. It was thus he chose to depict the paternal despair of Chryses:—

Βῆ δ' ἀκέων παρὰ θῖνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης."

Wilson.—L. E.

the enunciation of the whole strophe as the object of the poem altered.

"On the whole, however, the sounds were hoarse and screaming: they seemed, in the manner of all rude uncivilised men, to make the excellency of their singing consist in the force of their voice: one seemed desirous of conquering the other by the strength of his lungs; and, so far from receiving delight from this scene (shut up as I was in the box of the gondola), I found myself in a very unpleasant situation.

"My companion, to whom I communicated this circumstance, being very desirous to keep up the credit of his countrymen, assured me that this singing was very delightful when heard at a distance. Accordingly we got out upon the shore, leaving one of the singers in the gondola, while the other went to the distance of some hundred paces. They now began to sing against one another, and I kept walking up and down between them both, so as always to leave him who was to begin his part. I frequently stood still, and hearkened to the one and to the other.

"Here the scene was properly introduced. The strong declamatory, and, as it were, shrieking sound, met the ear from far, and called forth the attention; the quickly-succeeding transitions, which necessarily required to be sung in a lower tone, seemed like plaintive strains succeeding the vociferations of emotion or of pain. The other, who listened attentively, immediately began where the other left off, answering him in milder or more vehement notes, according as the purport of the strophe required. The sleepy canals, the lofty buildings, the splendour of the moon, the deep shadows of the few gondolas that moved like spirits hither and thither, increased the striking peculiarity of the scene; and, amidst all these circumstances, it was easy to confess the character of this wonderful harmony.

"It suits perfectly well with an idle solitary mariner, lying at length in his vessel at rest on one of these canals, waiting for his company, or for a fare, the tiresomeness of which situation is somewhat alleviated by the songs and poetical stories he has in memory. He often raises his voice as loud as he can, which extends itself to a vast distance over the tranquil mirror, and, as all is still around, he is, as it were, in a solitude in the midst of a large and populous town. Here is no rattling of carriages, no noise of foot passengers; a silent gondola glides now and then by him, of which the splashings of the oars are scarcely to be heard.

"At a distance he hears another, perhaps utterly unknown to him. Melody and verse immediately attach the two strangers; he becomes the responsive echo to the former, and exerts himself to be heard as he had heard the other. By a tacit convention, they alternate verse for verse; though the song should last the whole night through, they entertain themselves without fatigue: the hearers, who are passing between the two, take part in the amusement.

"This vocal performance sounds best at a great distance, and is then inexpressibly charming, as it only fulfils its design in the sentiment of remoteness. It is plaintive, but not dismal in its sound, and at times it is scarcely possible to refrain from tears. My companion, who otherwise was not a very delicately organised person, said quite unexpectedly: 'E singolare come quel canto intenerisce, e molto più quando lo cantano meglio.'

"I was told that the women of Lido, the long row of islands that divides the Adriatic from the Lagoons,(1) particularly the women of the extreme districts of Malamocco and Palestrina, sing in like manner the works of Tasso to these and similar tunes.

"They have the custom, when their husbands are fishing out at sea, to sit along the shore in the evenings and vociferate these songs, and continue to do so with great violence, till each of them can distinguish the responses of her own husband at a distance."(2)

The love of music and of poetry distinguishes all classes of Venetians, even amongst the tuneful sons of Italy. The city itself can occasionally furnish respectable audiences for two and even three opera-houses at a time; and there are few events in private life that do not call forth a printed and circulated sonnet. Does a physician or a lawyer take his degree, or a clergyman preach his maiden sermon, has a surgeon performed an operation, would a harlequin announce his departure or his benefit, are you to be congratulated on a marriage, or a birth, or a lawsuit, the Muses are invoked to furnish the same number of syllables, and the individual triumphs blaze abroad, in virgin white or party-coloured placards, on half the corners of the capital. The last curtsey of a favourite "prima donna" brings down a shower of these poetical tributes from those upper regions from which, in our theatres, nothing but cupids and snow-storms are accustomed to descend. There is a poetry in the very life of a Venetian, which, in its common course, is varied with those surprises and changes so recommendable in fiction, but so different from the sober monotony of northern existence; amusements are raised into duties, duties are softened into amusements, and every object being considered as equally making a part of the business of life, is announced and performed with the same earnest indifference and gay assiduity. The Venetian gazette constantly closes its columns with the following triple advertisement:—

Charade.

Exposition of the most Holy Sacrament in the church of St. —

Theatres.

St. Moses, opera.
St. Benedict, a comedy of characters.
St. Luke, repose.

When it is recollected what the Catholics believe their consecrated wafer to be, we may perhaps think it worthy of a more respectable niche than between poetry and the playhouse.

III.

THE LION AND HORSES OF ST. MARK'S.

"St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood
Stand,"——

Stanza xi. line 5.

The Lion has lost nothing by his journey to the *Invalides* but the gospel, which supported the paw; that is now on a level with the other foot. The Horses also are returned to the ill-chosen spot whence

(1) The writer meant *Lido*, which is not a long row of islands, but a long island: *litus*, the shore.

(2) *Curiosities of Literature*, vol. ii. p. 156. edit. 1807; and Appendix xxix. to *Black's Life of Tasso*.

they set out, and are, as before, half hidden under the porch window of St. Mark's church. Their history, after a desperate struggle, has been satisfactorily explored. The decisions and doubts of Erizzo and Zanetti, and, lastly, of the Count Leopold Cicognara, would have given them a Roman extraction, and a pedigree not more ancient than the reign of Nero. But M. de Schlegel stepped in, to teach the Venetians the value of their own treasures; and a Greek vindicated, at last and for ever, the pretension of his countrymen to this noble production.(1) M. Mustoxidi has not been left without a reply; but, as yet, he has received no answer. It should seem that the horses are irrevocably Chian, and were transferred to Constantinople by Theodosius. Lapidary writing is a favourite play of the Italians, and has conferred reputation on more than one of their literary characters. One of the best specimens of Bodoni's typography is a respectable volume of inscriptions, all written by his friend Pacciandi. Several were prepared for the recovered horses. It is to be hoped the best was not selected, when the following words were ranged in gold letters above the cathedral porch:—

QUATUOR · EQUORUM · SIGNA · A · VENETIS · BYZANTIO · CAPTA · AD · TEMP · D · MAR · A · R · S · MCCIV · POSITA · QUÆ · HOSTILIS · CUPIDITAS · MDCCCIII · ABSTULERAT · FRANC · I · IMP · PACIS · ORBI · DATÆ · TROPHÆUM · A · MDCCCXV · VICTOR · REDUXIT.

Nothing shall be said of the Latin, but it may be permitted to observe, that the injustice of the Venetians in transporting the horses from Constantinople was at least equal to that of the French in carrying them to Paris, and that it would have been more prudent to have avoided all allusions to either robbery. An apostolic prince should, perhaps, have objected to affixing over the principal entrance of a metropolitan church an inscription having a reference to any other triumphs than those of religion. Nothing less than the pacification of the world can excuse such a solecism.

IV.

SUBMISSION OF BARBAROSSA TO POPE ALEXANDER III.

"The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian reigns—
An emperor tramples where an emperor knelt."
Stanza xii. lines 1 and 2.

After many vain efforts on the part of the Italians entirely to throw off the yoke of Frederic Barbarossa, and as fruitless attempts of the Emperor to make himself absolute master throughout the whole of his Cisalpine dominions, the bloody struggles of four-and-twenty years were happily brought to a close in the city of Venice. The articles of a treaty had been previously agreed upon, between Pope Alexander III. and Barbarossa; and the former, having received a safe-conduct, had already arrived at Venice from Ferrara, in company with the ambassadors of the King of Sicily and the consuls of the Lombard league. There still remained, however, many points to adjust, and for several days the peace was believed to be impracticable. At this juncture it was suddenly reported that the Emperor had arrived at Chioza, a town fifteen miles from the capital. The Venetians rose tumultuously, and insisted upon immediately conducting him to the city. The Lombards took the alarm, and departed towards Treviso. The Pope himself was apprehensive of some disaster if Frederic should suddenly advance upon him, but was reassured by the prudence and address of Sebastian Ziani, the Doge. Several embassies passed between Chioza and the capital, until, at last, the Emperor, relaxing somewhat of his pretensions, "laid aside his leonine ferocity, and put on the mildness of the lamb."(2)

On Saturday the 23d of July, in the year 1177, six Venetian galleys transferred Frederic, in great pomp, from Chioza to the island of Lido, a mile from Venice. Early the next morning the Pope, accompanied by the Sicilian ambassadors, and by the envoys of Lombardy, whom he had recalled from the main land, together with a great concourse of people, repaired from the patriarchal palace to St. Mark's church, and solemnly absolved the Emperor and his partisans from the excommunication pronounced against him. The Chancellor of the Empire, on the part of his master, renounced the anti-popes and their schismatic adherents. Immediately the Doge, with a great suite both of the clergy and laity, got on board the galleys, and waiting on Frederic, rowed him in mighty state from the Lido to the capital. The Emperor descended from the galley at the quay of the Piazzetta. The Doge, the patriarch, his bishops and clergy, and the people of Venice with their crosses and their standards, marched in solemn procession before him to the church of St. Mark. Alexander was seated before the vestibule of the basilica, attended by his bishops and cardinals, by the patriarch of Aquileja, by the archbishops and bishops of Lombardy, all of them in state, and clothed in their church robes. Frederic approached—"moved by the Holy Spirit, venerating the Almighty in the person of Alexander, laying aside his imperial dignity, and throwing off his mantle, he prostrated himself at full length at the feet of the Pope. Alexander, with tears in his eyes, raised him benignantly from the ground, kissed him, blessed him; and immediately the Germans of the train sang, with a loud voice, 'We praise thee, O Lord.' The Emperor then taking the Pope by the right hand, led him to the church, and, having received his benediction, returned to the ducal palace."(3) The ceremony of humiliation was repeated the next day. The Pope himself, at the request of Frederic, said mass at St. Mark's. The Emperor again laid aside his imperial mantle, and, taking a wand in his hand, officiated as *verger*, driving the laity from the choir, and preceding the pontiff to the altar. Alexander, after reciting the gospel, preached to the people. The Emperor put himself close to the pulpit in the attitude of listening; and the pontiff, touched by this mark of his attention (for he knew that Frederic did not understand a word he said), commanded the patriarch of Aquileja to translate the Latin discourse into the German tongue. The creed was then chanted. Frederic made his oblation, and kissed the Pope's feet, and, mass being over, led him by the hand to his white horse. He held the

(1) Su i quattro cavalli della Basilica di S. Marco in Venezia. *Lettera di Andrea Mustoxidi Corcirese.* Padua, per Bettoni e compag. . . . 1816.

(2) "Quibus auditis, imperator, operante eo, qui corda principum sicut vult et quando vult humiliter inclinat, leonina feritate deposita, ovinam mansuetudinem induit."—*Romualdi Salernitani Chronicon*, apud *Script. Rer. Ital.* tom. vii. p. 229.

(3) *Ibid.* p. 231.

stirrup, and would have led the horse's rein to the water-side, had not the Pope accepted of the inclination for the performance, and affectionately dismissed him with his benediction. Such is the substance of the account left by the Archbishop of Salerno, who was present at the ceremony, and whose story is confirmed by every subsequent narration. It would be not worth so minute a record, were it not the triumph of liberty as well as of superstition. The states of Lombardy owed to it the confirmation of their privileges; and Alexander had reason to thank the Almighty, who had enabled an infirm unarmed old man to subdue a terrible and potent sovereign.(1)

V.

HENRY DANDOLO.

"Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo!
The octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe."

Stanza xii. lines 8 and 9.

The reader will recollect the exclamation of the highlander, *Oh for one hour of Dundee!* Henry Dandolo, when elected Doge, in 1192, was eighty-five years of age. When he commanded the Venetians at the taking of Constantinople, he was consequently ninety-seven years old. At this age he annexed the fourth and a half of the whole empire of Romania,(2) for so the Roman empire was then called, to the title and to the territories of the Venetian Doge. The three-eighths of this empire were preserved in the diplomas until the dukedom of Giovanni Dolfino, who made use of the above designation in the year 1357.(3)

Dandolo led the attack on Constantinople in person: two ships, the Paradise and the Pilgrim, were tied together, and a drawbridge or ladder let down from their higher yards to the walls. The Doge was one of the first to rush into the city. Then was completed, said the Venetians, the prophecy of the Erythræan sibyl:—"A gathering together of the powerful shall be made amidst the waves of the Adriatic, under a blind leader; they shall beset the goat—they shall profane Byzantium—they shall blacken her buildings—her spoils shall be dispersed; a new goat shall bleat until they have measured out and run over fifty-four feet, nine inches, and a half."(4)

Dandolo died on the first day of June, 1205, having reigned thirteen years, six months, and five days, and was buried in the church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople. Strangely enough it must sound, that the name of the rebel apothecary who received the Doge's sword, and annihilated the ancient government, in 1796-7, was Dandolo.

VI.

THE WAR OF CHIOZA.

"But is not Doria's menace come to pass?
Are they not bridled?"

Stanza xiii. lines 3 and 4.

After the loss of the battle of Pola, and the taking of Chioza on the 16th of August, 1379, by the united armament of the Genoese and Francesco da Carrara, Signor of Padua, the Venetians were reduced to the utmost despair. An embassy was sent to the conquerors with a blank sheet of paper, praying them to prescribe what terms they pleased, and leave to Venice only her independence. The Prince of Padua was inclined to listen to these proposals, but the Genoese, who, after the victory at Pola, had shouted, "To Venice, to Venice! and long live St. George!" determined to annihilate their rival; and Peter Doria, their commander-in-chief, returned this answer to the suppliants: "On God's faith, gentlemen of Venice, ye shall have no peace from the Signor of Padua, nor from our commune of Genoa, until we have first put a rein upon those unbridled horses of yours, that are upon the porch of your evangelist St. Mark. When we have bridled them, we shall keep you quiet. And this is the pleasure of us and of our commune. As for these my brothers of Genoa, that you have brought with you to give up to us, I will not have them: take them back; for, in a few days hence, I shall come and let them out of prison myself, both these and all the others."(5) In fact, the Genoese did advance as far as Malamocco, within five miles of the capital; but their own danger and the pride of their enemies gave courage to the Venetians, who made prodigious efforts, and many individual sacrifices, all of them carefully recorded by their historians. Vettor Pisani was put at the head of thirty-four galleys. The Genoese broke up from Malamocco, and retired to Chioza in October; but they again threatened Venice, which was reduced to extremities. At this time, the 1st of January, 1380, arrived Carlo Zeno, who had been cruising on the Genoese coast, with fourteen galleys. The Venetians were now strong enough to besiege the Genoese. Doria was killed on the 22d of January, by a stone bullet 195 pounds weight, discharged from a bombard called the Trevisan. Chioza was then closely invested: 5,000 auxiliaries, amongst whom were some English condottieri, commanded by one Captain Ceccho, joined the Venetians. The Genoese, in their turn, prayed for conditions, but none were granted, until, at last, they surrendered at discretion; and, on the 24th of June, 1380, the Doge Contarini made his triumphal entry into Chioza. Four thou-

(1) See the above-cited Romuald of Salerno. In a second sermon which Alexander preached, on the first day of August, before the Emperor, he compared Frederic to the Prodigal Son, and himself to the forgiving father.

(2) Mr. Gibbon has omitted the important *æ*, and has written Romani instead of Romaniæ. *Decline and Fall*, chap. lxi. note 9. But the title acquired by Dandolo runs thus in the chronicle of his namesake, the Doge Andrew Dandolo: "Ducali titulo addidit, 'Quartæ partis et dimidiæ totius imperii Romaniæ.'" *And. Dand. Chronicon*, cap. iii. pars xxxvii. ap. *Script. Rer. Ital.* tom. xii. page 331. And the Romaniæ is observed in the subsequent acts of the Doges. Indeed, the continental possessions of the Greek empire in Europe were then generally known by the name of Romania, and that appellation is still seen in the maps of Turkey as applied to Thrace.

(3) See the continuation of *Dandolo's Chronicle*, ibid. page 498. Mr. Gibbon appears not to include Dolfino, following Sanudo, who says, "il qual titolo si usò fin al Doge Giovanni Dolfino." See *Vite de' Duchi di Venezia*, ap. *Script. Rer. Ital.* tom. xxii. 530. 641.

(4) "Fiet potentium in aquis Adriaticis congregatio, cæco præduce, Hircum ambigent, Byzantium prophanabunt, ædificia denigrabunt; spolia dispergentur: Hircus novus balabit usque dum LIV pedes et IX pollices, et semis præmensurati discurrant,"—*Chronicon*, ibid. pars xxxiv.

(5) "Alla fè di Dio, Signori Veneziani, non averte mai pace dal Signore di Padoua, ne dal nostro comune di Genova, se primieramente non mettemo le briglie a quelli vostri cavalli sfrenati, che sono su la reza del vostro Evangelista S. Marco. Infrenati che gli avremo, vi faremo stare in buona pace. E questa è la intenzione nostra, e del nostro comune. Questi miei fratelli Genovesi che avete menati con voi per donarci, non li voglio; rimenategli in dietro perchè io intendo da qui a pochi giorni venirgli a riscuoter dalle vostre prigioni, e loro e gli altri."

sand prisoners, nineteen galleys, many smaller vessels and barks, with all the ammunition and arms, and outfit of the expedition, fell into the hands of the conquerors, who, had it not been for the inexorable answer of Doria, would have gladly reduced their dominion to the city of Venice. An account of these transactions is found in a work called the *War of Chioza*, written by Daniel Chinazzo, who was in Venice at the time.(1)

VII.

VENICE UNDER THE GOVERNMENT OF AUSTRIA.

"Thin streets and foreign aspects, such as must
Too oft remind her who and what enthrals."

Stanza xv. lines 7 and 8.

The population of Venice, at the end of the seventeenth century, amounted to nearly two hundred thousand souls. At the last census, taken two years ago, it was no more than about one hundred and three thousand; and it diminishes daily. The commerce and the official employments, which were wont to be the unexhausted source of Venetian grandeur, have both expired.(2) Most of the patrician mansions are deserted, and would gradually disappear, had not the government, alarmed by the demolition of seventy-two, during the last two years, expressly forbidden this sad resource of poverty. Many remnants of the Venetian nobility are now scattered, and confounded with the wealthier Jews upon the banks of the Brenta, whose Palladian palaces have sunk, or are sinking, in the general decay. Of the "gentiluomo Veneto," the name is still known, and that is all. He is but the shadow of his former self, but he is polite and kind. It surely may be pardoned to him if he is querulous. Whatever may have been the vices of the republic, and although the natural term of its existence may be thought by foreigners to have arrived in the due course of mortality, only one sentiment can be expected from the Venetians themselves. At no time were the subjects of the republic so unanimous in their resolution to rally round the standard of St. Mark, as when it was for the last time unfurled; and the cowardice and the treachery of the few patricians who recommended the fatal neutrality were confined to the persons of the traitors themselves. The present race cannot be thought to regret the loss of their aristocratical forms, and too despotic government; they think only on their vanished independence. They pine away at the remembrance, and on this subject suspend for a moment their gay good humour. Venice may be said, in the words of the Scripture, "to die daily;" and so general and so apparent is the decline, as to become painful to a stranger, not reconciled to the sight of a whole nation expiring as it were before his eyes. So artificial a creation, having lost that principle which called it into life and supported its existence, must fall to pieces at once, and sink more rapidly than it rose. The abhorrence of slavery which drove the Venetians to the sea has, since their disaster, forced them to the land, where they may be at least overlooked amongst the crowd of dependants, and not present the humiliating spectacle of a whole nation loaded with recent chains. Their liveliness, their affability, and that happy indifference which constitution alone can give (for philosophy aspires to it in vain), have not sunk under circumstances; but many peculiarities of costume and manner have by degrees been lost, and the nobles, with a pride common to all Italians who have been masters, have not been persuaded to parade their insignificance. That splendour, which was a proof and a portion of their power, they would not degrade into the trappings of their subjection. They retired from the space which they had occupied in the eyes of their fellow-citizens; their continuance in which would have been a symptom of acquiescence, and an insult to those who suffered by the common misfortune. Those who remained in the degraded capital might be said rather to haunt the scenes of their departed power than to live in them. The reflection, "who and what enthrals," will hardly bear a comment from one who is, nationally, the friend and the ally of the conqueror. It may, however, be allowed to say thus much, that to those who wish to recover their independence, any masters must be an object of detestation; and it may be safely foretold that this unprofitable aversion will not have been corrected before Venice shall have sunk into the slime of her choked canals.

VIII.

LAURA.

"Watering the tree which bears his lady's name
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame."

Stanza xxx. lines 8 and 9.

Thanks to the critical acumen of a Scotchman, we now know as little of Laura as ever.(3) The discoveries of the Abbé de Sade, his triumphs, his sneers, can no longer instruct or amuse.(4) We must not, however, think that these memoirs are as much a romance as *Belisarius* or *The Incas*, although we are told so by Dr. Beattie, a great name, but a little authority.(5) His "labour" has not been in vain, notwithstanding his "love" has, like most other passions, made him ridiculous.(6) The hypothesis which overpowered the struggling Italians, and carried along less interested critics in its current, is run out. We have another proof that we can never be sure that the paradox the most singular, and therefore having the most agreeable and authentic air, will not give place to the re-established ancient prejudice.

It seems, then, first, that Laura was born, lived,

(1) "*Chronica della Guerra di Chioza*," etc. *Script. Rer. Italic.* tom. xv. pp. 699 to 804.

(2) "Nonnullorum è nobilitate immensæ sunt opes, adeo ut vix æstimari possint: id quod tribus è rebus oritur, parsimonia, commercio, atque iis emolumentis, quæ è repub. percipiunt, quæ hanc ob causam diuturna fore creditur." See *De Principatibus Italiæ Tractatus*, edit. 1631.

(3) See *An Historical and Critical Essay on the Life and Character of Petrarch;* and a *Dissertation on an Historical Hypothesis of the Abbé de Sade:* the first appeared about the year 1784; the other is inserted in the fourth volume of the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*, and both have been incorporated into a work published, under the first title, by Ballantyne, in 1810.

(4) *Memoires pour la Vie de Pétrarque.*

(5) *Life of Beattie*, by Sir W. Forbes, vol. ii. p. 106.

(6) Mr. Gibbon called his *Memoirs* "a labour of love" (see *Decline and Fall*, chap. lxx. note 1.), and followed him with confidence and delight. The compiler of a very voluminous work must take much criticism upon trust. Mr Gibbon has done so, though not as readily as some other authors.

died, and was buried, not in Avignon, but in the country. The fountains of the Sorga, the thickets of Cabrieres, may resume their pretensions, and the exploded *De la Bastie* again be heard with complacency. The hypothesis of the Abbé had no stronger props than the parchment sonnet and medal found on the skeleton of the wife of Hugo de Sade, and the manuscript note to the Virgil of Petrarch, now in the Ambrosian Library. If these proofs were both incontestible, the poetry was written, the medal composed, cast, and deposited within the space of twelve hours: and these deliberate duties were performed round the carcass of one who died of the plague, and was hurried to the grave on the day of her death. These documents, therefore, are too decisive: they prove not the fact, but the forgery. Either the sonnet or the Virgilian note must be a falsification. The Abbé cites both as incontestibly true; the consequent deduction is inevitable—they are both evidently false. (1)

Secondly, Laura was never married, and was a haughty virgin rather than that *tender and prudent* wife, who honoured Avignon by making that town the theatre of an honest French passion, and played off for one-and-twenty years her *little machinery* of alternate favours and refusals (2) upon the first poet of the age. It was, indeed, rather too unfair, that a female should be made responsible for eleven children upon the faith of a misinterpreted abbreviation, and the decision of a librarian. (3) It is, however, satisfactory to think that the love of Petrarch was not platonic. The happiness which he prayed to possess but once and for a moment was surely not of the mind, (4) and something so very real as a marriage project, with one who has been idly called a shadowy nymph, may be, perhaps, detected in at least six places of his own sonnets. (5) The love of Petrarch was neither platonic nor poetical: and if in one passage of his works he call it "amore veementissimo ma unico ed onesto," he confesses, in a letter to a friend, that it was guilty and perverse, that it absorbed him quite, and mastered his heart. (6)

In this case, however, he was perhaps alarmed for the culpability of his wishes; for the Abbé de Sade himself, who certainly would not have been scrupulously delicate if he could have proved his descent from Petrarch as well as Laura, is forced into a stout defence of his virtuous grandmother. As far as relates to the poet, we have no security for the innocence, except perhaps in the constancy of his pursuit. He assures us, in his epistle to posterity, that, when arrived at his fortieth year, he not only had in horror, but had lost all recollection and image of, any "irregularity." (7) But the birth of his natural daughter cannot be assigned earlier than his thirty-ninth year; and either the memory or the morality of the poet must have failed him, when he forgot or was guilty of this *slip*. (8) The weakest argument for the purity of this love has been drawn from the permanence of its effects, which survived the object of his passion. The reflection of M. de la Bastie, that virtue alone is capable of making impressions which death cannot efface, is one of those which every body applauds, and every body finds not to be true, the moment he examines his own breast or the records of human feeling. (9) Such apophthegms can do nothing for Petrarch or for the cause of morality, except with the every weak and the very young. He that has made even a little progress beyond ignorance and pupillage cannot be edified with any thing but truth. What is called vindicating the honour of an individual or a nation, is the most futile, tedious, and uninstructive of all writing; although it will always meet with more applause than that sober criticism, which is attributed to the malicious desire of reducing a great man to the common standard of humanity. It is, after all, not unlikely that our historian was right in retaining his favourite hypothetic salvo, which secures the author, although it scarcely saves the honour of the still unknown mistress of Petrarch. (10)

IX.

PETRARCH.

"They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died."

Stanza xxxi. line 1.

Petrarch retired to Arquà immediately on his return from the unsuccessful attempt to visit Urban V. at Rome, in the year 1370, and, with the exception of his celebrated visit to Venice in company with Francesco Novello da Carrara, he appears to have passed the four last years of his life between that charming solitude and Padua. For four months previous to his death he was in a state of continual languor, and in the morning of July the 19th, in the year 1374, was found dead in his library chair with his head resting upon a book. The chair is still shown amongst the precious relics of Arquà, which from the uninterrupted

(1) The sonnet had before awakened the suspicions of Mr. Horace Walpole. See his letter to Warton in 1763.

(2) "Par ce petit manége, cette alternative de faveurs et de rigueurs bien ménagée, une femme tendre et sage amuse, pendant vingt-et-un ans, le plus grand poëte de son siécle, sans faire la moindre brèche à son honneur." *Mém. pour la Vie de Pétrarque*, Préface aux français. The Italian editor of the London edition of *Petrarch*, who has translated Lord Woodhouselee, renders the "femme tendre et sage," "raffinata civetta." *Riflessioni intorno a Madonna Laura*, p. 234, vol. iii. ed. 1811.

(3) In a dialogue with St. Augustin, Petrarch has described Laura as having a body exhausted with repeated *ptubs*. The old editors read and printed *perturbationibus*; but M. Capperonnier, librarian to the French king in 1792, who saw the MS. in the Paris library, made an attestation that "on lit et qu'on doit lire, partubus exhaustum." De Sade joined the names of Messrs. Boudot and Bejot with M. Capperonnier, and in the whole discussion on this *ptubs*, showed himself a downright literary rogue. See *Riflessioni*, etc. p. 267. Thomas Aquinas is called in to settle whether Petrarch's mistress was a *chaste* maid or a *continent* wife.

(4) "Pigmalion, quanto lodar ti dei
Dell' immagine tua, se mille volte
N' avesti quel ch' l' sol una vorrei."
Sonetto 58. *quando giunse a Simon l'alto concetto.*
Le Rime, etc. par. i. pag. 189. edit. Ven. 1756.

(5) See *Riflessioni*, etc. p. 291.

(6) "Quella rea e perversa passione che solo tutto mi occupava e mi regnava nel cuore."

(7) "Azion disonesta" are his words.

(8) "A questa confessione così sincera diede forse occasione una nuova caduta ch' ei fece." *Tiraboschi, Storia*, etc. tom. v. lib. iv. par. ii. pag. 492.

(9) "Il n'y a que la vertu seule qui soit capable de faire des impressions que la mort n'efface pas." M. de Bimard, Baron de la Bastie, in the *Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres* for 1740 and 1751. See also *Riflessioni*, etc. p. 295.

(10) "And if the virtue or prudence of Laura was inexorable, he enjoyed, and might boast of enjoying, the nymph of poetry." *Decline and Fall*, chap. lxx. p. 327. vol. xii. 8vo. Perhaps the *if* is here meant for *although*.

veneration that has been attached to every thing relative to this great man from the moment of his death to the present hour, have, it may be hoped, a better chance of authenticity than the Shakspearian memorials of Stratford-upon-Avon.

Arquà (for the last syllable is accented in pronunciation, although the analogy of the English language has been observed in the verse) is twelve miles from Padua, and about three miles on the right of the high road to Rovigo, in the bosom of the Euganean hills. After a walk of twenty minutes across a flat well-wooded meadow, you come to a little blue lake, clear but fathomless, and to the foot of a succession of acclivities and hills, clothed with vineyards and orchards, rich with fir and pomegranate trees, and every sunny fruit-shrub. From the banks of the lake the road winds into the hills, and the church of Arquà is soon seen between a cleft where two ridges slope towards each other, and nearly enclose the village. The houses are scattered at intervals on the steep sides of these summits; and that of the poet is on the edge of a little knoll overlooking two descents, and commanding a view, not only of the glowing gardens in the dales immediately beneath, but of the wide plains, above whose low woods of mulberry and willow, thickened into a dark mass by festoons of vines, tall single cypresses, and the spires of towns, are seen in the distance, which stretches to the mouths of the Po and the shores of the Adriatic. The climate of these volcanic hills is warmer, and the vintage begins a week sooner, than in the plains of Padua. Petrarch is laid, for he cannot be said to be buried, in a sarcophagus of red marble, raised on four pilasters on an elevated base, and preserved from an association with meaner tombs. It stands conspicuously alone, but will be soon overshadowed by four lately-planted laurels. Petrarch's Fountain, for here every thing is Petrarch's, springs and expands itself beneath an artificial arch, a little below the church, and abounds plentifully, in the driest season, with that soft water which was the ancient wealth of the Euganean hills. It would be more attractive, were it not, in some seasons, beset with hornets and wasps. No other coincidence could assimilate the tombs of Petrarch and Archilogus. The revolutions of centuries have spared these sequestered valleys, and the only violence which has been offered to the ashes of Petrarch was prompted, not by hate, but veneration. An attempt was made to rob the sarcophagus of its treasure, and one of the arms was stolen by a Florentine, through a rent which is still visible. The injury is not forgotten, but has served to identify the poet with the country where he was born, but where he would not live. A peasant-boy of Arquà being asked who Petrarch was, replied, "that the people of the parsonage knew all about him, but that he only knew that he was a Florentine."

Mr. Forsyth (1) was not quite correct in saying that Petrarch never returned to Tuscany after he had once quitted it when a boy. It appears he did pass through Florence on his way from Parma to Rome, and on his return in the year 1350, and remained there long enough to form some acquaintance with its most distinguished inhabitants. A Florentine gentleman, ashamed of the aversion of the poet for his native country, was eager to point out this trivial error in our accomplished traveller, whom he knew and respected for an extraordinary capacity, extensive erudition, and refined taste, joined to that engaging simplicity of manners which has been so frequently recognised as the surest, though it is certainly not an indispensable, trait of superior genius.

Every footstep of Laura's lover has been anxiously traced and recorded. The house in which he lodged is shown in Venice. The inhabitants of Arezzo, in order to decide the ancient controversy between their city and the neighbouring Ancisa, where Petrarch was carried when seven months old, and remained until his seventh year, have designated by a long inscription the spot where their great fellow-citizen was born. A tablet has been raised to him at Parma, in the chapel of St. Agatha, at the cathedral, (2) because he was archdeacon of that society, and was only snatched from his intended sepulture in their church by a *foreign* death. Another tablet, with a bust, has been erected to him at Pavia, on account of his having passed the autumn of 1368 in that city, with his son-in-law Brossano. The political condition which has for ages precluded the Italians from the criticism of the living, has concentrated their attention to the illustration of the dead.

X.

TASSO.

"In face of all his foes, the Cruscan quire;
And Boileau, whose rash envy," etc.

Stanza xxxviii. lines 6 and 7.

Perhaps the couplet, in which Boileau depreciates Tasso, may serve as well as any other specimen to justify the opinion given of the harmony of French verse:—

A Malherbe, à Racan, préférer Théophile,
Et le clinquant du Tasse à tout l'or de Virgile.

Sat. ix. vers 176.

The biographer Serassi, (3) out of tenderness to the reputation either of the Italian or the French poet, is eager to observe that the satirist recanted or explained away this censure, and subsequently allowed the author of the *Jerusalem* to be a "genius, sublime, vast, and happily born for the higher flights of poetry." To this we will add, that the recantation is far from satisfactory, when we examine the whole anecdote as

(1) *Remarks, etc. on Italy*, p. 95. note, 2d edit.

(2) D. O. M.
Francisco Petrarchæ
Parmensi Archidiacono.
Parentibus præclaris genere perantiquo
Ethices Christianæ scriptori eximio
Romanæ linguæ restitutori
Etruscæ principi
Africæ ob carmen hâc in urbe peractum regibus accito
S. P. Q. R. laurea donato.
Tanti Viri
Juvenilium juvenis senilium senex
Studiosissimus
Comes Nicolaus Canonicus Cicognarus
Marmorea proxima ara excitata.
Ibique condito
Divæ Januariæ cruento corpore
H. M. P.
Suffectum
Sed infra meritum Francisci sepulchro
Summa hac in æde efferri mandantis
Si Parmæ occumberet
Extera morte heu nobis erepti.

(3) *La Vita del Tasso*, lib. iii. p. 284. tom. ii. edit. Bergamo, 1790.

reported by Olivet. (1) The sentence pronounced against him by Bouhours (2) is recorded only to the confusion of the critic, whose *palinodia* the Italian makes no effort to discover, and would not, perhaps, accept. As to the opposition which the *Jerusalem* encountered from the Cruscan academy, who degraded Tasso from all competition with Ariosto, below Bojardo and Pulci, the disgrace of such opposition must also, in some measure, be laid to the charge of Alfonso, and the court of Ferrara. For Leonard Salviati, the principal and nearly the sole origin of this attack, was, there can be no doubt, (3) influenced by a hope to acquire the favour of the House of Este: an object which he thought attainable by exalting the reputation of a native poet at the expense of a rival, then a *prisoner of state*. The hopes and efforts of Salviati must serve to show the contemporary opinion as to the nature of the poet's imprisonment; and will fill up the measure of our indignation at the tyrant jailer. (4) In fact, the antagonist of Tasso was not disappointed in the reception given to his criticism; he was called to the court of Ferrara, where, having endeavoured to heighten his claims to favour by panegyrics on the family of his sovereign, (5) he was in turn abandoned, and expired in neglected poverty. The opposition of the Cruscans was brought to a close in six years after the commencement of the controversy; and if the academy owed its first renown to having almost opened with such a paradox, (6) it is probable that, on the other hand, the care of his reputation alleviated rather than aggravated the imprisonment of the injured poet. The defence of his father and of himself, for both were involved in the censure of Salviati, found employment for many of his solitary hours, and the captive could have been but little embarrassed to reply to accusations, where, amongst other delinquencies, he was charged with invidiously omitting, in his comparison between France and Italy, to make any mention of the cupola of S. Maria del Fiore at Florence. (7) The late biographer of Ariosto seems as if willing to renew the controversy by doubting the interpretation of Tasso's self-estimation (8) related in Serassi's life of the poet. But Tiraboschi had before laid that rivalry at rest, (9) by showing, that between Ariosto and Tasso it is not a question of comparison, but of preference.

(1) *Histoire de l'Académie Françoise depuis 1652 jusqu'à 1700, par l'Abbé d'Olivet*, p. 181. edit. Amsterdam, 1730. "Mais ensuite, venant à l'usage qu'il a fait de ses talens, j'aurois montré que le bon sens n'est pas toujours ce qui domine chez lui," p. 182. Boileau said, he had not changed his opinion. "J'en ai si peu changé, dit-il," etc. p. 181.

(2) *La maniére de bien penser dans les ouvrages d'esprit*, sec. dial. p. 89. edit. 1692. Philanthes is for Tasso, and says in the outset: "De tous les beaux esprits que l'Italie a portés, le Tasse est peut-être celui qui pense le plus noblement." But Bouhours seems to speak in Eudoxus, who closes with the absurd comparison: "Faites valoir le Tasse tant qu'il vous plaira, je m'en tiens pour moi à Virgile," etc. *Ibid.* p. 102.

(3) *La Vita*, etc. lib. iii. p. 90. tom. ii. The English reader may see an account of the opposition of the Cruscans to Tasso, in Dr. Black, *Life*, etc. chap. xvii. vol. ii.

(4) For further, and, it is hoped, decisive proof, that Tasso was neither more nor less than a *prisoner of state*, the reader is referred to *Historical Illustrations of the IVth Canto of Childe Harold*, page 5 and following.

(5) "Orazioni funebri . . . delle lodi di Don Luigi, Cardinale d'Este . . . delle lodi di Donno Alfonso d'Este." See *La Vita*, lib. iii. p. 117.

XI.

ARIOSTO.

"The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust
The iron-crown of laurel's mimick'd leaves."

Stanza xli. lines 1 and 2.

Before the remains of Ariosto were removed from the Benedictine church to the library of Ferrara, his bust, which surmounted the tomb, was struck by lightning, and a crown of iron laurels melted away. The event has been recorded by a writer of the last century. (10) The transfer of these sacred ashes, on the 6th of June, 1801, was one of the most brilliant spectacles of the short-lived Italian Republic; and to consecrate the memory of the ceremony, the once-famous fallen *Intrepidi* were revived and re-formed into the Ariostean academy. The large public place through which the procession paraded was then for the first time called Ariosto Square. The author of the *Orlando* is jealously claimed as the Homer, not of Italy, but Ferrara. (11) The mother of Ariosto was of Reggio, and the house in which he was born is carefully distinguished by a tablet with these words: "Qui nacque Ludovico Ariosto il giorno 8 di Settembre dell' anno 1474." But the Ferrarese make light of the accident by which their poet was born abroad, and claim him exclusively for their own. They possess his bones, they show his arm-chair, and his inkstand, and his autographs.

". . . . . Hic illius arma,
Hic currus fuit . . . . . ."

The house where he lived, the room where he died, are designated by his own replaced memorial, (12) and by a recent inscription. The Ferrarese are more jealous of their claims since the animosity of Denina, arising from a cause which their apologists mysteriously hint is not unknown to them, ventured to degrade their soil and climate to a Bœotian incapacity for all spiritual productions. A quarto volume has been called forth by the detraction, and this supplement to Barotti's *Memoirs of the illustrious Ferrarese* has been considered a triumphant reply to the *Quadro Storico Statistico dell' Alta Italia*.

(6) It was founded in 1582, and the Cruscan answer to Pellegrino's *Caraffa*, or *epica poesia*, was published in 1584.

(7) "Cotanto potè sempre in lui il veleno della sua pessima volontà contro alla nazione Fiorentina." *La Vita*, lib. iii. pp. 96. 98. tom. ii.

(8) *La Vita di M. L. Ariosto, scritta dall' Abate Girolamo Baruffaldi Giuniore*, etc., Ferrara, 1807, lib. iii. p. 262. See *Historical Illustrations*, etc. p. 26.

(9) *Storia della Lett.*, etc. lib. iii. tom. vii. par. iii. p. 1220 sect. 4.

(10) "Mi raccontarono que' monachi, ch' essendo caduto un fulmine nella loro chiesa schiantò, esso dalle tempie la corona di lauro a quell' immortale poeta." *Op. di Bianconi*, vol. iii. p. 176. ed. Milano, 1802; lettera al Signor Guido Savini Arcifisiocritico, sull' indole d'un fulmine caduto in Dresda l'anno 1759.

(11) "Appassionato ammiratore ed invitto apologista dell' *Omero Ferrarese*." The title was first given by Tasso, and is quoted to the confusion of the *Tassisti*, lib. iii. pp. 262, 265. *La Vita di M. L. Ariosto*, etc.

(12) "Parva sed apta mihi, sed nulli obnoxia, sed non
Sordida, parta meo sed tamen ære domus."

XII.

ANCIENT SUPERSTITIONS RESPECTING LIGHTNING.

"For the true laurel-wreath which glory weaves
Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves."

Stanza xli. lines 4 and 5.

The eagle, the sea-calf, the laurel, (1) and the white vine, (2) were amongst the most approved preservatives against lightning: Jupiter chose the first, Augustus Cæsar the second, (3) and Tiberius never failed to wear a wreath of the third when the sky threatened a thunder-storm. (4) These superstitions may be received without a sneer in a country where the magical properties of the hazel-twig have not lost all their credit; and perhaps the reader may not be much surprised to find that a commentator on Suetonius has taken upon himself gravely to disprove the imputed virtues of the crown of Tiberius, by mentioning that, a few years before he wrote, a laurel was actually struck by lightning at Rome. (5)

XIII.

"Know that the lightning sanctifies below."

Stanza xli. line 8.

The Curtian lake and the Ruminal fig-tree in the Forum, having been touched by lightning, were held sacred, and the memory of the accident was preserved by a *puteal*, or altar resembling the mouth of a well, with a little chapel covering the cavity supposed to be made by the thunderbolt. Bodies scathed and persons struck dead were thought to be incorruptible; (6) and a stroke not fatal conferred perpetual dignity upon the man so distinguished by Heaven. (7)

Those killed by lightning were wrapped in a white garment, and buried where they fell. The superstition was not confined to the worshippers of Jupiter: the Lombards believed in the omens furnished by lightning; and a Christian priest confesses that, by a diabolical skill in interpreting thunder, a seer foretold to Agilulf, duke of Turin, an event which came to pass, and gave him a queen and a crown. (8) There was, however, something equivocal in this sign, which the ancient inhabitants of Rome did not always consider propitious; and as the fears are likely to last longer than the consolations of superstition, it is not strange that the Romans of the age of Leo X. should have been so much terrified at some misinterpreted storms as to require the exhortations of a scholar, who arrayed all the learning on thunder and lightning to prove the omen favourable; beginning with the flash which struck the walls of Velitræ, and including that which played upon a gate at Florence, and foretold the pontificate of one of its citizens. (9)

XIV.

THE VENUS OF MEDICIS.

"There, too, the Goddess loves in stone."

Stanza xlix. line 1.

The view of the Venus of Medicis instantly suggests the lines in the *Seasons*, and the comparison of the object with the description proves, not only the correctness of the portrait, but the peculiar turn of thought, and, if the term may be used, the sexual imagination of the descriptive poet. The same conclusion may be deduced from another hint in the same episode of Musidora; for Thomson's notion of the privileges of favoured love must have been either very primitive, or rather deficient in delicacy, when he made his grateful nymph inform her discreet Damon that in some happier moment he might perhaps be the companion of her bath:—

"The time may come you need not fly."

The reader will recollect the anecdote told in the *Life by Dr. Johnson*. We will not leave the Florentine gallery without a word on the *Whetter*. It seems strange that the character of that disputed statue should not be entirely decided, at least in the mind of any one who has seen a sarcophagus in the vestibule of the Basilica of St. Paul without the walls, at Rome, where the whole group of the fable of Marsyas is seen in tolerable preservation; and the Scythian slave whetting the knife is represented exactly in the same position as this celebrated masterpiece. The slave is not naked; but it is easier to get rid of this difficulty than to suppose the knife in the hand of the Florentine statue an instrument for shaving, which it must be, if, as Lanzi supposes, the man is no other than the barber of Julius Cæsar. Winkelmann, illustrating a bas-relief of the same subject, follows the opinion of Leonard Agostini, and his authority might have been thought conclusive, even if the resemblance did not strike the most careless observer. (10) Amongst the bronzes of the same princely collection is still to be seen the inscribed tablet copied and commented upon by Mr. Gibbon. (11) Our historian found some difficulties, but did not desist from his illustration: he might be vexed to hear that his criticism has been thrown away on an inscription now generally recognised to be a forgery.

XV.

MADAME DE STAËL.

"In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie."

Stanza liv. line 1.

This name will recall the memory, not only of those whose tombs have raised the Santa Croce into the centre of pilgrimage, the Mecca of Italy, but of her whose eloquence was poured over the illustrious ashes, and whose voice is now as mute as those she sung. CORINNA is no more; and with her should expire the fear, the flattery, and the envy, which threw too dazzling or too dark a cloud round the march of genius, and forbad the steady gaze of disinterested criticism. We have her picture embellished, or distorted, as friendship or detraction has held the pencil: the impartial portrait was hardly to be expected from a contemporary. The immediate voice of her survivors will, it is probable, be far from affording a just estimate of her singular capacity. The gallantry, the love of wonder, and

(1) "Aquila, vitulus marinus, et laurus, fulmine non feriuntur." *Plin. Nat. Hist.* lib. ii. cap. 55. (2) *Columella*, lib. x.

(3) *Sueton. in Vit. August.* cap xc.

(4) *Sueton. in Vit. Tiberii*, cap. lxix.

(5) Note 2. p. 409. edit. Lugd. Bat. 1667.

(6) Vid. J. C. Bullenger. *de Terræ Motu et Fulminib.* lib. v. cap. xi.

(7) Οὐδὲς καρουνοβλὴς ἄτιμός ἐστι, ὅτιν καὶ ὁς διὸς τιμᾶται. *Plut. Sympos.* vid. J. C. Bulleng. ut sup.

(8) *Pauli Diaconi de Gestis Langobard.* lib. iii. cap. xiv. fo. 15, edit. Taurin. 1527.

(9) *I. P. Valeriani de fulminum significationibus declamatio*, ap. *Grav. Antiq. Rom.* tom. v. p. 593. The declamation is addressed to Julian of Medicis.

(10) See *Monim. Ant. Ined*, par. i. cap. xvii. n. xlii. pag. 50; and *Storia delle Arti*, etc. lib. xi, cap. i. tom. ii. pag. 314. not. B.

(11) *Nomina gentesque Antiquæ Italiæ*, p. 204. edit. oct.

the hope of associated fame, which blunted the edge of censure, must cease to exist. — The dead have no sex; they can surprise by no new miracles; they can confer no privilege: Corinna has ceased to be a woman —she is only an author: and it may be foreseen that many will repay themselves for former complaisance, by a severity to which the extravagance of previous praises may perhaps give the colour of truth. The latest posterity, for to the latest posterity they will assuredly descend, will have to pronounce upon her various productions; and the longer the vista through which they are seen, the more accurately minute will be the object, the more certain the justice, of the decision. She will enter into that existence in which the great writers of all ages and nations are, as it were, associated in a world of their own, and, from that superior sphere, shed their eternal influence for the control and consolation of mankind. But the individual will gradually disappear as the author is more distinctly seen: some one, therefore, of all those whom the charms of involuntary wit, and of easy hospitality, attracted within the friendly circles of Coppet, should rescue from oblivion those virtues which, although they are said to love the shade, are, in fact, more frequently chilled than excited by the domestic cares of private life. Some one should be found to portray the unaffected graces with which she adorned those dearer relationships, the performance of whose duties is rather discovered amongst the interior secrets, than seen in the outward management, of family intercourse; and which, indeed, it requires the delicacy of genuine affection to qualify for the eye of an indifferent spectator. Some one should be found, not to celebrate, but to describe, the amiable mistress of an open mansion, the centre of a society, ever varied, and always pleased; the creator of which, divested of the ambition and the arts of public rivalry, shone forth only to give fresh animation to those around her. The mother tenderly affectionate and tenderly beloved, the friend unboundedly generous, but still esteemed, the charitable patroness of all distress, cannot be forgotten by those whom she cherished, and protected, and fed. Her loss will be mourned the most where she was known the best; and, to the sorrows of very many friends, and more dependants, may be offered the disinterested regret of a stranger, who, amidst the sublimer scenes of the Leman lake, received his chief satisfaction from contemplating the engaging qualities of the incomparable Corinna.

XVI.

ALFIERI.

"Here repose
Angelo's, Alfieri's bones."

Stanza liv. lines 6 and 7.

Alfieri is the great name of this age. The Italians, without waiting for the hundred years, consider him as "a poet good in law." His memory is the more dear to them because he is the bard of freedom; and because, as such, his tragedies can receive no countenance from any of their sovereigns. They are but very seldom, and but very few of them, allowed to be acted. It was oberved by Cicero, that nowhere were the true opinions and feelings of the Romans so clearly shown as at the theatre. (1) In the autumn of 1816, a celebrated improvisatore exhibited his talents at the Opera-house of Milan. The reading of the theses handed in for the subjects of his poetry was received by a very numerous audience, for the most part in silence, or with laughter; but when the assistant, unfolding one of the papers, exclaimed, *The apotheosis of Victor Alfieri*, the whole theatre burst into a shout, and the applause was continued for some moments. The lot did not fall on Alfieri; and the Signor Sgricci had to pour forth his extemporary common-places on the bombardment of Algiers. The choice, indeed, is not left to accident quite so much as might be thought from a first view of the ceremony; and the police not only takes care to look at the papers beforehand, but, in case of any prudential afterthought, steps in to correct the blindness of chance. The proposal for deifying Alfieri was received with immediate enthusiasm, the rather because it was conjectured there would be no opportunity of carrying it into effect.

XVII.

MACHIAVELLI.

"Here Machiavelli's earth return'd to whence it rose."

Stanza liv. line 9.

The affectation of simplicity in sepulchral inscriptions, which so often leaves us uncertain whether the structure before us is an actual depository, or a cenotaph, or a simple memorial not of death but life, has given to the tomb of Machiavelli no information as to the place or time of the birth or death, the age or parentage, of the historian.

TANTO NOMINI NVLLVM PAR ELOGIVM
NICCOLAVS MACHIAVELLI.

There seems at least no reason why the name should not have been put above the sentence which alludes to it.

It will readily be imagined that the prejudices which have passed the name of Machiavelli into an epithet proverbial of iniquity, exist no longer at Florence. His memory was persecuted, as his life had been, for an attachment to liberty incompatible with the new system of despotism, which succeeded the fall of the free governments of Italy. He was put to the torture for being a "libertine," that is, for wishing to restore the republic of Florence; and such are the undying efforts of those who are interested in the perversion not only of the nature of actions, but the meaning of words, that what was once *patriotism* has by degrees come to signify *debauch*. We have ourselves outlived the old meaning of "liberality," which is now another word for treason in one country

(1) The free expression of their honest sentiments survived their liberties. Titius, the friend of Antony, presented them with games in the theatre of Pompey. They did not suffer the brilliancy of the spectacle to efface from their memory that the man who furnished them with the entertainment had murdered the son of Pompey: they drove him from the theatre with curses. The moral sense of a populace, spontaneously expressed, is never wrong. Even the soldiers of the triumvirs joined in the execration of the citizens, by shouting round the chariots of Lepidus and Plancus, who had proscribed their brothers, *De Germanis non de Gallis duo triumphant Consules*; a saying worth a record, were it nothing but a good pun. *C. Vell. Paterculi Hist.* lib. ii. cap. lxxix. pag. 78. edit. Elzevir. 1639. *Ibid.* lib ii. cap. lxxvii.

and for infatuation in all. It seems to have been a strange mistake to accuse the author of *The Prince*, as being a pander to tyranny; and to think that the Inquisition would condemn his work for such a delinquency. The fact is, that Machiavelli, as is usual with those against whom no crime can be proved, was suspected of and charged with atheism; and the first and last most violent opposers of *The Prince* were both Jesuits, one of whom persuaded the Inquisition "benchè fosse tardi," to prohibit the treatise, and the other qualified the secretary of the Florentine republic as no better than a fool. The father Possevin was proved never to have read the book, and the father Lucchesini not to have understood it. It is clear, however, that such critics must have objected not to the slavery of the doctrines, but to the supposed tendency of a lesson which shows how distinct are the interests of a monarch from the happiness of mankind. The Jesuits are re-established in Italy, and the last chapter of *The Prince* may again call forth a particular refutation from those who are employed once more in moulding the minds of the rising generation, so as to receive the impressions of despotism. The chapter bears for title, "Esortazione a liberare la Italia dai Barbari," and concludes with a *libertine* excitement to the future redemption of Italy:—"Non si deve adunque lasciar passare questa occasione, acciocchè la Italia vegga dopo tanto tempo apparire un suo redentore. Nè posso esprimere con qual amore ei fusse ricevuto in tutte quelle provincie, che hanno patito per queste illuvioni esterne, con qual sete di vendetta, con che ostinata fede, con che lacrime. Quali porte se li serrerebo'no? Quali popoli li negherebbono la obbedienza? Quale Italiano li negherebbe l'ossequio? AD OGNUNO PUZZA QUESTO BARBARO DOMINIO." (1)

XVIII.

DANTE.

"*Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar.*"
Stanza lvii. line I.

Dante was born in Florence, in the year 1265. He fought in two battles, was fourteen times ambassador, and once prior of the republic. When the party of Charles of Anjou triumphed over the Bianchi, he was absent on an embassy to Pope Boniface VIII., and was condemned to two years' banishment, and to a fine of 8,000 lire; on the non-payment of which he was further punished by the sequestration of all his property. The republic, however, was not content with this satisfaction, for in 1772 was discovered, in the archives at Florence, a sentence in which Dante is the eleventh of a list of fifteen condemned, in 1302, to be burnt alive; *Talis perveniens igne comburatur sic quod moriatur.* The pretext for this judgment was a proof of unfair barter, extortions, and illicit gains. *Baracteriarum iniquarum, extorsionum, et illicitorum lucrorum,* (2) and with such an accusation it is not strange that Dante should have always protested his innocence, and the injustice of his fellow-citizens. His appeal to Florence was accompanied by another to the Emperor Henry; and the death of that sovereign, in 1313, was the signal for a sentence of irrevocable banishment. He had before lingered near Tuscany with hopes of recall; then travelled into the north of Italy, where Verona had to boast of his longest residence; and he finally settled at Ravenna, which was his ordinary but not constant abode until his death. The refusal of the Venetians to grant him a public audience, on the part of Guido Novello da Polenta, his protector, is said to have been the principal cause of this event, which happened in 1321. He was buried ("in sacra minorum æde") at Ravenna, in a handsome tomb, which was erected by Guido, restored by Bernardo Bembo in 1483, prætor for that republic which had refused to hear him, again restored by Cardinal Corsi, in 1692, and replaced by a more magnificent sepulchre, constructed in 1780, at the expense of the Cardinal Luigi Valenti Gonzaga. The offence or misfortune of Dante was an attachment to a defeated party, and, as his least favourable biographers allege against him, too great a freedom of speech and haughtiness of manner. But the next age paid honours almost divine to the exile. The Florentines, having in vain and frequently attempted to recover his body, crowned his image in a church, (3) and his picture is still one of the idols of their cathedral. They struck medals, they raised statues to him. The cities of Italy, not being able to dispute about his own birth, contended for that of his great poem, and the Florentines thought it for their honour to prove that he had finished the seventh Canto before they drove him from his native city. Fifty-one years after his death, they endowed a professorial chair for the expounding of his verses, and Boccaccio was appointed to this patriotic employment. The example was imitated by Bologna and Pisa, and the commentators, if they performed but little service to literature, augmented the veneration which beheld a sacred or moral allegory in all the images of his mystic muse. His birth and his infancy were discovered to have been distinguished above those of ordinary men: the author of the *Decameron*, his earliest biographer, relates that his mother was warned in a dream of the importance of her pregnancy: and it was found, by others, that at ten years of age he had manifested his precocious passion for that wisdom or theology, which, under the name of Beatrice, had been mistaken for a substantial mistress. When the *Divine Comedy* had been recognised as a mere mortal production, and at the distance of two centuries, when criticism and competition had sobered the judgment of the Italians, Dante was seriously declared superior to Homer; (4) and though the preference appeared to some casuists "an heretical blasphemy worthy of the flames," the contest was vigorously maintained for nearly fifty years. In later times it was made a question which of the Lords of Verona could boast of having patronised him, (5) and the jealous scepticism of one writer would not allow Ravenna the undoubted pos-

(1) *Il Principe di Niccolò Machiavelli*, etc. con la prefazione e le note storiche e politiche di M. Amelot de la Houssaye e l' esame e confutazione dell' opera .... Cosmopoli, 1769.

(2) *Storia della Lett. Ital.* tom. v. lib. iii. par. 2. p. 448. Tiraboschi is incorrect: the dates of the three decrees against Dante are A. D. 1302, 1314, and 1316.

(3) So relates Ficino, but some think his coronation only an allegory. See *Storia*, etc. ut sup. p. 453.

(4) By Varchi, in his *Ercolano*. The controversy continued from 1570 to 1616. See *Storia*, etc. tom. vii. lib. iii. par. iii. p. 1280.

(5) Gio. Jacopo Dionisi Canonico di Verona. Serie di Aneddoti, n. 2. See *Storia*, etc, tom. v. lib. i. par. i. p. 24.

session of his bones. Even the critical Tiraboschi was inclined to believe that the poet had foreseen and foretold one of the discoveries of Galileo. Like the great originals of other nations, his popularity has not always maintained the same level. The last age seemed inclined to undervalue him as a model and a study; and Bettinelli one day rebuked his pupil Monti, for poring over the harsh and obsolete extravagances of the *Commedia*. The present generation, having recovered from the Gallic idolatries of Cesarotti, has returned to the ancient worship, and the *Danteggiare* of the northern Italians is thought even indiscreet by the more moderate Tuscans.

There is still much curious information relative to the life and writings of this great poet, which has not as yet been collected even by the Italians; but the celebrated Ugo Foscolo meditates to supply this defect, and it is not to be regretted that this national work has been reserved for one so devoted to his country and the cause of truth.

XIX.

TOMB OF THE SCIPIOS.

" Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore;
Thy factions, in their worse than civil war,
Proscribed," etc.

Stanza lvii. lines 2, 3, and 4.

The elder Scipio Africanus had a tomb, if he was not buried, at Liternum, whither he had retired to voluntary banishment. This tomb was near the seashore, and the story of an inscription upon it, *Ingrata Patria*, having given a name to a modern tower, is, if not true, an agreeable fiction. If he was not buried, he certainly lived there. (1)

In così angusta e solitaria villa
Era 'l grand' uomo che d' Africa s' appella
Perchè prima col ferro al vivo aprilla. (2)

Ingratitude is generally supposed the vice peculiar to republics; and it seems to be forgotten that, for one instance of popular inconstancy, we have a hundred examples of the fall of courtly favourites. Besides, a people have often repented—a monarch seldom or never. Leaving apart many familiar proofs of this fact, a short story may show the difference between even an aristocracy and the multitude.

Vettor Pisani, having been defeated in 1354 at Portolongo, and many years afterwards in the more decisive action of Pola, by the Genoese, was recalled by the Venetian government, and thrown into chains. The Avvogadori proposed to behead him, but the supreme tribunal was content with the sentence of imprisonment. Whilst Pisani was suffering this unmerited disgrace, Chioza, in the vicinity of the capital, (3) was by the assistance of the *Signor of Padua*, delivered into the hands of Pietro Doria. At the intelligence of that disaster, the great bell of St. Mark's tower tolled to arms, and the people and the soldiery of the galleys were summoned to the repulse of the approaching enemy; but they protested they would not move a step, unless Pisani were liberated and placed at their head. The great council was instantly assembled: the prisoner was called before them, and the Doge, Andrea Contarini, informed him of the demands of the people, and the necessities of the state, whose only hope of safety was reposed on his efforts, and who implored him to forget the indignities he had endured in her service. "I have submitted," replied the magnanimous republican, "I have submitted to your deliberations without complaint; I have supported patiently the pains of imprisonment, for they were inflicted at your command: this is no time to inquire whether I deserved them—the good of the republic may have seemed to require it, and that which the republic resolves is always resolved wisely. Behold me ready to lay down my life for the preservation of my country." Pisani was appointed generalissimo, and by his exertions, in conjunction with those of Carlo Zeno, the Venetians soon recovered the ascendancy over their maritime rivals.

The Italian communities were no less unjust to their citizens than the Greek republics. Liberty, both with one and the other, seems to have been a national, not an individual object: and, notwithstanding the boasted *equality before the laws*, which an ancient Greek writer (4) considered the great distinctive mark between his countrymen and the barbarians, the mutual rights of fellow-citizens seem never to have been the principal scope of the old democracies. The world may have not yet seen an essay by the author of the *Italian Republics*, in which the distinction between the liberty of former states, and the signification attached to that word by the happier constitution of England, is ingeniously developed. The Italians, however, when they had ceased to be free, still looked back with a sigh upon those times of turbulence, when every citizen might rise to a share of sovereign power, and have never been taught fully to appreciate the repose of a monarchy. Sperone Speroni, when Francis Maria II. Duke of Rovero proposed the question, "which was preferable, the republic or the principality—the perfect and not durable, or the less perfect and not so liable to change," replied, "that our happiness is to be measured by its quality, not by its duration; and that he preferred to live for one day like a man, than for a hundred years like a brute, a stock, or a stone." This was thought, and called, a *magnificent* answer, down to the last days of Italian servitude. (5)

XX.

PETRARCH'S CROWN.

" And the crown
" Which Petrarch's laureate brow supremely wore,
Upon a far and foreign soil had grown."

Stanza lvii. lines 6, 7, and 8.

The Florentines did not take the opportunity of Petrarch's short visit to their city, in 1350, to revoke the decree which confiscated the property of his father, who had been banished shortly after the exile of Dante. His crown did not dazzle them; but when in the next year they were in want of his assistance in the formation of their university, they repented of their injustice, and Boccaccio was sent to Padua to entreat

(1) Vitam Literni egit sine desiderio urbis. See *T. Liv. Hist.* lib. xxxviii. Livy reports that some said he was buried at Liternum, others at Rome. *Ibid.* cap. lv.

(2) Trionfo della Castità.

(3) See Note VI., page 151.

(4) The Greek boasted that he was ἰσόνομος. See the last chapter of the first book of *Dionysius of Halicarnassus*.

(5) "E intorno *alla magnifica risposta*," etc. Serassi, *Vita del Tasso*, lib. iii. pag. 149. tom. ii. edit. 2. Bergamo.

the laureate to conclude his wanderings in the bosom of his native country, where he might finish his *immortal Africa*, and enjoy, with his recovered possessions, the esteem of all classes of his fellow-citizens. They gave him the option of the book and the science he might condescend to expound: they called him the glory of his country, who was dear, and would be dearer to them; and they added, that if there was any thing unpleasing in their letter, he ought to return amongst them, were it only to correct their style. (1) Petrarch seemed at first to listen to the flattery and to the entreaties of his friend, but he did not return to Florence, and preferred a pilgrimage to the tomb of Laura and the shades of Vaucluse.

XXI.

BOCCACCIO.

"Boccaccio to his parent earth bequeath'd
His dust."

Stanza lviii. lines 1 and 2.

Boccaccio was buried in the church of St. Michael and St. James, at Certaldo, a small town in the Valdelsa, which was by some supposed the place of his birth. There he passed the latter part of his life in a course of laborious study, which shortened his existence; and there might his ashes have been secure, if not of honour, at least of repose. But the "hyæna bigots" of Certaldo tore up the tombstone of Boccaccio, and ejected it from the holy precincts of St. Michael and St. James. The occasion, and, it may be hoped, the excuse, of this ejectment was the making of a new floor for the church; but the fact is, that the tombstone was taken up and thrown aside at the bottom of the building. Ignorance may share the sin with bigotry. It would be painful to relate such an exception to the devotion of the Italians for their great names, could it not be accompanied by a trait more honourably conformable to the general character of the nation. The principal person of the district, the last branch of the house of Medicis, afforded that protection to the memory of the insulted dead which her best ancestors had dispensed upon all contemporary merit. The Marchioness Lenzoni rescued the tombstone of Boccaccio from the neglect in which it had some time lain, and found for it an honourable elevation in her own mansion. She has done more: the house in which the poet lived has been as little respected as his tomb, and is falling to ruin over the head of one indifferent to the name of its former tenant. It consists of two or three little chambers, and a low tower, on which Cosmo II. affixed an inscription. This house she has taken measures to purchase, and proposes to devote to it that care and consideration which are attached to the cradle and to the roof of genius.

This is not the place to undertake the defence of Boccaccio; but the man who exhausted his little patrimony in the acquirement of learning, who was amongst the first, if not the first, to allure the science and the poetry of Greece to the bosom of Italy;—who not only invented a new style, but founded, or certainly fixed, a new language; who, besides the esteem of every polite court of Europe, was thought worthy of employment by the predominant republic of his own country, and, what is more, of the friendship of Petrarch, who lived the life of a philosopher and a freeman, and who died in the pursuit of knowledge,—such a man might have found more consideration than he has met with from the priest of Certaldo, and from a late English traveller, who strikes off his portrait as an odious, contemptible, licentious writer, whose impure remains should be suffered to rot without a record. (2) That English traveller, unfortunately for those who have to deplore the loss of a very amiable person, is beyond all criticism; but the mortality which did not protect Boccaccio from Mr. Eustace, must not defend Mr. Eustace from the impartial judgment of his successors. Death may canonise his virtues, not his errors; and it may be modestly pronounced that he transgressed, not only as an author, but as a man, when he evoked the shade of Boccaccio in company with that of Aretine, amidst the sepulchres of Santa Croce, merely to dismiss it with indignity. As far as respects

"Il flagello de' Principi,
Il divin Pietro Aretino,"

it is of little import what censure is passed upon a coxcomb who owes his present existence to the above burlesque character given to him by the poet, whose amber has preserved many other grubs and worms: but to classify Boccaccio with such a person, and to excommunicate his very ashes, must of itself make us doubt of the qualification of the classical tourist for writing upon Italian, or, indeed, upon any other literature; for ignorance on one point may incapacitate an author merely for that particular topic, but subjection to a professional prejudice must render him an unsafe director on all occasions. Any perversion and injustice may be made what is vulgarly called "a case of conscience," and this poor excuse is all that can be offered for the priest of Certaldo, or the author of the *Classical Tour*. It would have answered the purpose to confine the censure to the novels of Boccaccio; and gratitude to that source which supplied the muse of Dryden with her last and most harmonious numbers might, perhaps, have restricted that censure to the objectionable qualities of the hundred tales. At any rate the repentance of Boccaccio might have arrested his exhumation; and it should have been recollected and told, that in his old age he wrote a letter entreating his friend to discourage the reading of the *Decameron*, for the sake of modesty, and for the sake of the author, who would not have an apologist always at hand to state in his excuse that

(1) "Accingiti innoltre, se ei è lecito ancor l'esortarti, a compire l'immortal tua Africa . . . Se ti avviene d'incontrare nel nostro stile cosa che ti dispiaccia, ciò debb' essere un altro motivo ad esaudire i desiderj della tua patria." *Storia della Lett. Ital.* tom. v. par. i. lib. i. pag. 76.

(2) *Classical Tour*, chap. ix. vol. ii. p. 355. edit. 3d. "Of Boccaccio, the modern Petronius, we say nothing; the abuse of genius is more odious and more contemptible than its absence; and it imports little where the impure remains of a licentious author are consigned to their kindred dust. For the same reason the traveller may pass unnoticed the tomb of the malignant Aretino." This dubious phrase is hardly enough to save the tourist from the suspicion of another blunder respecting the burial-place of Aretine, whose tomb was in the church of St. Luke at Venice, and gave rise to the famous controversy of which some notice is taken in Bayle. Now the words of Mr. Eustace would lead us to think the tomb was at Florence, or at least was to be somewhere recognised. Whether the inscription so much disputed was ever written on the tomb cannot now be decided, for all memorial of this author has disappeared from the church of St. Luke.

he wrote it when young, and at the command of his superiors. (1) It is neither the licentiousness of the writer, nor the evil propensities of the reader, which have given to the *Decameron* alone, of all the works of Boccaccio, a perpetual popularity. The establishment of a new and delightful dialect conferred an immortality on the works in which it was first fixed. The *Sonnets* of Petrarch were, for the same reason, fated to survive his self-admired *Africa*, the "favourite of kings." The invariable traits of nature and feeling with which the novels, as well as the verses, abound, have doubtless been the chief source of the foreign celebrity of both authors; but Boccaccio, as a man, is no more to be estimated by that work, than Petrarch is to be regarded in no other light than as the lover of Laura. Even, however, had the father of the Tuscan prose been known only as the author of the *Decameron*, a considerate writer would have been cautious to pronounce a sentence irreconcilable with the unerring voice of many ages and nations. An irrevocable value has never been stamped upon any work solely recommended by impurity.

The true source of the outcry against Boccaccio, which began at a very early period, was the choice of his scandalous personages in the cloisters as well as the courts; but the princes only laughed at the gallant adventures so unjustly charged upon queen Theodelinda, whilst the priesthood cried shame upon the debauches drawn from the convent and the hermitage; and most probably for the opposite reason, namely, that the picture was faithful to the life. Two of the novels are allowed to be facts usefully turned into tales, to deride the canonisation of rogues and laymen. Ser Ciappelletto and Marcellinus are cited with applause even by the decent Muratori. (2) The great Arnauld, as he is quoted in Bayle, states, that a new edition of the novels was proposed, of which the expurgation consisted in omitting the words "monk" and "nun," and tacking the immoralities to other names. The literary history of Italy particularises no such edition; but it was not long before the whole of Europe had but one opinion of the *Decameron;* and the absolution of the author seems to have been a point settled at least a hundred years ago: "On se feroit siffler si l'on prétendoit convaincre Bocace de n'avoir pas été honnête homme, parce qu'il a fait le Décaméron." So said one of the best men, and perhaps the best critic, that ever lived—the very martyr to impartiality. (3) But as this information, that in the beginning of the last century one would have been hooted at for pretending that Boccaccio was not a good man, may seem to come from one of those enemies who are to be suspected, even when they make us a present of truth, a more acceptable contrast with the proscription of the body, soul, and muse of Boccaccio may be found in a few words from the virtuous, the patriotic contemporary, who thought one of the tales of this impure writer worthy a Latin version from his own pen. "I have remarked elsewhere," says Petrarch, writing to Boccaccio, "that the book itself has been worried by certain dogs, but stoutly defended by your staff and voice. Nor was I astonished, for I have had proof of the vigour of your mind, and I know you have fallen on that unaccommodating incapable race of mortals, who, whatever they either like not, or know not, or cannot do, are sure to reprehend in others; and on those occasions only put on a show of learning and eloquence, but otherwise are entirely dumb." (4)

It is satisfactory to find that all the priesthood do not resemble those of Certaldo, and that one of them who did not possess the bones of Boccaccio would not lose the opportunity of raising a cenotaph to his memory. Bevius, canon of Padua, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, erected at Arquà, opposite to the tomb of the Laureate, a tablet, in which he associated Boccaccio to the equal honours of Dante and of Petrarch.

XXII.

THE MEDICI.

"What is her pyramid of precious stones?"
Stanza lx. line 1.

Our veneration for the Medici begins with Cosmo, and expires with his grandson; that stream is pure only at the source; and it is in search of some memorial of the virtuous republicans of the family that we visit the church of San Lorenzo at Florence. The tawdry, glaring, unfinished chapel in that church, designed for the mausoleum of the Dukes of Tuscany, set round with crowns and coffins, gives birth to no emotions but those of contempt for the lavish vanity of a race of despots, whilst the pavement slab, simply inscribed to the Father of his country, reconciles us to the name of Medici. (5) It was very natural for Corinna (6) to suppose that the statue raised to the Duke of Urbino in the *cappella de' depositi* was intended for his great namesake; but the magnificent Lorenzo is only the sharer of a coffin half hidden in a niche of the sacristy. The decay of Tuscany dates from the sovereignty of the Medici. Of the sepulchral peace which succeeded to the establishment of the reigning families in Italy, our own Sidney has given us a glowing, but a faithful picture:—"Notwithstanding all the seditions of Florence, and other cities of Tuscany, the horrid factions of Guelphs and Ghibelins, Neri and Bianchi, nobles and commons, they continued populous, strong, and exceeding rich; but in the space of less than a hundred and fifty years, the peaceable reign of the Medices is thought to have destroyed nine parts in ten of the people of that province. Amongst other things, it is remarkable, that when Philip the Second of Spain gave Sienna to the Duke of Florence, his ambassador then at Rome sent him word, that he had given away more than 650,000 subjects; and it is not believed there are now 20,000 souls inhabiting that city and territory. Pisa, Pistoia,

(1) "Non enim ubique est, qui in excusationem meam consurgens dicat, juvenis scripsit, et majoris coactus imperio." The letter was addressed to Maghinard of Cavalcanti, marshal of the kingdom of Sicily. See *Tiraboschi, Storia*, etc. tom. v. par. ii. lib. iii. pag. 525. ed. Ven. 1795.

(2) *Dissertazioni sopra le Antichità Italiane*, diss. lviii. p. 253. tom. iii. edit. Milan, 1751.

(3) *Eclaircissement*, etc. etc. p. 638. edit. Basle, 1741, in the Supplement to *Bayle's Dictionary*.

(4) "Animadverti alicubi librum ipsum canum dentibus lacessitum, tuo tamen baculo egregie tuàque voce defensum. Nec miratus sum: nam et vires ingenii tui novi, et scio expertus esses hominum genus insolens et ignavum, qui quicquid ipsi vel nolunt vel nesciunt, vel non possunt, in aliis reprehendunt; ad hoc unum docti et arguti, sed ellingues ad reliqua." *Epist. Joan. Boccatio*, Opp. tom. i. p. 540. edit. Basil.

(5) "Cosmus Medices, Decreto Publico, Pater Patriæ."

(6) *Corinne*, liv. xviii. chap. iii. vol. iii. page 248.

Arezzo, Cortona, and other towns, that were then good and populous, are in the like proportion diminished, and Florence more than any. When that city had been long troubled with seditions, tumults, and wars, for the most part unprosperous, they still retained such strength, that when Charles VIII. of France, being admitted as a friend with his whole army, which soon after conquered the kingdom of Naples, thought to master them, the people, taking arms, struck such a terror into him, that he was glad to depart upon such conditions as they thought fit to impose. Machiavel reports, that in that time Florence alone, with the Val d'Arno, a small territory belonging to that city, could, in a few hours, by the sound of a bell, bring together 135,000 well-armed men; whereas now that city, with all the others in that province, are brought to such despicable weakness, emptiness, poverty, and baseness, that they can neither resist the oppressions of their own prince, nor defend him or themselves if they were assaulted by a foreign enemy. The people are dispersed or destroyed, and the best families sent to seek habitations in Venice, Genoa, Rome, Naples, and Lucca. This is not the effect of war or pestilence: they enjoy a perfect peace, and suffer no other plague than the government they are under." (1) From the usurper Cosmo down to the imbecile Gaston, we look in vain for any of those unmixed qualities which should raise a patriot to the command of his fellow-citizens. The Grand Dukes, and particularly the third Cosmo, had operated so entire a change in the Tuscan character, that the candid Florentines, in excuse for some imperfections in the philanthropic system of Leopold, are obliged to confess that the sovereign was the only liberal man in his dominions. Yet that excellent prince himself had no other notion of a national assembly, than of a body to represent the wants and wishes, not the will, of the people.

XXIII.

BATTLE OF THRASIMENE.

"*An earthquake reel'd unheededly away.*"
Stanza lxiii. line 5.

"And such was their mutual animosity, so intent were they upon the battle, that the earthquake, which overthrew in great part many of the cities of Italy, which turned the course of rapid streams, poured back the sea upon the rivers, and tore down the very mountains, was not felt by one of the combatants." (2) Such is the description of Livy. It may be doubted whether modern tactics would admit of such an abstraction.

The site of the battle of Thrasimene is not to be mistaken. The traveller from the village under Cortona to Casa di Piano, the next stage on the way to Rome, has for the first two or three miles, around him, but more particularly to the right, that flat land which Hannibal laid waste in order to induce the Consul Flaminius to move from Arezzo. On his left, and in front of him, is a ridge of hills bending down towards the lake of Thrasimene, called by Livy "montes Cortonenses," and now named the Gualandra. These hills he approaches at Ossaja, a village which the Itineraries pretend to have been so denominated from the bones found there: but there have been no bones found there, and the battle was fought on the other side of the hill. From Ossaja the road begins to rise a little, but does not pass into the roots of the mountains until the sixty-seventh milestone from Florence. The ascent thence is not steep but perpetual, and continues for twenty minutes. The lake is soon seen below on the right, with Borghetto, a round tower, close upon the water; and the undulating hills partially covered with wood, amongst which the road winds, sink by degrees into the marshes near to this tower. Lower than the road, down to the right amidst these woody hillocks, Hannibal placed his horse, (3) in the jaws of, or rather above, the pass, which was between the lake and the present road, and most probably close to Borghetto, just under the lowest of the "tumuli." (4) On a summit to the left, above the road, is an old circular ruin, which the peasants call "the Tower of Hannibal the Carthaginian." Arrived at the highest point of the road, the traveller has a partial view of the fatal plain, which opens fully upon him as he descends the Gualandra. He soon finds himself in a vale enclosed to the left, and in front, and behind him by the Gualandra hills, bending round in a segment larger than a semicircle, and running down at each end to the lake, which obliques to the right and forms the chord of this mountain arc. The position cannot be guessed at from the plains of Cortona, nor appears to be so completely enclosed unless to one who is fairly within the hills. It then, indeed, appears "a place made as it were on purpose for a snare," *locus insidiis natus*. "Borghetto is then found to stand in a narrow marshy pass close to the hill, and to the lake, whilst there is no other outlet at the opposite turn of the mountains than through the little town of Passignano, which is pushed into the water by the foot of a high rocky acclivity." (5) There is a woody eminence branching down from the mountains into the upper end of the plain nearer to the side of Passignano, and on this stands a white village called Torre. Polybius seems to allude to this eminence as the one on which Hannibal encamped, and drew out his heavy-armed Africans and Spaniards in a conspicuous position. (6) From this spot he despatched his Balearic and light-armed troops round through the Gualandra heights to the right, so as to arrive unseen and form an ambush amongst the broken acclivities which the road now passes, and to be ready to act upon the left flank and above the enemy, whilst the horse shut up the

(1) *On Government*, chap. ii. sect. xxvi. page 208, edit. 1751. Sidney is, together with Locke and Hoadley, one of Mr. Hume's "despicable writers."

(2) "Tantusque fuit ardor animorum, adeo intentus pugnæ animus, ut eum terræ motum qui multarum urbium Italiæ magnas partes prostravit, avertitque cursu rapido amnes, mare fluminibus invexit, montes lapsu ingenti proruit, nemo pugnantium senserit." *Tit. Liv.* lib. xxii. cap. xii.

(3) "Equites ad ipsas fauces saltus, tumulis apte tegentibus, locat." *T. Livii*, lib. xxii. cap. iv.

(4) "Ubi maxime montes Cortonenses Thrasimenus subit." *T. Livii*, lib. xxii. cap. iv.

(5) "Inde colles assurgunt." *Ibid.*

(6) Τὸν μὲν κατὰ πρόσωπον τῆς πορείας λόφον αὐτὸς κατελάβετο καὶ τοὺς Λιβύας καὶ τοὺς Ἴβηρας ἅμα ἐπ' αὐτοῦ κατεστρατοπεδεύσατο. *Hist.* lib. iii. cap. 83. The account in *Polybius* is not so easily reconcilable with present appearances as that in *Livy*: he talks of hills to the right and left of the pass and valley; but when Flaminius entered, he had the lake at the right of both.

pass behind. Flaminius came to the lake near Borghetto at sunset; and, without sending any spies before him, marched through the pass the next morning before the day had quite broken, so that he perceived nothing of the horse and light troops above and about him, and saw only the heavy-armed Carthaginians in front on the hill of Torre.(1) The consul began to draw out his army in the flat, and in the mean time the horse in ambush occupied the pass behind him at Borghetto. Thus the Romans were completely inclosed, having the lake on the right, the main army on the hill of Torre in front, the Gualandra hills filled with the light-armed troops on their left flank, and being prevented from receding by the cavalry, who, the farther they advanced, stopped up all the outlets in the rear. A fog rising from the lake now spread itself over the army of the consul, but the high lands were in the sunshine, and all the different corps in ambush looked towards the hill of Torre for the order of attack. Hannibal gave the signal, and moved down from his post on the height. At the same moment all his troops on the eminences behind and on the flank of Flaminius rushed forwards as it were with one accord into the plain. The Romans, who were forming their array in the mist, suddenly heard the shouts of the enemy amongst them, on every side; and before they could fall into their ranks, or draw their swords, or see by whom they were attacked, felt at once that they were surrounded and lost.

There are two little rivulets which run from the Gualandra into the lake. The traveller crosses the first of these at about a mile after he comes into the plain, and this divides the Tuscan from the Papal territories. The second, about a quarter of a mile further on, is called "the bloody rivulet;" and the peasants point out an open spot to the left, between the "Sanguinetto" and the hills, which, they say, was the principal scene of slaughter. The other part of the plain is covered with thick-set olive-trees in corn grounds, and is nowhere quite level, except near the edge of the lake. It is, indeed, most probable that the battle was fought near this end of the valley, for the six thousand Romans, who, at the beginning of the action, broke through the enemy, escaped to the summit of an eminence which must have been in this quarter, otherwise they would have had to traverse the whole plain, and to pierce through the main army of Hannibal.

The Romans fought desperately for three hours; but the death of Flaminius was the signal for a general dispersion. The Carthaginian horse then burst in upon the fugitives, and the lake, the marsh about Borghetto, but chiefly the plain of the Sanguinetto and the passes of the Gualandra, were strewed with dead. Near some old walls on a bleak ridge to the left, above the rivulet, many human bones have been repeatedly found, and this has confirmed the pretensions and the name of the "stream of blood."

Every district of Italy has its hero. In the north some painter is the usual genius of the place, and the foreign Julio Romano more than divides Mantua with her native Virgil.(2) To the south, we hear of Roman names. Near Thrasimene tradition is still faithful to the fame of an enemy, and Hannibal the Carthaginian is the only ancient name remembered on the banks of the Perugian lake. Flaminius is unknown; but the postilions on that road have been taught to show the very spot where *Il Console Romano* was slain. Of all who fought and fell in the battle of Thrasimene, the historian himself has, besides the generals and Maharbal, preserved indeed only a single name. You overtake the Carthaginian again on the same road to Rome. The antiquary, that is, the hostler of the post-house at Spoleto, tells you that his town repulsed the victorious enemy, and shows you the gate still called *Porta di Annibale*. It is hardly worth while to remark that a French travel-writer, well known by the name of the President Dupaty, saw Thrasimene in the lake of Bolsena, which lay conveniently on his way from Sienna to Rome.

(1) "A tergo et super caput decepere insidiæ." *T. Liv.* etc.

(2) About the middle of the twelfth century, the coins of Mantua bore on one side the image and figure of Virgil. *Zecca d'Italia*, pl. xvii. i. 6. *Voyages dans le Milanais*, etc. par A. Z. Millin, tom. ii. pag. 294. Paris, 1817.

XXIV.

STATUE OF POMPEY.

"And thou, dread statue! still existent in
The austerest form of naked majesty."
Stanza lxxxvii. lines 1 and 2.

The projected division of the Spada Pompey has already been recorded by the historian of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Mr. Gibbon found it in the memorials of Flaminius Vacca; and it may be added to his mention of it, that Pope Julius III. gave the contending owners five hundred crowns for the statue, and presented it to Cardinal Capo di Ferro, who had prevented the judgment of Solomon from being executed upon the image. In a more civilised age, this statue was exposed to an actual operation: for the French, who acted the *Brutus* of Voltaire in the Coliseum, resolved that their Cæsar should fall at the base of that Pompey, which was supposed to have been sprinkled with the blood of the original dictator. The nine-foot hero was therefore removed to the arena of the amphitheatre, and, to facilitate its transport, suffered the temporary amputation of its right arm. The republican tragedians had to plead that the arm was a restoration: but their accusers do not believe that the integrity of the statue would have protected it. The love of finding every coincidence has discovered the true Cæsarean ichor in a stain near the right knee; but colder criticism has rejected not only the blood, but the portrait, and assigned the globe of power rather to the first of the emperors than to the last of the republican masters of Rome. Winkelmann(3) is loth to allow an heroic statue of a Roman citizen, but the Grimani Agrippa, a contemporary almost, is heroic; and naked Roman figures were only very rare, not absolutely forbidden. The face accords much better with the "hominem integrum et castum et gravem,"(4) than with any of the busts of Augustus, and is too stern for him who was beautiful, says Suetonius, at all periods of his life. The pretended likeness to Alexander the Great cannot be discerned, but the traits resemble the medal of Pompey.(5) The objectionable globe may not have been an ill-applied flattery to him who found Asia Minor the boundary, and left it the

(3) *Storia delle Arti*, etc. lib. ix. cap. i. pag. 321, 322. tom. ii.

(4) *Cicer. Epist. ad. Atticum*, xi. 6.

(5) Published by Causeus, in his *Museum Romanum*.

centre of the Roman empire. It seems that Winkelmann has made a mistake in thinking that no proof of the identity of this statue with that which received the bloody sacrifice can be derived from the spot where it was discovered.(1) Flaminius Vacca says *sotto una cantina*, and this cantina is known to have been in the Vicolo de' Leutari, near the Cancellaria; a position corresponding exactly to that of the Janus before the basilica of Pompey's theatre, to which Augustus transferred the statue after the *curia* was either burnt or taken down.(2) Part of the Pompeian shade, (3) the portico, existed in the beginning of the 15th century, and the *atrium* was still called *Satrum*. So says Blondus.(4) At all events, so imposing is the stern majesty of the statue, and so memorable is the story, that the play of the imagination leaves no room for the exercise of the judgment, and the fiction, if a fiction it is, operates on the spectator with an effect not less powerful than truth.

XXV.

THE BRONZE WOLF.

"*And thou, the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome!*"
Stanza lxxxviii. line 1.

Ancient Rome, like modern Sienna, abounded most probably with images of the foster-mother of her founder; but there were two she-wolves of whom history makes particular mention. One of these, *of brass in ancient work*, was seen by Dionysius (5) at the temple of Romulus, under the Palatine, and is universally believed to be that mentioned by the Latin historian, as having been made from the money collected by a fine on usurers, and as standing under the Ruminal fig-tree.(6) The other was that which Cicero(7) has celebrated, both in prose and verse, and which the historian Dion also records as having suffered the same accident as is alluded to by the orator.(8) The question agitated by the antiquaries is, whether the wolf now in the Conservators' Palace is that of Livy and Dionysius, or that of Cicero, or whether it is neither one nor the other. The earlier writers differ as much as the moderns: Lucius Faunus (9) says, that it is the one alluded to by both, which is impossible, and also by Virgil, which may be. Fulvius Ursinus (10) calls it the wolf of Dionysius, and Marlianus (11) talks of it as the one mentioned by Cicero. To him Rycquius *tremblingly* assents.(12) Nardini is inclined to suppose it may be one of the many wolves preserved in ancient Rome; but of the two rather bends to the Ciceronian statue.(13) Montfaucon (14) mentions it as a point without doubt. Of the latter writers the decisive Winkelmann (15) proclaims it as having been found at the church of Saint Theodore, where, or near where, was the temple of Romulus, and consequently makes it the wolf of Dionysius. His authority is Lucius Faunus, who, however, only says that it *was placed*, not *found*, at the Ficus Ruminalis, by the Comitium, by which he does not seem to allude to the church of Saint Theodore. Rycquius was the first to make the mistake, and Winkelmann followed Rycquius.

Flaminius Vacca tells quite a different story, and says he had heard the wolf with the twins was found (16) near the arch of Septimius Severus. The commentator on Winkelmann is of the same opinion with that learned person, and is incensed at Nardini for not having remarked that Cicero, in speaking of the wolf struck with lightning in the Capitol, makes use of the past tense. But, with the Abate's leave, Nardini does

(1) *Storia delle Arti*, etc. lib. ix. cap. i. pag. 321, 322, tom. iii.

(2) *Sueton. in vit. August.* cap. 31. and *in vit. C. J. Cæsar.* cap. 88. Appian says it was burnt down. See a note of Pitiscus to Suetonius, page 224.

(3) "Tu modo Pompeia lenta spatiare sub umbra."
Ovid. Art. Amand.

(4) *Roma Instaurata*, lib. ii. fo. 31.

(5) Χάλκεα ποιήματα παλαιᾶς ἐργασίας. *Antiq. Rom.* lib. i.

(6) "Ad ficum Ruminalem simulacra infantium conditorum urbis sub uberibus lupæ posuerunt." *Liv. Hist.* lib. x. cap. xxiii. This was in the year U. C. 455 or 457.

(7) "Tum statua Nattæ, tum simulacra Deorum, Romulusque et Remus cum altrice bellua, vi fulminis icti conciderunt." *De Divinat.* ii. 20. "Tactus est ille etiam qui hanc urbem condidit Romulus, quem inauratum in Capitolio parvum atque lactantem, uberibus lupinis inhiantem fuisse meministis." *In Catilin.* iii. 8.

"Hic silvestris erat Romani nominis altrix
Martia, quæ parvos Mavortis semine natos
Uberibus gravidis vitali rore rigabat:
Quæ tum cum pueris flammato fulminis ictu
Concidit, atque avulsa pedum vestigia liquit."
De Consulatu, lib. ii. 42. (lib. i. *de Divinat.* cap. 12.)

(8) Ἐν γὰρ τῷ Καπιτωλίῳ ἀνδριάντες τε πολλοὶ ὑπὸ κεραυνῶν συνεχωνεύθησαν, καὶ ἀγάλματα ἄλλα τε, καὶ Διὸς ἐπὶ κίονος ἱδρυμένου, ἑλεῶν τέ τις λυκαίνης σὺν τε τῷ Ῥέμῳ καὶ σὺν τῷ Ῥωμύλῳ ἱδρυμένη ἔπεσε. *Dion. Hist.* lib. xxxvii. pag. 37. edit. Rob. Steph. 1548. He goes on to mention, that the letters of the columns on which the laws were written were liquified and become ἀμωβρά. All that the Romans did was to erect a large statue to Jupiter, looking towards the east: no mention is afterwards made of the wolf. This happened in A. U. C. 689. The Abate Fea, in noticing this passage of Dion (*Storia delle Arti*, etc. tom. i. pag. 202. note x.), says, *Non ostante, aggiunge Dione, che fosse ben fermata* (the wolf); by which it is clear the Abate translated the Xylandro-Leunclavian version, which puts *quamvis stabilita* for the original ἱδρυμένη, a word that does not mean *ben fermata*, but only *raised*, as may be distinctly seen from another passage of the same Dion: Ἠβούλεθη μὲν οὖν ὁ Ἀγρίππας καὶ τὸν Αὔγουστον ἐνταῦθα ἱδρύσαι. *Hist.* lib. lvi. Dion says that Agrippa "wished to *raise a statue* of Augustus in the Pantheon."

(9) "In eadem porticu ænea lupa, cujus uberibus Romulus ac Remus lactantes inhiant, conspicitur: de hac Cicero et Virgilius semper intellexere. Livius hoc signum ab Ædilibus ex pecuniis quibus mulctati essent fœneratores, positum innuit. Antea in Comitiis ad Ficum Ruminalem, quo loco pueri fuerant expositi, locatum pro certo est." *Luc. Faunt de Antiq. Urb. Rom.* lib. ii. cap. vii. ap. Sallengre, tom. i. p. 217. In his xviith chapter he repeats that the statues were there, but not that they were *found* there.

(10) *Ap. Nardini, Roma Vetus*, lib. v. cap. iv.

(11) *Martiani Urb. Rom. Topograph.* lib. ii. cap. ix. He mentions another wolf and twins in the Vatican, lib. v. cap. xxi.

(12) "Non desunt qui hanc ipsam esse putent, quam adpiximus, quæ è comitio in Basilicam Lateranam, cum nonnullis aliis antiquitatum reliquiis, atque hinc in Capitolium postea relata sit, quamvis Marlianus antiquam Capitolinam esse maluit à Tullio descriptam, cui, ut in re nimis dubia, trepidè adscatimur." *Just. Rycquii. de Capit. Roman. Comm.* cap. xxiv. pag. 250. edit. Lugd. Bat. 1696.

(13) *Nardini, Roma Vetus*, lib. v. cap. iv.

(14) "Lupa hodieque in Capitolinis prostat ædibus, cum vestigio fulminis quo ictam narrat Cicero." *Diarium Italic.* tom. i. pag. 174.

(15) *Storia delle Arti*, etc. lib. iii. cap iii. § ii. note 10. Winkelmann has made a strange blunder in the note, by saying the Ciceronian wolf was *not* in the Capitol, and that Dion was wrong in saying so.

(16) "Intesi dire, che l' Ercole di bronzo, che oggi si trova nella sala di Campidoglio, fu trovato nel foro Romano appresso l' arco di Settimio: e vi fu trovata anche la lupa di bronzo che allatta Romolo e Remo, e sta nella Loggia de' Conservatori." *Flam. Vacca, Memorie*, num. iii. pag. i. ap. *Montfaucon, Diar. Ital.* tom. i.

not positively assert the statue to be that mentioned by Cicero, and, if he had, the assumption would not perhaps have been so exceedingly indiscreet. The Abate himself is obliged to own that there are marks very like the seathing of lightning in the hinder legs of the present wolf; and, to get rid of this, adds, that the wolf seen by Dionysius might have been also struck by lightning, or otherwise injured.

Let us examine the subject by a reference to the words of Cicero. The orator in two places seems to particularise the Romulus and the Remus, especially the first, which his audience remembered to *have been* in the Capitol, as being struck with lightning. In his verses he records that the twins and wolf both fell, and that the latter left behind the marks of her feet. Cicero does not say that the wolf was consumed: and Dion only mentions that it fell down, without alluding, as the Abate has made him, to the force of the blow, or the firmness with which it had been fixed. The whole strength, therefore, of the Abate's argument hangs upon the past tense; which, however, may be somewhat diminished by remarking that the phrase only shows that the statue was not then standing in its former position. Winkelmann has observed, that the present twins are modern; and it is equally clear that there are marks of gilding on the wolf, which might therefore be supposed to make part of the ancient group. It is known that the sacred images of the Capitol were not destroyed when injured by time or accident, but were put into certain under-ground depositaries, called *favissæ*.(1) It may be thought possible that the wolf had been so deposited, and had been replaced in some conspicuous situation when the Capitol was rebuilt by Vespasian. Rycquius, without mentioning his authority, tells that it was transferred from the Comitium to the Lateran, and thence brought to the Capitol. If it was found near the arch of Severus, it may have been one of the images which Orosius(2) says was thrown down in the Forum by lightning when Alaric took the city. That it is of very high antiquity the workmanship is a decisive proof; and that circumstance induced Winkelmann to believe it the wolf of Dionysius. The Capitoline wolf, however, may have been of the same early date as that at the temple of Romulus. Lactantius(3) asserts that in his time the Romans worshipped a wolf; and it is known that the Lupercalia held out to a very late period(4) after every other observance of the ancient superstition had totally expired. This may account for the preservation of the ancient image longer than the other early symbols of Paganism.

It may be permitted, however, to remark, that the wolf was a Roman symbol, but that the worship of that symbol is an inference drawn by the zeal of Lactantius. The early Christian writers are not to be trusted in the charges which they make against the Pagans. Eusebius accused the Romans to their faces of worshipping Simon Magus, and raising a statue to him in the island of the Tyber. The Romans had probably never heard of such a person before, who came, however, to play a considerable though scandalous part in the church history, and has left several tokens of his aerial combat with St. Peter at Rome; notwithstanding that an inscription found in this very island of the Tyber showed the Simon Magus of Eusebius to be a certain indigenal god called Semo Sangus or Fidius.(5)

Even when the worship of the founder of Rome had been abandoned, it was thought expedient to humour the habits of the good matrons of the city, by sending them with their sick infants to the church of Saint Theodore, as they had before carried them to the temple of Romulus.(6) The practice is continued to this day; and the site of the above church seems to be thereby identified with that of the temple; so that if the wolf had been really found there, as Winkelmann says, there would be no doubt of the present statue being that seen by Dionysius.(7) But Faunus, in saying that it was at the Ficus Ruminalis, by the Comitium, is only talking of its ancient position as recorded by Pliny; and even if he had been remarking where it was found, would not have alluded to the church of Saint Theodore, but to a very different place, near which it was then thought the Ficus Ruminalis had been, and also the Comitium; that is, the three columns by the church of Santa Maria Liberatrice, at the corner of the Palatine looking on the Forum.

It is, in fact, a mere conjecture where the image was actually dug up;(8) and perhaps, on the whole, the marks of the gilding, and of the lightning, are a better argument in favour of its being the Ciceronian

(1) *Luc. Faun.* Ibid.

(2) See note to stanza LXXX. in *Historical Illustrations.*

(3) "Romuli nutrix Lupa honoribus est affecta divinis, et ferrem, si animal ipsum fuisset, cujus figuram gerit." Lactant. *de Falsa Religione*, lib. i. cap. xx. pag. 101. edit. varior. 1660; that is to say, he would rather adore a wolf than a prostitute. His commentator has observed that the opinion of Livy concerning Laurentia being figured in this wolf was not universal. Strabo thought so. Rycquius is wrong in saying that Lactantius mentions the wolf was in the Capitol.

(4) To A. D. 496. "Quis credere possit," says Baronius (*Ann. Eccles.* tom. viii. p. 602. in an. 496.), "viguisse adhuc Romæ ad Gelasii tempora, quæ fuere ante exordia urbis allata in Italiam Lupercalia?" Gelasius wrote a letter which occupies four folio pages to Andromachus the senator, and others, to show that the rites should be given up.

(5) Eusebius has these words: καὶ ἀνδριάντι παρ' ὑμῖν ὡς θεὸς τετίμηται, ἐν τῷ Τιβέρι ποταμῷ μεταξὺ τῶν δύο γεφυρῶν, ἔχων ἐπιγραφὴν Ρωμαϊκὴν ταύτην Σίμωνι θεῷ Σάγκτῳ. *Eccles. Hist.* lib. ii. cap. xiii. p. 40. Justin Martyr had told the story before, but Baronius himself was obliged to detect this fable. See *Nardini, Roma Vet.* lib. vii. cap. xii.

(6) "In esse gli antichi pontefici per toglier la memoria de' giuochi Lupercali instuiti in onore di Romolo, introdussero l' uso di portarvi bambini oppressi da infermità occulte, acciò si liberino per l' intercessione di questo santo, come di continuo si sperimenta." Rione xii. *Ripa, accurata e succinta Descrizione, etc. di Roma Moderna, dell' Ab. Ridolf.* Venuti, 1766.

(7) *Nardini*, lib. v. cap. 11. convicts Pomponius Lætus *crassi erroris*, in putting the Ruminal fig-tree at the church of Saint Theodore: but as Livy says the wolf was at the Ficus Ruminalis, and Dionysius at the temple of Romulus, he is obliged (cap. iv.) to own that the two were close together, as well as the Lupercal cave, shaded, as it were, by the fig-tree.

(8) "Ad comitium ficus olim Ruminalis germinabat, sub qua lupæ rumam, hoc est, mammam, docente Varrone, suxerant olim Romulus et Remus; non procul a templo hodie D. Mariæ Liberatricis appellato, ubi *forsan* inventa nobilis illa ænea status lupæ geminos pueruloslactantis, quam hodie in Capitolino videmus." *Olai Borrichii Antiqua Urbis Romanæ Facies*, cap. x. See also cap. xii. Borrichius wrote after Nardini, in 1687. *Ap. Græv. Antiq. Rom.* tom. iv. p. 1522.

wolf than any that can be adduced for the contrary opinion. At any rate, it is reasonably selected in the text of the poem as one of the most interesting relics of the ancient city,(1) and is certainly the figure, if not the very animal, to which Virgil alludes in his beautiful verses:—

"Geminos huic ubera circum
Ludere pendentes pueros, et lambere matrem
Impavidos: illam tereti cervice reflexam
Mulcere alternos, et corpora fingere linguâ."(2)

XXVI.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

"For the Roman's mind
Was modell'd in a less terrestrial mould."

Stanza xc. lines 3 and 4.

It is possible to be a very great man and to be still very inferior to Julius Cæsar, the most complete character, so Lord Bacon thought, of all antiquity. Nature seems incapable of such extraordinary combinations as composed his versatile capacity, which was the wonder even of the Romans themselves. The first general—the only triumphant politician—inferior to none in eloquence—comparable to any in the attainments of wisdom, in an age made up of the greatest commanders, statesmen, orators, and philosophers that ever appeared in the world—an author who composed a perfect specimen of military annals in his travelling carriage—at one time in a controversy with Cato, at another writing a treatise on punning, and collecting a set of good sayings—fighting(3) and making love at the same moment, and willing to abandon both his empire and his mistress for a sight of the Fountains of the Nile. Such did Julius Cæsar appear to his contemporaries, and to those of the subsequent ages who were the most inclined to deplore and execrate his fatal genius.

But we must not be so much dazzled with his surpassing glory, or with his magnanimous, his amiable qualities, as to forget the decision of his impartial countrymen:—

HE WAS JUSTLY SLAIN.(4)

XXVII.

EGERIA.

"Egeria! sweet creation of some heart
Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
As thine ideal breast."

Stanza cxv. lines 1, 2, and 3.

The respectable authority of Flaminius Vacca would incline us to believe in the claims of the Egerian grotto.(5) He assures us that he saw an inscription in the pavement, stating that the fountain was that of Egeria, dedicated to the nymphs. The inscription is not there at this day; but Montfaucon quotes two lines(6) of Ovid, from a stone in the Villa Giustiniani, which he seems to think had been brought from the same grotto.

This grotto and valley were formerly frequented in summer, and particularly the first Sunday in May, by the modern Romans, who attached a salubrious quality to the fountain which trickles from an orifice at the bottom of the vault, and, overflowing the little pools, creeps down the matted grass into the brook below. The brook is the Ovidian Almo, whose name and qualities are lost in the modern Aquataccio. The valley itself is called Valle di Caffarelli, from the dukes of that name, who made over their fountain to the Pallavicini, with sixty *rubbia* of adjoining land.

There can be little doubt that this long dell is the Egerian valley of Juvenal, and the pausing-place of Umbritius, notwithstanding the generality of his commentators have supposed the descent of the satirist and his friend to have been into the Arician grove, where the nymph met Hippolitus, and where she was more peculiarly worshipped.

The step from the Porta Capena to the Alban hill, fifteen miles distant, would be too considerable, unless we were to believe in the wild conjecture of Vossius, who makes that gate travel from its present station, where he pretends it was during the reign of the Kings, as far as the Arician grove, and then makes it recede to its old site with the shrinking city.(7) The tufo, or pumice, which the poet prefers to marble, is the substance composing the bank in which the grotto is sunk.

The modern topographers(8) find in the grotto the

(1) *Donatus*, lib. xi. cap. 18. gives a medal representing on one side the wolf in the same position as that in the Capitol; and in the reverse the wolf with the head not reverted. It is of the time of Antoninus Pius.

(2) *Æn.* viii. 631. See Dr. Middleton, in his *Letter from Rome*, who inclines to the Ciceronian wolf, but without examining the subject.

(3) In his tenth book, Lucan shows him, sprinkled with the blood of Pharsalia, in the arms of Cleopatra:—

"Sanguine Thessalicæ cladis perfusus adulter
Admisit Venerem curis, et miscuit armis."

After feasting with his mistress, he sits up all night to converse with the Egyptian sages, and tells Achoreus:—

"Spes sit mihi certa videndi
Niliacos fontes, bellum civile relinquam."

"Sic velut in tuta securi pace trahebant
Noctis iter medium."

Immediately afterwards, he is fighting again, and defending every position:—

"Sed adest defensor ubique
Cæsar et hos aditus gladiis, hos ignibus arcet
. . . . . cæsa nocte carinis
Insiluit Cæsar semper feliciter usus
Præcipiti cursu bellorum et tempore rapto."

(4) "Jure cæsus existimetur," says Suetonius, after a fair estimation of his character, and making use of a phrase which was a formula in Livy's time. "Melium jure cæsum pronuntiavit, etiam si regni crimine insons fuerit:" (lib. iv. cap. 48.) and which was continued in the legal judgments pronounced in justifiable homicides, such as killing housebreakers. See *Sueton. in Vit. C. J. Cæsaris*, with the commentary of *Pitiscus*, p. 184.

(5) "Poco lontano dal detto luogo si scende ad un casaletto, del quale ne sono Padroni li Caffarelli, che con questo nome è chiamato il luogo; vi è una fontana sotto una gran volta antica, che al presente si gode, e li Romani vi vanno l'estate a ricrearsi; nel pavimento di essa fonte si legge in un epitaffio essere quella la fonte di Egeria, dedicata alle ninfe, e questa, dice l'epitaffio, essere la medesima fonte in cui fu convertita." *Memorie, etc.* ap. *Nardini*, page 13. He does not give the inscription.

(6) "In villa Justiniana extat ingens lapis quadratus sa lidus, in quo sculpta hæc duo Ovidii carmina sunt:—

'Ægeria est quæ præbet aquas dea grata Camœnis
Illa Numæ conjux consiliumque fuit.'

Qui lapis videtur ex eodem Egeriæ fonte, aut ejus vicinia isthuc comportatus." *Diarium Italic.* p. 153.

(7) *De Magnit. Vet. Rom.* ap. *Grev. Ant. Rom.* tom. iv. p. 1507.

(8) *Echinard, Descrizione di Roma e dell' Agro Romano, corretto dall' Abate Venuti*, in Roma, 1750. They believe in the grotto and nymph. "Simulacro di questo fonte, essendovi scolpite le acque a pie di esso."

statue of the nymph, and nine niches for the Muses; and a late traveller (1) has discovered that the cave is restored to that simplicity which the poet regretted had been exchanged for injudicious ornament. But the headless statue is palpably rather a male than a nymph, and has none of the attributes ascribed to it at present visible. The nine Muses could hardly have stood in six niches; and Juvenal certainly does not allude to any individual cave.(2) Nothing can be collected from the satirist but that, somewhere near the Porta Capena, was a spot in which it was supposed Numa held nightly consultations with his nymph, and where there was a grove and a sacred fountain and fanes once consecrated to the Muses; and that from this spot there was a descent into the valley of Egeria, where were several artificial caves. It is clear that the statues of the Muses made no part of the decoration which the satirist thought misplaced in these caves; for he expressly assigns other fanes (delubra) to these divinities above the valley, and moreover tells us that they had been ejected to make room for the Jews. In fact, the little temple, now called that of Bacchus, was formerly thought to belong to the Muses, and Nardini (3) places them in a poplar grove, which was in his time above the valley.

It is probable, from the inscription and position, that the cave now shown may be one of the "artificial caverns," of which, indeed, there is another a little way higher up the valley, under a tuft of alder bushes: but a *single* grotto of Egeria is a mere modern invention, grafted upon the application of the epithet Egerian to these nymphea in general, and which might send us to look for the haunts of Numa upon the banks of the Thames.

Our English Juvenal was not seduced into mistranslation by his acquaintance with Pope: he carefully preserves the correct plural—

> "Thence slowly winding down the vale, we view
> The Egerian *grots*: oh, how unlike the true!"

The valley abounds with springs, (4) and over these springs, which the Muses might haunt from their neighbouring groves, Egeria presided: hence she was said to supply them with water; and she was the nymph of the grottos through which the fountains were taught to flow.

The whole of the monuments in the vicinity of the Egerian valley have received names at will, which have been changed at will. Venuti (5) owns he can see no traces of the temples of Jove, Saturn, Juno, Venus, and Diana, which Nardini found, or hoped to find. The mutatorium of Caracalla's circus, the temple of Honour and Virtue, the temple of Bacchus, and, above all, the temple of the god Ridiculus, are the antiquaries' despair.

The circus of Caracalla depends on a medal of that emperor cited by Fulvius Ursinus, of which the reverse shows a circus, supposed, however, by some to represent the Circus Maximus. It gives a very good idea of that place of exercise. The soil has been but little raised, if we may judge from the small cellular structure at the end of the Spina, which was probably the chapel of the god Consus. This cell is half beneath the soil, as it must have been in the circus itself; for Dionysius (6) could not be persuaded to believe that this divinity was the Roman Neptune, because his altar was under ground.

XXVIII.

THE ROMAN NEMESIS.

> *"Great Nemesis!*
> *Here, where the ancient paid thee homage long."*
> Stanza cxxxii. lines 2 and 3.

We read in Suetonius, that Augustus, from a warning received in a dream, (7) counterfeited, once a year, the beggar sitting before the gate of his palace, with his hand hollowed and stretched out for charity. A statue formerly in the Villa Borghese, and which should be now at Paris, represents the Emperor in that posture of supplication. The object of this self-degradation was the appeasement of Nemesis, the perpetual attendant on good fortune, of whose power the Roman conquerors were also reminded by certain symbols attached to their cars of triumph. The symbols were the whip and the *crotalo*, which were discovered in the Nemesis of the Vatican. The attitude of beggary made the above statue pass for that of Belisarius: and until the criticism of Winkelmann (8) had rectified the mistake, one fiction was called in to support another. It was the same fear of the sudden termination of prosperity that made Amasis king of Egypt warn his friend, Polycrates of Samos, that the gods loved those whose lives were chequered with good and evil fortunes. Nemesis was supposed to lie in wait particularly for the prudent; that is, for those whose caution rendered them accessible only to mere accidents: and her first altar was raised on the banks of the Phrygian Æsopus by Adrastus, probably the prince of that name who killed the son of Crœsus by mistake. Hence the goddess was called Adrastea. (9)

The Roman Nemesis was *sacred* and *august:* there was a temple to her in the Palatine, under the name of Rhamnusia: (10) so great, indeed, was the propensity of the ancients to trust to the revolution of events, and to believe in the divinity of Fortune, that in the same Palatine there was a temple to the Fortune of the day. (11) This is the last superstition

(1) *Classical Tour*, chap. vi. p. 217, vol. ii.

(2) "Substitit ad veteres arcus, madidamque Capenam,
Hic ubi nocturnæ Numa constituebat amicæ.
Nunc sacri fontis nemus, et delubra locantur
Judæis quorum cophinus fœnumque supellex.
Omnis enim populo mercedem pendere jussa est
Arbor, et ejectis mendicat silva Camœnis.
In vallem Egeriæ descendimus, et speluncas
Dissimiles veris. Quanto præstantius esset
Numen aquæ, viridi si margine clauderet undas
Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum?"
Sat. III.

(3) Lib. iii. cap. iii.

(4) "Undique e solo aquæ scaturiunt." *Nardini*, lib. iii. cap. iii.

(5) *Echinard*, etc. Cic. cit. p. 297, 298.

(6) *Antiq. Rom.* lib. ii. cap. xxxi.

(7) *Sueton. in Vit. Augusti*, cap. 91. Casaubon, in the note, refers to Plutarch's Lives of Camillus and Æmilius Paulus, and also to his apophthegms, for the character of this deity. The hollowed hand was reckoned the last degree of degradation; and when the dead body of the præfect Rufinus was borne about in triumph by the people, the indignity was increased by putting his hand in that position.

(8) *Storia delle Arti*, etc. lib. xii. cap. iii. tom. ii. p. 422. Visconti calls the statue, however, a Cybele. It is given in the *Museo Pio-Clement.* tom. i. par 40. The Abate Fea (*Spiegazione dei Rami. Soria*, etc. tom. iii. p. 513) calls it a Chrisippus.

(9) *Dict. de Bayle*, article Adrastea.

(10) It is enumerated by the regionary Victor.

(11) Fortunæ hujusce diei. Cicero mentions her, *de Legib.* lib. ii.

which retains its hold over the human heart; and, from concentrating in one object the credulity so natural to man, has always appeared strongest in those unembarrassed by other articles of belief. The antiquaries have supposed this goddess to be synonymous with Fortune and with Fate: (1) but it was in her vindictive quality that she was worshipped under the name of Nemesis.

XXIX.

GLADIATORS.

"He, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday."
Stanza cxli. lines 6 and 7.

Gladiators were of two kinds, compelled and voluntary; and were supplied from several conditions: —from slaves sold for that purpose; from culprits; from barbarian captives either taken in war, and, after being led in triumph, set apart for the games, or those seized and condemned as rebels; also from free citizens, some fighting for hire (*auctorati*), others from a depraved ambition: at last even knights and senators were exhibited,—a disgrace of which the first tyrant was naturally the first inventor. (2) In the end, dwarfs, and even women, fought; an enormity prohibited by Severus. Of these the most to be pitied undoubtedly were the barbarian captives; and to this species a Christian writer (3) justly applies the epithet "innocent," to distinguish them from the professional gladiators. Aurelian and Claudius supplied great numbers of these unfortunate victims; the one after his triumph, and the other on the pretext of a rebellion. (4) No war, says Lipsius, (5) was ever so destructive to the human race as these sports. In spite of the laws of Constantine and Constans, gladiatorial shows survived the old established religion more than seventy years; but they owed their final extinction to the courage of a Christian. In the year 404, on the kalends of January, they were exhibiting the shows in the Flavian amphitheatre, before the usual immense concourse of people. Almachius, or Telemachus, an Eastern monk, who had travelled to Rome intent on his holy purpose, rushed into the midst of the area, and endeavoured to separate the combatants. The prætor Alypius, a person incredibly attached to these games, (6) gave instant orders to the gladiators to slay him; and Telemachus gained the crown of martyrdom, and the title of saint, which surely has never either before or since been awarded for a more noble exploit. Honorius immediately abolished the shows, which were never afterwards revived. The story is told by Theodoret (7) and Cassiodorus, (8) and seems worthy of credit notwithstanding its place in the Roman martyrology. (9) Besides the torrents of blood which flowed at the funerals, in the amphitheatres, the circus, the forums, and other public places, gladiators were introduced at feasts, and tore each other to pieces amidst the supper tables, to the great delight and applause of the guests. Yet Lipsius permits himself to suppose the loss of courage, and the evident degeneracy of mankind, to be nearly connected with the abolition of these bloody spectacles. (10)

XXX.

Here, where the Roman million's blame or praise
Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd.
Stanza cxlii. lines 5 and 6.

When one gladiator wounded another, he shouted "he has it," "hoc habet," or "habet." The wounded combatant dropped his weapon, and, advancing to the edge of the arena, supplicated the spectators. If he had fought well, the people saved him; if otherwise, or as they happened to be inclined, they turned down their thumbs, and he was slain. They were occasionally so savage, that they were impatient if a combat lasted longer than ordinary without wounds or death. The emperor's presence generally saved the vanquished; and it is recorded as an instance of Caracalla's ferocity, that he sent those who supplicated him for life, in a spectacle, at Nicomedia, to ask the people; in other words, handed them over to be slain. A similar ceremony is observed at the Spanish bull-fights. The magistrate presides; and after the horsemen and picadores have fought the bull, the matadore steps forward and bows to him for permission to kill the animal. If the bull has done his duty by killing two or three horses, or a man, which last is rare, the people interfere with shouts, the ladies wave their handkerchiefs, and the animal is saved. The wounds and death of the horses are accompanied with the loudest acclamations, and many gestures of delight, especially from the female portion of the audience, including those of the gentlest blood. Every thing depends on habit. The author of *Childe Harold*, the writer of this note, and one or two other Englishmen, who have certainly in other days borne the sight of a pitched battle, were, during the summer of 1809, in the governor's box at the great amphitheatre of Santa Maria, opposite to Cadiz. The death of one or two horses completely satisfied their curiosity. A gentleman present, observing them shudder and look pale, noticed that un-

(1) DEAE NEMESI
SIVE FORTVNAE
FISTORIVS
RVFIANVS
V. C. LEGAT.
LEG. XIII. G.
CORD.

See *Questiones Romanæ, etc.* ap. *Grev. Antiq. Roman.* tom. v. p. 942. See also *Muratori, Nov. Thesaur. Inscrip. Vet.* tom. i. p. 88, 89; where there are three Latin and one Greek inscriptions to Nemesis, and others to Fate.

(2) Julius Cæsar, who rose by the fall of the aristocracy, brought Furius Leptinus and A. Calenus upon the arena.

(3) Tertullian, "certe quidem et innocentes gladiatores in ludum veniunt, et voluptatis publicæ hostiæ fiunt." *Just. Lips. Saturn. Sermon.* lib. ii. cap. iii.

(4) *Vopiscus, in Vit. Aurel. and in Vit. Claud.* ibid.

(5) "Credo imò scio nullum bellum tantam cladem vastitiemque generi humano intulisse, quam hos ad voluptatem ludos." *Just. Lips.* ibid. lib. i. cap. xii.

(6) Augustinus (lib. vi. *Confess.* cap. viii.) "Alypium suum gladiatorii spectaculi inhiata incredibiliter abreptum," scribit. *Ib.* lib. i. cap. xii.

(7) *Hist. Eccles.* cap. xxvi. lib. v.

(8) *Cassiod. Tripartita*, l. x. c. xi. *Saturn.* lib. ib.

(9) Baronius, ad. ann., et in notis ad *Martyrol. Rom.* I. Jan.—See *Marangoni delle Memorie sacre e profane dell' Anfiteatro Flavio*, p. 25. edit. 1746.

(10) "Quod? non tu Lipsi momentum aliquod habuisse censes ad virtutem? Magnum. Tempora nostra, nosque ipsos videamus. Oppidum ecce unum alterumve captum, direptum est; tumultus circa nos, non in nobis, et tamen concidimus et turbamur. Ubi robur, ubi tot per annos meditata sapientiæ studia? ubi ille animus qui possit dicere, *si fractus illabatur orbis?*" etc. *Ibid.* lib. ii. cap. xxv. The prototype of Mr. Windham's panegyric on bull-baiting.

usual reception of so delightful a sport to some young ladies, who stared and smiled, and continued their applauses as another horse fell bleeding to the ground. One bull killed three horses *off his own horns*. He was saved by acclamations, which were redoubled when it was known he belonged to a priest.

An Englishman, who can be much pleased with seeing two men beat themselves to pieces, cannot bear to look at a horse galloping round an arena with his bowels trailing on the ground, and turns from the spectacle and the spectators with horror and disgust.

XXXI.

THE ALBAN HILL.

"And afar
The Tiber winds, and the broad ocean laves
The Latian coast," etc. etc.
Stanza clxxiv. lines 2, 3, and 4.

The whole declivity of the Alban hill is of unrivalled beauty, and from the convent on the highest point, which has succeeded to the temple of the Latian Jupiter, the prospect embraces all the objects alluded to in the cited stanza; the Mediterranean; the whole scene of the latter half of the Æneid, and the coast from beyond the mouth of the Tiber to the headland of Circæum and the Cape of Terracina.

The site of Cicero's villa may be supposed either at the Grotta Ferrata, or at the Tusculum of Prince Lucien Buonaparte.

The former was thought some years ago the actual site, as may be seen from *Middleton's Life of Cicero*. At present it has lost something of its credit, except for the Domenichinos. Nine monks of the Greek order live there, and the adjoining villa is a cardinal's summer-house. The other villa, called Rufinella, is on the summit of the hill above Frascati, and many rich remains of Tusculum have been found there, besides seventy-two statues of different merit and preservation, and seven busts.

From the same eminence are seen the Sabine hills, embosomed in which lies the long valley of Rustica. There are several circumstances which tend to establish the identity of this valley with the "*Ustica*" of Horace; and it seems possible that the mosaic pavement which the peasants uncover by throwing up the earth of a vineyard may belong to his villa. Rustica is pronounced short, not according to our stress upon—"*Usticæ cubantis.*" It is more rational to think that we are wrong, than that the inhabitants of this secluded valley have changed their tone in this word. The addition of the consonant prefixed is nothing: yet it is necessary to be aware that Rustica may be a modern name which the peasants may have caught from the antiquaries.

The villa, or the mosaic, is in a vineyard on a knoll covered with chestnut-trees. A stream runs down the valley; and although it is not true, as said in the guide-books, that this stream is called Licenza, yet there is a village on a rock at the head of the valley which is so denominated, and which may have taken its name from the Digentia. Licenza contains 700 inhabitants. On a peak a little way beyond is Civitella, containing 300. On the banks of the Anio, a little before you turn up into Valle Rustica, to the left, about an hour from the *villa*, is a town called Vicovaro, another favourable coincidence with the *Varia* of the poet. At the end of the valley, towards the Anio, there is a bare hill, crowned with a little town called Bardela. At the foot of this hill the rivulet of Licenza flows, and is almost absorbed in a wide sandy bed before it reaches the Anio. Nothing can be more fortunate for the lines of the poet, whether in a metaphorical or direct sense:—

"Me quotiens reficit gelidus Digentia rivus,
Quem Mandela bibit rugosus frigore pagus."

The stream is clear high up the valley, but, before it reaches the hill of Bardela, looks green and yellow, like a sulphur rivulet.

Rocca Giovane, a ruined village in the hills, half an hour's walk from the vineyard where the pavement is shown, does seem to be the site of the fane of Vacuna, and an inscription found there tells that this temple of the Sabine Victory was repaired by Vespasian. (1) With these helps, and a position corresponding exactly to every thing which the poet has told us of his retreat, we may feel tolerably secure of our site.

The hill which should be Lucretilis is called Campanile, and, by following up the rivulet to the pretended Bandusia, you come to the roots of the higher mountain Gennaro. Singularly enough, the only spot of ploughed land in the whole valley is on the knoll where this Bandusia rises:—

". . . tu frigus amabile
Fessis vomere tauris
Præbes, et pecori vago."

The peasants show another spring near the mosaic pavement, which they call "Oradina," and which flows down the hills into a tank, or mill-dam, and thence trickles over into the Digentia.

But we must not hope

"To trace the Muses upwards to their spring,"

by exploring the windings of the romantic valley in search of the Bandusian fountain. It seems strange that any one should have thought Bandusia a fountain of the Digentia—Horace has not let drop a word of it; and this immortal spring has in fact been discovered in possession of the holders of many good things in Italy, the monks. It was attached to the church of St. Gervais and Protais, near Venusia, where it was most likely to be found. (2) We shall not be so lucky as a late traveller in finding the *occasional pine* still pendent on the poetic villa. There is not a pine in the whole valley, but there are two cypresses, which he evidently took, or mistook, for the tree in the ode. (3) The truth is, that the pine is now, as it was in the days of Virgil, a garden tree, and it was not at all likely to be found in the craggy acclivities of the valley of Rustica. Horace probably had one of them in the orchard close above his farm, immediately overshadowing his villa, not on the rocky heights at some distance from his abode. The tourist may have easily supposed himself to have seen this pine figured in the above cypresses; for the orange

(1) IMP. CÆSAR VESPASIANVS
PONTIFEX MAXIMVS. TRIB.
POTEST. CENSOR. ÆDEM
VICTORIÆ. VETVSTATE ILLAPSAM.
SVA. IMPENSA. RESTITVIT.

(2) See *Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold*, p. 43.

(3) See Eustace's *Classical Tour*, etc. chap. vii. p. 250. vol. ii.

and lemon trees which throw such a bloom over his description of the royal gardens at Naples, unless they have been since displaced, were assuredly only acacias and other common garden shrubs.(1)

XXXII.

EUSTACE'S CLASSICAL TOUR.

The extreme disappointment experienced by choosing the *Classical Tourist* as a guide in Italy must be allowed to find vent in a few observations, which, it is asserted without fear of contradiction, will be confirmed by every one who has selected the same conductor through the same country. This author is in fact one of the most inaccurate, unsatisfactory writers that have in our times attained a temporary reputation, and is very seldom to be trusted even when he speaks of objects which he must be presumed to have seen. His errors, from the simple exaggeration to the downright mis-statement, are so frequent as to induce a suspicion that he had either never visited the spots described, or had trusted to the fidelity of former writers. Indeed, the *Classical Tour* has every characteristic of a mere compilation of former notices, strung together upon a very slender thread of personal observation, and swelled out by those decorations which are so easily supplied by a systematic adoption of all the common-places of praise, applied to every thing, and therefore signifying nothing.

The style which one person thinks cloggy and cumbrous, and unsuitable, may be to the taste of others; and such may experience some salutary excitement in ploughing through the periods of the *Classical Tour*. It must be said, however, that polish and weight are apt to beget an expectation of value. It is amongst the pains of the damned to toil up a climax with a huge round *stone*.

The tourist had the choice of his words, but there was no such latitude allowed to that of his sentiments. The love of virtue and of liberty, which must have distinguished the character, certainly adorns the pages of Mr. Eustace; and the gentlemanly spirit, so recommendatory either in an author or his productions, is very conspicuous throughout the *Classical Tour*. But these generous qualities are the foliage of such a performance, and may be spread about it so prominently and profusely, as to embarrass those who wish to see and find the fruit at hand. The unction of the divine, and the exhortations of the moralist, may have made this work something more and better than a book of travels, but they have not made it a book of travels; and this observation applies more especially to that enticing method of instruction conveyed by the perpetual introduction of the same Gallic Helot to reel and bluster before the rising generation, and terrify it into decency by the display of all the excesses of the Revolution. An animosity against atheists and regicides in general, and Frenchmen specifically, may be honourable, and may be useful as a record; but that antidote should either be administered in any work rather than a tour, or, at least, should be served up apart, and not so mixed with the whole mass of information and reflection, as to give a bitterness to every page: for who would choose to have the antipathies of any man, however just, for his travelling companions? A tourist, unless he aspires to the credit of prophecy, is not answerable for the changes which may take place in the country which he describes; but his reader may very fairly esteem all his political portraits and deductions as so much waste paper, the moment they cease to assist, and more particularly if they obstruct, his actual survey.

Neither encomium nor accusation of any government, or governors, is meant to be here offered; but it is stated as an incontrovertible fact, that the change operated, either by the address of the late imperial system, or by the disappointment of every expectation by those who have succeeded to the Italian thrones, has been so considerable, and is so apparent, as not only to put Mr. Eustace's antigallican philippics entirely out of date, but even to throw some suspicion upon the competency and candour of the author himself. A remarkable example may be found in the instance of Bologna, over whose papal attachments, and consequent desolation, the tourist pours forth such strains of condolence and revenge, made louder by the borrowed trumpet of Mr. Burke. Now Bologna is at this moment, and has been for some years, notorious amongst the states of Italy for its attachment to revolutionary principles, and was almost the only city which made any demonstrations in favour of the unfortunate Murat. This change may, however, have been made since Mr. Eustace visited this country; but the traveller whom he has thrilled with horror at the projected stripping of the copper from the cupola of St. Peter's, must be much relieved to find that sacrilege out of the power of the French, or any other plunderers, the cupola being covered with *lead*.(2)

If the conspiring voice of otherwise rival critics had not given considerable currency to the *Classical Tour*, it would have been unnecessary to warn the reader, that however it may adorn his library, it will be of little or no service to him in his carriage; and if the judgment of those critics had hitherto been suspended, no attempt would have been made to anticipate their decision. As it is, those who stand in the relation of posterity to Mr. Eustace may be permitted to appeal from cotemporary praises, and are perhaps more likely to be just in proportion as the causes of love and hatred are the farther removed. This appeal had, in some measure, been made before the above remarks were written; for one of the most respectable of the Florentine publishers, who had been persuaded by the repeated inquiries of those on their journey southwards to reprint a cheap edition of the *Classical Tour*, was, by the concurring advice of returning travellers, induced to abandon his design, although he had already arranged his types and paper, and had struck off one or two of the first sheets.

The writer of these notes would wish to part (like Mr. Gibbon) on good terms with the Pope and the Cardinals, but he does not think it necessary to extend the same discreet silence to their humble partisans.

(1) "Under our windows, and bordering on the beach, is the royal garden, laid out in parterres, and walks shaded by rows of orange-trees." *Classical Tour*, etc. chap. xi. vol. ii. oct. 365.

(2) "What, then, will be the astonishment, or rather the horror, of my reader, when I inform him ..... the French Committee turned its attention to Saint Peter's, and employed a company of Jews to estimate and purchase the gold, silver, and bronze that adorn the inside of the edifice, as well as the copper that covers the vaults and dome on the outside." Chap. iv. p. 130, vol. ii. The story about the Jews is positively denied at Rome.

Hints from Horace;(1)

BEING AN ALLUSION, IN ENGLISH VERSE, TO THE EPISTLE "AD PISONES, DE ARTE POETICA," AND INTENDED AS A SEQUEL TO "ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS."

—— "Ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secandi."
Hor. De Arte Poet.

"Rhymes are difficult things—they are stubborn things, sir."
Fielding's Amelia.

Athens. Capuchin Convent, March 12, 1811.(2)

Who would not laugh, if Lawrence, hired to grace
His costly canvass with each flatter'd face,
Abused his art, till Nature, with a blush,
Saw cits grow centaurs underneath his brush?
Or, should some limner join, for show or sale,
A maid of honour to a mermaid's tail?
Or low Dubost(3)—as once the world has seen—
Degrade God's creatures in his graphic spleen?
Not all that forced politeness, which defends
Fools in their faults, could gag his grinning friends.

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas,
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne;
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, amici?
Creditc, Pisones, isti tabulæ fore librum
Persimilem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ

Believe me, Moschus,(4) like that picture seems
The book which, sillier than a sick man's dreams,
Displays a crowd of figures incomplete,
Poetic nightmares, without head or feet.

Poets and painters, as all artists(5) know,
May shoot a little with a lengthen'd bow;
We claim this mutual mercy for our task,
And grant in turn the pardon which we ask;
But make not monsters spring from gentle dams—
Birds breed not vipers, tigers nurse not lambs.

Fingentur species, ut nec pes, nec caput uni
Reddatur formæ. "Pictoribus atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas."
Scimus, et hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim:
Sed non ut placidis coëant immitia; non ut
Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni.

(1) Authors are apt, it is said, to estimate their performances more according to the trouble they have cost themselves, than the pleasure they afford to the public; and it is only in this way that we can pretend to account for the extraordinary value which Lord Byron attached, even many long years after they were written, to these *Hints from Horace*. The business of *translating* Horace has hitherto been a hopeless one; and notwithstanding the brilliant cleverness of some passages, in both Pope's and Swift's *Imitations* of him, there had been, on the whole, very little to encourage any one to meddle seriously even with that less difficult department. It is, comparatively, an easy affair to transfer the effect, or something like the effect, of the majestic declamations of Juvenal; but the Horatian satire is cast in a mould of such exquisite delicacy—uniting perfect ease with perfect elegance throughout—as has hitherto defied all the skill of the moderns. Lord Byron, however, having composed this piece at Athens, in 1811, and brought it home in the same desk with the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*, appears to have, on his arrival in London, contemplated its publication as far more likely to increase his reputation than that of his original poem. Perhaps Milton's preference of the *Paradise Regained* over the *Paradise Lost* is not a more decisive example of the extent to which a great author may mistake the source of his greatness.

Lord Byron was prevented from publishing these lines, by a feeling which, considering his high notion of their merit, does him honour. By accident, or nearly so, the *Harold* came out before the *Hints;* and the reception of the former was so flattering to Lord Byron, that it could scarcely fail to take off, for the time, the edge of his appetite for literary bitterness. In short, he found himself mixing constantly in society with persons who had—from good sense, or good-nature, or from both—overlooked the petulancies of his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, and felt, as he said, that he should be "heaping coals of fire on his head" if he were to persist in bringing forth a continuation of his juvenile lampoon. Nine years had passed ere he is found writing thus to Mr. Murray:—"Get from Mr. Hobhouse, and send me, a proof of my *Hints from Horace;* it has now the *nonum prematur in annum* complete for its production. I have a notion that, with some omissions of names and passages, it will do; and I could put my late observations *for* Pope amongst the notes. As far as versification goes, it is good; and, in looking back at what I wrote about that period, I am astonished to see how little I have trained on. I wrote better then than now; but that comes of my having fallen into the atrocious bad taste of the times." On hearing, however, that, in Mr. Hobhouse's opinion, the iambics would require "a good deal of slashing" to suit the times, the notion of printing them was once more abandoned. They were first published, therefore, in 1831, seven years after the poet's death.—L. E.

(2) The date of this Satire has given rise to Moore's astonishment that Byron, "as if in utter defiance of the 'genius loci,'" should have penned in such a place such a production, "impregnated as it is with London life from beginning to end."—F. E.

(3) In an English newspaper, which finds its way abroad wherever there are Englishmen, I read an account of this dirty dauber's caricature of Mr. H—— as a "beast," and the consequent action, etc. The circumstance is, probably, too well known to require further comment.—[The gentleman here alluded to was Thomas Hope, the author of *Anastasius*, and one of the most munificent patrons of art this country ever possessed. Having, somehow, offended an unprincipled French painter, by name Dubost, that adventurer revenged himself by a picture called "Beauty and the Beast," in which Mr. Hope and his lady were represented according to the well-known fairy story. The picture had too much malice not to succeed; and, to the disgrace of John Bull, the exhibition of it is said to have fetched thirty pounds in a day. A brother of Mrs. Hope thrust his sword through the canvass; and M. Dubost had the consolation to get five pounds damages. The affair made much noise at the time, though Mr. Hope had not then placed himself on that seat of literary eminence which he afterwards attained. Probably, indeed, no man's reputation in the world was ever so suddenly and completely altered, as his was by the appearance of his magnificent romance.—L. E.

(4) "Moschus."—In the original MS., "Hobhouse."—L. E.

(5) "All artists."—Originally, "We scribblers."—L. E.

A labour'd long exordium sometimes tends
(Like patriot speeches) but to paltry ends;
And nonsense in a lofty note goes down,
As pertness passes with a legal gown:
Thus many a bard describes in pompous strain
The clear brook babbling through the goodly plain:
The groves of Granta, and her gothic halls, [walls;
King's Coll., Cam's stream, stain'd windows, and old
Or, in adventurous numbers, neatly aims
To paint a rainbow, or—the river Thames. (1)

You sketch a tree, and so perhaps may shine—
But daub a shipwreck like an alehouse sign;
You plan a *vase*—it dwindles to a *pot*,
Then glide down Grub-street—fasting and forgot;
Laugh'd into Lethe by some quaint Review,
Whose wit is never troublesome till—true. (2)

In fine, to whatsoever you aspire,
Let it at least be simple and entire.

The greater portion of the rhyming tribe
(Give ear, my friend, for thou hast been a scribe)
Are led astray by some peculiar lure.
I labour to be brief—become obscure;
One falls while following elegance too fast;
Another soars, inflated with bombast;
Too low a third crawls on, afraid to fly,
He spins his subject to satiety:
Absurdly varying, he at last engraves
Fish in the woods, and boars beneath the waves!

Unless your care's exact, your judgment nice,
The flight from folly leads but into vice;
None are complete, all wanting in some part,
Like certain tailors, limited in art.
For galligaskins Slowshears is your man;
But coats must claim another artisan. (3)
Now this to me, I own, seems much the same
As Vulcan's feet to bear Apollo's frame; (4)

Or, with a fair complexion, to expose
Black eyes, black ringlets, but—a bottle-nose!

Dear authors! suit your topics to your strength,
And ponder well your subject, and its length;
Nor lift your load, before you're quite aware
What weight your shoulders will, or will not, bear.
But lucid order, and Wit's siren voice,
Await the poet, skilful in his choice;
With native eloquence he soars along,
Grace in his thoughts, and music in his song.

Let judgment teach him wisely to combine
With future parts the now omitted line:
This shall the author choose, or that reject,
Precise in style, and cautious to select;
Nor slight applause will candid pens afford
To him who furnishes a wanting word.
Then fear not if 'tis needful to produce
Some term unknown, or obsolete in use,
(As Pitt (5) has furnish'd us a word or two,
Which lexicographers declined to do;)
So you indeed, with care,—(but be content
To take this license rarely)—may invent.
New words find credit in these latter days,
If neatly grafted on a Gallic phrase.
What Chaucer, Spenser did, we scarce refuse
To Dryden's or to Pope's maturer muse.
If you can add a little, say why not,
As well as William Pitt, and Walter Scott?
Since they, by force of rhyme and force of lungs,
Enrich'd our island's ill-united tongues;
'Tis then—and shall be—lawful to present
Reform in writing, as in parliament.

As forests shed their foliage by degrees,
So fade expressions which in season please;
And we and ours, alas! are due to fate,
And works and words but dwindle to a date.
Though as a monarch nods, and commerce calls,
Impetuous rivers stagnate in canals;

Incœptis gravibus plerumque et magna professis
Purpureus, late qui splendeat, unus et alter
Assuitur pannus; cum lucus et ara Dianæ,
Et properantis aquæ per amœnos ambitus agros,
Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus.
Sed nunc non erat his locus: et fortasse cupressum
Scis simulare: quid hoc, si fractis enatat exspes
Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur? amphora cœpit
Institui; currente rotâ cur urceus exit?
Denique sit quod vis, simplex duntaxat et unum.
Maxima pars vatum, pater, et juvenes patre digni,
Decipimur specie recti. Brevis esse laboro,
Obscurus fio: sectantem levia, nervi
Deficiunt animique: professus grandia, turget:
Serpit humi, tutus nimium, timidusque procellæ.
Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam,
Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.
In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, si caret arte.
Æmilium circa ludum faber imus et ungues
Exprimet, et molles imitabitur ære capillos;
Infelix operis summa, quia ponere totum
Nesciet. Hunc ego me, si quid componere curem,
Non magis esse velim, quam pravo vivere naso,
Spectandum nigris oculis, nigroque capillo.

Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam
Viribus; et versate diu, quid ferre recusent,
Quid valeant humeri. Cui lecta potenter erit res,
Nec facundia deseret hunc, nec lucidus ordo.
Ordinis hæc virtus erit et venus, aut ego fallor,
Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici,
Pleraque differat, et præsens in tempus omittat;
Hoc amet, hoc spernat promissi carminis auctor.
In verbis etiam tenuis cautusque serendis,
Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum. Si forte necesse est
Indicilis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum,
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis
Continget; dabiturque licentia sumpta pudenter.
Et nova fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si
Græco fonte cadant, parce detorta. Quid autem
Cæcilio, Plautoque dabit Romanus, ademptum
Virgilio, Varioque? Ego cur, acquirere pauca
Si possum, invideor; cum lingua Catonis et Enni
Sermonem patrium ditaverit, et nova rerum
Nomina protulerit? Licuit, semperque licebit,
Signatum præsente nota producere nomen.
Ut silvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos;
Prima cadunt: ita verborum vetus interit ætas,

(1) "Where pure description held the place of sense."—*Pope.*

(2) "This is pointed, and felicitously expressed." *Moore.*—L. E.

(3) Mere common mortals were commonly content with one tailor and with one bill, but the more particular gentlemen found it impossible to confide their lower garments to the makers of their body-clothes. I speak of the beginning of 1809: what reform may have since taken place neither know, nor desire to know.

(4) MS. "As one leg perfect, and the other lame."—L.

(5) Mr. Pitt was liberal in his additions to our parliamentary tongue; as may be seen in many publications, particularly the *Edinburgh Review.*

Though swamps subdued, and marshes drain'd, sustain
The heavy ploughshare and the yellow grain,
And rising ports along the busy shore
Protect the vessel from old Ocean's roar,
All, all must perish; but, surviving last,
The love of letters half preserves the past.
True, some decay, yet not a few revive; (1)
Though those shall sink which now appear to thrive,
As custom arbitrates, whose shifting sway
Our life and language must alike obey.

The immortal wars which gods and angels wage,
Are they not shown in Milton's sacred page?
His strain will teach what numbers best belong
To themes celestial told in epic song.

The slow sad stanza will correctly paint
The lover's anguish, or the friend's complaint.
But which deserves the laurel—rhyme or blank?
Which holds on Helicon the higher rank?
Let squabbling critics by themselves dispute
This point, as puzzling as a Chancery suit.

Satiric rhyme first sprang from selfish spleen.
You doubt—see Dryden, Pope, St. Patrick's dean. (2)

Et juvenum ritu florent modo nata, vigentque.
Debemur morti nos nostraque: sive receptus
Terra Neptunus classes aquilonibus arcet,
Regis opus; sterilisve diu palus, aptaque remis,
Vicinas urbes alit, et grave sentit aratrum:
Seu cursum mutavit iniquum frugibus amnis,
Doctus iter melius: mortalia facta peribunt;
Nedum sermonum stet honos, et gratia vivax.
Multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidere, cadentque,
Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus,
Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus, et norma loquendi.
Res gestæ regumque ducumque et tristia bella,
Quo scribi possent numero monstravit Homerus.
Versibus impariter junctis querimonia primum;
Post etiam inclusa est voti sententia compos.
Quis tamen exiguos elegos emiserit auctor,
Grammatici certant, et adhuc sub judice lis est.
Archilochum proprio rabies armavit iambo;
Hunc socci cepere pedem grandesque cothurni,
Alternis aptum sermonibus, et populares
Vincentem strepitus, et natum rebus agendis.
Musa dedit fidibus divos, puerosque deorum,

Blank verse (3) is now, with one consent, allied
To Tragedy, and rarely quits her side.
Though mad Almanzor rhymed in Dryden's days,
No sing-song hero rants in modern plays;
While modest Comedy her verse foregoes
For jest and *pun* (4) in very middling prose.
Nor that our Bens or Beaumonts show the worse,
Or lose one point, because they wrote in verse;
But so Thalia pleases to appear,
Poor virgin! damn'd some twenty times a-year!

Whate'er the scene, let this advice have weight:—
Adapt your language to your hero's state.
At times Melpomene forgets to groan,
And brisk Thalia takes a serious tone;
Nor unregarded will the act pass by
Where angry Townly (5) lifts his voice on high.
Again, our Shakspeare limits verse to kings,
When common prose will serve for common things;
And lively Hal resigns heroic ire
To "hallooing Hotspur (6)" and the sceptred sire.

'Tis not enough, ye bards, with all your art,
To polish poems;—they must touch the heart.
Where'er the scene be laid, whate'er the song,
Still let it bear the hearer's soul along;

Et pugilem victorem, et equum certamine primum,
Et juvenum curas, et libera vina referre.
Descriptas servare vices operumque colores,
Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, poeta salutor?
Cur nescire, pudens prave, quam discere malo?
Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult;
Indignatur item privatis, ac prope socco
Dignis carminibus narrari cœna Thyestæ.
Singula quæque locum teneant sortita decenter.
Interdum tamen et vocem comœdia tollit,
Iratusque Chremes tumido delitigat ore:
Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri.
Telephus et Peleus, cum pauper et exul, uterque
Projicit ampullas, et sesquipedalia verba;
Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querela.
Non satis est pulchra esse poemata; dulcia sunto,
Et quocunque volent, animum auditoris agunto.
Ut ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adflent
Humani vultus. Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi; tunc tua me infortunia lædent.
Telephe, vel Peleu: male si mandata loqueris,
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo: tristia mœstum

(1) Old ballads, old plays, and old women's stories, are at present in as much request as old wine or new speeches. In fact, this is the millennium of black letter: thanks to our Hebers, Webers, and Scotts!—[There was considerable malice in thus putting *Weber*, a poor German hack, a mere amanuensis of Sir Walter Scott, between the two other names.—L. E.]

(2) *Mac Flecknoe*, the *Dunciad*, and all Swift's lampooning ballads. Whatever their other works may be, these originated in personal feelings, and angry retort on unworthy rivals; and though the ability of these satires elevates the poetical, their poignancy detracts from the personal character of the writers.—[For particulars of Dryden's feud with his successor in the laureateship, Shadwell, whom he has immortalised under the name of Mac Flecknoe, and also as Og, in the second part of *Absalom and Achitophel*, and for the literary squabbles in which Swift and Pope were engaged, the reader must turn to the lives and works of these three great writers. See also Mr. D'Israeli's painfully-interesting book on *The Quarrels of Authors*.—L. E.]

(3) Like Dr. Johnson, Lord Byron maintained the excellence of rhyme over blank verse in English poetry. "Blank verse," he says, in his long-lost letter to the editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, "unless in the drama, no one except Milton ever wrote who could rhyme. I am aware that Johnson has said, after some hesitation, that he could not 'prevail upon himself to wish that Milton had been a rhymer.' The opinions of that truly great man, whom, like Pope, it is the present fashion to decry, will ever be received by me with that deference which time will restore to him from all; but, with all humility, I am not persuaded that the *Paradise Lost* would not have been more nobly conveyed to posterity, not perhaps in heroic couplets,—although even they could sustain the subject, if well balanced,—but in the stanza of Spenser, or of Tasso, or in the terza rima of Dante, which the powers of Milton could easily have grafted on our language. The *Seasons* of Thomson would have been better in rhyme, although still inferior to his *Castle of Indolence*; and Mr. Southey's *Joan of Arc* no worse."—L. E.

(4) With all the vulgar applause and critical abhorrence of *puns*, they have Aristotle on their side; who permits them to orators, and gives them consequence by a grave disquisition.—["Cicero also," says Addison, "has sprinkled several of his works with them; and, in his book on Oratory, quotes abundance of sayings as pieces of wit, which, upon examination, prove arrant puns. But the age in which the pun chiefly flourished was in the reign of James the First, who was himself a tolerable punster, and made very few bishops or privy counsellors that had not some time or other signalised themselves by a clinch, or a conundrum. The sermons of Bishop Andrews, and the tragedies of Shakspeare, are full of them. The sinner was punned into repentance by the former; as, in the latter, nothing is more usual than to see a hero weeping and quibbling for a dozen lines together."—L. E.]

(5) In Vanbrugh's comedy of the *Provoked Husband*.—L. E.

(6) "And in his ear I'll halloo, Mortimer!"—1 *Henry IV*.

Command your audience or to smile or weep,
Whiche'er may please you—any thing but sleep.
The poet claims our tears; but, by his leave,
Before I shed them, let me see him grieve.

If banish'd Romeo feign'd nor sigh nor tear,
Lull'd by his languor, I should sleep or sneer.
Sad words, no doubt, become a serious face,
And men look angry in the proper place.
At double meanings folks seem wondrous sly,
And sentiment prescribes a pensive eye;
For nature form'd at first the inward man,
And actors copy nature—when they can.
She bids the beating heart with rapture bound,
Raised to the stars, or levell'd with the ground;
And for expression's aid, 'tis said, or sung,
She gave our mind's interpreter—the tongue,
Who, worn with use, of late would fain dispense
(At least in theatres) with common sense;
O'erwhelm with sound the boxes, gallery, pit,
And raise a laugh with any thing—but wit.

To skilful writers it will much import, [court;
Whence spring their scenes, from common life or
Whether they seek applause by smile or tear,
To draw a "Lying Valet," or a "Lear,"
A sage, or rakish youngster wild from school,
A wandering "Peregrine," or plain "John Bull;"

Vultum verba decent; iratum, plena minarum;
Ludentem, lasciva; severum, seria dictu.
Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem
Fortunarum habitum; juvat, aut impellit ad iram;
Aut ad humum mærore gravi deducit, et angit;
Post effert animi motus interprete lingua.
Si dicentis erunt fortunis absona dicta,
Romani tollent equites peditesque cachinnum.

Intererit multum, Davusne loquatur, an Heros;
Maturusne senex, an adhuc florente juventa
Fervidus; an matrona potens, an sedula nutrix;
Mercatorne vagus, cultorne virentis agelli;
Colchus, an Assyrius; Thebis nutritus, an Argis.

Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge
Scriptor. Honoratum si forte reponis Achillem;

All persons please when nature's voice prevails,
Scottish or Irish, born in Wilts or Wales.

Or follow common fame, or forge a plot:
Who cares if mimic heroes lived or not?
One precept serves to regulate the scene:—
Make it appear as if it *might* have *been*.

If some Drawcansir (1) you aspire to draw,
Present him raving, and above all law:
If female furies in your scheme are plann'd,
Macbeth's fierce dame is ready to your hand;
For tears and treachery, for good or evil,
Constance, King Richard, Hamlet, and the Devil!
But if a new design you dare essay,
And freely wander from the beaten way,
True to your characters, till all be past,
Preserve consistency from first to last.

'Tis hard to venture where our betters fail,
Or lend fresh interest to a twice-told tale;
And yet, perchance, 'tis wiser to prefer
A hackney'd plot, than choose a new, and err;
Yet copy not too closely, but record,
More justly, thought for thought than word for word;
Nor trace your prototype through narrow ways,
But only follow where he merits praise.

For you, young bard! whom luckless fate may lead
To tremble on the nod of all who read,

Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.
Sit Medea ferox invictaque; flebilis Ino;
Perfidus Ixion; Io vaga; tristis Orestes.
Si quid inexpertum scenæ committis, et audes
Personam formare novam, servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.
Difficile est proprie communia dicere; (2) tuque
Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,
Quam si proferres ignota indictaque primus.
Publica materies privati juris erit, si
Nec circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem;
Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres, nec desilies imitator in arctum,
Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet, aut operis lex.
Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor Cyclicus olim:

(1) See the *Rehearsal*:—

"*Johnson.* Pray, Mr. Bayes, who is that Drawcansir?

"*Bayes.* Why, sir, a great hero, that frights his mistress, snubs up kings, baffles armies, and does what he will, without regard to numbers, good sense, or justice."—L.E.

(2) "Difficile est proprie communia dicere."—Madame Dacier, Madame de Sévigné, Boileau, and others, have left their dispute on the meaning of this passage in a tract considerably longer than the poem of Horace. It is printed at the close of the eleventh volume of *Madame de Sévigné's Letters*, edited by Grouvelle, Paris, 1806. Presuming that all who can construe may venture an opinion on such subjects, particularly as so many who can *not* have taken the same liberty, I should have held my "farthing candle" as awkwardly as another, had not my respect for the wits of Louis the Fourteenth's Augustan siècle induced me to subjoin these illustrious authorities. 1st, Boileau: "Il est difficile de traiter des sujets qui sont à la portée de tout le monde d'une manière qui sous les rende propres, ce qui s'appelle s'approprier un sujet par le tour qu'on y donne." 2dly, Batteux: "Mais il est bien difficile de donner des traits propres et individuels aux êtres parement possibles." 3dly, Dacier: "Il est difficile de traiter convenablement ces caractères que tout le monde peut inventer." Mde. de Sévigné's opinion and translation, consisting of some thirty pages, I omit, particularly as M. Grouvelle observes, "La chose est bien remarquable, aucune de ces diverses interprétations ne paraît être la véritable." But, by way of comfort, it seems, fifty years afterwards, "Le lumineux Dumarsais" made his appearance, to set Horace on his legs again, "dissiper tous les nuages, et concilier tous les dissentimens;" and some fifty years hence, somebody, still more luminous, will doubtless start up and demolish Dumarsais and his system on this weighty affair, as if he were no better than Ptolemy and Tycho, or his comments of no more consequence than astronomical calculations on the present comet. I am happy to say, "la longueur de la dissertation" of M. D. prevents M. G. from saying any more on the matter. A better poet than Boileau, and at least as good a scholar as Sévigné, has said,

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

And, by this comparison of comments, it may be perceived how a good deal may be rendered as perilous to the proprietors.—[Dr. Johnson gave the interpretation thus:—"He means that it is difficult to appropriate to particular persons qualities which are common to all mankind, as Homer has done."—"It seems to result from the whole discussion," says Mr. Croker, "that, in the ordinary meaning of the words, the passage is obscure, and that, to make sense, we must either alter the words, or assign to them an unusual interpretation. All commentators are agreed, by the help of the context, what the general meaning must be; but no one seems able 'verbum verbo reddere fidus interpres.'" (*Boswell*, vol. iii. p. 438.) But, in our humble opinion, Boileau's translation is precisely that of this "fidus interpres."—L. E.]

Ere your first score of cantos time unrolls,
Beware—for God's sake, don't begin like Bowles! (1)
"Awake a louder and a loftier strain,"—
And pray, what follows from his boiling brain?—
He sinks to Southey's level in a trice,
Whose epic mountains never fail in mice!
Not so of yore awoke your mighty sire
The temper'd warblings of his master-lyre;
Soft as the gentler breathing of the lute,
"Of man's first disobedience and the fruit"
He speaks, but, as his subject swells along,
Earth, heaven, and Hades echo with the song. (2)
Still to the midst of things he hastens on,
As if we witness'd all already done;
Leaves on his path whatever seems too mean
To raise the subject, or adorn the scene;
Gives, as each page improves upon the sight,
Not smoke from brightness, but from darkness—light;

"Fortunam Priami cantabo, et nobile bellum."
Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?
Parturient montes: nascetur ridiculus mus.
Quanto rectius hic, qui nil molitur inepte!
"Dic mihi, Musa, virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ,
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit, et urbes."
Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat,
Antiphaten, Scyllamque, et cum Cyclope Charybdin.
Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri,
Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo.
Semper ad eventum festinat, et in medias res
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit; et quæ

And truth and fiction with such art compounds,
We know not where to fix their several bounds.

If you would please the public, deign to hear
What soothes the many-headed monster's ear;
If your heart triumph when the hands of all
Applaud in thunder at the curtain's fall,
Deserve those plaudits—study nature's page,
And sketch the striking traits of every age;
While varying man and varying years unfold
Life's little tale, so oft, so vainly told.
Observe his simple childhood's dawning days,
His pranks, his prate, his playmates, and his plays;
Till time at length the mannish tyro weans,
And prurient vice outstrips his tardy teens!

Behold him Freshman! forced no more to groan
O'er Virgil's (3) devilish verses and—his own;

Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit:
Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.
Tu quid ego, et populus mecum desideret, audi.
Si plausoris eges aulæa manentis, et usque
Sessuri, donec cantor, "Vos plaudite," dicat;
Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores,
Mobilibusque decor naturis dandus et annis.
Reddere qui voces jam scit puer, et pede certo
Signat humum; gestit paribus colludere, et iram
Colligit ac ponit temere, et mutatur in horas.
Imberbis juvenis, tandem custode remoto,
Gaudet equis canibusque, et aprici gramine campi;

(1) About two years ago a young man, named Townsend, was announced by Mr. Cumberland* (in a review † since deceased) as being engaged in an epic poem to be entitled *Armageddon*. The plan and specimen promise much; but I hope neither to offend Mr. Townsend, nor his friends, by recommending to his attention the lines of Horace to which these rhymes allude. If Mr. Townsend succeeds in his undertaking, as there is reason to hope, how much will the world be indebted to Mr. Cumberland for bringing him before the public! But, till that eventful day arrives, it may be doubted whether the premature display of his plan (sublime as the ideas confessedly are) has not,—by raising expectation too high, or diminishing curiosity, by developing his argument,—rather incurred the hazard of injuring Mr. Townsend's future prospects. Mr. Cumberland (whose talents I shall not depreciate by the humble tribute of my praise) and Mr. Townsend must not suppose me actuated by unworthy motives in this suggestion. I wish the author all the success he can wish himself, and shall be truly happy to see epic poetry weighed up from the bathos where it lies sunken with Southey, Cottle, Cowley (Mrs. or Abraham), Ogilvy, Wilkie, Pye, and all the "dull of past and present days." Even if he is not a *Milton*, he may be better than *Blackmore*; if not a *Homer*, an *Antimachus*. I should deem myself presumptuous, as a young man, in offering advice, were it not addressed to one still younger. Mr. Townsend has the greatest difficulties to encounter: but in conquering them he will find employment; in having conquered them, his reward. I know too well "the scribbler's scoff, the critic's contumely;" and I am afraid time will teach Mr. Townsend to know them better. Those who succeed, and those who do not, must bear this alike, and it is hard to say which have most of it. I trust that Mr. Townsend's share will be from *envy*;—he will soon know mankind well enough not to attribute this expression to malice.—[This was penned at Athens. On his return to England Lord B. wrote to a friend:—"There is a sucking epic poet at Granta, a Mr. Townsend, protégé of the late Cumberland. Did you ever hear of him and his *Armageddon?* I think his plan (the man I don't know) borders on the sublime; though, perhaps, the anticipation of the 'Last Day' is a little too daring: at least, it looks like telling the Almighty what he is to do; and might remind an ill-natured person of the line—

'And fools rush in where angels fear to tread.'

But I don't mean to cavil—only other folks will; and he may bring all the lambs of Jacob Behmen about his ears. However, I hope he will bring it to a conclusion, though Milton is in his way."—All Lord Byron's anticipations, with regard to this poem, were realised to the very letter. To gratify the curiosity which had been excited, Mr. Townsend, in 1815, was induced to publish eight out of the twelve books of which it was to consist. "In the benevolence of his heart, Mr. Cumberland," he says, "bestowed praise on me, certainly too abundantly and prematurely; but I hope that any deficiency on my part may be imputed to the true cause—my own inability to support a subject, under which the greatest mental powers must inevitably sink. My talents were neither equal to my own ambition, nor his zeal to serve me."—L. E.]

(2) "There is more of poetry in these verses upon Milton than in any other passage throughout the paraphrase." *Moore*.—L. E.

(3) Harvey, the *circulator* of the *circulation* of the blood, used to fling away Virgil in his ecstasy of admiration, and say, "the book had a devil." Now, such a character as I am copying would probably fling it away also, but rather

* On the original MS. we find,—"This note was written" [at Athens] "before the author was apprised of Mr. Cumberland's death." The old littérateur died in May 1811, and had the honour to be buried in Westminster Abbey, and to be eulogised, while the company stood round the grave, in the following manly style by the then Dean, Dr. Vincent, his schoolfellow, and through life his friend:—"Good people! the person you see now deposited is Richard Cumberland, an author of no small merit: his writings were chiefly for the stage, but of strict moral tendency: they were not without faults, but they were not gross, abounding with oaths and libidinous expressions, as, I am shocked to observe, is the case of many of the present day. He wrote as much as any one: few wrote better; and his works will be held in the highest estimation, as long as the English language will be understood. He considered the theatre a school for moral improvement, and his remains are truly worthy of mingling with the illustrious dead which surround us. Read his prose subjects on divinity! there you will find the true Christian spirit of the man who trusted in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. May God forgive him his sins; and, at the resurrection of the just, receive him into everlasting glory!"—L. E.

† The *London Review*, set up in 1809, under Mr. Cumberland's editorial care, did not outlive many numbers. He spoke great things in the prospectus, about the distinguishing feature of the journal; viz. its having the writer's name affixed to the articles. This plan has succeeded pretty well both in France and Germany, but has failed utterly as often as it has been tried in this country. It is needless, however, to go into any speculation on the principle *here*; for the *London Review*, whether sent into the world with or without names, must soon have died of the original disease of dulness.—L. E.

Prayers are too tedious, lectures too abstruse,
He flies from Tavell's frown to "Fordham's Mews;"
(Unlucky Tavell!(1) doom'd to daily cares
By pugilistic pupils, and by bears:)(2)
Fines, tutors, tasks, conventions threat in vain,
Before hounds, hunters, and Newmarket plain.
Rough with his elders, with his equals rash,
Civil to sharpers, prodigal of cash;
Constant to nought—save hazard and a whore,
Yet cursing both,—for both have made him sore;
Unread (unless, since books beguile disease,
The p—x becomes his passage to degrees);
Fool'd, pillaged, dunn'd, he wastes his term away,
And, unexpell'd, perhaps retires M.A.;
Master of arts! as *hells* and *clubs*(3) proclaim,
Where scarce a blackleg bears a brighter name!

Launch'd into life, extinct his early fire,
He apes the selfish prudence of his sire;
Marries for money, chooses friends for rank,
Buys land, and shrewdly trusts not to the Bank;
Sits in the Senate; gets a son and heir;
Sends him to Harrow, for himself was there.
Mute though he votes, unless when call'd to cheer,
His son's so sharp—he'll see the dog a peer!

Manhood declines—age palsies every limb;
He quits the scene—or else the scene quits him;
Scrapes wealth, o'er each departing penny grieves,
And avarice seizes all ambition leaves;
Counts cent. per cent., and smiles, or vainly frets,
O'er hoards diminish'd by young Hopeful's debts;
Weighs well and wisely what to sell or buy,
Complete in all life's lessons—but to die;
Peevish and spiteful, doting, hard to please,
Commending every time, save times like these;
Crazed, querulous, forsaken, half forgot,
Expires unwept—is buried—let him rot!

But from the Drama let me not digress,
Nor spare my precepts, though they please you less.
Though woman weep, and hardest hearts are stirr'd,
When what is done is rather seen than heard,
Yet many deeds preserved in history's page
Are better told than acted on the stage;
The ear sustains what shocks the timid eye,
And horror thus subsides to sympathy.
True Briton all beside, I here am French—
Bloodshed 'tis surely better to retrench;
The gladiatorial gore we teach to flow
In tragic scene disgusts, though but in show;
We hate the carnage while we see the trick
And find small sympathy in being sick.
Not on the stage the regicide Macbeth
Appals an audience with a monarch's death;
To gaze when sable Hubert threats to sear
Young Arthur's eyes, can *ours* or *nature* bear?
A halter'd heroine(4) Johnson sought to slay—
We saved Irene, but half damn'd the play,
And (Heaven be praised!) our tolerating times
Stint metamorphoses to pantomimes;
And Lewis' self, with all his sprites, would quake
To change Earl Osmond's negro to a snake!
Because, in scenes exciting joy or grief,
We loathe the action which exceeds belief:
And yet, God knows! what may not authors do,
Whose postscripts prate of dyeing "heroines blue?"(5)

Above all things, *Dan* Poet, if you can,
Eke out your acts, I pray, with mortal man;
Nor call a ghost, unless some cursed scrape
Must open ten trap-doors for your escape.
Of all the monstrous things I'd fain forbid,
I loathe an opera worse than Dennis did;(6)
Where good and evil persons, right or wrong,
Rage, love, and aught but moralise, in song.

Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper,
Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus æris,
Sublimis, cupidusque, et amata relinquere pernix.
Conversis studiis, ætas animusque virilis
Quærit opes et amicitias inservit honori;
Commisisse cavet quod mox mutare laboret.
Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda; vel quod
Quærit, et inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti;
Vel quod res omnes timide gelideque ministrat,
Dilator, spe longus, iners, avidusque futuri;
Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti
Se puero, censor castigatorque minorum.
Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum,
Multa recedentes adimunt. Ne forte seniles
Mandentur juveni partes, pueroque viriles,

Semper in adjunctis ævoque morabimur aptis.
Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur.
Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator. Non tamen intus
Digna geri promes in scenam; multaque tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens.
Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet;
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus;
Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem,
Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.
Neve minor, neu sit quinto productior actu
Fabula, quæ posci vult, et spectata reponi.
Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit: * * * *

wish that the devil had the book; not from dislike to the poet, but a well-founded horror of hexameters. Indeed, the public school penance of "Long and Short" is enough to beget an antipathy to poetry for the residue of a man's life, and, perhaps, so far may be an advantage.

(1) "Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem." I dare say Mr. Tavell (to whom I mean no affront) will understand me; and it is no matter whether any one else does or no.—To the above events, "quæque ipse miserrima vidi, et quorum pars magna fui," all *times* and *terms* bear testimony.

(2) The Rev. G. F. Tavell was a fellow and tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, during Lord Byron's residence, and owed this notice to the zeal with which he had protested against some juvenile vagaries, sufficiently explained in Mr. Moore's *Life*.—L. E.

(3) "Hell," a gaming-house so called, where you risk little, and are cheated a good deal. "Club," a pleasant purgatory, where you lose more, and are not supposed to be cheated at all.

(4) "Irene had to speak two lines with the bowstring round her neck; but the audience cried out 'Murder!' and she was obliged to go off the stage alive." *Boswell's Johnson.*—These two lines were afterwards struck out, and Irene was carried off, to be put to death behind the scenes. "This shows," says Mr. Malone, "how ready modern audiences are to condemn, in a new play, what they have frequently endured very quietly in an old one. Rowe has made Moneses, in *Tamerlane*, die by the bowstring without offence." Davies assures us, in his *Life of Garrick*, that the strangling Irene, contrary to Horace's rule, *coram populo*, was suggested by Garrick. See *Croker's Boswell*, vol. i. p. 172.—L. E.]

(5) In the postscript to the *Castle Spectre*, Mr. Lewis tells us, that though blacks were unknown in England at the period of his action, yet he has made the anachronism to set off the scene: and if he could have produced the effect "by making his heroine blue,"—I quote him—"blue he would have made her!"

(6) In 1706, Dennis, the critic, wrote an *Essay on the Operas after the Italian manner, which are about to be esta-*

Hail, last memorial of our foreign friends
Which Gaul allows, and still Hesperia lends!
Napoleon's edicts no embargo lay
On whores, spies, singers wisely shipp'd away.
Our giant capital, whose squares are spread
Where rustics earn'd, and now may beg, their bread,
In all iniquity is grown so nice,
It scorns amusements which are not of price.
Hence the pert shopkeeper, whose throbbing ear
Aches with orchestras which he pays to hear,
Whom shame, not sympathy, forbids to snore,
His anguish doubling by his own "encore;"
Squeezed in "Fop's Alley," jostled by the beaux,
Teased with his hat, and trembling for his toes;
Scarce wrestles through the night, nor tastes of ease
Till the dropp'd curtain gives a glad release:
Why this, and more, he suffers—can ye guess?—
Because it costs him dear, and makes him dress!

So prosper eunuchs from Etruscan schools;
Give us but fiddlers, and they're sure of fools!
Ere scenes were play'd by many a reverend clerk (1)
(What harm, if David danced before the ark?) (2)
In Christmas revels, simple country folks [jokes.
Were pleased with morrice-mummery and coarse
Improving years, with things no longer known,
Produced blithe Punch and merry Madame Joan,
Who still frisk on with feats so lewdly low,
'Tis strange Benvolio (3) suffers such a show; (4)

Suppressing peer! to whom each vice gives place,
Oaths, boxing, begging,—all, save rout and race.

Farce follow'd Comedy, and reach'd her prime
In ever-laughing Foote's fantastic time:
Mad wag! who pardon'd none, nor spared the best,
And turn'd some very serious things to jest.
Nor church nor state escaped his public sneers,
Arms nor the gown, priests, lawyers, volunteers:
"Alas, poor Yorick!" now for ever mute!
Whoever loves a laugh must sigh for Foote.

We smile, perforce, when histrionic scenes
Ape the swoln dialogue of kings and queens,
When "Chrononhotonthologos must die,"
And Arthur struts in mimic majesty.

Moschus! with whom once more I hope to sit
And smile at folly, if we can't at wit;
Yes, friend! for thee I'll quit my cynic cell,
And bear Swift's motto, "Vive la bagatelle!"
Which charm'd our days in each Ægean clime,
As oft at home, with revelry and rhyme. (5)
Then may Euphrosyne, who sped the past,
Soothe thy life's scenes, nor leave thee in the last;
But find in thine, like pagan Plato's bed, (6)
Some merry manuscript of mimes, when dead.

Now to the Drama let us bend our eyes,
Where fetter'd by whig Walpole low she lies; (7)

blished on the English Stage; in which he endeavours to show, that it is a diversion of more pernicious consequence than the most licentious play that ever appeared upon the stage.—L. E.

(1) "The first theatrical representations, entitled 'Mysteries and Moralities,' were generally enacted at Christmas, by monks (as the only persons who could read), and latterly by the clergy and students of the universities. The dramatis personæ were usually Adam, Pater Cœlestis, Faith, Vice," etc. etc.—See *Warton's History of English Poetry.* [These, to modern eyes, wild, uncouth, and generally profane performances, were thought to contribute so much to the information and instruction of the people, that one of the popes granted a pardon of one thousand days to every person who resorted peaceably to the plays acted in the Whitsun-week at Chester, beginning with the *Creation*, and ending with the *General Judgment*. These were performed at the expense of the different trading companies of that city. The *Creation* was performed by the drapers; the *Deluge* by the dyers; *Abraham, Melchisedec, and Lot* by the barbers, the *Purification* by the blacksmiths; the *Last Supper* by the bakers; the *Resurrection* by the skinners; and the *Ascension* by the tailors. In Mr. Payne Collier's recent work on English Dramatic Poetry, the reader will find an abstract of the several collections of these mystery-plays, which is not only interesting for the light it throws on the early days of our drama, but instructive and valuable for the curious information it preserves with respect to the strangely debased notions of Scripture history that prevailed, almost universally, before translations of the Bible were in common use. See also the *Quarterly Review*, vol. xlvi. p. 477.—L. E.]

(2) Here follows in the original MS.—

"Who did what Vestris—yet, at least,—cannot,
And cut his kingly capers sans culotte."—L. E.

(3) Benvolio does not bet; but every man who maintains race-horses is a promoter of all the concomitant evils of the turf. Avoiding to bet is a little pharisaical. Is it an exculpation? I think not. I never yet heard a bawd praised for chastity because *she herself* did not commit fornication.

(4) For Benvolio we have, in the original MS., "Earl Grosvenor;" and for the next couplet:—

"Suppressing peer! to whom each vice gives place,
Save gambling—for his Lordship loves a race."

But we cannot trace the exact propriety of the allusions. Lord Grosvenor, now Marquis of Westminster, no doubt distinguished himself by some attack on the Sunday newspapers, or the like, at the same time that he was known to keep a stud at Newmarket—but why a long note on a subject certainly insignificant and perhaps mistaken?—L. E.

(5) In dedicating the fourth canto of *Childe Harold* to his fellow-traveller, Lord Byron describes him as "one to whom he was indebted for the social advantages of enlightened friendship; one whom he had long known, and accompanied far, whom he had found wakeful over his sickness and kind in his sorrow, glad in his prosperity and firm in his adversity, true in counsel and trusty in peril:"—while Mr. Hobhouse, in describing a short tour to Negropont, in which his noble friend was unable to accompany him, regrets the absence of a companion, "who to quickness of observation and ingenuity of remark, united that gay good humour which keeps alive the attention under the pressure of fatigue, and softens the aspect of every difficulty and danger."—L. E.

(6) Under Plato's pillow a volume of the *Mimes* of Sophron was found the day he died.—*Vide* Barthélémi, De Pauw, or Diogenes Laërtius, if agreeable. De Pauw calls it a jest-book. Cumberland, in his *Observer*, terms it moral, like the sayings of Publius Syrus.

(7) The following is a brief sketch of the origin of the Playhouse Bill:—In 1735, Sir John Barnard brought in a bill "to restrain the number of houses for playing of interludes, and for the better regulating of common players." The minister, Sir Robert Walpole, conceiving this to be a favourable opportunity of checking the abuse of theatrical representation, proposed to insert a clause to ratify and confirm, if not enlarge, the power of the Lord Chamberlain in licensing plays; and at the same time insinuated, that unless this addition was made the King would not pass it. But Sir John Barnard strongly objected to this clause; contending that the power of that officer was already too great, and had been often wantonly exercised. He therefore withdrew his bill, rather than establish by law a power in a single officer so much under the direction of the crown. In the course, however, of the session of 1737, an opportunity offered, which Sir Robert did not fail to seize. The manager of Goodman's Fields Theatre having brought to him a farce called *The Golden Rump*, which had been proffered for exhibition, the minister paid the profits which might have accrued from the performance, and detained the copy. He then made extracts of the most exceptionable passages, abounding in profaneness, sedition, and blasphemy, read them to the House, and obtained leave to bring in a bill to

Corruption foil'd her, for she fear'd her glance;
Decorum left her for an opera dance!
Yet Chesterfield, (1) whose polish'd pen inveighs
'Gainst laughter, fought for freedom to our plays;
Uncheck'd by megrims of patrician brains,
And damning dulness of lord chamberlains.
Repeal that act! (2) again let Humour roam
Wild o'er the stage—we 've time for tears at home;
Let "Archer" plant the horns on "Sullen's" brows,
And "Estifania" gull her "Copper (3)" spouse;
The moral 's scant—but that may be excused,
Men go not to be lectured, but amused.
He whom our plays dispose to good or ill
Must wear a head in want of Willis' skill; (4)
"Ay, but Macheath's example"—Psha!—no more!
It form'd no thieves—the thief was form'd before; (5)
And, spite of puritans and Collier's curse, (6)
Plays make mankind no better, and no worse.
Then spare our stage, ye methodistic men!
Nor burn damn'd Drury if it rise again. (7)

But why to brain-scorch'd bigots thus appeal?
Can heavenly mercy dwell with earthly zeal?
For times of fire and faggot let them hope!
Times dear alike to puritan or pope.
As pious Calvin saw Servetus blaze,
So would new sects on newer victims gaze.
E'en now the songs of Solyma begin;
Faith cants, perplex'd apologist of sin!
While the Lord's servant chastens whom he loves,
And Simeon (8) kicks, where Baxter only "shoves." (9)

Whom nature guides, so writes, that every dunce,
Enraptured, thinks to do the same at once;
But after inky thumbs and bitten nails,
And twenty scatter'd quires, the coxcomb fails.

Let Pastoral be dumb; for who can hope
To match the youthful eclogues of our Pope?
Yet his and Phillips' faults, of different kind,
For art too rude, for nature too refined,

limit the number of playhouses; to subject all dramatic writings to the inspection of the Lord Chamberlain; and to compel the proprietors to take out a license for every production before it could appear on the stage.—L. E.

(1) His speech on the Licensing Act is one of his most eloquent efforts.—[Though the Playhouse Bill is generally said to have been warmly opposed in both Houses, this speech of the Earl of Chesterfield is the only trace of that opposition to be found in the periodical publications of the times. The following passage, which relates to the powers of the Lord Chamberlain, will show the style of the oration:—"The bill is not only an encroachment upon liberty, but it is likewise an encroachment on property. Wit, my Lords, is a sort of property: it is the property of those who have it, and too often the only property they have to depend on. Thank God! my Lords, we have a dependence of another kind; we have a much less precarious support, and therefore cannot feel the inconveniencies of the bill now before us: but it is our duty to encourage and protect wit, whosesoever's property it may be. Those gentlemen who have any such property are all, I hope, our friends: do not let us subject them to any unnecessary or arbitrary restraint. I must own, I cannot easily agree to the laying of any tax upon wit; but by this bill it is to be heavily taxed, it is to be excised: for, if this bill passes, it cannot be retailed in a proper way without a permit; and the Lord Chamberlain is to have the honour of being chief gauger, supervisor, commissioner, judge, and jury. But, what is still more hard, though the poor author,—the proprietor, I should say,—cannot, perhaps, dine till he has found out and agreed with a purchaser, yet, before he can propose to seek for a purchaser, he must patiently submit to have his goods rummaged at this new excise-office; where they may be detained for fourteen days, and even then he may find them returned as prohibited goods, by which his chief and best market will be for ever shut against him, without the least shadow of reason, either from the laws of his country or the laws of the stage. These hardships, this hazard, which every gentleman will be exposed to who writes any thing for the stage, must certainly prevent every man of a generous and free spirit from attempting any thing in that way; and as the stage has always been the proper channel for wit and humour, therefore, my Lords, when I speak against this bill, I must think I plead the cause of wit, I plead the cause of humour, I plead the cause of the British stage, and of every gentleman of taste in the kingdom. The stage and the press, my Lords, are two of our out-sentries: if we remove them, if we hoodwink them, if we throw them in fetters, the enemy may surprise us. Therefore, I must look upon the bill now before us as a step for introducing arbitrary power into this kingdom."—L. E.]

(2) "*Repeal that act!*"—After a lapse of nearly a century, the state of the laws affecting dramatic literature, and the performance of the drama, has again become the subject of parliamentary inquiry and report.—L. E.

(3) Michael Perez, the "Copper Captain," in *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*.

(4) Of this "skill," Reynolds, in his *Life and Times*, records a remarkable instance. The doctor had, it seems, an "*eye* like Mars, to threaten and command." *Threaten*, in every sense of the word; for his numerous patients stood as much in awe of this formidable weapon as of bars, chains, or strait-waistcoats. After a few weeks' attendance on the King, he allowed his Majesty a razor to shave himself, and a penknife to cut his nails. For this he was one evening charged by the other physicians, before a committee of the House of Commons, with rashness and imprudence. Mr Burke was very severe on this point, and authoritatively demanded to know, "If the royal patient had become outrageous at the moment, what power the doctor possessed of instantaneously terrifying him into obedience?" "Place the candles between us, Mr. Burke," replied the doctor, in an equally authoritative tone, "and I 'll give you an answer. There, Sir! by the *eye*. I should have looked at him *thus*, Sir—*thus!*" Mr. Burke instantaneously averted his head; and, making no reply, evidently acknowledged this *basilisk* authority. This story was often related by the doctor himself.—L. E.

(5) Dr. Johnson was of the like opinion. Of the *Beggar's Opera* he says, in his Life of Gay: "The play, like many others, was plainly written only to divert, without any moral purpose, and is, therefore, not likely to do good; nor can it be conceived, without more speculation than life requires or admits, to be productive of much evil. Highwaymen and housebreakers seldom frequent the playhouse, or mingle in any elegant diversion; nor is it possible for any one to imagine that he may rob with safety, because he sees Macheath reprieved upon the stage." On another occasion, the common question with regard to this opera having been introduced, he said:—"As to this matter, which has been very much contested, I myself am of opinion, that more influence has been ascribed to it than in reality it ever had; for I do not believe that any man was ever made a rogue by being present at that representation."—See *Croker's Boswell*, vol. iii. p. 242.—L. E.

(6) Jerry Collier's controversy with Congreve, etc. on the subject of the drama is too well known to require further comment.

(7) "*If it rise again.*"—When Lord Byron penned this couplet at Athens, he little imagined that he should so soon be called on to write an address to be spoken on the opening of New Drury, and become one of the committee for managing its concerns. L. E.

(8) Mr. Simeon is the very bully of beliefs, and castigator of "good works." He is ably supported by John Stickles, a labourer in the same vineyard:—but I say no more, for, according to Johnny in full congregation, "*No hopes for them as laughs.*"—[The Rev. Charles Simeon, fellow of King's College, Cambridge,—a zealous Calvinist, who, in consequence of his zeal, has been engaged in sundry warm disputations with other divines of the university. Besides many single sermons, he has published *Helps to Composition, or 500 Skeleton Sermons*, in five volumes; and *Horæ Homileticæ, or Discourses (in the form of skeletons) upon the whole Scripture*, in eleven volumes.—L. E.]

(9) *Baxter's Shove to heavy-a—d Christians*—the veri

Instruct how hard the medium 't is to hit
'Twixt too much polish and too coarse a wit.

A vulgar scribbler, certes, stands disgraced
In this nice age, when all aspire to taste;
The dirty language, and the noisome jest,
Which pleased in Swift of yore, we now detest;
Proscribed not only in the world polite,
But even too nasty for a city knight!

Peace to Swift's faults! his wit hath made them pass,
Unmatch'd by all, save matchless Hudibras!
Whose author is perhaps the first we meet,
Who from our couplet lopp'd two final feet;
Nor less in merit than the longer line,
This measure moves a favourite of the Nine.
Though at first view eight feet may seem in vain
Form'd, save in ode, to bear a serious strain,
Yet Scott has shown our wondering isle of late
This measure shrinks not from a theme of weight,
And, varied skilfully, surpasses far
Heroic rhyme, but most in love and war,
Whose fluctuations, tender or sublime,
Are curb'd too much by long-recurring rhyme.

But many a skilful judge abhors to see,
What few admire—irregularity.
This some vouchsafe to pardon; but 't is hard
When such a word contents a British bard.

And must the bard his glowing thoughts confine,
Lest censure hover o'er some faulty line?
Remove whate'er a critic may suspect,
To gain the paltry suffrage of "*correct?*"
Or prune the spirit of each daring phrase,
To fly from error, not to merit praise?

Ye, who seek finish'd models, never cease,
By day and night, to read the works of Greece.

But our good fathers never bent their brains
To heathen Greek, content with native strains.
The few who read a page, or used a pen,
Were satisfied with Chaucer and old Ben;
The jokes and numbers suited to their taste
Were quaint and careless, any thing but chaste;
Yet whether right or wrong the ancient rules,
It will not do to call our fathers fools!
Though you and I, who eruditely know
To separate the elegant and low,
Can also, when a hobbling line appears,
Detect with fingers, in default of ears.

In sooth I do not know, or greatly care
To learn, who our first English strollers were;
Or if, till roofs received the vagrant art,
Our Muse, like that of Thespis, kept a cart;
But this is certain, since our Shakspeare's days,
There's pomp enough, if little else, in plays;
Nor will Melpomene ascend her throne
Without high heels, white plume, and Bristol stone.

Old comedies still meet with much applause,
Though too licentious for dramatic laws:
At least, we moderns, wisely, 't is confest,
Curtail, or silence, the lascivious jest.

Whate'er their follies, and their faults beside,
Our enterprising bards pass nought untried;
Nor do they merit slight applause who choose
An English subject for an English muse,
And leave to minds which never dare invent
French flippancy and German sentiment.
Where is that living language which could claim
Poetic more, as philosophic, fame,
If all our bards, more patient of delay,
Would stop, like Pope, (1) to polish by the way?

Lords of the quill, whose critical assaults
O'erthrow whole quartos with their quires of faults,

Ex noto fictum carnem sequar, ut sibi quivis
Speret idem: sudet multum, frustraque laboret
Ausus idem. Tantum series juncturaque pollet:
Tantum de medio sumtis accedit honoris.
Silvis deducti caveant, me judice, Fauni,
Ne velut innati triviis, ac pene forenses,
Aut nimium teneris juvenentur versibus unquam;
Aut immunda crepent, ignominiosaque dicta.
Offendantur enim quibus est equus, et pater, et res:
Nec, si quid fricti ciceris probat et nucis emtor,
Æquis accipiunt animis, donantve corona.
Syllaba longa brevi subjecta vocatur iambus,
Pes citus: unde etiam trimetris accrescere jussit
Nomen iambeis, cum senos redderet ictus,
Primus ad extremum similis sibi: non ita pridem,
Tardior ut paulo graviorque veniret ad aures,
Spondeos stabiles in jura paterna recepit,
Commodus et patiens; non ut de sede secundâ
Cederet aut quartâ socialiter. Hic et in Acci
Nobilibus trimetris apparet rarus, et Enni
In scenam missus magno cum pondere versus,
Aut operæ celeris nimium curâque carentis,
Aut ignoratæ premit artis crimine turpi.
Non quivis videt immodulata poemata judex:
Et data Romanis venia est indigna poetis.

Ideircone vager, scribamque licenter; an omnes
Visuros peccata putem mea, tutus, et intra
Spem veniæ cautus? Vitavi denique culpam,
Non laudem merui. Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.
"At vestri proavi Plautinos et numeros et
Laudavere sales."—Nimium patienter utrumque,
Ne dicam stulte, mirati; si modo ego et vos
Scimus inurbanum lepido seponere dicto,
Legitimumque sonum digitis callemus et aure.
Ignotum tragicæ genus invenisse Camœnæ
Dicitur, et plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis,
Quæ canerent agerentque peruncti fæcibus ora.
Post hunc, personæ pallæque repertor honestæ,
Æschylus et modicis instravit pulpita tignis,
Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno.
Successit vetus his comœdia, non sine multa
Laude; sed in vitium libertas excidit, et vim
Dignam lege regi: lex est accepta; chorusque
Turpiter obticuit, sublato jure nocendi.
Nil intentatum nostri liquere poetæ,
Nec minimum meruere decus, vestigia Græca
Ausi deserere, et celebrare domestica facta,
Vel qui prætextas, vel qui docuere togatas.
Nec virtute foret clarisve potentius armis,

table title of a book once in good repute, and likely enough to be so again.—[Richard Baxter is described by Grainger as "a man famous for weakness of body and strength of mind; for having the strongest sense of religion himself, and exciting a sense of it in the thoughtless and profligate; for preaching more sermons, engaging in more controversies, and writing more books, than any other non-conformist of his age." Dr. Barrow says that "his practical writings were never mended, his controversial seldom confuted." On Boswell's asking Johnson which of them he should read, the Doctor replied, "Any of them; they are all good."—L. E.]

(1) "They support Pope, I see, in the *Quarterly*,"—wrote Lord Byron in 1820, from Ravenna—"it is a sin, and a shame, and a *damnation*, that Pope!! should require it: but he does. Those miserable mountebanks of the day, the

Who soon detect, and mark where'er we fail,
And prove our marble with too nice a nail!
Democritus himself was not so bad;
He only *thought*, but *you* would make, us mad!

But truth to say, most rhymers rarely guard
Against that ridicule they deem so hard;
In person negligent, they wear, from sloth,
Beards of a week, and nails of annual growth;
Reside in garrets, fly from those they meet,
And walk in alleys, rather than the street.

With little rhyme, less reason, if you please,
The name of poet may be got with ease,
So that not tuns of helleboric juice
Shall ever turn your head to any use;
Write but like Wordsworth, live beside a lake,(1)
And keep your bushy locks a year from Blake;(2)
Then print your book, once more return to town,
And boys shall hunt your bardship up and down.

Quam linguâ Latium, si non offenderet unum-
quemque poetarum limæ labor, et mora. Vos, ô
Pompilius sanguis, carmen reprehendite, quod non
Multa dies et multa litura coercuit, atque
Perfectum decies non castigavit ad unguem.
Ingenium miserâ quia fortunatius arte
Credit, et excludit sanos Helicone poetas
Democritus; bona pars non ungues ponere curat,
Non barbam; secreta petit loca; balnea vitat,
Nanciscetur enim pretium nomenque poetæ,
Si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile nunquam
Tonsori Licino commiserit. O ego lævus,

Am I not wise, if such some poets' plight,
To purge in spring—like Bayes(3)—before I write?
If this precaution soften'd not my bile,
I know no scribbler with a madder style;
But since (perhaps my feelings are too nice)
I cannot purchase fame at such a price,
I'll labour gratis as a grinder's wheel,
And, blunt myself, give edge to others' steel,
Nor write at all, unless to teach the art
To those rehearsing for the poet's part;
From Horace show the pleasing paths of song,
And from my own example—what is wrong.

Though modern practice sometimes differs quite,
'Tis just as well to think before you write;
Let every book that suits your theme be read,
So shall you trace it to the fountain-head.

He who has learn'd the duty which he owes
To friends and country, and to pardon foes;

Qui purgor bilem sub verni temporis horam!
Non alius faceret meliora poemata. Verum
Nil tanti est. Ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secandi.
Munus et officium, nil scribens ipse, docebo;
Unde parentur opes; quid alat formetque poetam;
Quid deceat, quid non; quo virtus, quo ferat error.
Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons.
Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere chartæ,
Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur.
Qui didicit patriæ quid debeat, et quid amicis;
Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus, et hospes;

poets, disgrace themselves, and deny God, in running down Pope, the most faultless of poets." Again, *in situ*, same year:—"I have at last lost all patience with the atrocious cant and nonsense about Pope with which our present * * *'s are overflowing, and am determined to make such head against it as an individual can by prose or verse, and I will at least do it with good will. There is no bearing it any longer, and, if it goes on, it will destroy what little good writing or taste remains amongst us. I hope there are still a few men of taste to second me; but if not I'll battle it alone, convinced that it is in the best cause of English literature." Again, in 1821:—"Neither time, nor distance, nor grief, nor age, can ever diminish my veneration for him who is the great moral poet of all times, of all climes, of all feelings, and of all stages of existence. The delight of my boyhood, the study of my manhood, perhaps (if allowed to me to attain it) he may be the consolation of my age. His poetry is the book of life. Without canting, and yet without neglecting religion, he has assembled all that a good and great man can gather together of moral wisdom clothed in consummate beauty. Sir William Temple observes, 'that of all the members of mankind that live within the compass of a thousand years, for one man that is born capable of making a *great poet*, there may be a *thousand* born capable of making as great generals and ministers of state as any in story.' Here is a statesman's opinion of poetry; it is honourable to him and to the art. Such a 'poet of a thousand years' was Pope. A thousand years will roll away before such another can be hoped for in our literature. But it can *want* them: he is himself a literature."—L. E.

(1) "That this is the age of the decline of English poetry, will be doubted by few who have calmly considered the subject. That there are men of genius among the present poets, makes little against the fact; because it has been well said, 'that, next to him who forms the taste of his country, the greatest genius is he who corrupts it.' No one has ever denied genius to Marini, who corrupted, not merely the taste of Italy, but that of all Europe, for nearly a century. The great cause of the present deplorable state of English poetry is to be attributed to that absurd and systematic depreciation of Pope, in which, for the last few years, there has been a kind of epidemic concurrence. The Lakers and their school, and every body else with their school, and even Moore without a school, and dilettanti lecturers at institutions, and elderly gentlemen who translate and imitate, and young ladies who listen and repeat, and baronets who draw indifferent frontispieces for bad poets, and noblemen who let them dine with them in the country, the small body of the wits and the great body of the blues, have latterly united in a depreciation, of which their forefathers would have been as much ashamed as their children will be. In the mean time, what have we got instead? The Lake School, which began with an epic poem 'written in six weeks' (so *Joan of Arc* proclaimed herself), and finished with a ballad composed in twenty years, as *Peter Bell's* creator takes care to inform the few who will inquire. What have we got instead? A deluge of flimsy and unintelligible romances, imitated from Scott and myself, who have both made the best of our bad materials and erroneous system. What have we got instead? *Madoc*, which is neither an epic nor any thing else; *Thalaba*, *Kehama*, *Gebir*, and such gibberish, written in all metres, and in no language." *B. Letters*, 1819.—See also the two pamphlets against Mr. Bowles, written at Ravenna in 1821, in which Lord Byron's enthusiastic reverence for Pope is the principal feature.—L. E.

(2) As famous a tonsor as Licinus himself, and better paid, and may, like him, be one day a senator, having a better qualification than one half of the heads he crops, viz.—independence.

(3) See the *Rehearsal*:—

"*Bayes*. Pray, Sir, how do you do when you write?

"*Smith*. Faith, Sir, for the most part I'm in pretty good health.

"*Bayes*. I mean, what do you do when you write?

"*Smith*. I take pen, ink, and paper, and sit down.

"*Bayes*. Now I write standing—that's one thing; and then another thing is, with what do you prepare yourself?

"*Smith*. Prepare myself! what the devil does the fool mean?

"*Bayes*. Why, I'll tell you what I do. If I am to write familiar things, as sonnets to Armida, and the like, I make use of stewed prunes only; but when I have a grand design in hand, I ever take physic and let blood: for when you would have pure swiftness of thought, and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part. In fine, you must purge."—L. E.

Who models his deportment as may best
Accord with brother, sire, or stranger guest;
Who takes our laws and worship as they are,
Nor roars reform for senate, church, and bar;
In practice, rather than loud precept, wise,
Bids not his tongue, but heart, philosophise:
Such is the man the poet should rehearse,
As joint exemplar of his life and verse.

Sometimes a sprightly wit, and tale well told,
Without much grace, or weight, or art, will hold
A longer empire o'er the public mind
Than sounding trifles, empty, though refined.

Unhappy Greece! thy sons of ancient days
The Muse may celebrate with perfect praise,
Whose generous children narrow'd not their hearts
With commerce, given alone to arms and arts.
Our boys (save those whom public schools compel
To "long and short" before they're taught to spell)
From frugal fathers soon imbibe by rote,
"A penny saved, my lad, 's a penny got."
Babe of a city birth! from sixpence take
The third, how much will the remainder make?—
"A groat."—"Ah, bravo! Dick hath done the sum!
He'll swell my fifty thousand to a plum."

They whose young souls receive this rust betimes,
'Tis clear, are fit for any thing but rhymes;
And Locke will tell you, that the father's right
Who hides all verses from his children's sight;
For poets, says this sage,(1) and many more,
Make sad mechanics with their lyric lore;
And Delphi now, however rich of old,
Discovers little silver, and less gold,
Because Parnassus, though a mount divine,
Is poor as Irus,(2) or an Irish mine.(3)

Two objects always should the poet move,
Or one or both,—to please or to improve.
Whate'er you teach, be brief, if you design
For our remembrance your didactic line;
Redundance places memory on the rack,
For brains may be o'erloaded, like the back.

Fiction does best when taught to look like truth,
And fairy fables bubble none but youth:
Expect no credit for too-wondrous tales,
Since Jonas only springs alive from whales!

Young men with aught but elegance dispense;
Maturer years require a little sense.
To end at once:—that bard for all is fit
Who mingles well instruction with his wit;
For him reviews shall smile, for him o'erflow
The patronage of Paternoster-row;
His book, with Longman's liberal aid, shall pass
(Who ne'er despises books that bring him brass);
Through three long weeks the taste of London lead,
And cross St. George's Channel and the Tweed.

But every thing has faults, nor is 't unknown
That harps and fiddles often lose their tone,
And wayward voices, at their owner's call,
With all his best endeavours; only squall;
Dogs blink their covey, flints withhold the spark,(4)
And double-barrels (damn them!) miss their mark.(5)

Where frequent beauties strike the reader's view,
We must not quarrel for a blot or two;
But pardon equally to books or men,
The slips of human nature, and the pen.

Yet if an author, spite of foe or friend,
Despises all advice too much to mend,

Quod sit conscripti, quod judicis officium, quæ
Partes in bellum missi ducis; ille profecto
Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.
Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorem, et veras hinc ducere voces.
Interdum speciosa locis, moataque recte
Fabula nullius veneris, sine pondere et arte,
Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,
Quam versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.
Grails ingenium, Grails dedit ore rotundo
Musa loqui, præter laudem nullius avaris.
Romani pueri longis rationibus assem
Discunt in partes centum diducere.—Dicat
Filius Albini, si de quincunce remota est
Uncia, quid superet? poteras dixisse, "Triens."—Eu!
Rem poteris servare tuam. Redit uncia: quid fit?
"Semis."—An, hæc animos ærugo et cura peculi
Cum semel imbuerit, speramus carmina fingi
Posse linenda cedro, et lævi servanda cupresso?
Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poetæ;
Aut simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.

Quidquid præcipies, esto brevis: ut cito dicta
Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.
Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.
Ficta voluptatis causâ sint proxima veris:
Nec, quodcunque volet, poscat sibi fabula credi:
Neu pransæ Lamiæ vivum puerum extrahat alvo,
Centuriæ seniorum agitant expertia frugis:
Celsi prætereunt austera poemata Rhamnes.
Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.
Hic meret æra liber Sosiis; hic et mare transit,
Et longum noto scriptori prorogat ævum.
Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignovisse velimus.
Nam neque chorda sonum reddit, quem vult manus et mens;
Poscentique gravem persæpe remittit acutum:
Nec semper feriet quodcunque minabitur arcus.
Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura. Quid ergo est
Ut scriptor si peccat idem librarius usque,
Quamvis est monitus, veniâ caret; ut citharœdus

(1) I have not the original by me, but the Italian translation runs as follows:—"E una cosa a mio credere molto stravagante, che un padre desideri, o permetta, che suo figliuolo coltivi e perfezioni questo talento." A little further on: "Si trovano di rado nel Parnaso le miniere d'oro e d'argento." *Educazione dei Fanciulli del Signor Locke.*—["If the child have a poetic vein, it is to me the strangest thing in the world, that the father should desire or suffer it to be cherished or improved."—"It is very seldom seen, that any one discovers mines of gold or silver on Parnassus."—L. E.]

(2) "Iro pauperior:" this is the same beggar who boxed with Ulysses for a pound of kid's fry, which he lost, and half a dozen teeth besides.—See *Odyssey*, b. 18.

(3) The Irish gold-mine of Wicklow, which yields just ore enough to swear by, or gild a bad guinea.

(4) "This couplet is amusingly characteristic of that mixture of fun and bitterness with which their author sometimes spoke in conversation; so much so, that those who knew him might almost fancy they hear him utter the words." *Moore.*—L. E.

(5) As Mr. Pope took the liberty of damning Homer, to whom he was under great obligations—"*And Homer (damn him!) calls*"—it may be presumed that any body or any thing may be damned in verse by poetical license; and, in case of accident, I beg leave to plead so illustrious a precedent.

But ever twangs the same discordant string,
Give him no quarter, howsoe'er he sing.
Let Havard's(1) fate o'ertake him, who, for once,
Produced a play too dashing for a dunce:
At first none deem'd it his; but when his name
Announced the fact—what then?—it lost its fame.
Though all deplore when Milton deigns to doze,
In a long work 't is fair to steal repose.

As pictures, so shall poems be; some stand
The critic eye, and please when near at hand;
But others at a distance strike the sight;
This seeks the shade, but that demands the light,
Nor dreads the connoisseur's fastidious view,
But, ten times scrutinised, is ten times new.

Parnassian pilgrims! ye whom chance, or choice,
Hath led to listen to the Muse's voice,

Ridetur, chordâ qui semper oberrat eâdem:
Sic mihi qui multum cessat, fit Chœrilus ille,
Quem bis terve bonum cum risu miror; et idem
Indignor, quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.
Verum operi longo fas est obrepere somnum.
Ut pictura poesis erit: quæ, si propius stes,
Te capiet magis; et quædam, si longius abstes:
Hæc amat obscurum; volet hæc sub luce videri,
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen:

Receive this counsel, and be timely wise;
Few reach the summit which before you lies.
Our church and state, our courts and camps, concede
Reward to very moderate heads indeed!
In these plain common sense will travel far;
All are not Erskines who mislead the bar:
But poesy between the best and worst
No medium knows; you must be last or first;
For middling poets' miserable volumes
Are damn'd alike by gods, and men, and columns.(2)

Again, my Jeffrey!—as that sound inspires,
How wakes my bosom to its wonted fires!
Fires, such as gentle Caledonians feel
When Southrons writhe upon their critic wheel;
Or mild Eclectics,(3) when some, worse than Turks,
Would rob poor Faith to decorate "good works."

Hæc placuit semel; hæc decies repetita placebit.
O major juvenum, quamvis et voce paternâ
Fingeris ad rectum, et per te sapis; hoc tibi dictum
Tolle memor: certis medium et tolerabile rebus
Recte concedi. Consultus juris, et actor
Causarum mediocris abest virtute diserti
Messalæ, nec scit quantum Cascellius Aulus:
Sed tamen in pretio est: mediocribus esse poetis
Non homines, non di, non concessere columnæ.

(1) For the story of Billy Havard's tragedy, see *Davies's Life of Garrick*. I believe it is *Regulus*, or *Charles the First*. The moment it was known to be his the theatre thinned, and the bookseller refused to give the customary sum for the copyright.—]" Havard," says Davies, "was reduced to great straits, and, in order to retrieve his affairs, the story of Charles the First was proposed to him as a proper subject to engage the public attention. Havard's desire of ease was known to be superior to his thirst for fame or money; and Giffard, the manager, insisted upon the power of locking him up till the work was finished. To this he consented; and Giffard actually turned the key upon him, and let him out at his pleasure, till the play was completed. It was acted with great emolument to the manager, and some degree of reputation, as well as gain, to the author. It drew large crowds to the theatre; curiosity was excited with respect to the author: that was a secret to be kept from the people; but Havard's love of fame would not suffer it to be concealed longer than the tenth or twelfth night of acting the play. The moment Havard put on the sword and tie-wig, the genteel dress of the times, and professed himself to be the writer of *Charles the First*, the audiences were thinned, and the bookseller refused to give the usual sum of a hundred pounds for the copyright."—L. E.]

(2) Here, in the original MS., we find the following couplet and note:—

"Though what 'gods, men, and columns' interdict,
The Devil and Jeffrey pardon—in a Pict.*—L. E.

(3) To the Eclectic or Christian Reviewers I have to return thanks for the fervour of that charity which, in 1809, induced them to express a hope that a thing then published by me might lead to certain consequences, which, although natural enough, surely came but rashly from reverend lips. I refer them to their own pages, where they congratulated themselves on the prospect of a tilt between Mr. Jeffrey and myself, from which some great good was to accrue, provided one or both were knocked on the head. Having survived two years and a half those *Elegies* which they were kindly preparing to review, I have no peculiar gusto to give them "so joyful a trouble," except, indeed, "upon compulsion, Hal;" but if, as David says in the *Rivals*, it should come to "bloody sword and gun fighting," we "won't run, will we, Sir Lucius?" I do not know what I had done to these Eclectic gentlemen: my works are their lawful perquisite, to be hewn in pieces like Agag, if it seem meet unto them: but why they should be in such a hurry to kill off their author, I am ignorant. "The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong:" and now, as these Christians have "smote me on one cheek," I hold them up the other; and, in return for their good wishes, give them an opportunity of repeating them. Had any other set of men expressed such sentiments, I should have smiled, and left them to the "recording angel;" but from the pharisees of Christianity decency might be expected. I can assure these brethren, that, publican and sinner as I am, I would not have treated "mine enemy's dog thus." To show them the superiority of my brotherly love, if ever the Reverend Messrs. Simeon or Ramsden should be engaged in such a conflict as that in which they requested me to fall, I hope they may escape with being "winged" only, and that Heaviside may be at hand to extract the ball.—[The following is the charitable passage in the *Eclectic Review* of which Lord Byron speaks:—"If the noble lord and the learned ad-

* "The Devil and Jeffrey are here placed antithetically to gods and men, such being their usual position, and their due one—according to the facetious saying, 'If God won't take you, the Devil must;' and I am sure no one durst object to his taking the poetry which, rejected by Horace, is accepted by Jeffrey. That these gentlemen are in some cases kinder,—the one to countrymen, and the other from his odd propensity to prefer evil to good,—than the 'gods, men, and columns' of Horace, may be seen by a reference to the review of Campbell's *Gertrude of Wyoming*; and in No. 31 of the *Edinburgh Review* (given to me the other day by the captain of an English frigate off Salamis), there is a similar concession to the mediocrity of Jamie Grahame's *British Georgics*. It is fortunate for Campbell, that his fame neither depends on his last poem, nor the puff of the *Edinburgh Review*. The catalogues of our English are also less fastidious than the pillars of the Roman librarians.—A word more with the author of *Gertrude of Wyoming*. At the end of a poem, and even of a couplet, we have generally 'that unmeaning thing we call a thought;' so Mr. Campbell concludes with a thought in such a manner as to fulfil the whole of Pope's prescription, and be as 'unmeaning' as the best of his brethren:—

'Because I may not *stain* with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief.'

When I was in the fifth form, I carried to my master the translation of a chorus in *Prometheus*,† wherein was a pestilent expression about 'staining a voice,' which met with no quarter. Little did I think that Mr. Campbell would have adopted my fifth form 'sublime'—at least in so conspicuous a situation. 'Sorrow' has been 'dry' (in proverbs), and 'wet' (in sonnets), this many a day; and now it '*stains*,' and stains a sound, of all feasible things! To be sure, death-songs might have been stained with that same grief to very good purpose, if Outalissi had clapped down his stanzas on wholesome paper for the *Edinburgh Evening Post*, or any other given hyperborean gazette; or if the said Outalissi had been troubled with the slightest second sight of his own notes embodied on the last proof of an overcharged quarto: but as he is supposed to have been an improvisatore on this occasion, and probably to the last tune he ever chanted in this world, it would have done him no discredit to have made his exit with a mouthful of common sense. Talking of '*staining*' (as Caleb Quotem says) 'puts me in mind' of a certain couplet, which Mr. Campbell will find in a writer for whom he, and his school, have no small contempt:—

'E'en copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art—the art to *blot*!'"—L. E.

† *See ante*, p. 6, col. 1.—P. E.

Such are the genial feelings thou canst claim—
My falcon flies not at ignoble game.
Mightiest of all Dunedin's beasts of chase!
For thee my Pegasus would mend his pace.
Arise, my Jeffrey! or my inkless pen
Shall never blunt its edge on meaner men;
Till thee or thine mine evil eye discerns,
Alas! I cannot "strike at wretched kernes."(1)
Inhuman Saxon! wilt thou then resign
A muse and heart by choice so wholly thine?
Dear, d——d contemner of my schoolboy songs,
Hast thou no vengeance for my manhood's wrongs?
If unprovoked thou once couldst bid me bleed,
Hast thou no weapon for my daring deed?
What! not a word!—and am I then so low?
Wilt thou forbear, who never spared a foe?
Hast thou no wrath, or wish to give it vent?
No wit for nobles, dunces by descent?
No jest on "minors," quibbles on a name,(2)
Nor one facetious paragraph of blame?
Is it for this on Ilion I have stood,
And thought of Homer less than Holyrood?
On shore of Euxine or Ægean sea,
My hate, untravell'd, fondly turn'd to thee.
Ah! let me cease; in vain my bosom burns,
From Corydon unkind Alexis turns:(3)
Thy rhymes are vain; thy Jeffrey then forego,
Nor woo that anger which he will not show.
What then?—Edina starves some lanker son,
To write an article thou canst not shun;
Some less fastidious Scotchman shall be found,
As bold in Billingsgate, though less renown'd.

As if at table some discordant dish
Should shock our optics, such as frogs for fish;
As oil in lieu of butter men decry,
And poppies please not in a modern pie;
If all such mixtures then be half a crime,
We must have excellence to relish rhyme.
Mere roast and boil'd no epicure invites;
Thus poetry disgusts, or else delights.

Who shoot not flying rarely touch a gun:
Will he who swims not to the river run?
And men unpractised in exchanging knocks
Must go to Jackson(4) ere they dare to box.
Whate'er the weapon, cudgel, fist, or foil,
None reach expertness without years of toil;
But fifty dunces can, with perfect ease,
Tag twenty thousand couplets, when they please.
Why not?—shall I, thus qualified to sit
For rotten boroughs, never show my wit?
Shall I, whose fathers with the quorum sate,
And lived in freedom on a fair estate;
Who left me heir, with stables, kennels, packs,
To *all* their income, and to—*twice* its tax;
Whose form and pedigree have scarce a fault,
Shall I, I say, suppress my Attic salt?

Thus think "the mob of gentlemen;" but you,
Besides all this, must have some genius too.
Be this your sober judgment, and a rule,
And print not piping hot from Southey's school,
Who (ere another *Thalaba* appears),
I trust, will spare us for at least nine years.
And hark'ye, Southey!(5) pray—but don't be vex'd—
Burn all your last three works—and half the next.
But why this vain advice? once publish'd, books
Can never be recall'd—from pastry-cooks!

Ut gratas inter mensas symphonia discors,
Et crassum unguentum, et Sardo cum melle papaver
Offendunt; poterat duci quia cœna sine istis;
Sic animis natum inventumque poema juvandis,
Si paulum a summo discessit, vergit ad imum.
Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis,
Indoctusque pilæ, discive, trochive, quiescit;
Ne spissæ risum tollant impune coronæ.

Qui nescit, versus tamen audet fingere!—"Quid ni?
Liber et ingenuus, præsertim census equestrem
Summam nummorum, vitioque remotus ab omni."
Tu nihil invitâ dices faciesve Minervâ:
Id tibi judicium est, ea mens. Si quid tamen olim
Scripseris, in Metti descendat judicis aures,
Et patris, et nostras: nonumque prematur in annum.
Membranis intus positis, delere licebit

vocate have the courage requisite to sustain their mutual insults, we shall probably soon hear the explosions of another kind of *paper*-war, after the fashion of the ever-memorable duel which the latter is said to have fought, or seemed to fight, with 'Little Moore.' We confess there is sufficient provocation, if not in the critique, at least in the satire, to urge a 'man of honour' to defy his assailant to mortal combat. Of this we shall no doubt hear more in due time."—L. E.]

(1) "Alas! I cannot strike at wretched kernes." *Macbeth.* —L. E.

(2) See the memorable critique of the *Edinburgh Review*, on *Hours of Idleness*.—L. E.

(3) "Invenies alium, si te hic fastidit, Alexin."

(4) Lord Byron's taste for boxing brought him acquainted, at an early period, with this distinguished, and, it is not too much to say, *respected* professor of the art; for whom, throughout life, he continued to entertain a sincere regard. In a note to the eleventh canto of *Don Juan*, he calls him "his old friend, and corporeal pastor and master."—L. E.

(5) Mr. Southey has lately tied another canister to his tail in the *Curse of Kehama*, maugre the neglect of *Madoc*, etc., and has in one instance had a wonderful effect. A literary friend of mine, walking out one lovely evening last summer, on the eleventh bridge of the Paddington canal, was alarmed by the cry of "one in jeopardy:" he rushed along, collected a body of Irish haymakers (supping on butter-milk in an adjacent paddock), procured three rakes, one eel-spear, and a landing-net, and at last (horresco referens!) pulled out—his own publisher. The unfortunate man was gone for ever, and so was a large quarto wherewith he had taken the leap, which proved, on inquiry, to have been Mr. Southey's last work. Its "alacrity of sinking" was so great, that it has never since been heard of; though some maintain that it is at this moment concealed at Alderman Birch's pastry premises, Cornhill. Be this as it may, the coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of "Felo de bibliopolâ" against a "quarto unknown;" and circumstantial evidence being since strong against the *Curse of Kehama* (of which the above words are an exact description), it will be tried by its peers next sessions, in Grub-street—*Arthur, Alfred, Davideis, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, Exodus, Exodia, Epigoniad, Calvary, Fall of Cambria, Siege of Acre, Don Roderick*, and *Tom Thumb the Great*, are the names of the twelve jurors. The judges are Pye, Bowles, and the bellman of St. Sepulchre's. The same advocates, pro and con, will be employed as are now engaged in Sir F. Burdett's celebrated cause in the Scotch courts. The public anxiously await the result, and all *live* publishers will be subpœnaed as witnesses. But Mr. Southey has published the *Curse of Kehama*,—an inviting title to quibblers. By the by, it is a good deal beneath Scott and Campbell, and not much above Southey, to allow the booby Ballantyne to entitle them, in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* (of which, by the by, Southey is editor) "the grand poetical triumvirate of the day." But, on second thoughts, it can be no great degree of praise to be the one-eyed leaders of the blind, though they might as well keep to themselves "Scott's thirty thousand copies sold," which must sadly discomfit poor Southey's unsaleables. Poor Southey, it should seem,

Though *Madoc*, with *Pucelle*,(1) instead of punk,
May travel back to Quito—on a trunk!(2)

Orpheus, we learn from Ovid and Lempriere,
Led all wild beasts but women by the ear;
And had he fiddled at the present hour,
We'd seen the lions waltzing in the Tower;
And old Amphion, such were minstrels then,
Had built St. Paul's without the aid of Wren.
Verse too was justice, and the bards of Greece
Did more than constables to keep the peace;
Abolish'd cuckoldom with much applause,
Call'd county meetings, and enforced the laws;
Cut down crown influence with reforming scythes,
And served the church—without demanding tithes:
And hence, throughout all Hellas and the East,
Each poet was a prophet and a priest,
Whose old-establish'd board of joint controls
Included kingdoms in the cure of souls.

Next rose the martial Homer, Epic's prince,
And fighting's been in fashion ever since;
And old Tyrtæus, when the Spartans warr'd,
(A limping leader, but a lofty bard,)(3)
Though wall'd Ithome had resisted long,
Reduced the fortress by the force of song.

When oracles prevail'd, in times of old,
In song alone Apollo's will was told.
Then if your verse is what all verse should be?
And gods were not ashamed on't, why should we?

The Muse, like mortal females, may be woo'd;
In turns she'll seem a Paphian, or a prude;
Fierce as a bride when first she feels affright,
Mild as the same upon the second night;
Wild as the wife of alderman or peer,
Now for his grace, and now a grenadier!
Her eyes beseem, her heart belies, her zone:
Ice in a crowd, and lava when alone.

If verse be studied with some show of art,
Kind Nature always will perform her part;
Though without genius, and a native vein
Of wit, we loathe an artificial strain—
Yet art and nature join'd will win the prize,
Unless they act like us and our allies.

The youth who trains to ride, or run a race,
Must bear privations with unruffled face,
Be call'd to labour when he thinks to dine,
And, harder still, leave wenching and his wine.
Ladies who sing, at least who sing at sight,
Have follow'd music through her farthest flight;
But rhymers tell you neither more nor less,
"I've got a pretty poem for the press;"
And that's enough; then write and print so fast;—
If Satan take the hindmost, who'd be last?
They storm the types, they publish, one and all,
They leap the counter, and they leave the stall.
Provincial maidens, men of high command,
Yea, baronets have ink'd the bloody hand!(4)
Cash cannot quell them; Pollio (5) play'd this prank
(Then Phœbus first found credit in a bank!)
Not all the living only, but the dead,
Fool on, as fluent as an Orpheus' head;(6)
Damn'd all their days, they posthumously thrive—
Dug up from dust, though buried when alive!

Quod non edideris. Nescit vox missa reverti.
Sylvestres homines sacer interpresque deorum
Cædibus et victu fœdo deterruit Orpheus;
Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres rabidosque leones.
Dictus et Amphion, Thebanæ conditor arcis,
Saxa movere sono testudinis, et prece blandâ
Ducere quo vellet. Fuit hæc sapientia quondam,
Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis;
Concubitu prohibere vago; dare jura maritis;
Oppida moliri; leges incidere ligno.
Sic honor et nomen divinis vatibus atque
Carminibus venit. Post hos insignis Homerus
Tyrtæusque mares animos in Martia bella
Versibus exacuit: dictæ per carmina sortes:
Et vitæ monstrata via est: et gratia regum
Pieriis tentata modis; ludusque repertus,
Et longorum operum finis: ne fortè pudori
Sit tibi Musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo.
Naturâ fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
Quæsitum est. Ego nec studium sine divite venâ,
Nec rude quid prosit video ingenium: alterius sic
Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amicè.
Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque, puer; sudavit et alsit;
Abstinuit Venere et vino. Qui Pythia cantat
Tibicen, didicit prius, extimuitque magistrum.
Nunc satis est dixisse. "Ego mira poemata pango;
Occupet extremum scabies; mihi turpe relinqui est,
Et, quod non didici, sanè nescire fateri."
* * * * * * *

is the "Lepidus" of this poetical triumvirate. I am only surprised to see him in such good company:—

"Such things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil *he* came there."

The trio are well defined in the sixth proposition of Euclid: "Because, in the triangles D B C, A C B, D B is equal to A C, and B C common to both; the two sides D B, B C, are equal to the two A C, C B, each to each, and the angle D B C is equal to the angle A C B: therefore, the base D C is equal to the base A B, and the triangle D B C (Mr. Southey) is equal to the triangle A C B, the *less* to the *greater*, which is *absurd*," etc.—The editor of the *Edinburgh Register* will find the rest of the theorem hard by his stabling: he has only to cross the river; 'tis the first turnpike t'other side "Pons Asinorum."*

(1) Voltaire's *Pucelle* is not quite so immaculate as Mr. Southey's "Joan of Arc," and yet I am afraid the French-man has both more truth and poetry too on his side—(they rarely go together)—than our patriotic minstrel, whose first essay was in praise of a fanatical French strumpet, whose title of witch would be correct with the change of the first letter.

(2) Like Sir Bland Burgess's *Richard*; the tenth book of which I read at Malta, on a trunk of Eyres, 19, Cockspur-street. If this be doubted, I shall buy a portmanteau to quote from.

(3) Lord Byron had originally written—

"As lame as I am, but a better bard."

The reader of Mr. Moore's *Life* will appreciate the feeling which, no doubt, influenced Lord Byron's alteration of the manuscript line.—L. E.

(4) The Red Hand of Ulster, introduced generally in a canton, marks the shield of a baronet of the United Kingdom.—L. E.

(5) "*Pollio.*"—In the original MS. "*Rogers.*"—L. E.

(6) "Tum quoque marmorea caput a cervice revulsum,
Gurgite cum medio portans Œagrius Hebrus
Volveret, Eurydicen vox ipsa, et frigida lingua,
Ah, miseram Eurydicen! anima fugiente vocabat:
Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripæ."
Georgic, iv. 522.

* This Latin has sorely puzzled the University of Edinburgh. Ballantyne said it meant the "Bridge of Berwick," but Southey claimed it as half English; Scott swore it was the "Brig o' Stirling;" he had just passed two King James's and a dozen Douglasses over it. At last it was decided by Jeffrey, that it meant nothing more nor less than the "counter of Archy Constable's shop."

Reviews record this epidemic crime,
Those *Books of Martyrs* to the rage for rhyme.
Alas! woe worth the scribbler! often seen
In *Morning Post*, or *Monthly Magazine*.
There lurk his earlier lays; but soon, hot-press'd,
Behold a quarto!—Tarts must tell the rest.

Then leave, ye wise, the lyre's precarious chords
To muse-mad baronets, or madder lords,
Or country Crispins, now grown somewhat stale,
Twin Doric minstrels, drunk with Doric ale!
Hark to those notes, narcotically soft!
The cobbler-laureats (1) sing to Capel Lofft! (2)
Till, lo! that modern Midas, as he hears,
Adds an ell's growth to his egregious ears!

There lives one druid, who prepares in time
'Gainst future feuds his poor revenge of rhyme;
Racks his dull memory, and his duller muse,
To publish faults which friendship should excuse:
If friendship's nothing, self-regard might teach
More polish'd usage of his parts of speech.

But what is shame, or what is aught to him?
He vents his spleen, or gratifies his whim.
Some fancied slight has roused his lurking hate,
Some folly cross'd, some jest, or some debate;
Up to his den Sir Scribbler hies, and soon
The gather'd gall is voided in lampoon.
Perhaps at some pert speech you've dared to frown,
Perhaps your poem may have pleased the town:
If so, alas! 't is nature in the man—
May Heaven forgive you, for he never can!
Then be it so; and may his withering bays
Bloom fresh in satire, though they fade in praise!
While his lost songs no more shall steep and stink,
The dullest, fattest weeds on Lethe's brink,
But, springing upwards from the sluggish mould,
Be (what they never were before), be—sold!
Should some rich bard (but such a monster now,
In modern physics, we can scarce allow),
Should some pretending scribbler of the court,
Some rhyming peer (3)—there's plenty of the sort (4)—
All but one poor dependent priest withdrawn,
(Ah! too regardless of his chaplain's yawn!)

(1) I beg Nathaniel's pardon: he is not a cobbler; *it* is a *tailor*, but begged Capel Lofft to sink the profession in his preface to two pair of panta——psha!—of cantos, which he wished the public to try on; but the sieve of a patron let it out, and so far saved the expense of an advertisement to his country customers. Merry's "Moorfields whine" was nothing to all this. The "Della Cruscans" were people of some education, and no profession; but these Arcadians ("Arcades ambo"—bumpkins both) send out their native nonsense without the smallest alloy, and leave all the shoes and smallclothes in the parish unrepaired, to patch up Elegies on Enclosures and Pæans to Gunpowder. Sitting on a shopboard, they describe fields of battle, when the only blood they ever saw was shed from the finger; and an "Essay on War" is produced by the ninth part of a "poet."

"And own that *nine* such poets made a Tate."

Did Nathan ever read that line of Pope? and, if he did, why not take it as his motto?—[See *antè*, p. 61, note 8.—P. E.]

(2) This well-meaning gentleman has spoiled some excellent shoemakers, and been accessary to the poetical undoing of many of the industrious poor. Nathaniel Bloomfield and his brother Bobby have set all Somersetshire singing; nor has the malady confined itself to one county. Pratt too (who once was wiser) has caught the contagion of patronage, and decoyed a poor fellow named Blackett into poetry; but he died during the operation, leaving one child and two volumes of *Remains* utterly destitute. The girl, if she don't take a poetical twist, and come forth as a shoemaking Sappho, may do well: but the "tragedies" are as rickety as if they had been the offspring of an Earl or a Scatonian prize poet. The patrons of this poor lad are certainly answerable for his end; and it ought to be an indictable offence. But this is the least they have done; for, by a refinement of barbarity, they have made the (late) man posthumously ridiculous, by printing what he would have had sense enough never to print himself. Certes these rakers of *Remains* come under the statute against "resurrection men." What does it signify whether a poor dear dead dunce is to be stuck up in Surgeons' or in Stationers' Hall? is it so bad to unearth his bones as his blunders? Is it not better to gibbet his body on a heath, than his soul in an octavo? "We know what we are, but we know not what we may be;" and it is to be hoped we never shall know, if a man who has passed through life with a sort of éclat, is to find himself a mountebank on the other side of Styx, and be made, like poor Joe Blackett, the laughing-stock of Purgatory. The plea of publication is to provide for the child; now, might not some of this "Sutor ultra crepidam's" friends and seducers have done a decent action without inveigling Pratt into biography? And then his inscription, split into so many modicums!—"To the Duchess of So-much, the Right Hon. So-and-So, and Mrs. and Miss Somebody, these volumes are, etc. etc."—why, this is doling out the "soft milk of dedication" in gills,—there is but a quart, and he divides it among a dozen. Why, Pratt, hadst thou not a puff left? Dost thou think six families of distinction can share this in quiet? There is a child, a book, and a dedication: send the girl to her grace, the volumes to the grocer, and the dedication to the devil.—[See *antè*, p. 61.—P. E.]

(3) In the original MS.—

"Some rhyming peer—Carlisle or Carysfort."

To which is subjoined this note:—"Of 'John Joshua, Earl of Carysfort' I know nothing at present, but from an advertisement in an old newspaper of certain Poems and Tragedies by his Lordship, which I saw by accident in the Morea. Being a rhymer himself, he will forgive the liberty I take with his name, seeing, as he must, how very commodious it is at the close of that couplet; and as for what follows and goes before, let him place it to the account of the other Thane; since I cannot, under these circumstances, augur pro or con the contents of his 'foolscap crown octavos.'"—[John Joshua Proby, first Earl of Carysfort, was joint postmaster-general in 1805, envoy to Berlin in 1806, and ambassador to Petersburgh in 1807. Besides his poems, he published two pamphlets, to show the necessity of universal suffrage and short parliaments. He died in 1828.—L. E.]

(4) Here will Mr. Gifford allow me to introduce once more to his notice the sole survivor, the "ultimus Romanorum," the last of the Cruscanti—"Edwin" the "profound," by our Lady of Punishment! here he is, as lively as in the days of "well said Baviad the Correct." I thought Fitzgerald had been the tail of poesy; but, alas! he is only the penultimate.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

What reams of paper, floods of ink,
Do some men spoil, who never think!
And so perhaps you 'll say of me,
In which your readers may agree.
Still I write on, and tell you why;
Nothing 's so bad, you can't deny,
But may instruct or entertain
Without the risk of giving pain;
And, should you doubt what I assert,
The name of Camden I insert,
Who novels read, and oft maintain'd
He here and there some knowledge gain'd:
Then why not I indulge my pen,
Though I no fame or profit gain,
Yet may amuse your idle men;
Of whom, though some may be severe,
Others may read without a sneer?
Thus much premised, I next proceed
To give you what I feel my creed,
And in what follows to display
Some humours of the passing day.

ON SOME MODERN QUACKS AND REFORMISTS.

In tracing of the human mind
Through all its various courses,
Though strange, 't is true, we often find
It knows not its resources:

Condemn the unlucky curate to recite
Their last dramatic work by candle-light,
How would the preacher turn each rueful leaf,
Dull as his sermons, but not half so brief!
Yet, since 'tis promised at the rector's death,
He 'll risk no living for a little breath.
Then spouts and foams, and cries at every line,
(The Lord forgive him!) "Bravo! grand! divine!"
Hoarse with those praises (which, by flattery fed,
Dependence barters for her bitter bread),
He strides and stamps along with creaking boot,
Till the floor echoes his emphatic foot;
Then sits again, then rolls his pious eye,
As when the dying vicar will not die!
Nor feels, forsooth, emotion at his heart;—
But all dissemblers overact their part.

Ye, who aspire to "build the lofty rhyme," (1)
Believe not all who laud your false "sublime;"
But if some friend shall hear your work, and say,
"Expunge that stanza, lop that line away,"
And, after fruitless efforts, you return
Without amendment, and he answers, "Burn!"
That instant throw your paper in the fire,
Ask not his thoughts, or follow his desire;
But (if true bard!) you scorn to condescend,
And will not alter what you can't defend,
If you will breed this bastard of your brains,(2)—
We'll have no words—I've only lost my pains.

Yet, if you only prize your favourite thought,
As critics kindly do, and authors ought;
If your cool friend annoy you now and then,
And cross whole pages with his plaguy pen;

——— Si carmina condes,
Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe latentes.
Quintilio si quid recitares, "Corrige, sodes,
Hoc (aiebat) et hoc:" melius te posse negares,
Bis terque expertum frustra; delere jubebat,
* Et male tornatos incudi reddere versus.
Si defendere delictum, quam vertere, malles,
Nullum ultra verbum, aut operam insumebat inanem,
Quin sine rivali teque et tua solus amares.
Vir bonus et prudens versus reprehendet inertes,
Culpabit duros, incomtis allinet atrum
Transverso calamo signum; ambitiosa recidet
Ornamenta: parum claris lucem dare coget:

And men through life assume a part
For which no talents they possess,
Yet wonder that, with all their art,
They meet no better with success.

'Tis thus we see, through life's career,
So few excel in their profession;
Whereas, would each man but appear
In what 's within his own possession,

We should not see such daily quacks
(For quacks there are in every art)
Attempting, by their strange attacks,
To meliorate the mind and heart.

Nor mean I here the stage alone,
Where some deserve the applause they meet;
For quacks there are, and they well known
In either House who hold a seat.

Reform 's the order of the day, I hear,
To which I cordially assent:
But then let this reform appear,
And every class of men cement.

For if you but reform a few,
And others leave to their *full beat*,
I fear you will but little do,
And find your time and pains misspent.

Let each man to his post assign'd
By Nature, take his part to act,
And then few causes shall we find
To call each man we meet—a quack."

* For such every man is who either appears to be what he is not, or strives to be what he cannot.

No matter, throw your ornaments aside,—
Better let him than all the world deride.
Give light to passages too much in shade,
Nor let a doubt obscure one verse you've made;
Your friend's "a Johnson," not to leave one word,
However trifling, which may seem absurd:
Such erring trifles lead to serious ills,
And furnish food for critics,(3) or their quills.

As the Scotch fiddle, with its touching tune,
Or the sad influence of the angry moon,
All men avoid bad writers' ready tongues,
As yawning waiters fly (4) Fitzscribble's (5) lungs;
Yet on he mouths—ten minutes—tedious each
As prelate's homily, or placeman's speech;
Long as the last years of a lingering lease,
When riot pauses until rents increase.
While such a minstrel, muttering fustian, strays
O'er hedge and ditch, through unfrequented ways,
If by some chance he walks into a well,
And shouts for succour with stentorian yell,
"A rope! help, Christians, as ye hope for grace!"
Nor woman, man, nor child will stir a pace;
For there his carcass he might freely fling,
From frenzy, or the humour of the thing.
Though this has happen'd to more bards than one;
I'll tell you Budgell's story,—and have done.

Budgell, a rogue and rhymester, for no good,
(Unless his case be much misunderstood)
When teased with creditors' continual claims,
"To die like Cato," (6) leapt into the Thames!
And therefore be it lawful through the town
For any bard to poison, hang, or drown.(7)

Arguet ambiguè dictum: mutanda notabit;
Fiet Aristarchus: nec dicet, "Cur ego amicum
Offendam in nugis."—Hæ nugæ seria ducent
In mala derisum semel exceptumque sinistre.
Ut mala quem scabies, aut morbus regius urget,
Aut fanaticus error, et iracunda Diana;
Vesanum tetigisse timent fugiuntque poetam,
Qui sapiunt; agitant pueri, incautique sequuntur.
Hic dum sublimes versus ructatur, et errat,
Si veluti merulis intentus decidit auceps
In puteum foveamve; licet "Succurrite," longum
Clamet, "Io cives!" non sit qui tollere curet,
Si quis curet opem ferre, et demittere funem;

(1) See Milton's *Lycidas*.—L. E.

(2) "*Bastard of your brains.*"—Minerva being the first by Jupiter's head-piece, and a variety of equally unaccountable parturitions upon earth, such as *Madoc*, etc. etc. etc.

(3) "A crust for the critics."—Bayes, in the *Rehearsal*.

(4) And the "waiters" are the only fortunate people who can "fly" from them; all the rest, viz. the sad subscribers to the "Literary Fund," being compelled, by courtesy, to sit out the recitation without a hope of exclaiming, "Sic" (that is, by choking Fitz. with bad wine, or worse poetry) "me servavit Apollo!"

(5) "Fitzscribble," originally "Fitzgerald." (See p. 49.)—L. E.

(6) On his table were found these words: "*What Cato did, and Addison approved, cannot be wrong.*" But Addison did not "approve;" and if he had, it would not have mended the matter. He had invited his daughter on the same water-party; but Miss Budgell, by some accident, escaped this last paternal attention. Thus fell the sycophant of "Atticus," and the enemy of Pope!—[Eustace Budgell, a friend and relative of Addison's, "leapt into the Thames" to escape a prosecution, on account of forging the will of Dr. Tindal; in which Eustace had provided himself with a legacy of two thousand pounds. To this Pope alludes:—

"Let Budgell charge low Grub-street on my quill,
And write whate'er he please—except my will."—L. E.]

(7) "We talked (says Boswell) of a man's drowning him-

Who saves the intended suicide receives
Small thanks from him who loathes the life he leaves;
And, sooth to say, mad poets must not lose
The glory of that death they freely choose.

Nor is it certain that some sorts of verse
Prick not the poet's conscience as a curse;
Dosed(1) with vile drams on Sunday he was found,
Or got a child on consecrated ground!

And hence is haunted with a rhyming rage—
Fear'd like a bear just bursting from his cage.
If free, all fly his versifying fit,
Fatal at once to simpleton or wit.
But *him*, unhappy! whom he seizes,—*him*
He flays with recitation limb by limb;
Probes to the quick where'er he makes his breach,
And gorges like a lawyer or a leech.

Qui scis an prudens huc se projecerit, atque
Servari nolit? Dicam: Siculique poetæ
Narrabo interitum. Deus immortalis haberi
Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Ætnam
Insiluit. Sit jus, liceatque perire poetis:
Invitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti.
Nec semel hoc fecit; nec si retractus erit, jam
Fiet homo, et ponet famosæ mortis amorem.

Nec satis apparet, cur versus factitet: utrum
Minxerit in patrios cineres, an triste bidental
Moverit incestus: certe furit, ac velut ursus,
Objectos caveæ valuit si frangere clathros,
Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus;
Quem vero arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo,
Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris, hirudo.

self.—JOHNSON. 'I should never think it time to make away with myself.' I put the case of Eustace Budgell, who was accused of forging a will, and sunk himself in the Thames, before the trial of its authenticity came on. 'Suppose, Sir,' said I, 'that a man is absolutely sure that, if he lives a few days longer, he shall be detected in a fraud, the consequence of which will be utter disgrace, and expulsion from society?'—JOHNSON. 'Then, Sir, let him go abroad to a distant country; let him go to some place where he is *not* known. Don't let him go to the devil, where he *is* known.'" See *Croker's Boswell*, vol. ii. pp. 229. 290.—L. E.

(1) If "dosed with," etc. be censured as low, I beg leave to refer to the original for something still lower; and if any reader will translate "Minxerit in patrios cineres," etc. into a decent couplet, I will insert said couplet in lieu of the present.

The Curse of Minerva.(1)

"Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas
Immolat, et pœnam scelerato ex sanguine sumit."
Æneid, lib. xii.

Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,(2)
Along Morea's hills the setting sun;
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light;
O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave that trembles as it glows;
On old Ægina's rock and Hydra's isle
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;
O'er his own regions lingering loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast, the mountain-shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulf, unconquer'd Salamis!
Their azure arches through the long expanse,
More deeply purpled, meet his mellowing glance,
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven;
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian rock he sinks to sleep.

On such an eve his palest beam he cast
When, Athens! here thy wisest look'd his last.
How watch'd thy better sons his farewell ray,
That closed their murder'd sage's(3) latest day!
Not yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill,
The precious hour of parting lingers still;
But sad his light to agonising eyes,
And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes;
Gloom o'er the lovely land he seem'd to pour,
The land where Phœbus never frown'd before;
But ere he sunk below Citheron's head,
The cup of woe was quaff'd—the spirit fled;
The soul of him that scorn'd to fear or fly,
Who lived and died as none can live or die.

But, lo! from high Hymettus to the plain
The queen of night asserts her silent reign;(4)
No murky vapour, herald of the storm,
Hides her fair face, or girds her glowing form.

(1) This fierce philippic on Lord Elgin, whose collection of Athenian marbles was ultimately purchased for the nation, in 1816, at the cost of thirty-five thousand pounds, was written at Athens, in March, 1811, and prepared for publication along with the *Hints from Horace;* but, like that satire, suppressed by Lord Byron, from motives which the reader will easily understand. It was first given to the world in 1828. Few can wonder that Lord Byron's feelings should have been powerfully excited by the spectacle of the despoiled Parthenon; but it is only due to Lord Elgin to keep in mind, that, had those precious marbles remained, they must, in all likelihood, have perished for ever amidst the miserable scenes of violence which Athens has since witnessed; and that their presence in England has already, by universal admission, been of the most essential advantage to the fine arts of our own country. The political allusions in this poem are not such as require much explanation. It contains many lines which, it is hoped, the author, on mature reflection, disapproved of—but is too vigorous a specimen of his iambics to be omitted in any collective edition of his works.—L. E.

(2) The splendid lines with which this satire opens, down to "As thus, within the walls of Pallas' fane," first appeared at the commencement of the third canto of the *Corsair*, the author having, at that time, abandoned all notion of publishing the piece of which they originally made part.—L. E.

(3) Socrates drank the hemlock a short time before sunset (the hour of execution), notwithstanding the entreaties of his disciples to wait till the sun went down.

(4) The twilight in Greece is much shorter than in our own country; the days in winter are longer, but in summer of less duration.

With cornice glimmering as the moonbeams play,
There the white column greets her grateful ray,
And bright around, with quivering beams beset,
Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret:
The groves of olive scatter'd dark and wide,
Where meek Cephisus sheds his scanty tide,
The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,
The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,(1)
And sad and sombre 'mid the holy calm,
Near Theseus' fane, yon solitary palm;(2)
All, tinged with varied hues, arrest the eye;
And dull were his that pass'd them heedless by.(3)

Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,
Lulls his chafed breast from elemental war;
Again his waves in milder tints unfold
Their long expanse of sapphire and of gold,
Mix'd with the shades of many a distant isle,
That frown, where gentler ocean deigns to smile.

As thus, within the walls of Pallas' fane,
I mark'd the beauties of the land and main,
Alone, and friendless, on the magic shore,
Whose arts and arms but live in poets' lore;
Oft as the matchless dome I turn'd to scan,
Sacred to gods, but not secure from man,
The past return'd, the present seem'd to cease,
And Glory knew no clime beyond her Greece!

Hours roll'd along, and Dian's orb on high
Had gain'd the centre of her softest sky;
And yet unwearied still my footsteps trod
O'er the vain shrine of many a vanish'd god:
But chiefly, Pallas! thine; when Hecate's glare,
Check'd by thy columns, fell more sadly fair
O'er the chill marble, where the startling tread
Thrills the lone heart like echoes from the dead.

Long had I mused, and treasured every trace
The wreck of Greece recorded of her race,
When, lo! a giant form before me strode,
And Pallas hail'd me in her own abode!
Yes, 'twas Minerva's self; but, ah! how changed
Since o'er the Dardan field in arms she ranged!
Not such as erst, by her divine command,
Her form appear'd from Phidias' plastic hand:
Gone were the terrors of her awful brow,
Her idle ægis bore no Gorgon now;
Her helm was dinted, and the broken lance
Seem'd weak and shaftless e'en to mortal glance;
The olive branch, which still she deign'd to clasp,
Shrunk from her touch, and wither'd in her grasp;
And, ah! though still the brightest of the sky,
Celestial tears bedimm'd her large blue eye;
Round the rent casque her owlet circled slow,
And mourn'd his mistress with a shriek of woe!

"Mortal!"—'twas thus she spake—"that blush of shame
Proclaims thee Briton, once a noble name:
First of the mighty, foremost of the free,
Now honour'd *less* by all, and *least* by me:
Chief of thy foes shall Pallas still be found.
Seek'st thou the cause of loathing?—look around.
Lo! here, despite of war and wasting fire,
I saw successive tyrannies expire.
'Scaped from the ravage of the Turk and Goth,(4)
Thy country sends a spoiler worse than both.(5)
Survey this vacant, violated fane;
Recount the relics torn that yet remain:
These Cecrops placed, *this* Pericles adorn'd,(6)
That Adrian rear'd when drooping Science mourn'd.
What more I owe let gratitude attest—
Know, Alaric and Elgin did the rest.
That all may learn from whence the plunderer came,
The insulted wall sustains his hated name:(7)

(1) The kiosk is a Turkish summer-house. Cephisus' stream is indeed scanty, and Ilissus has no stream at all.

(2) This palm is without the present walls of Athens, not far from the Temple of Theseus, between which and the tree the wall intervenes. Upon the death of Lord Byron it was proposed by Colonel Stanhope that he should be buried at Athens, in the Temple of Theseus; and the Chief, Odysseus, sent an express to Missolonghi to enforce this wish. The design, however, was subsequently abandoned, and the Noble Poet's remains were removed to his country.—P. E.

(3) "During our residence of ten weeks at Athens, there was not, I believe, a day of which we did not devote a part to the contemplation of the noble monuments of Grecian genius, that have outlived the ravages of time, and the outrage of barbarous and antiquarian despoilers. The Temple of Theseus, which was within five minutes' walk of our lodgings, is the most perfect ancient edifice in the world. In this fabric, the most enduring stability, and a simplicity of design peculiarly striking, are united with the highest elegance and accuracy of workmanship; the characteristic of the Doric style, whose chaste beauty is not, in the opinion of the first artists, to be equalled by the graces of any of the other orders. A gentleman of Athens, of great taste and skill, assured us that, after a continued contemplation of this temple, and the remains of the Parthenon, he could never again look with his accustomed satisfaction upon the Ionic and Corinthian ruins of Athens, much less upon the specimens of the more modern species of architecture to be seen in Italy." *Hobhouse.*—L. E.

(4) "On the plaster wall, on the west side of the chapel, these words have been very deeply cut:—

QUOD NON FECERUNT GOTI,
HOC FECERUNT SCOTI.

The mortar wall, yet fresh when we saw it, supplying the place of the statue now in Lord Elgin's collection, serves as a comment on this text. This eulogy of the Goths alludes to an unfounded story of a Greek historian, who relates that Alaric, either terrified by two phantoms, one of Minerva herself, the other of Achilles, terrible as when he strode towards the walls of Troy to his friends, or struck with a reverential respect, had spared the treasures, ornaments, and people of the venerable city." *Hobhouse.*—L. E.

(5) In the original MS.—

"Ah, Athens! scarce escaped from Turk and Goth,
Hell sends a paltry Scotchman worse than both."—L. E.

(6) This is spoken of the city in general, and not of the Acropolis in particular. The temple of Jupiter Olympius, by some supposed the Pantheon, was finished by Hadrian; sixteen columns are standing, of the most beautiful marble and architecture.

(7) It is stated by a late oriental traveller, that when the wholesale spoliator visited Athens, he caused his own name, with that of his wife, to be inscribed on a pillar of one of the principal temples. This inscription was executed in a very conspicuous manner, and deeply engraved in the marble, at a very considerable elevation. Notwithstanding which precautions, some person (doubtless inspired by the Patron Goddess), has been at the pains to get himself raised up to the requisite height, and has obliterated the name of the laird, but left that of the lady untouched. The traveller in question accompanied this story by a remark, that it must have cost some labour and contrivance to get at the place, and could only have been effected by much zeal and determination.

[On the original MS. is written:—

"Aspice quos Pallas Scoto concedit honores,
Infrà stat nomen—facta suprâque vide,
Scote miser: quamvis nocuisti Palladis ædi,
Infandum facinus vindicat ipsa Venus.
Pygmalion statuam pro sponsa aræ illas refertur;
Tu statuam rapias, Scote, sed uxor abest."—P. E.]

For Elgin's fame thus grateful Pallas pleads,
Below, his name—above, behold his deeds!(1)
Be ever hail'd with equal honour here
The Gothic monarch and the Pictish peer:
Arms gave the first his right, the last had none,
But basely stole what less barbarians won.
So when the lion quits his fell repast,
Next prowls the wolf, the filthy jackal last:
Flesh, limbs, and blood the former make their own,
The last poor brute securely gnaws the bone.
Yet still the gods are just, and crimes are cross'd:
See here what Elgin won, and what he lost!
Another name with *his* pollutes my shrine:
Behold where Dian's beams disdain to shine!
Some retribution still might Pallas claim,
When Venus half avenged Minerva's shame."(2)

She ceased awhile, and thus I dared reply,
To soothe the vengeance kindling in her eye:
"Daughter of Jove! in Britain's injured name,
A true-born Briton may the deed disclaim.
Frown not on England; England owns him not:
Athena, no! thy plunderer was a Scot.
Ask'st thou the difference? From fair Phyle's towers
Survey Bœotia;—Caledonia 's ours.
And well I know within that bastard land(3)
Hath Wisdom's goddess never held command;
A barren soil, where Nature's germs, confined
To stern sterility, can stint the mind;
Whose thistle well betrays the niggard earth,
Emblem of all to whom the land gives birth;
Each genial influence nurtured to resist,
A land of meanness, sophistry, and mist.
Each breeze from foggy mount and marshy plain
Dilutes with drivel every drizzly brain,
Till, burst at length, each watery head o'erflows,
Foul as their soil, and frigid as their snows.
Ten thousand schemes of petulance and pride
Despatch her scheming children far and wide:
Some east, some west, some every where but north,
In quest of lawless gain, they issue forth.
And thus—accursed be the day and year!—
She sent a Pict to play the felon here.
Yet Caledonia claims some native worth,
As dull Bœotia gave a Pindar birth;
So may her few, the letter'd and the brave,
Bound to no clime, and victors of the grave,
Shake off the sordid dust of such a land,
And shine like children of a happier strand;
As once, of yore, in some obnoxious place,
Ten names (if found) had saved a wretched race."

"Mortal!" the blue-eyed maid resumed, "once more
Bear back my mandate to thy native shore.
Though fallen, alas! this vengeance yet is mine,
To turn my counsels far from lands like thine.
Hear then in silence Pallas' stern behest;
Hear and believe, for Time will tell the rest.

"First on the head of him who did this deed
My curse shall light, on him and all his seed:
Without one spark of intellectual fire,
Be all the sons as senseless as the sire:
If one with wit the parent brood disgrace,
Believe him bastard of a brighter race:
Still with his hireling artists let him prate,
And Folly's praise repay for Wisdom's hate;
Long of their patron's gusto let them tell,
Whose noblest *native* gusto is—to sell:
To sell, and make—may Shame record the day!—
The state receiver of his pilfer'd prey.(4)
Meantime, the flattering, feeble dotard West,
Europe's worst dauber, and poor Britain's best,
With palsied hand shall turn each model o'er,
And own himself an infant of fourscore.(5)
Be all the bruisers cull'd from all St. Giles',
That art and nature may compare their styles;
While brawny brutes in stupid wonder stare,
And marvel at his lordship's 'stone-shop'(6) there.
Round the throng'd gate shall sauntering coxcombs creep,
To lounge and lucubrate, to prate and peep;
While many a languid maid, with longing sigh,
On giant statues casts the curious eye;
The room with transient glance appears to skim,
Yet marks the mighty back and length of limb;
Mourns o'er the difference of *now* and *then;*
Exclaims, 'These Greeks indeed were proper men!'
Draws sly comparisons of *these* with *those*,
And envies Lais all her Attic beaux.
When shall a modern maid have swains like these!
Alas! Sir Harry is no Hercules!
And last of all, amidst the gaping crew,
Some calm spectator, as he takes his view,(7)

(1) For Lord Byron's detailed remarks on Lord Elgin's dealing with the Parthenon, see note [A] to the second Canto of *Childe Harold*, antè, p. 96.—P. E.

(2) His lordship's name, and that of one who no longer bears it, are carved conspicuously on the Parthenon; above, in a part not far distant, are the torn remnants of the basso relievos, destroyed in a vain attempt to remove them.

(3) "Irish bastards," according to Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan.

(4) In 1816, thirty-five thousand pounds were voted by Parliament for the purchase of the Elgin marbles.—L. E.

(5) Mr. West, on seeing the "Elgin Collection" (I suppose we shall hear of the "Abershaw" and "Jack Shephard" collection next), declared himself "a mere tyro" in art.

(6) Poor Crib was sadly puzzled when the marbles were first exhibited at Elgin House: he asked if it was not "a stone-shop?"—He was right; it *is* a shop.

(7) "Alas! all the monuments of Roman magnificence, all the remains of Grecian taste, so dear to the artist, the historian, the antiquary, all depend on the will of an arbitrary sovereign; and that will is influenced too often by interest or vanity, by a nephew or a sycophant. Is a new palace to be erected (at Rome) for an upstart family? the Coliseum is stripped to furnish materials. Does a foreign minister wish to adorn the bleak walls of a northern castle with antiques? the temples of Theseus or Minerva must be dismantled, and the works of Phidias or Praxiteles be torn from the shattered frieze. That a decrepit uncle, wrapped up in the religious duties of his age and station, should listen to the suggestions of an interested nephew, is natural; and that an oriental despot should undervalue the masterpieces of Grecian art, is to be expected—though in both cases the consequences of such weakness are much to be lamented; but that the minister of a nation, famed for its knowledge of the language, and its veneration for the monuments of ancient Greece, should have been the prompter and the instrument of these destructions, is almost incredible. Such rapacity is a crime against all ages and all generations: it deprives the past of the trophies of their genius and the title-deeds of their fame; the present, of the strongest inducements to exertion, the noblest exhibitions that curiosity can contemplate; the future, of the masterpieces of art, the models of imitation. To guard against the repetition of such depredations is the wish of every man of genius, the duty of every man in power, and the common interest of every civilized nation."—*Eustace's Classical Tour through Italy.*

"This attempt to transplant the temple of Vesta from

In silent indignation mix'd with grief,
Admires the plunder, but abhors the thief.(1)
Oh, loathed in life, nor pardon'd in the dust,
May hate pursue his sacrilegious lust!
Link'd with the fool that fired the Ephesian dome,
Shall vengeance follow far beyond the tomb,
And Eratostratus and Elgin shine
In many a branding page and burning line;
Alike reserved for aye to stand accursed,
Perchance the second blacker than the first.

"So let him stand, through ages yet unborn,
Fix'd statue on the pedestal of Scorn;
Though not for him alone Revenge shall wait,
But fits thy country for her coming fate:
Hers were the deeds that taught her lawless son
To do what oft Britannia's self had done.
Look to the Baltic—blazing from afar,
Your old ally yet mourns perfidious war.(2)
Not to such deeds did Pallas lend her aid,
Or break the compact which herself had made;
Far from such councils, from the faithless field
She fled—but left behind her Gorgon shield:
A fatal gift that turn'd your friends to stone,
And left lost Albion hated and alone.

"Look to the East, where Ganges' swarthy race
Shall shake your tyrant empire to its base;
Lo! there Rebellion rears her ghastly head,
And glares the Nemesis of native dead;
Till Indus rolls a deep purpureal flood,
And claims his long arrear of northern blood.
So may ye perish!—Pallas, when she gave
Your free-born rights, forbade ye to enslave.

"Look on your Spain!—she clasps the hand she hates,
But coldly clasps, and thrusts you from her gates.
Bear witness, bright Barossa! thou canst tell
Whose were the sons that bravely fought and fell.
But Lusitania, kind and dear ally,
Can spare a few to fight, and sometimes fly.
Oh glorious field! by Famine fiercely won,
The Gaul retires for once, and all is done:
But when did Pallas teach, that one retreat
Retrieved three long olympiads of defeat?

"Look last at home—ye love not to look there—
On the grim smile of comfortless despair:
Your city saddens: loud though Revel howls,
Here Famine faints, and yonder Rapine prowls.
See all alike of more or less bereft;
No misers tremble when there 's nothing left.
'Blest paper credit' (3) who shall dare to sing?
It clogs like lead Corruption's weary wing.
Yet Pallas pluck'd each premier by the ear,
Who gods and men alike disdain'd to hear;
But one, repentant o'er a bankrupt state,
On Pallas calls,—but calls, alas! too late:
Then raves for **; to that Mentor bends,
Though he and Pallas never yet were friends.
Him senates hear, whom never yet they heard,
Contemptuous once, and now no less absurd.
So, once of yore, each reasonable frog
Swore faith and fealty to his sovereign 'log;'
Thus hail'd your rulers their patrician clod,
As Egypt chose an onion for a god.

"Now fare ye well! enjoy your little hour;
Go, grasp the shadow of your vanish'd power;
Gloss o'er the failure of each fondest scheme;
Your strength a name, your bloated wealth a dream.
Gone is that gold, the marvel of mankind,
And pirates barter all that 's left behind.(4)
No more the hirelings, purchased near and far,
Crowd to the ranks of mercenary war.
The idle merchant on the useless quay
Droops o'er the bales no bark may bear away;
Or, back returning, sees rejected stores
Rot piecemeal on his own encumber'd shores:
The starved mechanic breaks his rusting loom,
And desperate mans him 'gainst the coming doom.
Then in the senate of your sinking state
Show me the man whose counsels may have weight.
Vain is each voice where tones could once command;
E'en factions cease to charm a factious land:
Yet jarring sects convulse a sister isle,
And light with maddening hands the mutual pile.

"'Tis done, 't is past, since Pallas warns in vain;
The Furies seize her abdicated reign:
Wide o'er the realm they wave their kindling brands,
And wring her vitals with their fiery hands.
But one convulsive struggle still remains,
And Gaul shall weep ere Albion wear her chains.
The banner'd pomp of war, the glittering files,
O'er whose gay trappings stern Bellona smiles;
The brazen trump, the spirit-stirring drum,
That bid the foe defiance ere they come;
The hero bounding at his country's call,
The glorious death that consecrates his fall,
Swell the young heart with visionary charms,
And bid it antedate the joys of arms.
But know, a lesson you may yet be taught,
With death alone are laurels cheaply bought:
Not in the conflict Havoc seeks delight,
His day of mercy is the day of fight.
But when the field is fought, the battle won,
Though drench'd with gore, his woes are but begun:
His deeper deeds as yet ye know by name;
The slaughter'd peasant and the ravish'd dame,
The rifled mansion and the foe-reap'd field,
Ill suit with souls at home, untaught to yield.
Say with what eye, along the distant down,
Would flying burghers mark the blazing town?

Italy to England may, perhaps, do honour to the late Lord Bristol's patriotism or to his magnificence; but it cannot be considered as an indication of either taste or judgment." —*Ibid.*

(1) "That the Elgin marbles will contribute to the improvement of art in England cannot be doubted. They must certainly open the eyes of the British artists, and prove that the true and only road to simplicity and beauty is the study of nature. But, had we a right to diminish the interest of Athens for selfish motives, and prevent successive generations of other nations from seeing those admirable sculptures? The Temple of Minerva was spared as a beacon to the world, to direct it to the knowledge of purity of taste. What can we say to the disappointed traveller, who is now deprived of the rich gratification which would have compensated his travel and his toil? It will be little consolation to him to say, he may find the sculpture of the Parthenon in England." *H. W. Williams.*—L. E.

(2) The affair of Copenhagen.—L. E.

(3) "Blest paper credit! last and best supply,
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly!"—*Pope.*

(4) The Deal and Dover traffickers in specie.

How view the column of ascending flames
Shake his red shadow o'er the startled Thames?
Nay, frown not, Albion! for the torch was thine
That lit such pyres from Tagus to the Rhine:
Now should they burst on thy devoted coast,
Go, ask thy bosom who deserves them most.
The law of heaven and earth is life for life,
And she who raised, in vain regrets, the strife."(1)

(1) "The beautiful but barren Hymettus, the whole coast of Attica, her hills and mountains, Pentelicus, Anchesmus, Philopappus, etc. etc. are in themselves poetical; and would be so if the name of Athens, of Athenians, and her very ruins, were swept from the earth. But am I to be told that the 'nature' of Attica would be *more* poetical without the 'art' of the Acropolis? of the Temple of Theseus? and of the still all Greek and glorious monuments of her exquisitely artificial genius? Ask the traveller what strikes him as most poetical, the Parthenon, or the rock on which it stands? The COLUMNS of Cape Colonna, or the Cape itself? The rocks at the foot of it, or the recollection that Falconer's ship was bulged upon them? There are a thousand rocks and capes far more picturesque than those of the Acropolis and Cape Sunium in themselves. But it is the '*art*,' the columns, the temples, the wrecked vessel, which give them their antique and their modern poetry, and not the spots themselves. I opposed, and will ever oppose, the robbery of ruins from Athens, to instruct the English in sculpture; but why did I do so? The *ruins* are as poetical in Piccadilly as they were in the Parthenon; but the Parthenon and its rock are less so without them. Such is the poetry of art." *B. Letters*, 1821.—L. E.

The Waltz;

AN APOSTROPHIC HYMN.(1)

"Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi,
Exercet Diana choros." *Virgil.*

"Such on Eurota's banks, or Cynthia's height,
Diana seems: and so she charms the sight,
When in the dance the graceful goddess leads
The quire of nymphs, and overtops their heads."
Dryden's Virgil.

TO THE PUBLISHER.

SIR,—I am a country gentleman of a midland county. I might have been a parliament-man for a certain borough; having had the offer of as many votes as General T. at the general election in 1812.(2) But I was all for domestic happiness; as, fifteen years ago, on a visit to London, I married a middle-aged maid of honour. We lived happily at Hornem Hall till last season, when my wife and I were invited by the Countess of Waltzaway (a distant relation of my spouse) to pass the winter in town. Thinking no harm, and our girls being come to a marriageable (or, as they call it, *marketable*) age, and having besides a Chancery suit inveterately entailed upon the family estate, we came up in our old chariot,—of which, by the by, my wife grew so much ashamed in less than a week, that I was obliged to buy a second-hand barouche, of which I might mount the box, Mrs. H. says, if I could drive, but never see the inside—that place being reserved for the Honourable Augustus Tiptoe, her partner-general and opera-knight. Hearing great praises of Mrs. H.'s dancing (she was famous for birthnight minuets in the latter end of the last century), I unbooted, and went to a ball at the Countess's, expecting to see a country dance, or, at most, cotillions, reels, and all the old paces to the newest tunes. But judge of my surprise, on arriving, to see poor dear Mrs. Hornem with her arms half round the loins of a huge hussar-looking gentleman I never set eyes on before; and his, to say truth, rather more than half round her waist, turning round, and round, and round, to a d——d see-saw up-and-down sort of tune, that reminded me of the "Black joke," only more "*affettuoso*," till it made me quite giddy with wondering they were not so. By-and-by they stopped a bit, and I thought they would sit or fall down:—but no; with Mrs. H.'s hand on his shoulder, "*quam familiariter*"(3) (as Terence said, when I was at school), they walked about a minute, and then at it again, like two cockchafers spitted on the same bodkin. I asked what all this meant, when, with a loud laugh, a child no older than our Wilhelmina (a name I never heard but in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, though her mother would call her after the Princess of Swappenbach,) said, "Lord! Mr. Hornem, can't you see they are valtzing?" or waltzing (I forget which); and then up she got, and her mother and sister, and away they went, and round-abouted it till supper-time. Now, that I know what it is, I like it of all things, and so does Mrs. H. (though I have broken my shins, and four times overturned Mrs. Hornem's maid, in practising the preliminary steps in a morning). Indeed,

(1) This trifle was written at Cheltenham, in the autumn of 1812, and published anonymously in the spring of the following year. It was not very well received at the time by the public; and the author was by no means anxious that it should be considered as his handiwork. "I hear," he says, in a letter to a friend, "that a certain malicious publication on waltzing is attributed to me. This report, I suppose, you will take care to contradict; as the author, I am sure, will not like that I should wear his cap and bells."—L. E.

(2) State of the poll (last day), 5.

(3) My Latin is all forgotten, if a man can be said to have forgotten what he never remembered; but I bought my title-page motto of a Catholic priest for a three-shilling bank token, after much haggling for the even sixpence. I grudged the money to a papist, being all for the memory of Perceval and "No popery," and quite regretting the downfall of the pope, because we can't burn him any more.

so much do I like it, that having a turn for rhyme, tastily displayed in some election ballads, and songs in honour of all the victories (but till lately I have had little practice in that way), I sat down, and with the aid of William Fitzgerald, Esq., (1) and a few hints from Dr. Busby, (2) (whose recitations I attend, and am monstrous fond of Master Busby's manner of delivering his father's late successful *Drury Lane Address*), I composed the following hymn, wherewithal to make my sentiments known to the public; whom, nevertheless, I heartily depise, as well as the critics.

I am, Sir, yours, etc. etc.

HORACE HORNEM.

THE WALTZ.

Muse of the many-twinkling feet! (3) whose charms
Are now extended up from legs to arms;
Terpsichore!—too long misdeem'd a maid—
Reproachful term—bestow'd but to upbraid—
Henceforth in all the bronze of brightness shine,
The least a vestal of the virgin Nine.
Far be from thee and thine the name of prude;
Mock'd, yet triumphant; sneer'd at, unsubdued;
Thy legs must move to conquer as they fly,
If but thy coats are reasonably high;
Thy breast—if bare enough—requires no shield;
Dance forth—*sans* armour thou shalt take the field,
And own—impregnable to *most* assaults,
Thy not too lawfully-begotten "Waltz."

Hail, nimble nymph! to whom the young hussar,
The whisker'd votary of waltz and war,
His night devotes, despite of spur and boots;
A sight unmatch'd since Orpheus and his brutes:
Hail, spirit-stirring Waltz!—beneath whose banners
A modern hero fought for modish manners;
On Hounslow's heath to rival Wellesley's (4) fame,
Cock'd—fired—and miss'd his man—but gain'd his aim;
Hail, moving Muse! to whom the fair one's breast
Gives all it can, and bids us take the rest.

Oh! for the flow of Busby, or of Fitz,
The latter's loyalty, the former's wits,
To "energise the object I pursue," (5)
And give both Belial and his dance their due!

Imperial Waltz! imported from the Rhine
(Famed for the growth of pedigrees and wine),
Long be thine import from all duty free,
And hock itself be less esteem'd than thee;
In some few qualities alike—for hock
Improves our cellar—*thou* our living stock.
The head to hock belongs—thy subtler art
Intoxicates alone the heedless heart:
Through the full veins thy gentler poison swims,
And wakes to wantonness the willing limbs.

Oh, Germany! how much to thee we owe,
As heaven-born Pitt can testify below,
Ere cursed Confederation made thee France's,
And only left us thy d——d debts and dances!
Of subsidies and Hanover bereft,
We bless thee still—for George the Third is left!
Of kings the best—and last, not least in worth,
For graciously begetting George the Fourth.
To Germany, and highnesses serene,
Who owe us millions—don't we owe the queen?
To Germany, what owe we not besides?
So oft bestowing Brunswickers and brides;
Who paid for vulgar with her royal blood,
Drawn from the stem of each Teutonic stud:
Who sent us—so be pardon'd all her faults
A dozen dukes, some kings, a queen—and Waltz.

But peace to her—her emperor and diet,
Though now transferr'd to Buonaparte's "fiat!"
Back to my theme—O Muse of motion! say,
How first to Albion found thy Waltz her way?

Borne on the breath of hyperborean gales,
From Hamburg's port (while Hamburg yet had *mails*),
Ere yet unlucky Fame—compell'd to creep
To snowy Gottenburg—was chill'd to sleep;
Or, starting from her slumbers, deign'd arise,
Heligoland! to stock thy mart with lies;
While unburnt Moscow (6) yet had news to send,
Nor owed her fiery exit to a friend,

(1) See *anté*, p. 49.—P. E.

(2) See *Rejected Addresses*.—L. E.

(3) "Glance their many-twinkling feet."—*Gray*.

(4) To rival Lord Wellesley's, or his nephew's, as the reader pleases:—the one gained a pretty woman, whom he deserved, by fighting for; and the other has been fighting in the Peninsula many a long day, "by Shrewsbury clock," without gaining any thing in *that* country but the title of "the Great Lord," and "the Lord;" which savours of profanation, having been hitherto applied only to that being to whom "*Te Deums*" for carnage are the rankest blasphemy.—It is to be presumed the General will one day return to his Sabine farm; there

"To tame the genius of the stubborn plain,
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain!"

The Lord Peterborough conquered continents in a summer; we do more—we contrive both to conquer and lose them in a shorter season. If the "great Lord's" *Cincinnatian* progress in agriculture be no speedier than the proportional average of time in Pope's couplet, it will, according to the farmer's proverb, be "ploughing with dogs."

By the by—one of this illustrious person's new titles is forgotten—it is, however, worth remembering—"*Salvador del mundo!*" *credite posteri!* If this be the appellation annexed by the inhabitants of the Peninsula to the name of a *man* who has not yet saved them—query—are they worth saving, even in this world? for, according to the mildest modifications of any Christian creed, those three words make the odds much against them in the next.—"Saviour of the world," quotha!—it were to be wished that he, or any one else, could save a corner of it—his country. Yet this stupid misnomer, although it shows the near connection between superstition and impiety, so far has its use, that it proves there can be little to dread from those Catholics (inquisitorial Catholics too) who can confer such an appellation on a *Protestant*. I suppose next year he will be entitled the "Virgin Mary:" if so, Lord George Gordon himself would have nothing to object to such liberal bastards of our Lady of Babylon.

(5) Among the addresses sent into the Drury Lane Committee (see *anté*, p. 49) was one by Dr. Busby, which begas by asking—

"When *energising* objects men pursue,
What are the prodigies they cannot do?"—L. E.

(6) The patriotic arson of our amiable allies cannot be sufficiently commended—nor subscribed for. Amongst other details omitted in the various despatches of our eloquent ambassador, he did not state (being too much occupied with the exploits of Colonel C——, in swimming rivers frozen, and galloping over roads impassable), that one entire province perished by famine in the most melancholy manner, as follows:—In General Rostopchin's consummate conflagration, the consumption of tallow and train oil was so great that the market was inadequate to the demand; and thus

She came—Waltz came—and with her certain sets
Of true despatches, and as true gazettes;
Then flamed of Austerlitz the blest despatch,
Which *Moniteur* nor *Morning Post* can match;
And—almost crush'd beneath the glorious news—
Ten plays, and forty tales of Kotzebue's;
One envoy's letters, six composers' airs,
And loads from Frankfort and from Leipsic fairs;
Meiner's four volumes upon womankind,
Like Lapland witches to ensure a wind;
Brunck's heaviest tome for ballast, and, to back it,
Of Heyné, such as should not sink the packet.

Fraught with this cargo—and her fairest freight,
Delightful Waltz, on tiptoe for a mate,
The welcome vessel reach'd the genial strand,
And round her flock'd the daughters of the land.
Not decent David, when, before the ark,
His grand pas-seul excited some remark;
Not love-lorn Quixote, when his Sancho thought
The knight's fandango friskier than it ought;
Not soft Herodias, when, with winning tread,
Her nimble feet danced off another's head;
Not Cleopatra on her galley's deck,
Display'd so much of *leg*, or more of *neck*,
Than thou, ambrosial Waltz, when first the moon
Beheld thee twirling to a Saxon tune!

To you, ye husbands of ten years! whose brows
Ache with the annual tributes of a spouse;
To you of nine years less, who only bear
The budding sprouts of those that you *shall* wear,
With added ornaments around them roll'd
Of native brass, or law-awarded gold;
To you, ye matrons, ever on the watch
To mar a son's, or make a daughter's, match;
To you, ye children of—whom chance accords—
Always the ladies, and *sometimes* their lords;
To you, ye single gentlemen, who seek
Torments for life, or pleasures for a week;
As love or Hymen your endeavours guide,
To gain your own, or snatch another's bride;—
To one and all the lovely stranger came,
And every ball-room echoes with her name.

Endearing Waltz!—to thy more melting tune
Bow Irish jig, and ancient rigadoon.
Scotch reels, avaunt! and country-dance, forego
Your future claims to each fantastic toe!
Waltz—Waltz alone—both legs and arms demands,
Liberal of feet, and lavish of her hands;
Hands which may freely range in public sight
Where ne'er before—but—pray "put out the light."
Methinks the glare of yonder chandelier
Shines much too far—or I am much too near;
And true, though strange—Waltz whispers this remark,
"My slippery steps are safest in the dark!"
But here the Muse with due decorum halts,
And lends her longest petticoat to Waltz.

Observant travellers of every time!
Ye quartos publish'd upon every clime!
O say, shall dull Romaika's heavy round,
Fandango's wriggle, or Bolero's bound;
Can Egypt's Almas(1)—tantalizing group—
Columbia's caperers to the warlike whoop—
Can aught from cold Kamschatka to Cape Horn
With Waltz compare, or after Waltz be borne?
Ah, no! from Morier's pages down to Galt's,
Each tourist pens a paragraph for Waltz.

Shades of those belles whose reign began of yore,
With George the Third's—and ended long before!—
Though in your daughters' daughters yet you thrive,
Burst from your lead, and be yourselves alive!
Back to the ball-room speed your spectred host:
Fool's Paradise is dull to that you lost.
No treacherous powder bids conjecture quake;
No stiff-starch'd stays make meddling fingers ache;
(Transferr'd to those ambiguous things that ape
Goats in their visage,(2) women in their shape;)
No damsel faints when rather closely press'd,
But more caressing seems when most caress'd;
Superfluous hartshorn, and reviving salts,
Both banish'd by the sovereign cordial Waltz.

Seductive Waltz!—though on thy native shore
Even Werter's self proclaim'd thee half a whore;
Werter—to decent vice though much inclined,
Yet warm, not wanton; dazzled, but not blind—
Though gentle Genlis, in her strife with Staël,
Would even proscribe thee from a Paris ball;
The fashion hails—from countesses to queens,
And maids and valets waltz behind the scenes:
Wide and more wide thy witching circle spreads,
And turns—if nothing else—at least our *heads;*
With thee even clumsy cits attempt to bounce,
And cockneys practise what they can't pronounce.
Gods! how the glorious theme my strain exalts,
And rhyme finds partner rhyme in praise of Waltz!

Blest was the time Waltz chose for her *début;*
The court, the Regent, like herself were new;(3)

one hundred and thirty-three thousand persons were starved to death, by being reduced to wholesome diet! The lamplighters of London have since subscribed a pint (of oil) a piece, and the tallow-chandlers have unanimously voted a quantity of best moulds (four to the pound), to the relief of the surviving Scythians;—the scarcity will soon, by such exertions, and a proper attention to the *quality* rather than the quantity of provision, be totally alleviated. It is said, in return, that the untouched Ukraine has subscribed sixty thousand beeves for a day's meal to our suffering manufacturers.

(1) Dancing-girls—who do for hire what Waltz doth gratis.

(2) It cannot be complained now, as in the Lady Bussière's time, of the "Sieur de la Croix," that there be "no whiskers;" but how far these are indications of valour in the field, or elsewhere, may *still* be questionable. Much may be, and hath been, avouched on both sides. In the olden time philosophers had whiskers, and soldiers none—Scipio himself was shaven—Hannibal thought his one eye handsome enough without a beard; but Adrian, the emperor, wore a beard (having warts on his chin, which neither the Empress Sabina nor even the courtiers could abide)—Turenne had whiskers, Marlborough none—Buonaparte is unwhiskered, the Regent whiskered; "*argal*" greatness of mind and whiskers may or may not go together: but certainly the different occurrences, since the growth of the last mentioned, go further in behalf of whiskers than the anathema of Anselm did *against* long hair in the reign of Henry I.—Formerly *red* was a favourite colour. See Lodowick Barrey's comedy of *Ram Alley*, 1661; Act I. Scene I.

"*Taffeta.* Now for a wager—What coloured beard comes next by the window?

"*Adriana.* A black man's, I think.

"*Taffeta.* I think not so: I think a *red*, for that is most in fashion."

There is "nothing new under the sun;" but *red*, then a *favourite*, has now subsided into a *favourite's* colour.

(3) An anachronism—Waltz and the battle of Austerlitz

New face for friends, for foes some new rewards;
New ornaments for black and royal guards;
New laws to hang the rogues that roar'd for bread;
New coins (most new)(1) to follow those that fled;
New victories—nor can we prize them less,
Though Jenky wonders at his own success;
New wars, because the old succeed so well,
That most survivors envy those who fell;
New mistresses—no, old—and yet 'tis true,
Though they be *old*, the *thing* is something new;
Each new, quite new—(except some ancient tricks), (2)
New white-sticks, gold-sticks, broom-sticks, all new
With vests or ribands—deck'd alike in hue, [sticks!
New troopers strut, new turncoats blush in blue:
So saith the Muse: my——(3), what say you?
Such was the time when Waltz might best maintain
Her new preferments in this novel reign;
Such was the time, nor ever yet was such;
Hoops are *no more*, and petticoats *not much;*
Morals and minuets, virtue and her stays,
And tell-tale powder—all have had their days.
The ball begins—the honours of the house
First duly done by daughter or by spouse,
Some potentate—or royal or serene—
With Kent's gay grace, or sapient Gloster's mien,
Leads forth the ready dame, whose rising flush
Might once have been mistaken for a blush.
From where the garb just leaves the bosom free,
That spot where hearts (4) were once supposed to be;
Round all the confines of the yielded waist,
The strangest hand may wander undisplaced;
The lady's in return may grasp as much
As princely paunches offer to her touch.
Pleased round the chalky floor how well they trip,
One hand reposing on the royal hip;
The other to the shoulder no less royal
Ascending with affection truly loyal!
Thus front to front the partners move or stand,
The foot may rest, but none withdraw the hand,
And all in turn may follow in their rank,
The Earl of Asterisk—and Lady Blank;
Sir Such-a-one—with those of fashion's host,
For whose blest surnames—vide *Morning Post*
(Or if for that impartial print too late,
Search Doctors' Commons six months from my date)—
Thus all and each, in movement swift or slow,
The genial contact gently undergo;
Till some might marvel, with the modest Turk,
If "nothing follows all this palming work?" (5)
True, honest Mirza!—you may trust my rhyme—
Something does follow, at a fitter time;
The breast thus publicly resign'd to man,
In private may resist him——if it can.

O ye who loved our grandmothers of yore,
Fitzpatrick, Sheridan, (6) and many more!
And thou, my prince! whose sovereign taste and will
It is to love the lovely beldames still!
Thou ghost of Queensberry! whose judging sprite
Satan may spare to peep a single night,
Pronounce—if ever in your days of bliss
Asmodeus struck so bright a stroke as this;
To teach the young ideas how to rise,
Flush in the cheek, and languish in the eyes;
Rush to the heart, and lighten through the frame,
With half-told wish and ill-dissembled flame,
For prurient nature still will storm the breast—
Who, tempted thus, can answer for the rest?

But ye—who never felt a single thought
For what our morals are to be, or ought;
Who wisely wish the charms you view to reap,
Say—would you make those beauties quite so cheap?
Hot from the hands promiscuously applied,
Round the slight waist, or down the glowing side,
Where were the rapture then to clasp the form
From this lewd grasp and lawless contact warm?
At once love's most endearing thought resign,
To press the hand so press'd by none but thine;
To gaze upon that eye which never met
Another's ardent look without regret;
Approach the lip which all, without restraint,
Come near enough—if not to touch—to taint;
If such thou lovest—love her then no more,
Or give—like her—caresses to a score;

are before said to have opened the ball together: the bard means (if he means anything), Waltz was not so much in vogue till the Regent attained the acmé of his popularity. Waltz, the comet, whiskers, and the new government, illuminated heaven and earth, in all their glory, much about the same time: of these the comet only has disappeared; the other three continue to astonish us still.—*Printer's Devil.*

(1) Among others a new ninepence—a creditable coin now forthcoming, worth a pound, in paper, at the fairest calculation.

(2) "Oh that *right* should thus overcome *might!*" Who does not remember the "delicate investigation" in the *Merry Wives of Windsor?*—

"*Ford.* Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport of me; then let me be your jest; I deserve it. How now? whither bear you this?

"*Mrs. Ford.* What have you to do whither they bear it?—you were best meddle with buck-washing."

(3) The gentle, or ferocious, reader may fill up the blank as he pleases—there are several dissyllabic names at *his* service (being already in the Regent's): it would not be fair to back any peculiar initial against the alphabet, as every month will add to the list now entered for the sweepstakes:—a distinguished consonant is said to be the favourite, much against the wishes of the *knowing ones.*

(4) "We have changed all that," says the *Mock Doctor*—'tis all gone—Asmodeus knows where. After all, it is of no great importance how women's hearts are disposed of; they have nature's privilege to distribute them as absurdly as possible. But there are also some men with hearts so thoroughly bad, as to remind us of those phenomena often mentioned in natural history; viz. a mass of solid stone—only to be opened by force—and when divided, you discover a *toad* in the centre, lively, and with the reputation of being venomous.

(5) In Turkey a pertinent, here an impertinent and superfluous, question—literally put, as in the text, by a Persian to Morier, on seeing a waltz in Pera.—*Vide Morier's Travels.*

(6) "I once heard Sheridan repeat, in a ball-room, some verses, which he had lately written on waltzing; and of which I remember the following:—

'With tranquil step, and timid, downcast glance,
Behold the well-pair'd couple now advance.
In such sweet posture our first parents moved,
While, hand in hand, through Eden's bowers they roved.
Ere yet the Devil, with promise fine and false,
Turn'd their poor heads, and taught them how to waltz.
One hand grasps hers, the other holds her hip:
* * *
For so the law 's laid down by Baron Trip.'

This gentleman, whose name suits so aptly as a legal authority on the subject of waltzing, was, at the time these verses were written, well known in the dancing circles."—*Moore*—L. E.

Her mind with these is gone, and with it go
The little left behind it to bestow.

Voluptuous Waltz! and dare I thus blaspheme?
Thy bard forgot thy praises were his theme.
Terpsichore, forgive!—at every ball
My wife *now* waltzes—and my daughters *shall;*
My son—(or stop—'tis needless to inquire—
These little accidents should ne'er transpire;
Some ages hence our genealogic tree
Will wear as green a bough for him as me)—
Waltzing shall rear, to make our name amends,
Grandsons for me—in heirs to all his friends.

The Giaour;(1)

A FRAGMENT OF A TURKISH TALE.

"One fatal remembrance—one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes—
To which Life nothing darker nor brighter can bring,
For which joy hath no balm—and affliction no sting."—*Moore.* (2)

TO SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

AS A SLIGHT BUT MOST SINCERE TOKEN OF ADMIRATION FOR HIS GENIUS,
RESPECT FOR HIS CHARACTER, AND GRATITUDE FOR HIS FRIENDSHIP,
This Production is Inscribed,
BY HIS OBLIGED AND AFFECTIONATE SERVANT,

London, May 1813. BYRON.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The tale which these disjointed fragments present is founded upon circumstances now less common in the East than formerly; either because the ladies are more circumspect than in the "olden time," or because the Christians have better fortune, or less enterprise. The story, when entire, contained the adventures of a female slave, who was thrown, in the Mussulman manner, into the sea for infidelity, and avenged by a young Venetian, her lover, at the time the Seven Islands were possessed by the Republic of Venice, and soon after the Arnauts were beaten back from the Morea, which they had ravaged for some time subsequent to the Russian invasion. The desertion of the Mainotes, on being refused the plunder of Misitra, led to the abandonment of that enterprise, and to the desolation of the Morea, during which the cruelty exercised on all sides was unparalleled even in the annals of the Faithful.(3)

(1) The *Giaour* was published in May 1813, and abundantly sustained the impression created by the two first cantos of *Childe Harold.* It is obvious that in this, the first of his romantic narratives, Lord Byron's versification reflects the admiration he always avowed for Mr. Coleridge's *Christabel,*—the irregular rhythm of which had already been adopted in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel.* The fragmentary style of the composition was suggested by the then new and popular *Columbus* of Mr. Rogers. As to the subject, it was not merely by recent travel that the author had familiarized himself with Turkish history. "Old Knolles," he said at Missolonghi, a few weeks before his death, "was one of the first books that gave me pleasure when a child; and I believe it had much influence on my future wishes to visit the Levant, and gave, perhaps, the oriental colouring which is observed in my poetry." In the margin of his copy of Mr. D'Israeli's *Essay on the Literary Character,* we find the following note:—"Knolles, Cantemir, De Tott, Lady M. W. Montague, Hawkins's translation from Mignot's *History of the Turks,* the *Arabian Nights*—all travels or histories, or books upon the East, I could meet with, I had read, as well as Ricaut, before I was *ten years old.*"—L. E.

(2) Moore states that this motto, taken from one of the *Irish Melodies,* had been quoted incorrectly in the first editions of the poem. Byron subsequently made a similar mistake in the lines from Burns, prefixed to the *Bride of Abydos.*—P. E.

(3) An event, in which Lord Byron was personally concerned, undoubtedly supplied the groundwork of this tale; but for the story, so circumstantially put forth, of his having himself been the lover of this female slave, there is no foundation. The girl whose life the poet saved at Athens was not, we are assured by Sir John Hobhouse, an object of his Lordship's attachment, but of that of his Turkish servant. For the Marquis of Sligo's account of the affair, see Moore's *Life.*—L. E.

The following is Lord Byron's own version of the story, as reported in *Medwin's Conversations.* Whether the noble Bard was veracious, or, as might be inferred from the preceding note, merely indulged in the pastime of mystifying the gallant Captain, we leave it to others to determine:—"When I was at Athens, there was an edict in force similar to that of Ali's, except that the mode of punishment was different. [Ali Pacha of Yanina issued an order that any Turkish female convicted of incontinence with a Christian should be stoned to death.] It was necessary, therefore, that all love affairs should be carried on with the greatest privacy. I was very fond, at that time, of a Turkish girl,—ay, fond of her as I have been of few women. All went on very well till the Ramazan for forty days. During this Lent of the Mussulmans, the women are not allowed to quit their apartments. I was in despair, and could hardly contrive to get a cinder or a token-flower sent to express it. We had not met for several days, and all my thoughts were occupied in planning an assignation, when, as ill fate would have it, the means I took to effect it led to the discovery of our secret. The penalty was death—death without reprieve—a horrible death, at which one cannot think without shuddering. An order was issued for the law being put into immediate effect. In the mean time,

THE GIAOUR.

No breath of air to break the wave
That rolls below the Athenian's grave,
That tomb (1) which, gleaming o'er the cliff,
First greets the homeward-veering skiff,
High o'er the land he saved in vain:
When shall such hero live again?

* * * * *

Fair clime! (2) where every season smiles
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,
Which, seen from far Colonna's height,
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,
And lend to loneliness delight.
There mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek
Reflects the tints of many a peak
Caught by the laughing tides that lave
These Edens of the eastern wave:
And if at times a transient breeze
Break the blue crystal of the seas,
Or sweep one blossom from the trees,
How welcome is each gentle air
That wakes and wafts the odours there!
For there—the Rose o'er crag or vale,
Sultana of the Nightingale, (3)
The maid for whom his melody,
His thousand songs are heard on high,
Blooms blushing to her lover's tale:
His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,
Unbent by winds, unchill'd by snows,
Far from the winters of the west,
By every breeze and season blest,
Returns the sweets by Nature given
In softest incense back to heaven;
And grateful yields that smiling sky
Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.
And many a summer flower is there,
And many a shade that love might share
And many a grotto, meant for rest,
That holds the pirate for a guest;
Whose bark in sheltering cove below
Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,
Till the gay mariner's guitar (4)
Is heard, and seen the evening star;
Then stealing with the muffled oar,
Far shaded by the rocky shore,
Rush the night-prowlers on the prey,
And turn to groans his roundelay.
Strange—that where Nature loved to tr
As if for gods, a dwelling-place,
And every charm and grace hath mix'd
Within the paradise she fix'd,
There man, enamour'd of distress,
Should mar it into wilderness,
And trample, brute-like, o'er each flowe
That tasks not one laborious hour;
Nor claims the culture of his hand
To bloom along the fairy land,
But springs as to preclude his care,
And sweetly woos him—but to spare!
Strange—that where all is peace beside,
There Passion riots in her pride,

I knew nothing of what had happened, and it was determined that I should be kept in ignorance of the whole affair till it was too late to interfere. A mere accident only enabled me to prevent the conclusion of the sentence. I was taking one of my usual evening rides by the sea-side, when I observed a crowd of people moving down to the shore, and the arms of the soldiers glittering among them. They were not so far off, but that I thought I could now and then distinguish a faint and stifled shriek. My curiosity was forcibly excited, and I despatched one of my followers to inquire the cause of the procession. What was my horror to learn that they were carrying an unfortunate girl, sewn up in a sack, to be thrown into the sea! I did not hesitate as to what was to be done. I knew I could depend on my faithful Albanians, and rode up to the officer commanding the party, threatening, in case of his refusal to give up his prisoner, that I would adopt means to compel him. He did not like the business he was on, or perhaps the determined look of my body-guard, and consented to accompany me back to the city with the girl, whom I soon discovered to be my Turkish favourite. Suffice it to say, that my interference with the chief magistrate, backed by a heavy bribe, saved her; but it was only on condition that I should break off all intercourse with her, and that she should immediately quit Athens, and be sent to her friends in Thebes. There she died, a few days after her arrival, of a fever—perhaps of love."—P. E.

(1) A tomb above the rocks on the promontory, by some supposed the sepulchre of Themistocles.—"There are," says Cumberland, in his *Observer*, "a few lines by Plato, upon the tomb of Themistocles, which have a turn of elegant and pathetic simplicity in them, that deserves a better translation than I can give:—

"By the sea's margin, on the watery strand,
Thy monument, Themistocles, shall stand:
By this directed to thy native shore,
The merchant shall convey his freighted store:
And when our fleets are summon'd to the fight,
Athens shall conquer with thy tomb in sight.'"—L. E.

(2) "Of the beautiful flow of Byron's fancy," says Moore, "when its sources were once opened on any subject, the *Giaour* affords one of the most remarkable instances: this poem having accumulated under his hand, both in printing and through successive editions, till from four hund of which it consisted in its first copy, it at present to fourteen hundred. The plan, indeed, whic adopted, of a series of fragments,—a set of 'orient random strung'—left him free to introduce, without to more than the general complexion of his story, sentiments or images his fancy, in its excursions, lect; and, how little fettered he was by any rega nection in these additions, appears from a note companied his own copy of this paragraph, in whi —'I have not yet fixed the place of insertion for t ing lines, but will, when I see you—as I have Even into this new passage, rich as it was at first afterwards poured a fresh infusion."—The valu after-touches of the master may be appreciated b ing the following verses, from his original draft o ragraph, with the form which they now wear:—

"Fair clime! where *ceaseless summer* smiles,
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,
Which, seen from far Colonna's height,
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,
And *give* to loneliness delight.
There *shine the bright abodes ye seek*,
Like dimples upon Ocean's cheek,
So smiling round the waters lave
These Edens of the eastern wave.
Or if, at times, the transient breeze
Break the *smooth* crystal of the seas,
Or *brush* one blossom from the trees,
How *grateful* is the gentle air
That waves and wafts the *fragrance* there."

The whole of this passage, from line 7 down to "Who heard it first had cause to grieve," was first edition.—L. E.

(3) The attachment of the nightingale to the well-known Persian fable. If I mistake not, the a thousand tales" is one of his appellations.—[Th as translated by Sir William Jones:—

"Come, charming maid! and hear thy poet sing,
Thyself the rose, and he the bird of spring:
Love bids him sing, and Love will be obey'd.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade."—

(4) The guitar is the constant amusement of sailor by night: with a steady fair wind, and during it is accompanied always by the voice, and often by

And lust and rapine wildly reign
To darken o'er the fair domain.
It is as though the fiends prevail'd
Against the seraphs they assail'd,
And, fix'd on heavenly thrones, should dwell
The freed inheritors of hell;
So soft the scene, so form'd for joy,
So curst the tyrants that destroy!

He who hath b nt him o'er the dead(1)
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)
And mark'd the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
And but for that chill changeless brow,
Where cold Obstruction's apathy(2)
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
Yes, but for these and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
The first, last look by death reveal'd!(3)
Such is the aspect of this shore;
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!(4)
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling past away!
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth!(5)

Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land, from plain to mountain-cave,
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave!
Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee?
Approach, thou craven crouching slave:
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
O servile offspring of the free!—
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!(6)
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires;
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame:
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
Attest it many a deathless age!
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land!
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those that cannot die!
'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendour to disgrace;
Enough—no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell;
Yes! self-abasement paved the way
To villain-bonds and despot sway.

What can he tell who treads thy shore?
No legend of thine olden time,
No theme on which the Muse might soar
High as thine own in days of yore,
When man was worthy of thy clime.

(1) "If once the public notice is drawn to a poet, the talents he exhibits on a nearer view, the weight his mind carries with it in his every-day intercourse, somehow or other are reflected around on his compositions, and co-operate in giving a collateral force to their impression on the public. To this we must assign some part of the impression made by the *Giaour*. The thirty-five lines, beginning 'He who hath beat him o'er the dead,' are so beautiful, so original, and so utterly beyond the reach of any one whose poetical genius was not very decided and very rich, that they alone, under the circumstances explained, were sufficient to secure celebrity to this poem." *Sir E. Brydges.*—L. E.

(2) "Ay, but to die and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obstruction?"
Measure for Measure.

(3) I trust that few of my readers have ever had an opportunity of witnessing what is here attempted in description, but those who have will probably retain a painful remembrance of that singular beauty which pervades, with few exceptions, the features of the dead, a few hours, and but for a few hours, after "the spirit is not there." It is to be remarked in cases of violent death by gun-shot wounds the expression is always that of languor, whatever the natural energy of the sufferer's character: but in death from a stab the countenance preserves its traits of feeling or ferocity, and the mind its bias, to the last.

(4) In *Dallaway's Constantinople*, a book which Lord Byron is not unlikely to have consulted, I find a passage quoted from *Gillies's History of Greece*, which contains, perhaps, the first seed of the thought thus expanded into full perfection by genius:—"The present state of Greece, compared to the ancient, is the silent obscurity of the grave contrasted with the vivid lustre of active life." *Moore.*—L. E.

(5) "There is infinite beauty and effect, though of a painful and almost oppressive character, in this extraordinary passage; in which the author has illustrated the beautiful, but still and melancholy, aspect of the once-busy and glorious shores of Greece, by an image more true, more mournful, and more exquisitely finished, than any that we can recollect in the whole compass of poetry." *Jeffrey.*—L. E.

(6) The Isle of Salamis lies in the Saronic Gulf, on the southern coast of Attica, nearly opposite to Eleusis. It belonged to the Athenians, though, from its situation between Athens and Megara, the inhabitants of the latter city contested its possession for some time with the Athenians. The name, says Gillies, in his *History of Greece*, is associated with the honourable battle fought on the 20th October, 480 years before Christ, between the Persians under Xerxes, when he invaded Attica, and the Greeks, who successfully defended their country with a force of only 380 ships against 2,000, of which they destroyed about 200. —P. E.

The hearts within thy valleys bred,
The fiery souls that might have led
Thy sons to deeds sublime,
Now crawl from cradle to the grave,
Slaves—nay, the bondsmen of a slave,(1)
And callous, save to crime;
Stain'd with each evil that pollutes
Mankind, where least above the brutes;
Without even savage virtue blest,
Without one free or valiant breast,
Still to the neighbouring ports they waft
Proverbial wiles, and ancient craft;
In this the subtle Greek is found,
For this, and this alone, renown'd.
In vain might Liberty invoke
The spirit to its bondage broke,
Or raise the neck that courts the yoke:
No more her sorrows I bewail,
Yet this will be a mournful tale,
And they who listen may believe,
Who heard it first had cause to grieve.

* * * * *

Far, dark, along the blue sea glancing,
The shadows of the rocks advancing
Start on the fisher's eye like boat
Of island-pirate or Mainote;
And, fearful for his light caique,
He shuns the near but doubtful creek:
Though worn and weary with his toil,
And cumber'd with his scaly spoil,
Slowly, yet strongly, plies the oar,
Till Port Leone's safer shore
Receives him, by the lovely light
That best becomes an Eastern night.

* * * * *

Who thundering comes on blackest steed,(2)
With slacken'd bit and hoof of speed?
Beneath the clattering iron's sound
The cavern'd echoes wake around
In lash for lash, and bound for bound;
The foam that streaks the courser's side
Seems gather'd from the ocean-tide:
Though weary waves are sunk to rest,
There's none within his rider's breast;
And though to-morrow's tempest lower,
'Tis calmer than thy heart, young Giaour!(3)
I know thee not, I loathe thy race,
But in thy lineaments I trace
What time shall strengthen, not efface:
Though young and pale, that sallow front
Is scathed by fiery passion's brunt;
Though bent on earth thine evil eye,
As meteor-like thou glidest by,
Right well I view and deem thee one
Whom Othman's sons should slay or shun.

On—on he hasten'd, and he drew
My gaze of wonder as he flew:
Though like a demon of the night
He pass'd, and vanish'd from my sight,
His aspect and his air impress'd
A troubled memory on my breast,
And long upon my startled ear
Rung his dark courser's hoofs of fear.
He spurs his steed; he nears the steep
That, jutting, shadows o'er the deep;
He winds around; he hurries by;
The rock relieves him from mine eye:
For well I ween unwelcome he
Whose glance is fix'd on those that flee;
And not a star but shines too bright
On him who takes such timeless flight.
He wound along; but ere he pass'd
One glance he snatch'd, as if his last,
A moment check'd his wheeling steed,
A moment breathed him from his speed,
A moment on his stirrup stood—
Why looks he o'er the olive wood?
The crescent glimmers on the hill,
The mosque's high lamps are quivering still:
Though too remote for sound to wake
In echoes of the far tophaike,(4)
The flashes of each joyous peal
Are seen to prove the Moslem's zeal.
To-night, set Rhamazani's sun;
To-night, the Bairam feast's begun;
To-night—but who and what art thou
Of foreign garb and fearful brow?
And what are these to thine or thee,
That thou shouldst either pause or flee?

He stood—some dread was on his face,
Soon Hatred settled in its place:
It rose not with the reddening flush
Of transient Anger's hasty blush,(5)
But pale as marble o'er the tomb,
Whose ghastly whiteness aids its gloom.
His brow was bent, his eye was glazed;
He raised his arm, and fiercely raised,
And sternly shook his hand on high,
As doubting to return or fly:
Impatient of his flight delay'd,
Here loud his raven charger neigh'd—
Down glanced that hand, and grasp'd his blade
That sound had burst his waking dream,
As Slumber starts at owlet's scream.
The spur hath lanced his courser's sides;
Away, away, for life he rides!
Swift as the hurl'd on high jerreed(6)
Springs to the touch his startled steed;
The rock is doubled, and the shore
Shakes with the clattering tramp no more;

(1) Athens is the property of the Kislar Aga (the slave of the seraglio and guardian of the women), who appoints the Waywode. A pander and eunuch—these are not polite, yet true appellations—now *governs* the *governor* of Athens!

(2) "The reciter of the tale is a Turkish fisherman, who has been employed during the day in the Gulf of Ægina, and in the evening, apprehensive of the Mainote pirates who infest the coast of Attica, lands with his boat on the harbour of Port Leone, the ancient Piræus. He becomes the eye-witness of nearly all the incidents in the story, and in one of them is a principal agent. It is to his feelings, and particularly to his religious prejudices, that we are indebted for some of the most forcible and splendid parts of the poem." *George Ellis.*—L. E.

(3) In *Dr. Clarke's Travels*, this word, which means *infidel*, is always written according to its English pronunciation, *Djour*. Lord Byron adopted the Italian spelling usual among the Franks of the Desert.—L. E.

(4) "Tophaike," musket.—The Bairam is announced by the cannon at sunset; the illumination of the mosques, and the firing of all kinds of small-arms, loaded with ball, proclaim it during the night.

(5) "*Hasty* blush."—For *hasty* all the editions, till the twelfth, read "*darkening* blush."—L. E.

(6) Jerreed, or Djerrid, a blunted Turkish javelin, which

The crag is won—no more is seen
His Christian crest and haughty mien.(1)
'Twas but an instant he restrain'd
That fiery barb, so sternly rein'd;
'Twas but a moment that he stood,
Then sped as if by Death pursued:
But in that instant o'er his soul
Winters of Memory seem'd to roll,
And gather in that drop of time
A life of pain, an age of crime.
O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,
Such moment pours the grief of years:
What felt *he* then, at once oppress't
By all that most distracts the breast?
That pause, which ponder'd o'er his fate,
Oh, who its dreary length shall date!
Though in Time's record nearly nought,
It was Eternity to Thought!
For infinite as boundless space
The thought that Conscience must embrace,
Which in itself can comprehend
Woe without name, or hope, or end.

The hour is past, the Giaour is gone;
And did he fly or fall alone?
Woe to that hour he came or went!
The curse for Hassan's sin was sent
To turn a palace to a tomb;
He came, he went, like the simoom,(2)
That harbinger of fate and gloom,
Beneath whose widely-wasting breath
The very cypress droops to death—
Dark tree, still sad when others' grief is fled,
The only constant mourner o'er the dead!

The steed is vanish'd from the stall;
No serf is seen in Hassan's hall;
The lonely spider's thin grey pall
Waves slowly widening o'er the wall;
The bat builds in his haram bower;
And in the fortress of his power
The owl usurps the beacon-tower;
The wild-dog howls o'er the fountain's brim,
With baffled thirst and famine grim;
For the stream has shrunk from its marble bed,
Where the weeds and the desolate dust are spread.
'Twas sweet of yore to see it play
And chase the sultriness of day,
As springing high the silver dew
In whirls fantastically flew,
And flung luxurious coolness round
The air, and verdure o'er the ground.
'Twas sweet, when cloudless stars were bright,
To view the wave of watery light,
And hear its melody by night.
And oft had Hassan's childhood play'd
Around the verge of that cascade;
And oft upon his mother's breast
That sound had harmonized his rest;
And oft had Hassan's youth along
Its bank been soothed by Beauty's song;
And softer seem'd each melting tone
Of music mingled with its own.
But ne'er shall Hassan's age repose
Along the brink at twilight's close:
The stream that fill'd that fount is fled—
The blood that warm'd his heart is shed!
And here no more shall human voice
Be heard to rage, regret, rejoice.
The last sad note that swell'd the gale
Was woman's wildest funeral wail:
That quench'd in silence, all is still,
But the lattice that flaps when the wind is shrill:
Though raves the gust, and floods the rain,
No hand shall close its clasp again.(3)
On desert sands 'twere joy to scan
The rudest steps of fellow-man,
So here the very voice of Grief
Might wake an echo like relief—
At least 'twould say, "All are not gone;
There lingers life, though but in one"—
For many a gilded chamber's there,
Which Solitude might well forbear;(4)

is darted from horseback with great force and precision. It is a favourite exercise of the Mussulmans; but I know not if it can be called a *manly* one, since the most expert in the art are the black eunuchs of Constantinople. I think, next to these, a Mamlouk at Smyrna was the most skilful that came within my observation.

(1) "Every gesture of the impetuous horseman is full of anxiety and passion. In the midst of his career, whilst in full view of the astonished spectator, he suddenly checks his steed, and, rising on his stirrup, surveys, with a look of agonising impatience, the distant city illuminated for the feast of Bairam; then, pale with anger, raises his arm as if in menace of an invisible enemy; but, awakened from his trance of passion by the neighing of his charger, again hurries forward, and disappears." *George Ellis.*—L. E.

(2) The blast of the desert, fatal to every thing living, and often alluded to in eastern poetry.—[Abyssinian Bruce gives, perhaps, the liveliest account of the appearance and effects of the suffocating blast of the desert:—"At eleven o'clock," he says, "while we contemplated with great pleasure the rugged top of Chiggre, to which we were fast approaching, and where we were to solace ourselves with plenty of good water, Idris, our guide, cried out with a loud voice, 'Fall upon your faces, for here is the simoom.' I saw from the south-east a haze come, in colour like the purple part of the rainbow, but not so compressed or thick. It did not occupy twenty yards in breadth, and was about twelve feet high from the ground. It was a kind of blush upon the air, and it moved very rapidly; for I scarce could turn to fall upon the ground, with my head to the northward, when I felt the heat of its current plainly upon my face. We all lay flat on the ground as if dead, till Idris told us it was blown over. The meteor, or purple haze, which I saw was, indeed, passed, but the light air, which still blew, was of a heat to threaten suffocation. For my part, I found distinctly in my breast that I had imbibed a part of it; nor was I free of an asthmatic sensation till I had been some months in Italy, at the baths of Poretta, near two years afterwards." See *Bruce's Life and Travels*, p. 470. edit. 1830.—L. E.]

(3) "This part of the narrative not only contains much brilliant and just description, but is managed with unusual taste. The fisherman has, hitherto, related nothing more than the extraordinary phenomenon which had excited his curiosity, and of which it is his immediate object to explain the cause to his hearers; but, instead of proceeding to do so, he stops to vent his execrations on the Giaour, to describe the solitude of Hassan's once-luxurious haram, and to lament the untimely death of the owner, and of Leila, together with the cessation of that hospitality which they had uniformly experienced. He reveals, as if unintentionally and unconsciously, the catastrophe of his story; but he thus prepares his appeal to the sympathy of his audience, without much diminishing their suspense." *George Ellis.*—L. E.

(4) "I have just recollected an alteration you may make in the proof. Among the lines on Hassan's serai is this—

'Unmeet for Solitude to share.'

Now, to share implies more than one, and Solitude is a single gentleman; it must be thus—

'For many a gilded chamber's there,
Which Solitude might well forbear;'

and so on. Will you adopt this correction? and pray accept a Stilton cheese from me for your trouble.—P.S. I

Within that dome as yet Decay
Hath slowly work'd her cankering way—
But Gloom is gather'd o'er the gate,
Nor there the fakir's self will wait;
Nor there will wandering dervise stay,
For bounty cheers not his delay;
Nor there will weary stranger halt
To bless the sacred "bread and salt."(1)
Alike must Wealth and Poverty
Pass heedless and unheeded by,
For Courtesy and Pity died
With Hassan on the mountain side.
His roof, that refuge unto men,
Is Desolation's hungry den.
The guest flies the hall, and the vassal from labour,
Since his turban was cleft by the infidel's sabre!(2)

* * * * *

I hear the sound of coming feet,
But not a voice mine ear to greet;
More near—each turban I can scan,
And silver-sheathed ataghan;(3)
The foremost of the band is seen
An emir, by his garb of green:(4)
"Ho! who art thou?"—"This low salam(5)
Replies of Moslem faith I am."—
"The burthen ye so gently bear
Seems one that claims your utmost care,
And, doubtless, holds some precious freight,
My humble bark would gladly wait."

"Thou speakest sooth: thy skiff unmoor,
And waft us from the silent shore;
Nay, leave the sail still furl'd, and ply
The nearest oar that's scatter'd by,
And midway to those rocks where sleep
The channel'd waters dark and deep.
Rest from your task—so—bravely done,
Our course has been right swiftly run;
Yet 'tis the longest voyage, I trow,
That one of— * * *
* * * * *"

Sullen it plunged, and slowly sank,
The calm wave rippled to the bank.
I watch'd it as it sank: methought
Some motion from the current caught
Bestirr'd it more,—'twas but the beam
That checker'd o'er the living stream.
I gazed, till vanishing from view,
Like lessening pebble it withdrew;
Still less and less, a speck of white
That gemm'd the tide, then mock'd the sight;
And all its hidden secrets sleep,
Known but to genii of the deep,
Which, trembling in their coral caves,
They dare not whisper to the waves.

* * * * *

As rising on its purple wing
The insect-queen(6) of eastern spring,
O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer
Invites the young pursuer near,
And leads him on from flower to flower
A weary chase and wasted hour,
Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
With panting heart and tearful eye:
So Beauty lures the full-grown child,
With hue as bright, and wing as wild;
A chase of idle hopes and fears,
Begun in folly, closed in tears.
If won, to equal ills betray'd,
Woe waits the insect and the maid;
A life of pain, the loss of peace,
From infant's play, and man's caprice:
The lovely toy so fiercely sought
Hath lost its charm by being caught,
For every touch that woo'd its stay
Hath brush'd its brightest hues away,
Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,
'Tis left to fly or fall alone.
With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,
Ah! where shall either victim rest?
Can this with faded pinion soar
From rose to tulip as before?
Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,
Find joy within her broken bower?
No: gayer insects fluttering by
Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die;
And lovelier things have mercy shown
To every failing but their own,
And every woe a tear can claim
Except an erring sister's shame.

* * * * *

The mind, that broods o'er guilty woes,
Is like the scorpion girt by fire,(7)
In circle narrowing as it glows,
The flames around their captive close,
Till inly search'd by thousand throes,
And maddening in her ire,
One sad and sole relief she knows,
The sting she nourish'd for her foes,
Whose venom never yet was vain,
Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,
And darts into her desperate brain;

leave this to your discretion: if any body thinks the old line a good one, or the cheese a bad one, don't accept of either." *B. Letters*, Stilton, Oct. 3, 1813.—L. E.

(1) To partake of food, to break bread and salt with your host, ensures the safety of the guest: even though an enemy, his person from that moment is sacred.

(2) I need hardly observe, that charity and hospitality are the first duties enjoined by Mahomet; and, to say truth, very generally practised by his disciples. The first praise that can be bestowed on a chief is a panegyric on his bounty; the next, on his valour.

(3) The ataghan, a long dagger worn with pistols in the belt, in a metal scabbard, generally of silver; and among the wealthier, gilt, or of gold.

(4) Green is the privileged colour of the Prophet's numerous pretended descendants; with them, as here, faith (the family inheritance) is supposed to supersede the necessity of good works: they are the worst of a very indifferent brood.

(5) "Salam aleikoum! aleikoum salam!" peace be with you; be with you peace—the salutation reserved for the Faithful:—to a Christian, "Urlarula," a good journey; or "saban hiresem, saban serula;" good morn, good even; and sometimes, "may your end be happy;" are the usual salutes.

(6) The blue-winged butterfly of Kashmeer, the most rare and beautiful of the species.

(7) Mr. Dallas says, that Lord Byron assured him that the paragraph containing the simile of the scorpion was imagined in his sleep. It forms, therefore, a *pendant* to the "psychological curiosity," beginning with those exquisitely musical lines:—

"A damsel with a dulcimer,
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid," etc.

The whole of which, Mr. Coleridge says, was composed by him during a siesta.—L. E.

So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like scorpion girt by fire;(1)
So writhes the mind Remorse hath riven,
Unfit for earth, undoom'd for heaven,
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within it death!

* * * * *

Black Hassan from the haram flies,
Nor bends on woman's form his eyes;
The unwonted chase each hour employs,
Yet shares he not the hunter's joys.
Not thus was Hassan wont to fly
When Leila dwelt in his serai.
Doth Leila there no longer dwell?
That tale can only Hassan tell:
Strange rumours in our city say
Upon that eve she fled away
When Rhamazan's(2) last sun was set,
And flashing from each minaret
Millions of lamps proclaim'd the feast
Of Bairam through the boundless East.
'Twas then she went as to the bath,
Which Hassan vainly search'd in wrath;
For she was flown her master's rage
In likeness of a Georgian page,
And, far beyond the Moslem's power,
Had wrong'd him with the faithless Giaour.
Somewhat of this had Hassan deem'd;
But still so fond, so fair she seem'd,
Too well he trusted to the slave
Whose treachery deserved a grave:
And on that eve had gone to mosque,
And thence to feast in his kiosk.

Such is the tale his Nubians tell,
Who did not watch their charge too well;
But others say, that on that night,
By pale Phingari's(3) trembling light,
The Giaour upon his jet-black steed
Was seen, but seen alone to speed
With bloody spur along the shore,
Nor maid nor page behind him bore.

* * * * *

Her eye's dark charm 't were vain to tell,
But gaze on that of the gazelle,
It will assist thy fancy well;
As large, as languishingly dark,
But soul beam'd forth in every spark
That darted from beneath the lid,
Bright as the jewel of Giamschid.(4)
Yea, *soul*, and should our Prophet say
That form was nought but breathing clay,
By Alla! I would answer nay;
Though on Al-Sirat's(5) arch I stood,
Which totters o'er the fiery flood,
With Paradise within my view,
And all his houris(6) beckoning through.
Oh! who young Leila's glance could read
And keep that portion of his creed,
Which saith that woman is but dust,
A soulless toy for tyrant's lust?(7)
On her might muftis gaze, and own
That through her eye the Immortal shone;
On her fair cheek's unfading hue
The young pomegranate's(8) blossoms strew
Their bloom in blushes ever new;
Her hair, in hyacinthine(9) flow,
When left to roll its folds below,
As 'midst her handmaids in the hall
She stood superior to them all,
Hath swept the marble where her feet
Gleam'd whiter than the mountain sleet,
Ere from the cloud that gave it birth
It fell, and caught one stain of earth.
The cygnet nobly walks the water;(10)
So moved on earth Circassia's daughter,
The loveliest bird of Franguestan!(11)
As rears her crest the ruffled swan,
And spurns the wave with wings of pride,
When pass the steps of stranger man

(1) Alluding to the dubious suicide of the scorpion, so placed for experiment by gentle philosophers. Some maintain that the position of the sting, when turned towards the head, is merely a convulsive movement; but others have actually brought in the verdict "Felo de se." The scorpions are surely interested in a speedy decision of the question; as, if once fairly established as insect Catos, they will probably be allowed to live as long as they think proper, without being martyred for the sake of an hypothesis.

(2) The cannon at sunset close the Rhamazan. [See *antè*, p. 198, note 4.—P. E.]

(3) Phingari, the moon.

(4) The celebrated fabulous ruby of Sultan Giamschid, the embellisher of Istakhar; from its splendour, named Schebgerag, "the torch of night;" also "the cup of the sun," etc. In the first edition, "Giamschid" was written as a word of three syllables, so D'Herbelot has it; but I am told Richardson reduces it to a dissyllable, and writes "Jamshid." I have left in the text the orthography of the one with the pronunciation of the other.—[In the first edition, Lord Byron had used this word as a trissyllable,—"Bright as the gem of Giamschid,"—but, on my remarking to him, upon the authority of Richardson's *Persian Dictionary*, that this was incorrect, he altered it to "Bright as the ruby of Giamschid." On seeing this, however, I wrote to him, "that, as the comparison of his heroine's eye to a ruby might unluckily call up the idea of its being bloodshot, he had better change the line to "Bright as the jewel of Giamschid;" which he accordingly did, in the following edition. *Moore.*—L. E.]

(5) Al-Sirat, the bridge, of breadth narrower than the thread of a famished spider and sharper than the edge of a sword, over which the Mussulmans must *skate* into Paradise, to which it is the only entrance; but this is not the worst, the river beneath being hell itself, into which, as may be expected, the unskilful and tender of foot contrive to tumble with a "facilis descensus Averni," not very pleasing in prospect to the next passenger. There is a shorter cut downwards for the Jews and Christians.

(6) The virgins of Paradise, called, from their large black eyes, *Hur al oyun*. An intercourse with these, according to the institution of Mahomet, is to constitute the principal felicity of the Faithful. Not formed of clay, like mortal women, they are adorned with unfading charms, and deemed to possess the celestial privilege of an eternal youth. See *D'Herbelot*, and *Sale's Koran*.—L. E.

(7) A vulgar error: the *Koran* allots at least a third of Paradise to well-behaved women; but by far the greater number of Mussulmans interpret the text their own way, and exclude their moieties from heaven. Being enemies to Platonics, they cannot discern "any fitness of things" in the souls of the other sex, conceiving them to be superseded by the houris.

(8) An oriental simile, which may, perhaps, though fairly stolen, be deemed "plus Arabe qu'en Arabie."

(9) Hyacinthine, in Arabic "sunbul;" as common a thought in the eastern poets as it was among the Greeks.

(10) Originally:—"The cygnet proudly walks the water."—P. E.

(11) "Franguestan," Circassia.

Along the banks that bound her tide;
Thus rose fair Leila's whiter neck:—
Thus arm'd with beauty would she check
Intrusion's glance, till Folly's gaze
Shrunk from the charms it meant to praise.
Thus high and graceful was her gait;
Her heart as tender to her mate;
Her mate—stern Hassan, who was he?
Alas! that name was not for thee!

* * * * *

Stern Hassan hath a journey ta'en
With twenty vassals in his train,
Each arm'd, as best becomes a man,
With arquebuss and ataghan;
The chief before, as deck'd for war,
Bears in his belt the scimitar
Stain'd with the best of Arnaut blood,
When in the pass the rebels stood,
And few return'd to tell the tale
Of what befell in Parne's vale.
The pistols which his girdle bore
Were those that once a pasha wore,
Which still, though gemm'd and boss'd with gold,
Even robbers tremble to behold.
'Tis said he goes to woo a bride
More true than her who left his side;
The faithless slave that broke her bower
And, worse than faithless, for a Giaour!

* * * * *

The sun's last rays are on the hill,
And sparkle in the fountain rill,
Whose welcome waters, cool and clear,
Draw blessings from the mountaineer;
Here may the loitering merchant Greek
Find that repose 'twere vain to seek
In cities, lodged too near his lord,
And trembling for his secret hoard—
Here may he rest where none can see,
In crowds a slave, in deserts free:
And with forbidden wine may stain
The bowl a Moslem must not drain.

* * * * *

The foremost Tartar's in the gap,
Conspicuous by his yellow cap;
The rest in lengthening line the while
Wind slowly through the long defile:
Above, the mountain rears a peak
Where vultures whet the thirsty beak,
And theirs may be a feast to-night
Shall tempt them down ere morrow's light;
Beneath, a river's wintry stream
Has shrunk before the summer beam,
And left a channel bleak and bare,
Save shrubs that spring to perish there:
Each side the midway path there lay
Small broken crags of granite grey,
By time, or mountain lightning, riven
From summits clad in mists of heaven;
For where is he that hath beheld
The peak of Liakura unveil'd?

* * * * *

They reach the grove of pine at last;
"Bismillah! (1) now the peril's past;
For yonder view the opening plain,
And there we'll prick our steeds amain:"
The chiaus spake, and, as he said,
A bullet whistled o'er his head;
The foremost Tartar bites the ground!
Scarce had they time to check the rein,
Swift from their steeds the riders bound;
But three shall never mount again:
Unseen the foes that gave the wound,
The dying ask revenge in vain.
With steel unsheath'd, and carbine bent,
Some o'er their courser's harness leant,
Half shelter'd by the steed;
Some fly behind the nearest rock,
And there await the coming shock,
Nor tamely stand to bleed
Beneath the shaft of foes unseen,
Who dare not quit their craggy screen.
Stern Hassan only from his horse
Disdains to light, and keeps his course,
Till fiery flashes in the van
Proclaim too sure the robber-clan
Have well secured the only way
Could now avail the promised prey;
Then curl'd his very beard (2) with ire,
And glared his eye with fiercer fire:
"Though far and near the bullets hiss,
I've scaped a bloodier hour than this."

And now the foe their covert quit,
And call his vassals to submit;
But Hassan's frown and furious word
Are dreaded more than hostile sword,
Nor of his little band a man
Resign'd carbine or ataghan,
Nor raised the craven cry, Amaun! (3)
In fuller sight, more near and near,
The lately-ambush'd foes appear,
And, issuing from the grove, advance
Some who on battle-charger prance.
Who leads them on, with foreign brand
Far-flashing in his red right hand?
"'Tis he! 'tis he! I know him now;
I know him by his pallid brow;
I know him by the evil eye (4)
That aids his envious treachery;
I know him by his jet-black barb:
Though now array'd in Arnaut garb,
Apostate from his own vile faith,
It shall not save him from the death:
'Tis he! well met in any hour,
Lost Leila's love, accursed Giaour!"

(1) Bismillah—"In the name of God;" the commencement of all the chapters of the *Koran* but one, and of prayer and thanksgiving.

(2) A phenomenon not uncommon with an angry Mussulman. In 1809, the Capitan Pacha's whiskers at a diplomatic audience were no less lively with indignation than a tiger-cat's, to the horror of all the dragomans; the portentous mustachios twisted, they stood erect of their own accord, and were expected every moment to change their colour, but at last condescended to subside, which, probably, saved more heads than they contained hairs.

(3) "Amaun," quarter, pardon.

(4) The "evil eye," a common superstition in the Levant, and of which the imaginary effects are yet very singular on those who conceive themselves affected.

As rolls the river into ocean,
In sable torrent wildly streaming;
As the sea-tide's opposing motion,
In azure column proudly gleaming,
Beats back the current many a rood,
In curling foam and mingling flood,
While eddying whirl, and breaking wave,
Roused by the blast of winter, rave;
Through sparkling spray, in thundering clash,
The lightnings of the waters flash
In awful whiteness o'er the shore,
That shines and shakes beneath the roar;
Thus—as the stream and ocean greet,
With waves that madden as they meet—
Thus join the bands, whom mutual wrong,
And fate, and fury, drive along.
The bickering sabres' shivering jar;
And pealing wide or ringing near
Its echoes on the throbbing ear,
The death-shot hissing from afar;
The shock, the shout, the groan of war,
Reverberate along that vale—
More suited to the shepherd's tale.
Though few the numbers—theirs the strife
That neither spares nor speaks for life!
Ah! fondly youthful hearts can press,
To seize and share the dear caress:
But Love itself could never pant
For all that Beauty sighs to grant
With half the fervour Hate bestows
Upon the last embrace of foes,
When grappling in the fight they fold
Those arms that ne'er shall loose their hold:
Friends meet to part; Love laughs at faith;
True foes, once met, are join'd till death!

* * * * *

With sabre shiver'd to the hilt,
Yet dripping with the blood he spilt;
Yet strain'd within the sever'd hand
Which quivers round that faithless brand;
His turban far behind him roll'd,
And cleft in twain its firmest fold;
His flowing robe by falchion torn,
And crimson as those clouds of morn
That, streak'd with dusky red, portend
The day shall have a stormy end;
A stain on every bush that bore
A fragment of his palampore, (1)
His breast with wounds unnumber'd riven,
His back to earth, his face to heaven,
Fall'n Hassan lies—his unclosed eye
Yet lowering on his enemy,
As if the hour that seal'd his fate
Surviving left his quenchless hate;
And o'er him bends that foe with brow
As dark as his that bled below.—

* * * * *

"Yes, Leila sleeps beneath the wave,
But his shall be a redder grave;
Her spirit pointed well the steel
Which taught that felon heart to feel.
He call'd the Prophet, but his power
Was vain against the vengeful Giaour;
He call'd on Alla—but the word
Arose unheeded or unheard.
Thou Paynim fool! could Leila's prayer
Be pass'd, and thine accorded there?
I watch'd my time, I leagued with these,
The traitor in his turn to seize;
My wrath is wreak'd, the deed is done,
And now I go—but go alone."

* * * * *
* * * * *

The browsing camels' bells are tinkling: (2)
His mother look'd from her lattice high, (3)
She saw the dews of eve besprinkling
The pasture green beneath her eye,
She saw the planets faintly twinkling:
"'Tis twilight—sure his train is nigh."
She could not rest in the garden-bower,
But gazed through the grate of his steepest tower:
"Why comes he not? his steeds are fleet,
Nor shrink they from the summer heat;
Why sends not the bridegroom his promised gift:
Is his heart more cold, or his barb less swift?
Oh, false reproach! yon Tartar now
Has gain'd our nearest mountain's brow,
And warily the steep descends,
And now within the valley bends;
And he bears the gift at his saddle-bow—
How could I deem his courser slow?
Right well my largess shall repay
His welcome speed, and weary way."
The Tartar lighted at the gate,
But scarce upheld his fainting weight:
His swarthy visage spake distress,
But this might be from weariness;
His garb with sanguine spots was dyed,
But these might be from his courser's side;
He drew the token from his vest—
Angel of Death! 'tis Hassan's cloven crest!
His calpac (4) rent—his caftan red—
"Lady, a fearful bride thy son hath wed:
Me, not from mercy, did they spare,
But this empurpled pledge to bear.
Peace to the brave! whose blood is spilt;
Woe to the Giaour! for his the guilt."

* * * * *

A turban (5) carved in coarsest stone,
A pillar with rank weeds o'ergrown,
Whereon can now be scarcely read
The Koran verse that mourns the dead,
Point out the spot where Hassan fell
A victim in that lonely dell.

(1) The flowered shawls generally worn by persons of rank.

(2) This beautiful passage first appeared in the third edition.* "If you send more proofs," writes Lord Byron to Mr. Murray (August 10th, 1813), "I shall never finish this infernal story. *Ecce signum*—thirty-three more lines enclosed!—to the utter discomfiture of the printer, and, I fear, not to your advantage."—L. E.

(3) The idea of the passage seems to have been taken from the book of *Judges*, c. 5. v. 28. where we find the following:—"The mother of Sisera looked out at a window, and cried through the lattice, Why is his chariot so long in coming? why tarry the wheels of his chariots?"—P. E.

* Moore says, in the *fifth*.—P. E.

(4) The "calpac" is the solid cap or centre part of the head-dress; the shawl is wound round it, and forms the turban.

(5) The turban, pillar, and inscriptive verse, decorate the tombs of the Osmanlies, whether in the cemetery or the wilderness. In the mountains you frequently pass similar mementos: and on inquiry you are informed that they record some victim of rebellion, plunder, or revenge.

There sleeps as true an Osmanlie
As e'er at Mecca bent the knee;
As ever scorn'd forbidden wine,
Or pray'd with face towards the shrine,
In orisons resumed anew
At solemn sound of "Alla Hu!" (1)
Yet died he by a stranger's hand,
And stranger in his native land:
Yet died he as in arms he stood,
And unavenged, at least in blood.
But him the maids of Paradise
Impatient to their halls invite,
And the dark heaven of Houris' eyes
On him shall glance for ever bright;
They come—their kerchiefs green they wave,(2)
And welcome with a kiss the brave!
Who falls in battle 'gainst a Giaour
Is worthiest an immortal bower.

* * * * *

But thou, false Infidel! shalt writhe
Beneath avenging Monkir's(3) scythe;
And from its torment 'scape alone
To wander round lost Eblis'(4) throne;
And fire unquench'd, unquenchable,
Around, within, thy heart shall dwell;
Nor ear can hear nor tongue can tell
The tortures of that inward hell!
But first, on earth as vampire(5) sent,
Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent:
Then ghastly haunt thy native place,
And suck the blood of all thy race;
There from thy daughter, sister, wife,
At midnight drain the stream of life;
Yet loathe the banquet which perforce
Must feed thy livid living corse:
Thy victims, ere they yet expire,
Shall know the demon for their sire,
As cursing thee, thou cursing them,
Thy flowers are wither'd on the stem.

But one that for thy crime must fall,
The youngest, most beloved of all,
Shall bless thee with a *father's* name—
That word shall wrap thy heart in flame!
Yet must thou end thy task, and mark
Her cheek's last tinge, her eye's last spark,
And the last glassy glance must view
Which freezes o'er its lifeless blue;
Then with unhallow'd hand shall tear
The tresses of her yellow hair,
Of which in life a lock when shorn
Affection's fondest pledge was worn;
But now is borne away by thee,
Memorial of thine agony!
Wet with thine own best blood shall drip(6)
Thy gnashing tooth and haggard lip;
Then stalking to thy sullen grave,
Go—and with Gouls and Afrits rave;
Till these in horror shrink away
From spectre more accursed than they!(7)

* * * * *

"How name ye yon lone Caloyer?
His features I have scann'd before
In mine own land: 'tis many a year,
Since, dashing by the lonely shore,
I saw him urge as fleet a steed
As ever served a horseman's need.
But once I saw that face, yet then
It was so mark'd with inward pain,
I could not pass it by again;
It breathes the same dark spirit now,
As death were stamp'd upon his brow."

"'Tis twice three years at summer tide
Since first among our freres he came;
And here it soothes him to abide
For some dark deed he will not name.
But never at our vesper prayer,
Nor e'er before confession-chair

(1) "Alla Hu!" the concluding words of the muezzin's call to prayer from the highest gallery on the exterior of the minaret. On a still evening, when the muezzin has a fine voice, which is frequently the case, the effect is solemn and beautiful beyond all the bells in Christendom.—[Valid, the son of Abdalmalek, was the first who erected a minaret or turret; and this he placed on the grand mosque at Damascus, for the muezzin, or crier, to announce from it the hour of prayer. This practice has constantly been kept up to this day. See *D'Herbelot*.—L. E.]

(2) The following is part of a battle-song of the Turks:—"I see—I see a dark-eyed girl of Paradise, and she waves a handkerchief, a kerchief of green; and cries aloud, 'Come, kiss me, for I love thee,'" etc.

(3) Monkir and Nekir are the inquisitors of the dead, before whom the corpse undergoes a slight noviciate and preparatory training for damnation. If the answers are none of the clearest, he is hauled up with a scythe and thumped down with a red-hot mace till properly seasoned, with a variety of subsidiary probations. The office of these angels is no sinecure; there are but two, and the number of orthodox deceased being in a small proportion to the remainder, their hands are always full. See *Relig. Ceremon.* and Sale's *Koran*.

(4) Eblis, the Oriental Prince of Darkness.—[D'Herbelot supposes this title to have been a corruption of the Greek Διάβολος. It was the appellation conferred by the Arabians upon the prince of the apostate angels. According to Arabian mythology, Eblis had suffered a degradation from his primeval rank for having refused to worship Adam, in conformity to the Supreme command; alleging, in justification of his refusal, that himself had been formed of etherial fire, whilst Adam was only a creature of clay. See *Koran*.—L. E.]

(5) The vampire superstition is still general in the Levant. Honest Tournefort tells a long story, which Mr. Southey, in the notes on *Thalaba*, quotes, about these "Vroucolochas," as he calls them. The Romaic term is "Vardoulacha." I recollect a whole family being terrified by the scream of a child, which they imagined must proceed from such a visitation. The Greeks never mention the word without horror. I find that "Broucolokas" is an old legitimate Hellenic appellation—at least is so applied to Arsenius, who, according to the Greeks, was after his death animated by the devil. The moderns, however, use the word I mention.

(6) The freshness of the face, and the wetness of the lip with blood, are the never-failing signs of a vampire. The stories told in Hungary and Greece of these foul feeders are singular, and some of them most *incredibly* attested.

(7) "With the death of Hassan, or with his interment on the place where he fell, or with some moral reflections on his fate, we may presume that the original narrator concluded the tale of which Lord Byron has professed to give us a fragment. But every reader, we are sure, will agree with us in thinking, that the interest excited by the catastrophe is greatly heightened in the modern poem; and that the imprecations of the Turk, against the 'accursed Giaour,' are introduced with great judgment, and contribute much to the dramatic effect of the narrative. The remainder of the poem, we think, would have been more properly printed as a second canto; because a total change of scene, and a chasm of no less than six years in the series of events, can scarcely fail to occasion some little confusion in the mind of the reader." *George Ellis*.—L. E.

Kneels he, nor recks he when arise
Incense or anthem to the skies,
But broods within his cell alone,
His faith and race alike unknown.
The sea from Paynim land he crost,
And here ascended from the coast;
Yet seems he not of Othman race,
But only Christian in his face:
I'd judge him some stray renegade,
Repentant of the change he made,
Save that he shuns our holy shrine,
Nor tastes the sacred bread and wine.
Great largess to these walls he brought,
And thus our abbot's favour bought;
But were I prior, not a day
Should brook such stranger's further stay,
Or, pent within our penance cell,
Should doom him there for aye to dwell.
Much in his visions mutters he
Of maiden whelm'd beneath the sea;
Of sabres clashing, foemen flying,
Wrongs avenged, and Moslem dying.
On cliff he hath been known to stand,
And rave as to some bloody hand
Fresh sever'd from its parent limb,
Invisible to all but him,
Which beckons onward to his grave,
And lures to leap into the wave."

* * * * *
* * * * *

Dark and unearthly is the scowl (1)
That glares beneath his dusky cowl:
The flash of that dilating eye
Reveals too much of times gone by;
Though varying, indistinct its hue,
Oft will his glance the gazer rue,
For in it lurks that nameless spell,
Which speaks, itself unspeakable,
A spirit yet unquell'd and high,
That claims and keeps ascendency;
And like the bird whose pinions quake,
But cannot fly the gazing snake,
Will others quail beneath his look,
Nor 'scape the glance they scarce can brook.
From him the half-affrighted friar
When met alone would fain retire,
As if that eye and bitter smile
Transferr'd to others fear and guile:
Not oft to smile descendeth he,
And when he doth 't is sad to see
That he but mocks at Misery.
How that pale lip will curl and quiver!
Then fix once more as if for ever;
As if his sorrow or disdain
Forbade him e'er to smile again.
Well were it so—such ghastly mirth
From joyaunce ne'er derived its birth.
But sadder still it were to trace
What once were feelings in that face:
Time hath not yet the features fix'd,
But brighter traits with evil mix'd;
And there are hues not always faded,
Which speak a mind not all degraded
Even by the crimes through which it waded:
The common crowd but see the gloom
Of wayward deeds, and fitting doom;
The close observer can espy
A noble soul, and lineage high:
Alas! though both bestow'd in vain,
Which Grief could change, and Guilt could stain,
It was no vulgar tenement
To which such lofty gifts were lent,
And still with little less than dread
On such the sight is riveted.
The roofless cot, decay'd and rent,
Will scarce delay the passer-by;
The tower by war or tempest bent,
While yet may frown one battlement,
Demands and daunts the stranger's eye;
Each ivied arch, and pillar lone,
Pleads haughtily for glories gone!

"His floating robe around him folding,
Slow sweeps he through the column'd aisle;
With dread beheld, with gloom beholding
The rites that sanctify the pile.
But when the anthem shakes the choir,
And kneel the monks, his steps retire;
By yonder lone and wavering torch
His aspect glares within the porch;
There will he pause till all is done—
And hear the prayer, but utter none.
See—by the half-illumined wall
His hood fly back, his dark hair fall,
That pale brow wildly wreathing round,
As if the Gorgon there had bound
The sablest of the serpent-braid
That o'er her fearful forehead stray'd:
For he declines the convent-oath,
And leaves those locks unhallow'd growth,
But wears our garb in all beside;
And, not from piety but pride,
Gives wealth to walls that never heard
Of his one holy vow nor word.
Lo!—mark ye, as the harmony
Peals louder praises to the sky,
That livid cheek, that stony air
Of mix'd defiance and despair!
Saint Francis, keep him from the shrine!
Else may we dread the wrath Divine
Made manifest by awful sign.
If ever evil angel bore
The form of mortal, such he wore:
By all my hope of sins forgiven,
Such looks are not of earth nor heaven!"

To love the softest hearts are prone,
But such can ne'er be all his own;
Too timid in his woes to share,
Too meek to meet, or brave despair;
And sterner hearts alone may feel
The wound that time can never heal.
The rugged metal of the mine
Must burn before its surface shine,
But, plunged within the furnace-flame,
It bends and melts—though still the same; (2)

(1) The remaining lines, about five hundred in number, were, with the exception of the last sixteen, all added to the poem, either during its first progress through the press, or in subsequent editions.—L. E.

(2) Seeing himself accused of having, in this passage, too closely imitated Crabbe, Lord Byron wrote to a friend—"I have read the *British Review*, and really think the writer in most points very right. The only mortifying thing is, the accusation of imitation. Crabbe's passage I never saw; and Scott I no further meant to follow than in his *lyric*

Then temper'd to thy want, or will,
'Twill serve thee to defend or kill;
A breast-plate for thine hour of need,
Or blade to bid thy foeman bleed;
But if a dagger's form it bear,
Let those who shape its edge beware!
Thus passion's fire, and woman's art,
Can turn and tame the sterner heart;
From these its form and tone are ta'en,
And what they make it must remain,
But break—before it bend again.

* * * * *
* * * * *

If solitude succeed to grief,
Release from pain is slight relief;
The vacant bosom's wilderness
Might thank the pang that made it less.
We loathe what none are left to share:
Even bliss—'twere woe alone to bear;
The heart once left thus desolate
Must fly at last for ease—to hate.
It is as if the dead could feel(1)
The icy worm around them steal,
And shudder, as the reptiles creep
To revel o'er their rotting sleep,
Without the power to scare away
The cold consumers of their clay!
It is as if the desert-bird,(2)
Whose beak unlocks her bosom's stream
To still her famish'd nestlings' scream,
Nor mourns a life to them transferr'd,
Should rend her rash devoted breast,
And find them flown her empty nest.
The keenest pangs the wretched find
Are rapture to the dreary void,
The leafless desert of the mind,
The waste of feelings unemploy'd.
Who would be doom'd to gaze upon
A sky without a cloud or sun?
Less hideous far the tempest's roar
Than ne'er to brave the billows more—
Thrown, when the war of winds is o'er,
A lonely wreck on fortune's shore,
'Mid sullen calm, and silent bay,
Unseen to drop by dull decay;—
Better to sink beneath the shock,
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock!

* * * * *

"Father! thy days have pass'd in peace,
'Mid counted beads, and countless prayer:
To bid the sins of others cease,
Thyself without a crime or care,
Save transient ills that all must bear,
Has been thy lot from youth to age;
And thou wilt bless thee from the rage
Of passions fierce and uncontroll'd,
Such as thy penitents unfold,
Whose secret sins and sorrows rest
Within thy pure and pitying breast.
My days, though few, have pass'd below
In much of joy, but more of woe;
Yet still in hours of love or strife,
I've 'scaped the weariness of life:
Now leagued with friends, now girt by foes,
I loathed the languor of repose.
Now nothing left to love or hate,
No more with hope or pride elate,
I'd rather be the thing that crawls
Most noxious o'er a dungeon's walls,
Than pass my dull unvarying days,
Condemn'd to meditate and gaze.
Yet, lurks a wish within my breast
For rest—but not to feel 'tis rest.
Soon shall my fate that wish fulfil;
And I shall sleep without the dream
Of what I was, and would be still,
Dark as to thee my deeds may seem.
My memory now is but the tomb
Of joys long dead; my hope, their doom
Though better to have died with those
Than bear a life of lingering woes.
My spirit shrunk not to sustain
The searching throes of ceaseless pain;
Nor sought the self-accorded grave
Of ancient fool and modern knave;
Yet death I have not fear'd to meet;
And in the field it had been sweet,
Had danger woo'd me on to move
The slave of glory, not of love.
I've braved it—not for honour's boast;
I smile at laurels won or lost;
To such let others carve their way,
For high renown, or hireling pay:
But place again before my eyes
Aught that I deem a worthy prize,
The maid I love, the man I hate;
And I will hunt the steps of fate,
To save or slay, as these require,
Through rending steel, and rolling fire:
Nor needst thou doubt this speech from one
Who would but do—what he *hath* done.
Death is but what the haughty brave,
The weak must bear, the wretch must crave;
Then let life go to him who gave:
I have not quail'd to danger's brow
When high and happy—need I *now*?

* * * * *

measure, which is Gray's, Milton's, and any one's who likes it. The Giaour is certainly a bad character, but not dangerous; and I think his fate and his feelings will meet with few proselytes."—L. E.

The passage referred to by the Reviewers is in the poem entitled *Resentment;* and the following is the part which Lord Byron is accused of having imitated:—

"Those are like wax—apply them to the fire,
Melting, they take the impression you desire;
Easy to mould and fashion as you please,
And again moulded with an equal ease;
Like smelted iron these the forms retain,
But once impress'd will never melt again."—P. E.

(1) Mr. Galt, in his *Life of Lord Byron*, alluding to this and the following five lines, points out a coincidence between them and some verses of his own. "I do not claim," says he, "any paternity in these lines; but not the most judicious action of all my youth was to publish certain dramatic sketches, and his Lordship had the printed book in his possession long before the *Giaour* was published, and may have read the following passage in a dream which was intended to be very hideous:—

'Then did I hear around
The churme and chirruping of busy reptiles
At hideous banquet on the royal dead;—
Full soon methought the loathsome epicures
Came thick on me, and underneath my shroud
I felt the many-foot and beetle creep
And on my breast the cold worm coil and crawl.' "—P. E.

(2) The pelican is, I believe, the bird so libelled, by the imputation of feeding her chickens with her blood.

"I loved her, friar! nay, adored—
But these are words that all can use—
I proved it more in deed than word;
There's blood upon that dinted sword,
A stain its steel can never lose:
'Twas shed for her, who died for me,
It warm'd the heart of one abhorr'd:
Nay, start not—no—nor bend thy knee,
Nor 'midst my sins such act record;
Thou wilt absolve me from the deed,
For he was hostile to thy creed!
The very name of Nazarene
Was wormwood to his Paynim spleen.
Ungrateful fool! since but for brands
Well wielded in some hardy hands,
And wounds by Galileans given,
The surest pass to Turkish heaven,
For him his houris still might wait
Impatient at the Prophet's gate.
I loved her—love will find its way
Through paths where wolves would fear to prey;
And if it dares enough, 't were hard
If passion met not some reward—
No matter how, or where, or why,
I did not vainly seek, nor sigh:
Yet sometimes, with remorse, in vain
I wish she had not loved again.

"She died—I dare not tell thee how;
But look—'t is written on my brow!
There read of Cain the curse and crime,
In characters unworn by time:
Still, ere thou dost condemn me, pause;
Not mine the act, though I the cause.
Yet did he but what I had done
Had she been false to more than one.
Faithless to him, he gave the blow;
But true to me, I laid him low:
Howe'er deserved her doom might be,
Her treachery was truth to me;
To me she gave her heart, that all
Which tyranny can ne'er enthrall;
And I, alas! too late to save!
Yet all I then could give, I gave,
'Twas some relief, our foe a grave.

His death sits lightly; but her fate
Has made me—what thou well mayst hate.
His doom was seal'd—he knew it well,
Warn'd by the voice of stern Taheer,
Deep in whose darkly-boding ear(1)
The death-shot peal'd of murder near,
As filed the troop to where they fell!
He died too in the battle broil,
A time that heeds nor pain nor toil;
One cry to Mahomet for aid,
One prayer to Alla all he made:
He knew and cross'd me in the fray—
I gazed upon him where he lay,
And watch'd his spirit ebb away:
Though pierced like pard by hunters' steel,
He felt not half that now I feel.
I search'd, but vainly search'd, to find
The workings of a wounded mind;
Each feature of that sullen corse
Betray'd his rage, but no remorse.
Oh, what had Vengeance given to trace
Despair upon his dying face!
The late repentance of that hour,
When Penitence hath lost her power
To tear one terror from the grave,
And will not soothe, and cannot save.

* * * * *

"The cold in clime are cold in blood,
Their love can scarce deserve the name;
But mine was like the lava flood
That boils in Ætna's breast of flame.
I cannot prate in puling strain
Of ladye-love, and beauty's chain:
If changing cheek, and scorching vein,
Lips taught to writhe, but not complain,
If bursting heart, and maddening brain,
And daring deed, and vengeful steel,
And all that I have felt, and feel,
Betoken love—that love was mine,
And shown by many a bitter sign.
'Tis true, I could not whine nor sigh,
I knew but to obtain or die.
I die—but first I have possess'd,
And, come what may, I *have been* blest.

(1) This superstition of a second hearing (for I never met with downright second-sight in the East) fell once under my own observation. On my third journey to Cape Colonna, early in 1811, as we passed through the defile that leads from the hamlet between Keratia and Colonna, I observed Dervish Tahiri riding rather out of the path, and leaning his head upon his hand, as if in pain. I rode up and inquired. "We are in peril," he answered. "What peril? we are not now in Albania, nor in the passes to Ephesus, Messalunghi, or Lepanto; there are plenty of us, well armed, and the Choriates have not courage to be thieves."—"True, Affendi, but nevertheless the shot is ringing in my ears."—"The shot! not a tophaike has been fired this morning."—"I hear it notwithstanding—bom—bom—as plainly as I hear your voice."—"Psha!"—"As you please, Affendi; if it is written, so will it be."—I left this quick-eared predestinarian, and rode up to Basili, his Christian compatriot, whose ears, though not at all prophetic, by no means relished the intelligence. We all arrived at Colonna, remained some hours, and returned leisurely, saying a variety of brilliant things, in more languages than spoiled the building of Babel, upon the mistaken seer. Romaic, Arnaout, Turkish, Italian, and English were all exercised, in various conceits, upon the unfortunate Mussulman. While we were contemplating the beautiful prospect, Dervish was occupied about the columns. I thought he was deranged into an antiquarian, and asked him if he had become a "*Palaocastro*" man? "No," said he, "but these pillars will be useful in making a stand;" and added other remarks, which at least evinced his own belief in his troublesome faculty of *forehearing*. On our return to Athens we heard from Leone (a prisoner set ashore some days after) of the intended attack of the Mainotes, mentioned, with the cause of its not taking place, in the notes to *Childe Harold*, Canto 2d. I was at some pains to question the man, and he described the dresses, arms, and marks of the horses of our party so accurately, that, with other circumstances, we could not doubt of *his* having been in "villanous company," and ourselves in a bad neighbourhood. Dervish became a soothsayer for life, and I dare say is now hearing more musketry than ever will be fired, to the great refreshment of the Arnaouts of Berat, and his native mountains.—I shall mention one trait more of this singular race. In March, 1811, a remarkably stout and active Arnaout came (I believe the fiftieth on the same errand) to offer himself as an attendant, which was declined: "Well, Affendi," quoth he, "may you live!—you would have found me useful. I shall leave the town for the hills to-morrow, in the winter I return, perhaps you will then receive me."—Dervish, who was present, remarked, as a thing of course and of no consequence, "In the mean time he will join the Klephtes" (robbers), which was true to the letter. If not cut off, they come down in the winter, and pass it unmolested in some town, where they are often as well known as their exploits.

Shall I the doom I sought upbraid?
No—reft of all, yet undismay'd
But for the thought of Leila slain,
Give me the pleasure with the pain,
So would I live and love again.
I grieve, but not, my holy guide!
For him who dies, but her who died:
She sleeps beneath the wandering wave—
Ah! had she but an earthly grave,
This breaking heart and throbbing head
Should seek and share her narrow bed.(1)
She was a form of life and light,(2)
That, seen, became a part of sight;
And rose, where'er I turn'd mine eye,
The morning-star of Memory!

"Yes, Love indeed is light from heaven;(3)
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Alla given,
To lift from earth our low desire.
Devotion wafts the mind above,
But Heaven itself descends in love;
A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought;
A ray of him who form'd the whole;
A glory circling round the soul!
I grant *my* love imperfect, all
That mortals by the name miscall;
Then deem it evil, what thou wilt;
But say, oh say, *hers* was not guilt!
She was my life's unerring light:
That quench'd, what beam shall break my night?
Oh! would it shone to lead me still,
Although to death or deadliest ill!
Why marvel ye, if they who lose
This present joy, this future hope,
No more with sorrow meekly cope;
In frenzy then their fate accuse:
In madness do those fearful deeds
That seem to add but guilt to woe?
Alas! the breast that inly bleeds
Hath nought to dread from outward blow:
Who falls from all he knows of bliss,
Cares little into what abyss.

Fierce as the gloomy vulture's now
To thee, old man, my deeds appear:
I read abhorrence on thy brow,
And this too was I born to bear!
'Tis true, that, like that bird of prey,
With havock have I mark'd my way:
But this was taught me by the dove,
To die—and know no second love.
This lesson yet hath man to learn,
Taught by the thing he dares to spurn:
The bird that sings within the brake,
The swan that swims upon the lake,
One mate, and one alone, will take.
And let the fool, still prone to range
And sneer on all who cannot change,
Partake his jest with boasting boys;
I envy not his varied joys,
But deem such feeble heartless man
Less than yon solitary swan;
Far far beneath the shallow maid
He left believing and betray'd.
Such shame at least was never mine—
Leila! each thought was only thine!
My good, my guilt, my weal, my woe,
My hope on high—my all below.
Earth holds no other like to thee,
Or, if it doth, in vain for me:
For worlds I dare not view the dame
Resembling thee, yet not the same.(4)
The very crimes that mar my youth,
This bed of death—attest my truth!
'Tis all too late—thou wert, thou art
The cherish'd madness of my heart!

"And she was lost—and yet I breathed,
But not the breath of human life:
A serpent round my heart was wreathed,
And stung my every thought to strife.
Alike all time, abhorr'd all place,
Shuddering I shrunk from Nature's face,
Where every hue that charm'd before
The blackness of my bosom wore.
The rest thou dost already know,
And all my sins, and half my woe.

(1) "These, in our opinion, are the most beautiful passages of the poem; and some of them of a beauty which it would not be easy to eclipse by many citations in the language." *Jeffrey*.—L. E.

(2) This and the three following lines were added after the poem had gone through several editions.—P. E.

(3) The hundred and twenty-six lines which follow, down to "Tell me no more of fancy's gleam," first appeared in the fifth edition. In returning the proof, Lord Byron says:—"I have, but with some difficulty, *not* added any more to this snake of a poem, which has been lengthening its rattles every month. It is now fearfully long, being more than a canto and a half of *Childe Harold*. The last lines Hodgson likes. It is not often he does; and when he don't, he tells me with great energy, and I fret, and alter. I have thrown them in to soften the ferocity of our Infidel; and, for a dying man, have given him a good deal to say for himself. Do you know any body who can stop—I mean, *point*—commas, and so forth? for I am, I hear, a sad hand at your punctuation." Among the *Giaour* MSS. is the first draught of this passage, which we subjoin:—

"Yes / If } Love indeed { doth spring / descend / be born } from heaven;
A spark of that { immortal / eternal / celestial } fire,
To human hearts in mercy given
To lift from earth our low desire.
A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self { each / our } sordid thought:
Devotion sends the soul above,
But Heaven itself descends to love.
Yet marvel not, if they who love
This present joy, this future hope,
Which taught them with all ill to cope,
In madness, then, their fate accuse—
In madness do these fearful deeds
That seem { to add but guilt to / but to augment their } woe.
Alas! the { breast / heart } that inly bleeds,
Has nought to dread from outward foe," etc.—L. E.

(4) These beautiful lines were probably suggested by the following passage which occurs in Byron's *Diary*:—"To-night I saw both the sisters of * * my God! the youngest so like! I thought I should have sprung across the house, and am so glad no one was with me in Lady H.'s box. I hate those likenesses—the mock-bird, but not the nightingale—so like as to remind, so different as to be painful. One quarrels equally with the points of resemblance and of distinction."—P. E.

But talk no more of penitence;
Thou see'st I soon shall part from hence:
And if thy holy tale were true,
The deed that's done canst *thou* undo?
Think me not thankless—but this grief
Looks not to priesthood for relief. (1)
My soul's estate in secret guess:
But wouldst thou pity more, say less.
When thou canst bid my Leila live,
Then will I sue thee to forgive;
Then plead my cause in that high place
Where purchased masses proffer grace.
Go, when the hunter's hand hath wrung
From forest-cave her shrieking young,
And calm the lonely lioness:
But soothe not—mock not *my* distress!

"In earlier days, and calmer hours,
When heart with heart delights to blend,
Where bloom my native valley's bowers
I had—ah! have I now?—a friend!
To him this pledge I charge thee send,
Memorial of a youthful vow;
I would remind him of my end:
Though souls absorb'd like mine allow
Brief thought to distant friendship's claim,
Yet dear to him my blighted name.
'Tis strange—he prophesied my doom,
And I have smiled—I then could smile—
When Prudence would his voice assume,
And warn—I reck'd not what—the while:
But now remembrance whispers o'er
Those accents scarcely mark'd before.
Say—that his bodings came to pass,
And he will start to hear their truth,
And wish his words had not been sooth:
Tell him, unheeding as I was,
Through many a busy bitter scene
Of all our golden youth had been,
In pain, my faltering tongue had tried
To bless his memory ere I died;
But Heaven in wrath would turn away,
If Guilt should for the guiltless pray.
I do not ask him not to blame,
Too gentle he to wound my name;
And what have I to do with fame?
I do not ask him not to mourn,
Such cold request might sound like scorn;
And what than friendship's manly tear
May better grace a brother's bier?
But bear this ring, his own of old,
And tell him—what thou dost behold!
The wither'd frame, the ruin'd mind,
The wreck by passion left behind;
A shrivell'd scroll, a scatter'd leaf,
Sear'd by the autumn blast of grief!

* * * * *

"Tell me no more of fancy's gleam,
No, father, no, 'twas not a dream;
Alas! the dreamer first must sleep,
I only watch'd, and wish'd to weep;
But could not, for my burning brow
Throbb'd to the very brain as now:
I wish'd but for a single tear,
As something welcome, new, and dear:
I wish'd it then, I wish it still;
Despair is stronger than my will.
Waste not thine orison, despair
Is mightier than thy pious prayer:
I would not, if I might, be blest;
I want no paradise, but rest.
'Twas then, I tell thee, father! then
I saw her; yes, she lived again;
And shining in her white symar, (2)
As through yon pale grey cloud the star
Which now I gaze on as on her,
Who look'd and looks far lovelier;
Dimly I view its trembling spark;
To-morrow's night shall be more dark;
And I, before its rays appear,
That lifeless thing the living fear.
I wander, father! for my soul
Is fleeting towards the final goal.
I saw her, friar! and I rose
Forgetful of our former woes;
And, rushing from my couch, I dart,
And clasp her to my desperate heart;
I clasp—what is it that I clasp?
No breathing form within my grasp,
No heart that beats reply to mine,
Yet, Leila! yet the form is thine!
And art thou, dearest, changed so much,
As meet my eye, yet mock my touch?
Ah! were thy beauties e'er so cold,
I care not; so my arms enfold
The all they ever wish'd to hold.
Alas! around a shadow prest
They shrink upon my lonely breast;
Yet still 't is there! In silence stands,
And beckons with beseeching hands!
With braided hair, and bright-black eye—
I knew 'twas false—she could not die!
But he is dead! within the dell
I saw him buried where he fell;
He comes not, for he cannot break
From earth; why then art thou awake?
They told me wild waves roll'd above
The face I view, the form I love;
They told me—'twas a hideous tale!
I'd tell it, but my tongue would fail:
If true, and from thine ocean-cave
Thou comest to claim a calmer grave,
Oh! pass thy dewy fingers o'er
This brow, that then will burn no more;
Or place them on my hopeless heart:
But, shape or shade! whate'er thou art,
In mercy ne'er again depart!
Or farther with thee bear my soul
Than winds can waft or waters roll!

* * * * *

"Such is my name, and such my tale.
Confessor! to thy secret ear
I breathe the sorrows I bewail,
And thank thee for the generous tear
This glazing eye could never shed.
Then lay me with the humblest dead,

(1) The monk's sermon is omitted. It seems to have had so little effect upon the patient, that it could have no hopes from the reader. It may be sufficient to say, that it was of a customary length (as may be perceived from the interruptions and uneasiness of the patient), and was delivered in the usual tone of all orthodox preachers.

(2) "Symar," a shroud.

And, save the cross above my head,
Be neither name nor emblem spread,
By prying stranger to be read,
Or stay the passing pilgrim's tread." (1)

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

He pass'd—nor of his name and race
Hath left a token or a trace,
Save what the father must not say
Who shrived him on his dying day:
This broken tale was all we knew
Of her he loved, or him he slew. (2)

(1) The circumstance to which the above story relates was not very uncommon in Turkey. A few years ago the wife of Muchtar Pacha complained to his father of his son's supposed infidelity; he asked with whom, and she had the barbarity to give in a list of the twelve handsomest women in Yanina. They were seized, fastened up in sacks, and drowned in the lake the same night! One of the guards who was present informed me, that not one of the victims uttered a cry, or showed a symptom of terror at so sudden a "wrench from all we know, from all we love." The fate of Phrosine, the fairest of this sacrifice, is the subject of many a Romaic and Arnaout ditty. The story in the text is one told of a young Venetian many years ago, and now nearly forgotten. I heard it by accident recited by one of the coffee-house story-tellers who abound in the Levant, and sing or recite their narratives. The additions and interpolations by the translator will be easily distinguished from the rest, by the want of Eastern imagery; and I regret that my memory has retained so few fragments of the original. For the contents of some of the notes I am indebted partly to D'Herbelot, and partly to that most Eastern, and, as Mr. Weber justly entitles it, "sublime tale," the *Caliph Vathek*. I do not know from what source the author of that singular volume may have drawn his materials; some of his incidents are to be found in the *Bibliothèque Orientale;* but for correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination, it far surpasses all European imitations; and bears such marks of originality, that those who have visited the East will find some difficulty in believing it to be more than a translation. As an Eastern tale, even *Rasselas* must bow before it; his "Happy Valley" will not bear a comparison with the "Hall of Eblis."

(2) "In this poem, which was published after the two first cantos of *Childe Harold*, Lord Byron began to show his powers. He had now received encouragement which set free his daring hands, and gave his strokes their natural force. Here, then, we first find passages of a tone peculiar to Lord Byron; but still this appearance was not uniform: he often returned to his trammels, and reminds us of the manner of some favourite predecessor; among these, I think we sometimes catch the notes of Sir Walter Scott. But the internal tempest—the deep passion, sometimes buried, and sometimes blazing from some incidental touch—the intensity of agonising reflection, which will always distinguish Lord Byron from other writers—now began to display themselves." *Sir Egerton Brydges.*—L. E.

The Bride of Abydos,

A TURKISH TALE. (1)

"Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."—*Burns.*

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD HOLLAND,

This Tale is Inscribed,

WITH EVERY SENTIMENT OF REGARD AND RESPECT, BY HIS GRATEFULLY OBLIGED AND SINCERE FRIEND,

BYRON.

CANTO I

I.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle (2)
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?

Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppress'd with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul (3) in her bloom;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute:

(1) The *Bride of Abydos* was published in the beginning of December, 1813. The mood of mind in which it was struck off is thus stated by Lord Byron, in a letter to Mr. Gifford:—"You have been good enough to look at a thing of mine in MS.—a Turkish story—and I should feel gratified if you would do it the same favour in its probationary state of printing. It was written, I cannot say for amusement, nor 'obliged by hunger and request of friends,' but in a state of mind, from circumstances which occasionally occur to 'us youth,' that rendered it necessary for me to apply my mind to something, any thing, but reality; and under this not very brilliant inspiration it was composed. Send it either to the flames, or

'A hundred hawkers' load,
On wings of winds to fly or fall abroad.'

It deserves no better than the first, as the work of a week, and scribbled 'stans pede in uno' (by the by, the only foot I have to stand on); and I promise never to trouble you again under forty cantos, and a voyage between each."—L. E.

"Murray tells me that Croker asked him 'why the thing is called the *Bride* of Abydos?' It is an awkward question, being unanswerable: she is not a bride; only about to be one. I don't wonder at his finding out the *bull;* but the detection is too late to do any good. I was a great fool to have made it, and am ashamed of not being an Irishman." *B. Diary*, Dec. 6, 1813.—L. E.

(2) To the *Bride of Abydos*, Lord Byron made many additions during its progress through the press, amounting to about two hundred lines; and, as in the case of the *Corsair*, the passages so added will be seen to be some of the most splendid in the whole poem. These opening lines, which are among the new insertions, are supposed to have been suggested by a song of Goethe's—

"Kennst du das land wo die citronen blühn."—L. E.

(3) "Gul," the rose.

Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of Ocean is deepest in dye;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?
'Tis the clime of the East; 'tis the land of the Sun—
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?(1)
Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell.

II.

Begirt with many a gallant slave,
Apparell'd as becomes the brave,
Awaiting each his lord's behest
To guide his steps, or guard his rest,
Old Giaffir sate in his divan:
Deep thought was in his aged eye;
And though the face of Mussulman
Not oft betrays to standers by
The mind within, well skill'd to hide
All but unconquerable pride,
His pensive cheek and pondering brow
Did more than he was wont avow.

III.

"Let the chamber be clear'd."—The train disappear'd—
"Now call me the chief of the haram guard."
With Giaffir is none but his only son,
And the Nubian awaiting the sire's award.
"Haroun—when all the crowd that wait
Are pass'd beyond the outer gate,
(Woe to the head whose eye beheld
My child Zuleika's face unveil'd!)
Hence, lead my daughter from her tower;
Her fate is fix'd this very hour:
Yet not to her repeat my thought;
By me alone be duty taught!"
"Pacha! to hear is to obey."
No more must slave to despot say—
Then to the tower had ta'en his way,
But here young Selim silence brake,
First lowly rendering reverence meet;
And downcast look'd, and gently spake,
Still standing at the Pacha's feet:
For son of Moslem must expire,
Ere dare to sit before his sire!

"Father! for fear that thou shouldst chide
My sister, or her sable guide,
Know—for the fault, if fault there be,
Was mine, then fall thy frowns on me.—
So lovelily the morning shone,
That—let the old and weary sleep—
I could not; and to view alone
The fairest scenes of land and deep,
With none to listen and reply
To thoughts with which my heart beat high
Were irksome—for whate'er my mood,
In sooth I love not solitude;
I on Zuleika's slumber broke,
And, as thou knowest that for me
Soon turns the haram's grating key,
Before the guardian slaves awoke
We to the cypress groves had flown,
And made earth, main, and heaven our own!
There linger'd we, beguiled too long
With Mejnoun's tale, or Sadi's song;(2)
Till I, who heard the deep tambour(3)
Beat thy divan's approaching hour,
To thee, and to my duty true,
Warn'd by the sound, to greet thee flew:
But there Zuleika wanders yet—
Nay, father, rage not—nor forget
That none can pierce that secret bower
But those who watch the women's tower."

IV.

"Son of a slave!"—the Pacha said—
"From unbelieving mother bred,
Vain were a father's hope to see
Aught that beseems a man in thee.
Thou, when thine arm should bend the bow,
And hurl the dart, and curb the steed,
Thou, Greek in soul if not in creed,
Must pore where babbling waters flow,
And watch unfolding roses blow.
Would that yon orb, whose matin glow
Thy listless eyes so much admire,
Would lend thee something of his fire!
Thou, who wouldst see this battlement
By Christian cannon piecemeal rent;
Nay, tamely view old Stambol's wall
Before the dogs of Moscow fall,
Nor strike one stroke for life and death
Against the curs of Nazareth!
Go—let thy less than woman's hand
Assume the distaff—not the brand.
But, Haroun!—to my daughter speed:
And hark—of thine own head take heed—
If thus Zuleika oft takes wing—
Thou see'st yon bow—it hath a string!"

V.

No sound from Selim's lip was heard,
At least that met old Giaffir's ear,
But every frown and every word
Pierced keener than a Christian's sword.
"Son of a slave!—reproach'd with fear!
Those gibes had cost another dear.
Son of a slave!—and *who* my sire?"
Thus held his thoughts their dark career;
And glances even of more than ire
Flash forth, then faintly disappear.
Old Giaffir gazed upon his son
And started; for within his eye
He read how much his wrath had done;
He saw rebellion there begun:
"Come hither, boy—what, no reply?
I mark thee—and I know thee too;
But there be deeds thou darest not do:
But if thy beard had manlier length,
And if thy hand had skill and strength,
I'd joy to see thee break a lance,
Albeit against my own perchance!"

(1) "Souls made of fire, and children of the Sun,
With whom revenge is virtue."
Young's Revenge.

(2) Mejnoun and Leila, the Romeo and Juliet of the East. Sadi, the moral poet of Persia.

(3) Tambour. Turkish drum, which sounds at sunrise, noon, and twilight.

As sneeringly these accents fell,
On Selim's eye he fiercely gazed:
That eye return'd him glance for glance,
And proudly to his sire's was raised,
Till Giaffir's quail'd and shrunk askance—
And why—he felt, but durst not tell.
"Much I misdoubt this wayward boy
Will one day work me more annoy:
I never loved him from his birth,
And—but his arm is little worth,
And scarcely in the chase could cope
With timid fawn or antelope,
Far less would venture into strife
Where man contends for fame and life—
I would not trust that look or tone:
No—nor the blood so near my own.
That blood—he hath not heard—no more—
I'll watch him closer than before.
He is an Arab(1) to my sight,
Or Christian crouching in the fight—
But hark!—I hear Zuleika's voice;
Like houris' hymn it meets mine ear:
She is the offspring of my choice;
Oh! more than even her mother dear,
With all to hope, and nought to fear—
My Peri! ever welcome here!
Sweet as the desert fountain's wave
To lips just cool'd in time to save—
Such to my longing sight art thou;
Nor can they waft to Mecca's shrine
More thanks for life, than I for thine,
Who blest thy birth, and bless thee now."

VI.

Fair as the first that fell of womankind,
When on that dread yet lovely serpent smiling,
Whose image then was stamp'd upon her mind—
But once beguiled—and ever more beguiling;
Dazzling, as that, oh! too transcendent vision
To Sorrow's phantom-peopled slumber given,
When heart meets heart again in dreams Elysian,
And paints the lost on earth revived in heaven;
Soft, as the memory of buried love;
Pure, as the prayer which Childhood wafts above;
Was she—the daughter of that rude old chief,
Who met the maid with tears—but not of grief.
Who hath not proved how feebly words essay(2)
To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?
Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight,
His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess
The might—the majesty of Loveliness?
Such was Zuleika—such around her shone
The nameless charms unmark'd by her alone;
The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music(3) breathing from her face,(4)
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole—
And, oh! that eye was in itself a soul!
Her graceful arms in meekness bending
Across her gently-budding breast;
At one kind word those arms extending
To clasp the neck of him who blest
His child caressing and carest,
Zuleika came—and Giaffir felt
His purpose half within him melt:
Not that against her fancied weal
His heart, though stern, could ever feel;
Affection chain'd her to that heart,
Ambition tore the links apart.

VII.

"Zuleika! child of gentleness!
How dear this very day must tell,
When I forget my own distress,
In losing what I love so well,
To bid thee with another dwell:
Another! and a braver man
Was never seen in battle's van.
We Moslem reck not much of blood;
But yet the line of Carasman(5)

(1) The Turks abhor the Arabs (who return the compliment a hundred-fold) even more than they hate the Christians.

(2) These twelve fine lines were added in the course of printing.—L. E.

(3) This expression has met with objections. I will not refer to "Him who hath not music in his soul," but merely request the reader to recollect, for ten seconds, the features of the woman whom he believes to be the most beautiful; and, if he then does not comprehend fully what is feebly expressed in the above line, I shall be sorry for us both. For an eloquent passage in the latest work of the first female writer of this, perhaps of any, age, on the analogy (and the immediate comparison excited by that analogy) between "painting and music," see vol. iii. cap. 10. *De l'Allemagne*. And is not this connection still stronger with the original than the copy? with the colouring of nature than of art? After all, this is rather to be felt than described; still I think there are some who will understand it, at least they would have done had they beheld the countenance whose speaking harmony suggested the idea; for this passage is not drawn from imagination but memory, that mirror which Affliction dashes to the earth, and, looking down upon the fragments, only beholds the reflection multiplied!—["This morning, a very pretty billet from the Stael. She has been pleased to be pleased with my slight eulogy in the note annexed to the *Bride*. This is to be accounted for in several ways:—firstly, all women like all or any praise; secondly, this was unexpected, because I have never courted her; and, thirdly, as Scrub says, those who have been all their lives regularly praised, by regular critics, like a little variety, and are glad when any one goes out of his way to say a civil thing; and, fourthly, she is a very good-natured creature, which is the best reason, after all, and perhaps, the only one." *B. Diary*, Dec. 7, 1813.—L. E.]

(4) Among the imputed plagiarisms so industriously hunted out in his writings, this line has been, with somewhat more plausibility than is frequent in such charges, included; the lyric poet Lovelace having, it seems, written "The melody and music of her face." Sir Thomas Browne, too, in his *Religio Medici*, says, "There is music even in beauty." The coincidence, no doubt, is worth observing, and the task of "tracking thus a favourite writer in the snow (as Dryden expresses it) of others," is sometimes not unamusing: but to those who found upon such resemblances a general charge of plagiarism, we may apply what Sir Walter Scott says:—"It is a favourite theme of laborious dulness to trace such coincidences, because they appear to reduce genius of the higher order to the usual standard of humanity, and of course to bring the author nearer to a level with his critics." *Moore*.—L. E.

Of the line which has given rise to these strictures, "it is not only curious, but instructive," says Moore, "to trace the progress to its present state of finish. Having at first written—

'Mind on her lip, and music in her face,'

he afterwards altered it to—

'The mind of music breathing in her face,'

but this not satisfying him, the next step of correction brought the line to what it is at present."—P. E.

(5) Carasman Oglou, or Kara Osman Oglou, is the principal landholder in Turkey; he governs Magnesia: those who, by a kind of feudal tenure, possess land on condition of service, are called Timariots: they serve as Spahis, according to the extent of territory, and bring a certain number into the field, generally cavalry.

Unchanged, unchangeable hath stood
  First of the bold Timariot bands
  That won and well can keep their lands.
Enough that he who comes to woo
Is kinsman of the Bey Oglou:
His years need scarce a thought employ;
I would not have thee wed a boy.
And thou shalt have a noble dower:
And his and my united power
Will laugh to scorn the death-firman,
Which others tremble but to scan,
And teach the messenger(1) what fate
The bearer of such boon may wait.
And now thou know'st thy father's will;
  All that thy sex hath need to know:
'Twas mine to teach obedience still—
  The way to love thy lord may show."

VIII.

In silence bow'd the virgin's head;
  And if her eye was fill'd with tears
That stifled feeling dare not shed,
And changed her cheek from pale to red,
  And red to pale, as through her ears
Those winged words like arrows sped,
  What could such be but maiden fears?
So bright the tear in Beauty's eye,
Love half regrets to kiss it dry;
So sweet the blush of Bashfulness,
Even Pity scarce can wish it less!
Whate'er it was, the sire forgot;
Or, if remember'd, mark'd it not;
Thrice clapp'd his hands, and call'd his steed,(2)
  Resign'd his gem-adorn'd chibouque,(3)
And mounting featly for the mead,
  With Maugrabee(4) and Mamaluke,
  His way amid his delis took,(5)
To witness many an active deed
With sabre keen, or blunt jerreed.
The Kislar only and his Moors
Watch well the haram's massy doors.

IX.

His head was leant upon his hand,
  His eye look'd o'er the dark blue water
That swiftly glides and gently swells
Between the winding Dardanelles;
But yet he saw nor sea nor strand,
Nor even his Pacha's turban'd band
  Mix in the game of mimic slaughter,
Careering cleave the folded felt(6)
With sabre-stroke right sharply dealt;
Nor mark'd the javelin-darting crowd,
Nor heard their Ollahs(7) wild and loud—
  He thought but of old Giaffir's daughter!

X.

No word from Selim's bosom broke;
One sigh Zuleika's thought bespoke:
Still gazed he through the lattice-grate,
Pale, mute, and mournfully sedate.
To him Zuleika's eye was turn'd,
But little from his aspect learn'd:
Equal her grief, yet not the same;
Her heart confess'd a gentler flame:
But yet that heart, alarm'd or weak,
She knew not why, forbade to speak,
Yet speak she must—but when essay?
"How strange he thus should turn away!
Not thus we e'er before have met;
Not thus shall be our parting yet."
Thrice paced she slowly through the room,
  And watch'd his eye—it still was fix'd:
  She snatch'd the urn wherein was mix'd
The Persian Atar-gul's(8) perfume,
And sprinkled all its odours o'er
  The pictured roof(9) and marble floor:
The drops, that through his glittering vest
The playful girl's appeal address'd,
Unheeded o'er his bosom flew,
As if that breast were marble too.
"What! sullen yet? it must not be—
O gentle Selim, this from thee!"
She saw in curious order set
  The fairest flowers of eastern land—
"He loved them once; may touch them yet,
  If offer'd by Zuleika's hand."
The childish thought was hardly breathed
Before the rose was pluck'd and wreathed;
The next fond moment saw her seat
Her fairy form at Selim's feet:
"This rose, to calm my brother's cares,
A message from the bulbul(10) bears;
It says to-night he will prolong
For Selim's ear his sweetest song;

(1) When a pacha is sufficiently strong to resist, the single messenger, who is always the first bearer of the order for his death, is strangled instead, and sometimes five or six, one after the other, on the same errand, by command of the refractory patient; if, on the contrary, he is weak or loyal, he bows, kisses the sultan's respectable signature, and is bowstrung with great complacency. In 1810, several of these presents were exhibited in the niche of the Seraglio gate; among others, the head of the Pacha of Bagdat, a brave young man, cut off by treachery, after a desperate resistance.

(2) Clapping of the hands calls the servants. The Turks hate a superfluous expenditure of voice, and they have no bells.

(3) "Chibouque," the Turkish pipe, of which the amber mouth-piece, and sometimes the ball which contains the leaf, is adorned with precious stones, if in possession of the wealthier orders.

(4) "Maugrabee," Moorish mercenaries.

(5) "Delis," bravos who form the forlorn hope of the cavalry, and always begin the action.

(6) A twisted fold of *felt* is used for scimitar practice by the Turks, and few but Mussulman arms can cut through it at a single stroke: sometimes a tough turban is used for the same purpose. The jerreed is a game of blunt javelins, animated and graceful.

(7) "Ollahs," Alla il Allah, the "Leilies," as the Spanish poets call them, the sound is Ollah; a cry of which the Turks, for a silent people, are somewhat profuse, particularly during the jerreed, or in the chase, but mostly in battle. Their animation in the field, and gravity in the chamber, with their pipes and comboloios, form an amusing contrast.

(8) "Atar-gul," ottar of roses. The Persian is the finest.

(9) The ceiling and wainscots, or rather walls, of the Mussulman apartments, are generally painted, in great houses, with one eternal and highly-coloured view of Constantinople, wherein the principal feature is a noble contempt of perspective; below, arms, scimitars, etc. are in general fancifully and not inelegantly disposed.

(10) It has been much doubted whether the notes of this "Lover of the rose" are sad or merry; and Mr. Fox's remarks on the subject have provoked some learned controversy as to the opinions of the ancients on the subject. I dare not venture a conjecture on the point, though a little inclined to the "errare mallem," etc. *if* Mr. Fox *was* mistaken.

And though his note is somewhat sad,
He'll try for once a strain more glad,
With some faint hope his alter'd lay
May sing these gloomy thoughts away.

XI.

"What! not receive my foolish flower?
Nay then I am indeed unblest:
On me can thus thy forehead lower?
And know'st thou not who loves thee best!
Oh, Selim dear! oh, more than dearest!
Say, is it me thou hatest or fearest?
Come, lay thy head upon my breast,
And I will kiss thee into rest,
Since words of mine, and songs must fail,
Even from my fabled nightingale.
I knew our sire at times was stern,
But this from thee had yet to learn:
Too well I know he loves thee not;
But is Zuleika's love forgot?
Ah! deem I right? the Pacha's plan—
This kinsman Bey of Carasman
Perhaps may prove some foe of thine:
If so, I swear by Mecca's shrine,
If shrines that ne'er approach allow
To woman's step admit her vow,
Without thy free consent, command,
The Sultan should not have my hand!
Think'st thou that I could bear to part
With thee, and learn to halve my heart?
Ah! were I sever'd from thy side,
Where were thy friend—and who my guide!
Years have not seen, Time shall not see
The hour that tears my soul from thee:
Even Azrael,(1) from his deadly quiver
When flies that shaft, and fly it must,
That parts all else, shall doom for ever
Our hearts to undivided dust!"

XII.

He lived—he breathed—he moved—he felt!
He raised the maid from where she knelt;
His trance was gone—his keen eye shone
With thoughts that long in darkness dwelt;
With thoughts that burn—in rays that melt.
As the stream late conceal'd
By the fringe of its willows,
When it rushes reveal'd
In the light of its billows;
As the bolt bursts on high
From the black cloud that bound it,
Flash'd the soul of that eye
Through the long lashes round it.
A war-horse at the trumpet's sound,
A lion roused by heedless hound,
A tyrant waked to sudden strife
By graze of ill-directed knife,
Starts not to more convulsive life
Than he, who heard that vow, display'd,
And all, before repress'd, betray'd:
"Now thou art mine, for ever mine,
With life to keep, and scarce with life resign;
Now thou art mine—that sacred oath,
Though sworn by one, hath bound us both.
Yes, fondly, wisely hast thou done;
That vow hath saved more heads than one;
But blench not thou—thy simplest tress
Claims more from me than tenderness;
I would not wrong the slenderest hair
That clusters round thy forehead fair,
For all the treasures buried far
Within the caves of Istakar.(2)
This morning clouds upon me lower'd,
Reproaches on my head were shower'd,
And Giaffir almost call'd me coward!
Now I have motive to be brave,
The son of his neglected slave,—
Nay, start not, 'twas the term he gave,—
May show, though little apt to vaunt,
A heart his words nor deeds can daunt.
His son, indeed!—yet, thanks to thee,
Perchance I am, at least shall be;
But let our plighted secret vow
Be only known to us as now.
I know the wretch who dares demand
From Giaffir thy reluctant hand;
More ill-got wealth, a meaner soul
Holds not a Musselim's(3) control:
Was he not bred in Egripo?(4)
A viler race let Israel show;
But let that pass—to none be told
Our oath; the rest shall time unfold.
To me and mine leave Osman Bey;
I've partisans for peril's day:
Think not I am what I appear;
I've arms, and friends, and vengeance near."

XIII.

"Think not thou art what thou appearest!
My Selim, thou art sadly changed:
This morn I saw thee gentlest, dearest;
But now thou 'rt from thyself estranged.
My love thou surely knew'st before,
It ne'er was less, nor can be more.
To see thee, hear thee, near thee stay,
And hate the night I know not why,
Save that we meet not but by day;
With thee to live, with thee to die,
I dare not to my hope deny;
Thy cheek, thine eyes, thy lips to kiss,
Like this—and this—no more than this;
For, Alla! sure thy lips are flame:
What fever in thy veins is flushing?
My own have nearly caught the same,
At least I feel my cheek too blushing.
To soothe thy sickness, watch thy health,
Partake, but never waste, thy wealth,
Or stand with smiles unmurmuring by,
And lighten half thy poverty;
Do all but close thy dying eye,
For that I could not live to try!
To these alone my thoughts aspire:
More can I do, or thou require?

(1) "Azrael," the angel of death.

(2) The treasures of the pre-adamite Sultans. See D'Herbelot, article *Istakar*.

(3) "Musselim," a governor, the next in rank after a pacha; a waywode is the third; and then come the agas.

(4) "Egripo," the Negropont. According to the proverb, the Turks of Egripo, the Jews of Salonica, and the Greeks of Athens, are the worst of their respective races.

But, Selim, thou must answer why
We need so much of mystery?
The cause I cannot dream nor tell,
But be it, since thou say'st 'tis well;
Yet what thou mean'st by 'arms' and 'friends'
Beyond my weaker sense extends.
I meant that Giaffir should have heard
The very vow I plighted thee;
His wrath would not revoke my word:
But surely he would leave me free.
Can this fond wish seem strange in me,
To be what I have ever been?
What other hath Zuleika seen
From simple childhood's earliest hour?
What other can she seek to see
Than thee, companion of her bower,
The partner of her infancy?
These cherish'd thoughts with life begun,
Say, why must I no more avow?
What change is wrought to make me shun
The truth; my pride, and thine till now?
To meet the gaze of stranger's eyes
Our law, our creed, our God denies;
Nor shall one wandering thought of mine
At such, our Prophet's will, repine:
No! happier made by that decree,
He left me all in leaving thee.
Deep were my anguish, thus compell'd
To wed with one I ne'er beheld:
This wherefore should I not reveal?
Why wilt thou urge me to conceal?
I know the Pacha's haughty mood
To thee hath never boded good;
And he so often storms at nought,
Allah! forbid that e'er he ought!
And why, I know not, but within
My heart concealment weighs like sin.
If then such secrecy be crime,
And such it feels while lurking here;
Oh, Selim! tell me yet in time,
Nor leave me thus to thoughts of fear.
Ah! yonder see the tchocadar, (1)
My father leaves the mimic war;
I tremble now to meet his eye—
Say, Selim, canst thou tell me why?"

XIV.

"Zuleika—to thy tower's retreat
Betake thee—Giaffir I can greet;
And now with him I fain must prate
Of firmans, impost, levies, state.
There 's fearful news from Danube's banks;
Our Vizier nobly thins his ranks,
For which the Giaour may give him thanks!
Our Sultan hath a shorter way
Such costly triumph to repay.
But, mark me, when the twilight drum
Hath warn'd the troops to food and sleep,
Unto thy cell will Selim come:
Then softly from the haram creep
Where we may wander by the deep:
Our garden-battlements are steep;
Nor these will rash intruder climb
To list our words, or stint our time;
And if he doth, I want not steel
Which some have felt, and more may feel.
Then shalt thou learn of Selim more
Than thou hast heard or thought before:
Trust me, Zuleika—fear not me!
Thou know'st I hold a haram key."

"Fear thee, my Selim! ne'er till now
Did word like this—"
"Delay not thou;
I keep the key—and Haroun's guard
Have *some*, and hope of *more* reward.
To-night, Zuleika, thou shalt hear
My tale, my purpose, and my fear:
I am not, love! what I appear."

CANTO II.

I.

The winds are high on Helle's wave,
As on that night of stormy water
When Love, who sent, forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave,
The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter.
Oh! when alone along the sky
Her turret-torch was blazing high,
Though rising gale, and breaking foam,
And shrieking sea-birds warn'd him home;
And clouds aloft and tides below,
With signs and sounds, forbade to go,
He could not see, he would not hear,
Or sound or sign foreboding fear;
His eye but saw that light of love,
The only star it hail'd above;
His ear but rang with Hero's song,
"Ye waves, divide not lovers long!"—
That tale is old, but love anew
May nerve young hearts to prove as true.

II.

The winds are high, and Helle's tide
Rolls darkly-heaving to the main;
And Night's descending shadows hide
That field with blood bedew'd in vain,
The desert of old Priam's pride;
The tombs, sole relics of his reign,
All—save immortal dreams that could beguile
The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle!

III.

Oh! yet—for there my steps have been;
These feet have press'd the sacred shore,
These limbs that buoyant wave hath borne—
Minstrel! with thee to muse, to mourn,
To trace again those fields of yore,
Believing every hillock green
Contains no fabled hero's ashes,
And that around the undoubted scene
Thine own "broad Hellespont" (2) still dashes,
Be long my lot! and cold were he
Who there could gaze denying thee!

(1) "Tchocadar"—one of the attendants who precedes a man of authority.

(2) The wrangling about this epithet, "the broad Hellespont" or the "boundless Hellespont," whether it means one or the other, or what it means at all, has been beyond all possibility of detail. I have even heard it disputed on the

IV.

The night hath closed on Helle's stream,
Nor yet hath risen on Ida's hill
That moon, which shone on his high theme:
No warrior chides her peaceful beam,
But conscious shepherds bless it still.
Their flocks are grazing on the mound
Of him who felt the Dardan's arrow:
That mighty heap of gather'd ground
Which Ammon's son ran proudly round,(1)
By nations raised, by monarchs crown'd,
Is now a lone and nameless barrow!
Within—thy dwelling-place how narrow!
Without—can only strangers breathe
The name of him that *was* beneath:
Dust long outlasts the storied stone;
But thou—thy very dust is gone!

V.

Late, late to-night will Dian cheer
The swain, and chase the boatman's fear;
Till then—no beacon on the cliff
May shape the course of straggling skiff;
The scatter'd lights that skirt the bay,
All, one by one, have died away;
The only lamp of this lone hour
Is glimmering in Zuleika's tower.
Yes! there is light in that lone chamber,
And o'er her silken ottoman
Are thrown the fragrant beads of amber,
O'er which her fairy fingers ran;(2)
Near these, with emerald rays beset,
(How could she thus that gem forget?)
Her mother's sainted amulet,(3)
Whereon engraved the Koorsee text,
Could smooth this life, and win the next;
And by her comboloio(4) lies
A *Koran* of illumined dyes;
And many a bright emblazon'd rhyme
By Persian scribes redeem'd from time;
And o'er those scrolls, not oft so mute,
Reclines her now-neglected lute;
And round her lamp of fretted gold
Bloom flowers in urns of China's mould;
The richest work of Iran's loom,
And Sheeraz' tribute of perfume;
All that can eye or sense delight
Are gather'd in that gorgeous room:
But yet it hath an air of gloom.

She, of this Peri cell the sprite,
What doth she hence, and on so rude a night?

VI.

Wrapt in the darkest sable vest,
Which none save noblest Moslem wear,
To guard from winds of heaven the breast
As heaven itself to Selim dear,
With cautious steps the thicket threading,
And starting oft, as through the glade
The gust its hollow moanings made,
Till on the smoother pathway treading,
More free her timid bosom beat,
The maid pursued her silent guide;
And though her terror urged retreat,
How could she quit her Selim's side?
How teach her tender lips to chide?

VII.

They reach'd at length a grotto, hewn
By nature, but enlarged by art,
Where oft her lute she wont to tune,
And oft her *Koran* conn'd apart;
And oft in youthful reverie
She dream'd what Paradise might be:
Where woman's parted soul shall go
Her Prophet had disdain'd to show;
But Selim's mansion was secure,
Nor deem'd she, could he long endure
His bower in other worlds of bliss,
Without *her*, most beloved in this!
Oh! who so dear with him could dwell?
What houri soothe him half so well?

VIII.

Since last she visited the spot
Some change seem'd wrought within the grot.
It might be only that the night
Disguised things seen by better light:
That brazen lamp but dimly threw
A ray of no celestial hue;
But in a nook within the cell
Her eye on stranger objects fell.
There arms were piled, not such as wield
The turban'd delis in the field;
But brands of foreign blade and hilt,
And one was red—perchance with guilt!
Ah! how without can blood be spilt?

spot; and, not foreseeing a speedy conclusion to the controversy, amused myself with swimming across it in the mean time; and probably may again, before the point is settled. Indeed, the question as to the truth of "the tale of Troy divine" still continues, much of it resting upon the talismanic word "ἄπυρος:" probably Homer had the same notion of distance that a coquette has of time; and when he talks of boundless, means half a mile; as the latter, by a like figure, when she says *eternal* attachment, simply specifies three weeks.

(1) Before his Persian invasion, and crowned the altar with laurel, etc. He was afterwards imitated by Caracalla in his race. It is believed that the last also poisoned a friend, named Festus, for the sake of new Patroclan games. I have seen the sheep feeding on the tombs of Æsietes and Antilochus: the first is in the centre of the plain.

(2) When rubbed, the amber is susceptible of a perfume, which is slight, but *not* disagreeable.—[On discovering that, in some of the early copies, the all-important monosyllable "*not*" had been omitted, Lord Byron wrote to Mr. Murray, —"There is a diabolical mistake, which must be corrected; it is the omission of '*not*' before disagreeable, in the note on the amber rosary. This is really horrible, and nearly as bad as the stumble of mine at the threshold—I mean the *mismomer* of Bride. Pray do not let a copy go without the '*not*:' it is nonsense, and worse than nonsense. I wish the printer was saddled with a vampire."—L. E.]

(3) The belief in amulets engraved on gems, or enclosed in gold boxes, containing scraps from the *Koran*, worn round the neck, wrist, or arm, is still universal in the East. The Koorsee (throne) verse in the second cap. of the *Koran* describes the attributes of the Most High, and is engraved in this manner, and worn by the pious, as the most esteemed and sublime of all sentences.

(4) "Comboloio"—a Turkish rosary. The MSS., particularly those of the Persians, are richly adorned and illuminated. The Greek females are kept in utter ignorance; but many of the Turkish girls are highly accomplished, though not actually qualified for a Christian coterie. Perhaps some of our own "*blues*" might not be the worse for *bleaching*.

A cup too on the board was set
That did not seem to hold sherbet.
What may this mean? she turn'd to see
Her Selim—"Oh! can this be he?"

IX.

His robe of pride was thrown aside,
His brow no high-crown'd turban bore,
But in its stead a shawl of red,
Wreathed lightly round, his temples wore:
That dagger, on whose hilt the gem
Were worthy of a diadem,
No longer glitter'd at his waist,
Where pistols unadorn'd were braced;
And from his belt a sabre swung,
And from his shoulder loosely hung
The cloak of white, the thin capote
That decks the wandering Candiote;
Beneath—his golden-plated vest
Clung like a cuirass to his breast;
The greaves below his knee that wound
With silvery scales were sheathed and bound.
But were it not that high command
Spake in his eye, and tone, and hand,
All that a careless eye could see
In him was some young Galiongée. (1)

X.

"I said I was not what I seem'd;
And now thou see'st my words were true:
I have a tale thou hast not dream'd,
If sooth—its truth must others rue.
My story now 't were vain to hide,
I must not see thee Osman's bride:
But had not thine own lips declared
How much of that young heart I shared,
I could not, must not, yet have shown
The darker secret of my own.
In this I speak not now of love;
That, let time, truth, and peril prove:
But first—Oh! never wed another—
Zuleika! I am not thy brother!"

XI.

"Oh! not my brother!—yet unsay—
God! am I left alone on earth
To mourn—I dare not curse—the day (2)
That saw my solitary birth?
Oh! thou wilt love me now no more!
My sinking heart foreboded ill;
But know *me* all I was before,
Thy sister—friend—Zuleika still.
Thou ledd'st me here perchance to kill;
If thou hast cause for vengeance, see!
My breast is offer'd—take thy fill!
Far better with the dead to be
Than live thus nothing now to thee:
Perhaps far worse, for now I know
Why Giaffir always seem'd thy foe;
And I, alas! am Giaffir's child,
For whom thou wert contemn'd, reviled.
If not thy sister—wouldst thou save
My life, Oh! bid me be thy slave!"

XII.

"My slave, Zuleika!—nay, I'm thine:
But, gentle love! this transport calm,
Thy lot shall yet be link'd with mine;
I swear it by our Prophet's shrine,
And be that thought thy sorrow's balm.
So may the Koran (3) verse display'd
Upon its steel direct my blade,
In danger's hour to guard us both,
As I preserve that awful oath!
The name in which thy heart hath prided
Must change; but, my Zuleika, know,
That tie is widen'd, not divided,
Although thy sire 's my deadliest foe.
My father was to Giaffir all
That Selim late was deem'd to thee;
That brother wrought a brother's fall,
But spared, at least, my infancy;
And lull'd me with a vain deceit
That yet a like return may meet.
He rear'd me, not with tender help,
But like the nephew of a Cain; (4)
He watch'd me like a lion's whelp,
That gnaws and yet may break his chain.
My father's blood in every vein
Is boiling; but for thy dear sake
No present vengeance will I take;
Though here I must no more remain.
But first, beloved Zuleika! hear
How Giaffir wrought this deed of fear.

XIII.

"How first their strife to rancour grew,
If love or envy made them foes,

(1) "Galiongée"—or Galiongi, a sailor, that is, a Turkish sailor; the Greeks navigate, the Turks work the guns. Their dress is picturesque; and I have seen the Capitan Pacha more than once wearing it as a kind of *incog*. Their legs however, are generally naked. The buskins described in the text as sheathed behind with silver are those of an Arnaout robber, who was my host (he had quitted the profession) at his Pyrgo, near Gastouni in the Morea; they were plated in scales one over the other, like the back of an armadillo.

(2) Originally,—"To curse, if I could curse, the day."—P. E.

(3) The characters on all Turkish scimitars contain sometimes the name of the place of their manufacture, but more generally a text from the *Koran*, in letters of gold. Amongst those in my possession is one with a blade of singular construction; it is very broad, and the edge notched into serpentine curves like the ripple of water, or the wavering of flame. I asked the Armenian who sold it, what possible use such a figure could add: he said, in Italian, that he did not know; but the Mussulmans had an idea that those of this form gave a severer wound; and liked it because it was "piu feroce." I did not much admire the reason, but bought it for its peculiarity.

(4) It is to be observed, that every allusion to any thing or personage in the Old Testament, such as the Ark, or Cain, is equally the privilege of Mussulman and Jew: indeed, the former profess to be much better acquainted with the lives, true and fabulous, of the patriarchs, than is warranted by our own sacred writ; and, not content with Adam, they have a biography of pre-Adamites. Solomon is the monarch of all necromancy, and Moses a prophet inferior only to Christ and Mahomet. Zuleika is the Persian name of Potiphar's wife; and her amour with Joseph constitutes one of the finest poems in their language. It is, therefore, no violation of costume to put the names of Cain, or Noah, into the mouth of a Moslem.—[Some doubt having been expressed by Mr. Murray, as to the propriety of putting the name of Cain into the mouth of a Mussulman, Lord Byron sent him the preceding note—"for the benefit of the ignorant." "I don't care one lump of sugar," he says, "for my poetry; but for my costume, and my correctness on those points, I will combat lustily."—L. E.]

It matters little if I knew;
In fiery spirits, slights, though few
And thoughtless, will disturb repose.
In war Abdallah's arm was strong,
Remember'd yet in Bosniac song,
And Paswan's(1) rebel hordes attest
How little love they bore such guest:
His death is all I need relate,
The stern effect of Giaffir's hate;
And how my birth disclosed to me,
Whate'er beside it makes, hath made me free.

XIV.

"When Paswan, after years of strife,
At last for power, but first for life,
In Widin's walls too proudly sate,
Our pachas rallied round the state;
Nor last nor least in high command,
Each brother led a separate band;
They gave their horse-tails(2) to the wind,
And mustering in Sophia's plain,
Their tents were pitch'd, their post assign'd;
To one, alas! assign'd in vain!
What need of words? the deadly bowl,
By Giaffir's order drugg'd and given,
With venom subtle as his soul,
Dismiss'd Abdallah's hence to heaven.
Reclined and feverish in the bath,
He, when the hunters' sport was up,
But little deem'd a brother's wrath
To quench his thirst had such a cup:
The bowl a bribed attendant bore;
He drank one draught(3) nor needed more!
If thou my tale, Zuleika, doubt,
Call Haroun—he can tell it out.

XV.

"The deed once done, and Paswan's feud
In part suppress'd, though ne'er subdued,
Abdallah's pachalick was gain'd:—
Thou know'st not what in our divan
Can wealth procure for worse than man—
Abdallah's honours were obtain'd
By him a brother's murder stain'd;
'Tis true, the purchase nearly drain'd
His ill-got treasure, soon replaced.
Wouldst question whence? Survey the waste,
And ask the squalid peasant how
His gains repay his broiling brow!—
Why me the stern usurper spared,
Why thus with me his palace shared,
I know not. Shame, regret, remorse,
And little fear from infant's force;
Besides, adoption as a son
By him whom Heaven accorded none,
Or some unknown cabal, caprice,
Preserved me thus;—but not in peace:
He cannot curb his haughty mood,
Nor I forgive a father's blood.

XVI.

"Within thy father's house are foes;
Not all who break his bread are true:
To these should I my birth disclose,
His days, his very hours were few:
They only want a heart to lead,
A hand to point them to the deed.
But Haroun only knows or knew
This tale, whose close is almost nigh:
He in Abdallah's palace grew,
And held that post in his serai
Which holds he here—he saw him die:
But what could single slavery do?
Avenge his lord? alas! too late;
Or save his son from such a fate?
He chose the last, and when elate
With foes subdued, or friends betray'd,
Proud Giaffir in high triumph sate,
He led me helpless to his gate,
And not in vain it seems essay'd
To save the life for which he pray'd.
The knowledge of my birth secured
From all and each, but most from me;
Thus Giaffir's safety was ensured.
Removed he too from Roumelie
To this our Asiatic side,
Far from our seats by Danube's tide,
With none but Haroun, who retains
Such knowledge—and that Nubian feels
A tyrant's secrets are but chains,
From which the captive gladly steals,
And this and more to me reveals:
Such still to guilt just Alla sends—
Slaves, tools, accomplices—no friends!

XVII.

"All this, Zuleika, harshly sounds;
But harsher still my tale must be:
Howe'er my tongue thy softness wounds,
Yet I must prove all truth to thee.
I saw thee start this garb to see,
Yet is it one I oft have worn,
And long must wear: this Galiongée,
To whom thy plighted vow is sworn,
Is leader of those pirate hordes,
Whose laws and lives are on their swords;
To hear whose desolating tale
Would make thy waning cheek more pale:
Those arms thou see'st my band have brought,
The hands that wield are not remote;
This cup, too, for the rugged knaves
Is fill'd—once quaff'd, they ne'er repine:
Our Prophet might forgive the slaves;
They're only infidels in wine.

XVIII.

"What could I be? Proscribed at home,
And taunted to a wish to roam;
And listless left—for Giaffir's fear
Denied the courser and the spear—
Though oft—Oh, Mahomet! how oft!—
In full divan the despot scoff'd,
As if *my* weak unwilling hand
Refused the bridle or the brand:

(1) Paswan Oglou, the rebel of Widin; who, for the last years of his life, set the whole power of the Porte at defiance.

(2) "Horse-tail," the standard of a pacha.

(3) Giaffir, Pacha of Argyro Castro, or Scutari, I am not sure which, was actually taken off by the Albanian Ali, in the manner described in the text. Ali Pacha, while I was in the country, married the daughter of his victim, some years after the event had taken place at a bath in Sophia, or Adrianople. The poison was mixed in the cup of coffee, which is presented before the sherbet, by the bath-keeper, after dressing.

He ever went to war alone,
And pent me here untried—unknown;
To Haroun's care with women left,
By hope unblest, of fame bereft,
While thou—whose softness long endear'd,
Though it unmann'd me, still had cheer'd—
To Brusa's walls for safety sent,
Awaited'st there the field's event.
Haroun, who saw my spirit pining
  Beneath inaction's sluggish yoke,
His captive, though with dread resigning,
  My thraldom for a season broke,
On promise to return before
The day when Giaffir's charge was o'er.
'Tis vain—my tongue can not impart
My almost drunkenness of heart,
When first this liberated eye
Survey'd earth, ocean, sun, and sky,
As if my spirit pierced them through,
And all their inmost wonders knew!
One word alone can paint to thee
That more than feeling—I was free!
E'en for thy presence ceased to pine;
The world—nay, heaven itself—was mine!

XIX.

"The shallop of a trusty Moor
Convey'd me from this idle shore;
I long'd to see the isles that gem
Old Ocean's purple diadem:
I sought by turns, and saw them all; (1)
  But when and where I join'd the crew
With whom I 'm pledged to rise or fall,
  When all that we design to do
Is done, 't will then be time more meet
To tell thee, when the tale 's complete.

XX.

"'Tis true, they are a lawless brood,
But rough in form, nor mild in mood;
And every creed, and every race,
With them hath found—may find—a place:
But open speech, and ready hand,
Obedience to their chief's command;
A soul for every enterprise,
That never sees with Terror's eyes;
Friendship for each, and faith to all,
And vengeance vow'd for those who fall,
Have made them fitting instruments
For more than even my own intents.
And some—and I have studied all
  Distinguish'd from the vulgar rank,
But chiefly to my council call
  The wisdom of the cautious Frank—
And some to higher thoughts aspire,
  The last of Lambro's (2) patriots there
  Anticipated freedom share;
And oft around the cavern fire
On visionary schemes debate,
To snatch the Rayahs (3) from their fate.
So let them ease their hearts with prate
Of equal rights, which man ne'er knew;
I have a love for freedom too.
Ay! let me like the ocean-Patriarch (4) roam,
Or only know on land the Tartar's home! (5)
My tent on shore, my galley on the sea,
Are more than cities and serais to me:
Borne by my steed, or wafted by my sail,
Across the desert, or before the gale,
Bound where thou wilt, my barb! or glide, my prow!
But be the star that guides the wanderer, thou!
Thou, my Zuleika, share and bless my bark;
The Dove of peace and promise to mine ark! (6)
Or, since that hope denied in worlds of strife,
Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray! (7)
Blest—as the muezzin's strain from Mecca's wall (8)
To pilgrims pure and prostrate at his call;
Soft—as the melody of youthful days,
That steals the trembling tear of speechless praise;

(1) The Turkish notions of almost all islands are confined to the Archipelago, the sea alluded to.

(2) Lambro Canzani, a Greek, famous for his efforts, in 1789-90, for the independence of his country. Abandoned by the Russians, he became a pirate, and the Archipelago was the scene of his enterprises. He is said to be still alive at Petersburg. He and Riga are the two most celebrated of the Greek revolutionists.

(3) "Rayahs,"—all who pay the capitation-tax, called the "Haratch."

(4) The first of voyages is one of the few with which the Mussulmans profess much acquaintance.

(5) The wandering life of the Arabs, Tartars, and Turkomans, will be found well detailed in any book of Eastern travels. That it possesses a charm peculiar to itself, cannot be denied. A young French renegado confessed to Chateaubriand, that he never found himself alone, galloping in the desert, without a sensation approaching to rapture, which was indescribable.

(6) "The longest, as well as most splendid, of those passages, with which the perusal of his own strains, during revision, inspired him, was that rich flow of eloquent feeling which follows the couplet,—'Thou, my Zuleika, share and bless my bark,' etc.—a strain of poetry, which for energy and tenderness of thought, for music of versification, and selectness of diction, has throughout the greater portion of it, but few rivals in either ancient or modern song." *Moore.*—L. E.

(7) Originally written thus—

"And tints to-morrow with { an airy / a fancied } ray."

The following note being annexed:—"Mr. Murray, choose which of the two epithets, 'fancied' or 'airy,' may be best; or if neither will do, tell me, and I will dream another." In a subsequent letter, he says—"Instead of—

Print— 'And tints to-morrow with a *fancied* ray,
'And tints to-morrow with *prophetic* ray.
Or— 'And { gilds / tints } the hope of morning with its ray;
Or— 'And gilds to-morrow's hope with heavenly ray.

I wish you would ask Mr. Gifford which of them is best; or, rather, *not worst*."—L. E.

"It is therefore probable that, after all, the merit of the choice may have belonged to Mr. Gifford." *Moore.*—P. E.

(8) The six lines beginning "Blest as the muezzin's strain," etc. were among the additions made to the poem, and, when despatched to the printer for insertion, the first couplet was originally as follows:—

"Soft as the Mecca muezzin's strains invite,
Him who hath journey'd far to join the rite."

In a few hours after, another scrap was sent off, containing the lines thus:—

"Blest as the muezzin's strain from Mecca's dome,
Which welcomes Faith to view her Prophet's tomb;"

with the following note to Mr. Murray:—"Look out in the *Encyclopedia*, article *Mecca*, whether it is there or at *Medina* the Prophet is entombed. If at Medina, the first lines of my alteration must run:—

'Blest as the call which from Medina's dome
Invites Devotion to her Prophet's tomb.'

If at Mecca, the lines may stand as before."

Dear—as his native song to exile's ears,
Shall sound each tone thy long-loved voice endears.
For thee in those bright isles is built a bower
Blooming as Aden(1) in its earliest hour.
A thousand swords, with Selim's heart and hand,
Wait—wave—defend—destroy—at thy command!
Girt by my band, Zuleika at my side,
The spoil of nations shall bedeck my bride.
The haram's languid years of listless ease
Are well resign'd for cares—for joys like these:
Not blind to fate, I see, where'er I rove,
Unnumber'd perils,—but one only love!
Yet well my toils shall that fond breast repay,
Though Fortune frown, or falser friends betray.
How dear the dream in darkest hours of ill,
Should all be changed, to find thee faithful still!
Be but thy soul, like Selim's, firmly shown;
To thee be Selim's tender as thine own;
To soothe each sorrow, share in each delight,
Blend every thought, do all—but disunite!
Once free, 'tis mine our horde again to guide;
Friends to each other, foes to aught beside:(2)
Yet there we follow but the bent assign'd
By fatal Nature to man's warring kind:
Mark! where his carnage and his conquests cease!
He makes a solitude, and calls it—peace!(3)
I, like the rest, must use my skill or strength,
But ask no land beyond my sabre's length:
Power sways but by division—her resource
The blest alternative of fraud or force!
Ours be the last; in time deceit may come
When cities cage us in a social home:
There even thy soul might err—how oft the heart
Corruption shakes which peril could not part!
And woman, more than man, when death or woe,
Or even disgrace, would lay her lover low,
Sunk in the lap of Luxury will shame—
Away suspicion!—*not* Zuleika's name!
But life is hazard at the best; and here
No more remains to win, and much to fear:
Yes, fear!—the doubt, the dread of losing thee,
By Osman's power, and Giaffir's stern decree.
That dread shall vanish with the favouring gale,
Which love to-night hath promised to my sail:
No danger daunts the pair his smile hath blest,
Their steps still roving, but their hearts at rest.
With thee all toils are sweet, each clime hath charms;
Earth—sea alike—our world within our arms!
Ay—let the loud winds whistle o'er the deck,
So that those arms cling closer round my neck:
The deepest murmur of this lip shall be(4)
No sigh for safety, but a prayer for thee!
The war of elements no fears impart
To Love, whose deadliest bane is human art:
There lie the only rocks our course can check;
Here moments menace—*there* are years of wreck!

But hence ye thoughts that rise in Horror's shape!
This hour bestows, or ever bars, escape.
Few words remain of mine my tale to close;
Of thine but *one* to waft us from our foes;
Yea—foes—to me will Giaffir's hate decline?
And is not Osman, who would part us, thine?

XXI.

"His head and faith from doubt and death
Return'd in time my guard to save;
Few heard, none told, that o'er the wave
From isle to isle I roved the while:
And since, though parted from my band
Too seldom now I leave the land,
No deed they've done, nor deed shall do,
Ere I have heard and doom'd it too:
I form the plan, decree the spoil,
'Tis fit I oftener share the toil.
But now too long I've held thine ear;
Time presses, floats my bark, and here
We leave behind but hate and fear.
To-morrow Osman with his train
Arrives—to-night must break thy chain:
And wouldst thou save that haughty Bey,
Perchance, *his* life who gave thee thine,
With me this hour away—away!
But yet, though thou art plighted mine,
Wouldst thou recall thy willing vow,
Appall'd by truths imparted now,
Here rest I—not to see thee wed:
But be that peril on *my* head!"

XXII.

Zuleika, mute and motionless,
Stood like that statue of distress,
When, her last hope for ever gone,
The mother harden'd into stone;
All in the maid that eye could see
Was but a younger Niobé.
But ere her lip, or even her eye,
Essay'd to speak, or look reply,
Beneath the garden's wicket porch
Far flash'd on high a blazing torch!
Another—and another—and another—
"Oh! fly—no more—yet now my more than brother!"
Far, wide, through every thicket spread,
The fearful lights are gleaming red;
Nor these alone—for each right hand
Is ready with a sheathless brand.
They part, pursue, return, and wheel
With searching flambeau, shining steel;
And last of all, his sabre waving,
Stern Giaffir in his fury raving:
And now almost they touch the cave—
Oh! must that grot be Selim's grave?

Immediately after succeeded another note:—"Did you look out? Is it *Medina* or *Mecca* that contains the Holy Sepulchre? Don't make me blaspheme by your negligence. I *blush*, as a good Mussulman, to have confused the point." After all these various changes, the couplet in question ultimately assumed its present form.—P. E.

(1) "Jannat al Aden," the perpetual abode, the Mussulman paradise.

(2) "You wanted some reflections; and I send you, *per Selim*, eighteen lines in decent couplets, of a pensive, if not an *ethical*, tendency. One more revise—positively the last, if decently done—at any rate, the *penultimate*. Mr. Canning's approbation, I need not say, makes me proud.* To make you some amends for eternally pestering you with alterations, I send you Cobbett,—to confirm your orthodoxy." *Lord B. to Mr. M.*—L. E.

(3) Originally, "He leaves a solitude," etc.—P. E.

(4) Originally, "Then if my lip once murmurs, it must be."—P. E.

* Mr. Canning's note was as follows:—"I received the books, and among them, the *Bride of Abydos*. It is very very beautiful. Lord Byron (when I met him, one day, at a dinner, at Mr. Ward's) was so kind as to promise to give me a copy of it. I mention this, not to save my purchase, but because I should be really flattered by the present."—L. E.

XXIII.

Dauntless he stood—"'Tis come—soon past—
One kiss, Zuleika—'tis my last:
  But yet my band not far from shore
May hear this signal, see the flash;
Yet now too few—the attempt were rash:
  No matter—yet one effort more."
Forth to the cavern mouth he stept;
  His pistol's echo rang on high,
Zuleika started not, nor wept,
  Despair benumb'd her breast and eye!—
"They hear me not, or if they ply
Their oars, 'tis but to see me die;
That sound hath drawn my foes more nigh.
Then forth my father's scimitar,
Thou ne'er hast seen less equal war!
Farewell, Zuleika!—Sweet! retire:
  Yet stay within—here linger safe,
  At thee his rage will only chafe.
Stir not—lest even to thee perchance
Some erring blade or ball should glance.
Fear'st thou for him?—may I expire
If in this strife I seek thy sire!
No—though by him that poison pour'd:
No—though again he call me coward!
But tamely shall I meet their steel?
No—as each crest save *his* may feel!"

XXIV.

One bound he made, and gain'd the sand:
  Already at his feet hath sunk
The foremost of the prying band,
  A gasping head, a quivering trunk:
Another falls—but round him close
A swarming circle of his foes;
From right to left his path he cleft,
  And almost met the meeting wave:
His boat appears—not five oars' length—
His comrades strain with desperate strength—
  Oh! are they yet in time to save?
  His feet the foremost breakers lave;
His band are plunging in the bay,
Their sabres glitter through the spray;
Wet—wild—unwearied, to the strand
They struggle—now they touch the land!
They come—'t is but to add to slaughter—
His heart's best blood is on the water.

XXV.

Escaped from shot, unharm'd by steel,
Or scarcely grazed its force to feel,
Had Selim won, betray'd, beset,
To where the strand and billows met;
There as his last step left the land,
And the last death-blow dealt his hand—
Ah! wherefore did he turn to look
  For her his eye but sought in vain?
That pause, that fatal gaze he took,
  Hath doom'd his death, or fix'd his chain.
Sad proof, in peril and in pain,
How late will lover's hope remain!
His back was to the dashing spray;
Behind, but close, his comrades lay,
When, at the instant, hiss'd the ball—
"So may the foes of Giaffir fall!"
Whose voice is heard? whose carbine rang?
Whose bullet through the night-air sang,
Too nearly, deadly aim'd to err?
'Tis thine—Abdallah's murderer!
The father slowly rued thy hate,
The son hath found a quicker fate:
Fast from his breast the blood is bubbling,
The whiteness of the sea-foam troubling—
If aught his lips essay'd to groan,
The rushing billows choked the tone!

XXVI.

Morn slowly rolls the clouds away;
  Few trophies of the fight are there:
The shouts that shook the midnight-bay
Are silent; but some signs of fray
  That strand of strife may bear,
And fragments of each shiver'd brand;
Steps stamp'd; and dash'd into the sand
The print of many a struggling hand
  May there be mark'd; nor far remote
  A broken torch, an oarless boat;
And, tangled on the weeds that heap
The beach where shelving to the deep,
  There lies a white capote!
'T'is rent in twain—one dark-red stain
The wave yet ripples o'er in vain:
  But where is he who wore?
Ye! who would o'er his relics weep,
Go, seek them where the surges sweep
Their burthen round Sigæum's steep
  And cast on Lemnos' shore:
The sea-birds shriek above the prey,
O'er which their hungry beaks delay,
As shaken on his restless pillow,
His head heaves with the heaving billow;
That hand, whose motion is not life,
Yet feebly seems to menace strife,
Flung by the tossing tide on high,
  Then levell'd with the wave—(1)
What recks it, though that corse shall lie
  Within a living grave?
The bird that tears that prostrate form
Hath only robb'd the meaner worm;
The only heart, the only eye
Had bled or wept to see him die,
Had seen those scatter'd limbs composed,
  And mourn'd above his turban-stone,(2)
That heart hath burst—that eye was closed—
  Yea—closed before his own!

XXVII.

By Helle's stream there is a voice of wail!
And woman's eye is wet—man's cheek is pale:
Zuleika! last of Giaffir's race,
  Thy destined lord is come too late:
He sees not—ne'er shall see thy face!
    Can he not hear
The loud Wul-wulleh(3) warn his distant ear?
  Thy handmaids weeping at the gate,
  The Koran-chanters of the hymn of fate,

(1) "While the Salsette lay off the Dardanelles, Lord Byron saw the body of a man, who had been executed by being cast into the sea, floating on the stream, moving to and fro with the trembling of the water, which gave to his arms the effect of scaring away several sea-fowl that were hovering to devour. This incident has been strikingly depicted." *Galt.*—P. E.

(2) A turban is carved in stone above the graves of men only.

(3) The death-song of the Turkish women: The "silent

The silent slaves with folded arms that wait,
Sighs in the hall, and shrieks upon the gale,
Tell him thy tale!
Thou didst not view thy Selim fall!
That fearful moment when he left the cave
Thy heart grew chill:
He was thy hope—thy joy—thy love—thine all—
And that last thought on him thou couldst not save
Sufficed to kill;
Burst forth in one wild cry—and all was still.
Peace to thy broken heart and virgin grave!
Ah! happy! but of life to lose the worst!
That grief—though deep—though fatal—was thy first!
Thrice happy! ne'er to feel nor fear the force
Of absence, shame, pride, hate, revenge, remorse!
And, oh! that pang where more than madness lies!
The worm that will not sleep—and never dies;
Thought of the gloomy day and ghastly night,
That dreads the darkness, and yet loathes the light,
That winds around and tears the quivering heart!(1)
Ah! wherefore not consume it—and depart!
Woe to thee, rash and unrelenting chief!
Vainly thou heap'st the dust upon thy head,
Vainly the sackcloth o'er thy limbs dost spread:
By that same hand Abdallah—Selim—bled.
Now let it tear thy beard in idle grief:
Thy pride of heart, thy bride for Osman's bed,
She, whom thy sultan had but seen to wed,
Thy daughter's dead!
Hope of thine age, thy twilight's lonely beam,
The star hath set that shone on Helle's stream.
What quench'd its ray?—the blood that thou hast shed!
Hark! to the hurried question of Despair:(2)
"Where is my child?"—an echo answers—"Where?"

XXVIII.

Within the place of thousand tombs
That shine beneath, while dark above
The sad but living cypress glooms,
And withers not, though branch and leaf
Are stamp'd with an eternal grief,
Like early unrequited Love,
One spot exists, which ever blooms,
Even in that deadly grove—
A single rose is shedding there
Its lonely lustre, meek and pale:
It looks as planted by Despair—
So white—so faint—the slightest gale
Might whirl the leaves on high;
And yet, though storms and blight assail,
And hands more rude than wintry sky
May wring it from the stem—in vain—
To-morrow sees it bloom again!
The stalk some spirit gently rears,
And waters with celestial tears;
For well may maids of Helle deem
That this can be no earthly flower,
Which mocks the tempest's withering hour,
And buds unshelter'd by a bower;
Nor droops, though spring refuse her shower,
Nor woos the summer beam:
To it the livelong night there sings
A bird unseen—but not remote:
Invisible his airy wings,
But soft as harp that houri strings
His long entrancing note!
It were the bulbul; but his throat,
Though mournful, pours not such a strain;
For they who listen cannot leave
The spot, but linger there and grieve,
As if they loved in vain!
And yet so sweet the tears they shed,
'Tis sorrow so unmix'd with dread,
They scarce can bear the morn to break
That melancholy spell,
And longer yet would weep and wake,
He sings so wild and well!
But when the day-blush bursts from high,
Expires that magic melody.
And some have been who could believe,
(So fondly youthful dreams deceive,
Yet harsh be they that blame,)
That note so piercing and profound
Will shape and syllable(3) its sound
Into Zuleika's name.(4)

'Tis from her cypress summit heard,
That melts in air the liquid word:
'Tis from her lowly virgin earth
That white rose takes its tender birth.

slaves" are the men, whose notions of decorum forbid complaint in *public*.

(1) Originally, "living heart."—P. E.

(2) "I came to the place of my birth, and cried, 'The friends of my youth, where are they?' and an echo answered 'Where are they?'"—*From an Arabic MS.* The above quotation (from which the idea in the text is taken) must be already familiar to every reader: it is given in the first annotation, p. 67, of *The Pleasures of Memory;* a poem so well known as to render a reference almost superfluous; but to whose pages all will be delighted to recur.

(3) "And airy tongues, that *syllable* men's names."—*Milton.*

For a belief that the souls of the dead inhabit the form of birds, we need not travel to the East. Lord Lyttleton's ghost story, the belief of the Duchess of Kendal, that George I. flew into her window in the shape of a raven (see *Orford's Reminiscences*), and many other instances, bring this superstition nearer home. The most singular was the whim of a Worcester lady, who, believing her daughter to exist in the shape of a singing-bird, literally furnished her pew in the cathedral with cages full of the kind; and as she was rich, and a benefactress in beautifying the church, no objection was made to her harmless folly. For this anecdote, see *Orford's Letters.*

(4) "The heroine of this poem, the blooming Zuleika, is all purity and loveliness. Never was a faultless character more delicately or more justly delineated. Her piety, her intelligence, her strict sense of duty, and her undeviating love of truth, appear to have been originally blended in her mind, rather than inculcated by education. She is always natural, always attractive, always affectionate; and it must be admitted that her affections are not unworthily bestowed. Selim, while an orphan and dependant, is never degraded by calamity; when better hopes are presented to him, his buoyant spirit rises with his expectations: he is enterprising, with no more rashness than becomes his youth; and when disappointed in the success of a well-concerted project, he meets, with intrepidity, the fate to which he is exposed through his own generous forbearance. To us, *The Bride of Abydos* appears to be, in every respect, superior to *The Giaour*, though, in point of diction, it has been, perhaps, less warmly admired. We will not argue this point, but will simply observe, that what is read with ease is generally read with rapidity; and that many beauties of style, which escape observation in a simple and connected narrative, would be forced on the reader's attention by abrupt and perplexing transitions. It is only when a traveller is obliged to stop on his journey, that he is disposed to examine and admire the prospect." *George Ellis.*—L. E.

There late was laid a marble stone;
Eve saw it placed—the morrow gone!
It was no mortal arm that bore
That deep-fix'd pillar to the shore;
For there, as Helle's legends tell,
Next morn 'twas found where Selim fell;
Lash'd by the tumbling tide, whose wave
Denied his bones a holier grave:

And there by night, reclined, 'tis said,
Is seen a ghastly turban'd head:
And hence extended by the billow,
'Tis named the "Pirate-phantom's pillow!"
Where first it lay that mourning flower
Hath flourish'd; flourisheth this hour,
Alone and dewy, coldly pure and pale;
As weeping Beauty's cheek at Sorrow's tale! (1)

(1) "The *Bride*, such as it is, is my first *entire* composition of any length (except the Satire, and be d——d to it), for the *Giaour* is but a string of passages, and *Childe Harold* is, and I rather think always will be, unconcluded. It was published on Thursday, the 2d of December; but how it is liked, I know not. Whether it succeeds or not, is no fault of the public, against whom I can have no complaint. But I am much more indebted to the tale than I can ever be to the most important reader; as it wrung my thoughts from reality to imagination; from selfish regrets to vivid recollections; and recalled me to a country replete with the brightest and darkest, but always most lively, colours of my memory." *B. Diary*, Dec. 5, 1813.—L. E.

The Corsair;

A TALE. (1)

"———I suoi pensieri in lui dormir non ponno."
Tasso, Gerusalemme Liberata, canto x.

TO THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

My Dear Moore,—I dedicate to you the last production with which I shall trespass on public patience, and your indulgence, for some years; and I own that I feel anxious to avail myself of this latest and only opportunity of adorning my pages with a name, consecrated by unshaken public principle, and the most undoubted and various talents. While Ireland ranks you among the firmest of her patriots; while you stand alone the first of her bards in her estimation, and Britain repeats and ratifies the decree, permit one, whose only regret, since our first acquaintance, has been the years he had lost before it commenced, to add the humble but sincere suffrage of friendship, to the voice of more than one nation. It will at least prove to you, that I have neither forgotten the gratification derived from your society, nor abandoned the prospect of its renewal, whenever your leisure or inclination allows you to atone to your friends for too long an absence. It is said among those friends, I trust truly, that you are engaged in the composition of a poem whose scene will be laid in the East; none can do those scenes so much justice. The wrongs of your own country, (2) the magnificent and fiery spirit of her sons, the beauty and feeling of her daughters, may there be found; and Collins, when he denominated his Oriental his Irish Eclogues, was not aware how true, at least, was a part of his parallel. Your imagination will create a warmer sun, and less clouded sky; but wildness, tenderness, and originality, are part of your national claim of oriental descent, to which you have already thus far proved your title more clearly than the most zealous of your country's antiquarians.

May I add a few words on a subject on which all men are supposed to be fluent, and none agreeable, —Self? I have written much, and published more than enough to demand a longer silence than I now meditate; but, for some years to come, it is my intention to tempt no further the award of "gods, men, nor columns." In the present composition I have attempted not the most difficult, but, perhaps, the best adapted measure to our language, the good old and now neglected heroic couplet. The stanza of Spenser is perhaps too slow and dignified for narrative; though, I confess, it is the measure most after my own heart: Scott alone, (3) of the present generation, has hitherto completely triumphed over the

(1) *The Corsair* was begun on the 18th, and finished on the 31st, of December, 1813; a rapidity of composition which, taking into consideration the extraordinary beauty of the poem, is, perhaps, unparalleled in the literary history of the country. Lord Byron states it to have been written "*con amore*, and very much from *existence*." In the original MS. the chief female character was called *Francesca*, in whose person the author meant to delineate one of his acquaintance; but, while the work was at press, he changed the name to *Medora*.—L. E.

This is inaccurate. Moore, in a note on the subject, states that the name "had been at first Genevra, not Francesca, as Mr. Dallas asserts."—P. E.

(2) This political allusion having been objected to by a friend, Lord Byron sent a second dedication to Mr. Moore, with a request that he would "take his choice." It ran as follows:—

"My dear Moore, "January 7, 1814.

"I have written to you a long letter of dedication, which I suppress, because, though it contained something relating to you, which every one had been glad to hear, yet there was too much about politics, and poesy, and all things whatsoever, ending with that topic on which most men are fluent, and none very amusing,—*one's self*. It might have been re-written; but to what purpose? My praise could add nothing to your well-earned and firmly-established fame; and with my most hearty admiration of your talents, and delight in your conversation, you are already acquainted. In availing myself of your friendly permission to inscribe this poem to you, I can only wish the offering were as worthy your acceptance, as your regard is dear to

"Yours, most affectionately and faithfully,
—L. E. "Byron."

(3) After the words "Scott alone," Lord Byron had inserted, in a parenthesis—"He will excuse the '*Mr.*'—we do not say *Mr.* Cæsar.—L. E.

fatal facility of the octo-syllabic verse; and this is not the least victory of his fertile and mighty genius: in blank verse, Milton, Thomson, and our dramatists, are the beacons that shine along the deep, but warn us from the rough and barren rock on which they are kindled. The heroic couplet is not the most popular measure certainly; but as I did not deviate into the other from a wish to flatter what is called public opinion, I shall quit it without further apology, and take my chance once more with that versification, in which I have hitherto published nothing but compositions whose former circulation is part of my present, and will be of my future, regret.

With regard to my story, and stories in general, I should have been glad to have rendered my personages more perfect and amiable, if possible, inasmuch as I have been sometimes criticised, and considered no less responsible for their deeds and qualities than if all had been personal. Be it so—if I have deviated into the gloomy vanity of "drawing from self," the pictures are probably like, since they are unfavourable; and if not, those who know me are undeceived, and those who do not, I have little interest in undeceiving. I have no particular desire that any but my acquaintance should think the author better than the beings of his imagining; but I cannot help a little surprise, and perhaps amusement, at some odd critical exceptions in the present instance, when I see several bards (far more deserving, I allow) in very reputable plight, and quite exempted from all participation in the faults of those heroes, who, nevertheless, might be found with little more morality than the Giaour, and perhaps—but no—I must admit Childe Harold to be a very repulsive personage; and as to his identity, those who like it must give him whatever "alias" they please. (1)

If, however, it were worth while to remove the impression, it might be of some service to me, that the man who is alike the delight of his readers and his friends, the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own, permits me here and elsewhere to subscribe myself,

Most truly, and affectionately,

His obedient servant,

January 2, 1814. BYRON.

CANTO I.(2)

"——— nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria,———"—*Dante.*

I.

"O'ER the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home!
These are our realms, no limits to their sway—
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.
Ours the wild life in tumult still to range
From toil to rest, and joy in every change.
Oh, who can tell? not thou, luxurious slave!
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave;
Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease!
Whom slumber soothes not—pleasure cannot please.
Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,
The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play,
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?
That for itself can woo the approaching fight,
And turn what some deem danger to delight;
That seeks what cravens shun with more than zeal,
And where the feebler faint—can only feel—
Feel—to the rising bosom's inmost core,
Its hope awaken and its spirit soar?
No dread of death—if with us die our foes—
Save that it seems even duller than repose:
Come when it will—we snatch the life of life—
When lost—what recks it—by disease or strife?
Let him who crawls enamour'd of decay
Cling to his couch, and sicken years away;
Heave his thick breath, and shake his palsied head;
Ours—the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed.
While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,
Ours with one pang—one bound—escapes control.
His corse may boast its urn and narrow cave,
And they who loathed his life may gild his grave:
Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,
When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead.
For us, even banquets fond regret supply
In the red cup that crowns our memory;
And the brief epitaph in danger's day,
When those who win at length divide the prey,
And cry, Remembrance saddening o'er each brow,
How had the brave who fell exulted *now!*"

II.

Such were the notes that from the Pirate's isle (3)
Around the kindling watch-fire rang the while:
Such were the sounds that thrill'd the rocks along,
And unto ears as rugged seem'd a song!
In scatter'd groups upon the golden sand,
They game—carouse—converse—or whet the brand;
Select the arms—to each his blade assign,
And careless eye the blood that dims its shine;
Repair the boat, replace the helm or oar,
While others straggling muse along the shore;
For the wild bird the busy springes set,
Or spread beneath the sun the dripping net;
Gaze where some distant sail a speck supplies,
With all the thirsting eye of Enterprise;
Tell o'er the tales of many a night of toil,
And marvel where they next shall seize a spoil:
No matter where—their chief's allotment this;
Theirs, to believe no prey nor plan amiss.

(1) "It is difficult to say whether we are to receive this passage as an admission or a denial of the opinion to which it refers; but Lord Byron certainly did the public injustice, if he supposed it imputed to him the criminal actions with which many of his heroes were stained. Men no more expected to meet in Lord Byron the Corsair, who "knew himself a villain," than they looked for the hypocrisy of Kehama on the shores of the Derwent Water, or the profligacy of Marmion on the banks of the Tweed." *Sir Walter Scott.*—L. E.

(2) The time in this poem may seem too short for the occurrences, but the whole of the Ægean isles are within a few hours' sail of the continent, and the reader must be kind enough to take the *wind* as I have often found it.

(3) "There were two islands in the Archipelago when Lord Byron was in Greece, considered as the chief haunts of the pirates—Stampalia, and a long narrow island between Cape Colonna and Zea. Jura also was a little tainted in its reputation. I think, however, from the description, that the Pirate's isle of the *Corsair* is the island off Cape Colonna. It is a rude rocky mass." *Galt.*—P. E.

But who that CHIEF? his name on every shore
Is famed and fear'd—they ask and know no more.
With these he mingles not but to command;
Few are his words, but keen his eye and hand.
Ne'er seasons he with mirth their jovial mess,
But they forgive his silence for success.
Ne'er for his lip the purpling cup they fill,
That goblet passes him untasted still—
And for his fare—the rudest of his crew
Would that, in turn, have pass'd untasted too;
Earth's coarsest bread, the garden's homeliest roots,
And scarce the summer luxury of fruits,
His short repast in humbleness supply
With all a hermit's board would scarce deny.
But while he shuns the grosser joys of sense,
His mind seems nourish'd by that abstinence.
"Steer to that shore!"—they sail. "Do this!"—'t is done:
"Now form and follow me!"—the spoil is won.
Thus prompt his accents and his actions still,
And all obey and few inquire his will;
To such, brief answer and contemptuous eye
Convey reproof, nor further deign reply.

III.

"A sail!—a sail!"—a promised prize to Hope!
Her nation—flag—how speaks the telescope?
No prize, alas!—but yet a welcome sail:
The blood-red signal glitters in the gale.
Yes—she is ours—a home-returning bark—
Blow fair, thou breeze!—she anchors ere the dark.
Already doubled is the cape—our bay
Receives that prow which proudly spurns the spray.
How gloriously her gallant course she goes!
Her white wings flying—never from her foes—
She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.
Who would not brave the battle-fire—the wreck—
To move the monarch of her peopled deck?

IV.

Hoarse o'er her side the rustling cable rings;
The sails are furl'd; and anchoring round she swings:
And gathering loiterers on the land discern
Her boat descending from the latticed stern.
'T is mann'd—the oars keep concert to the strand,
Till grates her keel upon the shallow sand.
Hail to the welcome shout!—the friendly speech!
When hand grasps hand uniting on the beach;
The smile, the question, and the quick reply,
And the heart's promise of festivity!

V.

The tidings spread, and gathering grows the crowd;
The hum of voices, and the laughter loud,
And woman's gentler anxious tone is heard—
Friends'—husbands'—lovers' names in each dear word:
"Oh! are they safe? we ask not of success—
But shall we see them? will their accents bless?
From where the battle roars—the billows chafe—
They doubtless boldly did—but who are safe?
Here let them haste to gladden and surprise,
And kiss the doubt from these delighted eyes!"

VI.

"Where is our Chief? for him we bear report—
And doubt that joy—which hails our coming—short;
Yet thus sincere—'t is cheering, though so brief;
But, Juan! instant guide us to our chief:
Our greeting paid, we'll feast on our return,
And all shall hear what each may wish to learn."
Ascending slowly by the rock-hewn way,
To where his watch-tower beetles o'er the bay,
By bushy brake, and wild flowers blossoming,
And freshness breathing from each silver spring,
Whose scatter'd streams from granite basins burst,
Leap into life, and sparkling woo your thirst;
From crag to cliff they mount—Near yonder cave,
What lonely straggler looks along the wave?
In pensive posture leaning on the brand,
Not oft a resting-staff to that red hand?
"'T is he—'t is Conrad—here—as wont—alone;
On—Juan!—on—and make our purpose known.
The bark he views—and tell him we would greet
His ear with tidings he must quickly meet:
We dare not yet approach—thou know'st his mood,
When strange or uninvited steps intrude."

VII.

Him Juan sought, and told of their intent;—
He spake not—but a sign expressed assent.
These Juan calls—they come—to their salute
He bends him slightly, but his lips are mute.
"These letters, Chief, are from the Greek—the spy,
Who still proclaims our spoil or peril nigh:
Whate'er his tidings, we can well report,
Much that"—"Peace, peace!"—he cuts their prating short.
Wondering they turn, abash'd, while each to each
Conjecture whispers in his muttering speech:
They watch his glance with many a stealing look,
To gather how that eye the tidings took;
But, this as if he guess'd, with head aside,
Perchance from some emotion, doubt, or pride,
He read the scroll—"My tablets, Juan, hark—
Where is Gonsalvo?"
"In the anchor'd bark."
"There let him stay—to him this order bear—
Back to your duty—for my course prepare:
Myself this enterprise to-night will share."
"To-night, Lord Conrad?"
"Ay! at set of sun:
The breeze will freshen when the day is done.
My corslet—cloak—one hour—and we are gone.
Sling on thy bugle—see that free from rust
My carbine-lock springs worthy of my trust;
Be the edge sharpen'd of my boarding-brand,
And give its guard more room to fit my hand.
This let the armourer with speed dispose;
Last time it more fatigued my arm than foes:
Mark that the signal-gun be duly fired,
To tell us when the hour of stay 's expired."

VIII.

They make obeisance, and retire in haste,
Too soon to seek again the watery waste:
Yet they repine not—so that Conrad guides;
And who dare question aught that he decides?
That man of loneliness and mystery,
Scarce seen to smile, and seldom heard to sigh;
Whose name appals the fiercest of his crew,
And tints each swarthy cheek with sallower hue;
Still sways their souls with that commanding art
That dazzles, leads, yet chills the vulgar heart.

What is that spell, that thus his lawless train
Confess and envy, yet oppose in vain?
What should it be, that thus their faith can bind?
The power of thought—the magic of the mind!
Link'd with success, assumed and kept with skill,
That moulds another's weakness to its will;
Wields with their hands, but, still to these unknown,
Makes even their mightiest deeds appear his own.
Such hath it been—shall be—beneath the sun
The many still must labour for the one!
'Tis Nature's doom—but let the wretch who toils
Accuse not, hate not, *him* who wears the spoils.
Oh! if he knew the weight of splendid chains,
How light the balance of his humbler pains!

IX.

Unlike the heroes of each ancient race,
Demons in act, but gods at least in face,
In Conrad's form seems little to admire,
Though his dark eyebrow shades a glance of fire:
Robust but not Herculean—to the sight
No giant frame sets forth his common height;
Yet, in the whole, who paused to look again
Saw more than marks the crowd of vulgar men; (1)
They gaze and marvel how—and still confess
That thus it is, but why they cannot guess.
Sun-burnt his cheek, his forehead high and pale
The sable curls in wild profusion veil;
And oft perforce his rising lip reveals
The haughtier thought it curbs, but scarce conceals.
Though smooth his voice, and calm his general mien,
Still seems there something he would not have seen:
His features' deepening lines and varying hue
At times attracted, yet perplex'd the view,
As if within that murkiness of mind
Work'd feelings fearful, and yet undefined;
Such might it be—that none could truly tell—
Too close inquiry his stern glance would quell.
There breathe but few whose aspect might defy
The full encounter of his searching eye:
He had the skill, when Cunning's gaze would seek
To probe his heart and watch his changing cheek,
At once the observer's purpose to espy,
And on himself roll back his scrutiny,
Lest he to Conrad rather should betray
Some secret thought, than drag that chief's to day.
There was a laughing devil in his sneer,
That raised emotions both of rage and fear;
And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope withering fled—and Mercy sigh'd farewell! (2)

X.

Slight are the outward signs of evil thought,
Within—within—'t was there the spirit wrought!
Love shows all changes—Hate, Ambition, Guile,
Betray no further than the bitter smile;
The lip's least curl, the lightest paleness thrown
Along the govern'd aspect, speak alone
Of deeper passions; and to judge their mien,
He, who would see, must be himself unseen.
Then—with the hurried tread, the upward eye,
The clenched hand, the pause of agony,
That listens, starting, lest the step too near
Approach intrusive on that mood of fear:
Then—with each feature working from the heart,
With feelings loosed to strengthen—not depart:
That rise—convulse—contend—that freeze or glow,
Flush in the cheek, or damp upon the brow;
Then—stranger! if thou canst, and tremblest not,
Behold his soul—the rest that soothes his lot!
Mark—how that lone and blighted bosom sears
The scathing thought of execrated years!
Behold—but who hath seen, or e'er shall see,
Man as himself—the secret spirit free?

XI.

Yet was not Conrad thus by nature sent
To lead the guilty—guilt's worst instrument—
His soul was changed, before his deeds had driven
Him forth to war with man and forfeit heaven.

(1) "In the features of Conrad, those who have looked upon Lord Byron will recognise some likeness; and the ascetic regimen which the noble poet himself observed was no less marked in the preceding description of Conrad's fare. To what are we to ascribe the singular peculiarity which induced an author of such talent, and so well skilled in tracing the darker impressions which guilt and remorse leave on the human character, so frequently to affix features peculiar to himself to the robbers and corsairs which he sketched with a pencil as forcible as that of Salvator? More than one answer may be returned to this question; nor do we pretend to say which is best warranted by the facts. The practice may arise from a temperament which radical and constitutional melancholy had, as in the case of Hamlet, predisposed to identify its owner with scenes of that deep and amazing interest which arises from the stings of conscience contending with the stubborn energy of pride, and delighting to be placed in supposed situations of guilt and danger, as some men love instinctively to tread the giddy edge of a precipice, or, holding by some frail twig, to stoop forward over the abyss into which the dark torrent discharges itself. Or, it may be that these disguises were assumed capriciously, as a man might choose the cloak, poniard, and dark lantern of a bravo, for his disguise at a masquerade. Or, feeling his own powers in painting the sombre and the horrible, Lord Byron assumed in his fervour the very semblance of the characters he describes; like an actor who presents on the stage at once his own person and the tragic character with which for the time he is invested. Nor is it altogether incompatible with his character to believe that, in contempt of the criticisms which, on this account, had attended *Childe Harold*, he was determined to show to the public how little he was affected by them, and how effectually it was in his power to compel attention and respect, even when imparting a portion of his own likeness and his own peculiarities, to pirates and outlaws." *Sir Walter Scott.*—L. E.

(2) That Conrad is a character not altogether out of nature, I shall attempt to prove by some historical coincidences which I have met with since writing *The Corsair*:—

"Eccelin, prisonnier," dit Rolandini, "s'enfermoit dans un silence menaçant; il fixoit sur la terre son regard féroce, et ne donnoit point l'essor à sa profonde indignation. De toutes parts cependant les soldats et les peuples accouroient; ils vouloient voir cet homme, jadis si puissant, et la joie universelle éclatoit de toutes parts. * * * Eccelin etoit d'une petite taille; mais tout l'aspect de sa personne, tous ses mouvemens, indiquoient un soldat. Son langage étoit amer, son déportement superbe—et par son seul regard il faisoit trembier les plus hardis."—*Sismondi*, tome iii. p. 219, 220.

Again: "Gisericus (Genseric, king of the Vandals, the conqueror of both Carthage and Rome), staturâ mediocris, et equi casu claudicans, animo profundus, sermone rarus, luxuriæ contemptor, irâ turbidus, habendi cupidus, ad sollicitandas gentes providentissimus," etc. etc.—*Jornandes de Rebus Geticis*, c. 33

I beg leave to quote these gloomy realities to keep in countenance my Giaour and Corsair.

["In the portrait of Conrad, some of the darker features and harsher lineaments of Byron himself are very evident, but with a more fixed sternness than belonged to him; for it was only by fits that he could put on such severity. Conrad is a higher creation than any which he had previously described." *Galt.*—P. E.]

Warp'd by the world in Disappointment's school,
In words too wise, in conduct *there* a fool;
Too firm to yield, and far too proud to stoop,
Doom'd by his very virtues for a dupe,
He cursed those virtues as the cause of ill,
And not the traitors who betray'd him still;
Nor deem'd that gifts betow'd on better men
Had left him joy, and means to give again. [force,
Fear'd—shunn'd—belied—ere youth had lost her
He hated man too much to feel remorse,
And thought the voice of wrath a sacred call,
To pay the injuries of some on all.
He knew himself a villain—but he deem'd
The rest no better than the thing he seem'd;
And scorn'd the best as hypocrites who hid
Those deeds the bolder spirit plainly did.
He knew himself detested, but he knew
The hearts that loathed him crouch'd and dreaded too.
Lone, wild, and strange, he stood alike exempt
From all affection and from all contempt:
His name could sadden, and his acts surprise;
But they that fear'd him dared not to despise:
Man spurns the worm, but pauses ere he wake
The slumbering venom of the folded snake;
The first may turn—but not avenge the blow,
The last expires—but leaves no living foe;
Fast to the doom'd offender's form it clings,
And he may crush—not conquer—still it stings!

XII.

None are all evil—quickening round his heart,
One softer feeling would not yet depart;
Oft could he sneer at others as beguiled
By passions worthy of a fool or child;
Yet 'gainst that passion vainly still he strove,
And even in him it asks the name of Love!
Yes, it was love—unchangeable—unchanged,
Felt but for one from whom he never ranged:
Though fairest captives daily met his eye,
He shunn'd, nor sought, but coldly pass'd them by;
Though many a beauty droop'd in prison'd bower,
None ever soothed his most unguarded hour.
Yes—it was love—if thoughts of tenderness,
Tried in temptation, strengthen'd by distress,
Unmoved by absence, firm in every clime,
And yet—Oh more than all!—untired by time;
Which nor defeated hope, nor baffled wile,
Could render sullen were she near to smile,
Nor rage could fire, nor sickness fret to vent
On her one murmur of his discontent;
Which still would meet with joy, with calmness part,
Lest that his look of grief should reach her heart;
Which nought removed, nor menaced to remove—
If there be love in mortals—this was love!
He was a villain—ay—reproaches shower
On him—but not the passion, nor its power,
Which only proved, all other virtues gone,
Not guilt itself could quench this loveliest one!

XIII.

He paused a moment—till his hastening men
Pass'd the first winding downward to the glen.
"Strange tidings!—many a peril have I past,
Nor know I why this next appears the last!
Yet so my heart forebodes, but must not fear,
Nor shall my followers find me falter here.
'Tis rash to meet, but surer death to wait
Till here they hunt us to undoubted fate;
And, if my plan but hold, and Fortune smile,
We'll furnish mourners for our funeral pile.
Ay—let them slumber—peaceful be their dreams!
Morn ne'er awoke them with such brilliant beams
As kindle high to-night (but blow, thou breeze!)
To warm these slow avengers of the seas.
Now to Medora—Oh! my sinking heart,
Long may her own be lighter than thou art!
Yet was I brave—mean boast where all are brave!
Even insects sting for aught they seek to save.
This common courage which with brutes we share,
That owes its deadliest efforts to despair,
Small merit claims—but 'twas my nobler hope
To teach my few with numbers still to cope;
Long have I led them—not to vainly bleed;
No medium now—we perish or succeed!
So let it be—it irks not me to die;
But thus to urge them whence they cannot fly.
My lot hath long had little of my care,
But chafes my pride thus baffled in the snare:
Is this my skill? my craft? to set at last
Hope, power, and life upon a single cast?
Oh, Fate!—accuse thy folly, not thy fate—
She may redeem thee still—nor yet too late."

XIV.

Thus with himself communion held he, till
He reach'd the summit of his tower-crown'd hill:
There at the portal paused—for wild and soft
He heard those accents never heard too oft;
Through the high lattice far yet sweet they rung,
And these the notes the bird of beauty sung:—

1.

"Deep in my soul that tender secret dwells,
Lonely and lost to light for evermore,
Save when to thine my heart responsive swells,
Then trembles into silence as before.

2.

"There, in its centre, a sepulchral lamp
Burns the slow flame, eternal—but unseen;
Which not the darkness of despair can damp,
Though vain its ray as it had never been.

3.

"Remember me—Oh! pass not thou my grave
Without one thought whose relics there recline:
The only pang my bosom dare not brave
Must be to find forgetfulness in thine.

4.

"My fondest—faintest—latest accents hear—
Grief for the dead not Virtue can reprove;
Then give me all I ever ask'd—a tear,
The first—last—sole reward of so much love!"

He pass'd the portal—cross'd the corridore,
And reach'd the chamber as the strain gave o'er:
"My own Medora! sure thy song is sad—"

"In Conrad's absence wouldst thou have it glad?
Without thine ear to listen to my lay,
Still must my song my thoughts, my soul betray:
Still must each accent to my bosom suit,
My heart unhush'd—although my lips were mute!
Oh! many a night on this lone couch reclined,
My dreaming fear with storms hath wing'd the wind,

And deem'd the breath that faintly fann'd thy sail
The murmuring prelude of the ruder gale;
Though soft, it seem'd the low prophetic dirge,
That mourn'd thee floating on the savage surge:
Still would I rise to rouse the beacon fire,
Lest spies less true should let the blaze expire;
And many a restless hour outwatch'd each star,
And morning came—and still thou wert afar.
Oh! how the chill blast on my bosom blew,
And day broke dreary on my troubled view!
And still I gazed and gazed—and not a prow
Was granted to my tears—my truth—my vow!
At length—'twas noon—I hail'd and blest the mast
That met my sight—it near'd—alas! it pass'd!
Another came—Oh God! 't was thine at last!
Would that those days were over! wilt thou ne'er,
My Conrad! learn the joys of peace to share?
Sure thou hast more than wealth, and many a home
As bright as this invites us not to roam:
Thou know'st it is not peril that I fear,
I only tremble when thou art not here;
Then not for mine, but that far dearer life,
Which flies from love and languishes for strife—
How strange that heart, to me so tender still,
Should war with nature and its better will!" (1)

"Yea, strange indeed—that heart hath long been changed:
Worm-like 't was trampled—adder-like avenged,
Without one hope on earth beyond thy love,
And scarce a glimpse of mercy from above.
Yet the same feeling which thou dost condemn,
My very love to thee is hate to them,
So closely mingling here, that disentwined,
I cease to love thee when I love mankind:
Yet dread not this—the proof of all the past
Assures the future that my love will last;
But—Oh, Medora! nerve thy gentler heart,
This hour again—but not for long—we part."

"This hour we part!—my heart foreboded this;
Thus ever fade my fairy dreams of bliss.
This hour—it cannot be—this hour away!
Yon bark hath hardly anchor'd in the bay;
Her consort still is absent, and her crew
Have need of rest before they toil anew:
My love! thou mock'st my weakness, and wouldst steel
My breast before the time when it must feel;
But trifle now no more with my distress,
Such mirth hath less of play than bitterness.
Be silent, Conrad!—dearest! come and share
The feast these hands delighted to prepare;
Light toil! to cull and dress thy frugal fare!
See, I have pluck'd the fruit that promised best,
And where not sure, perplex'd, but pleased, I guess'd
At such as seem'd the fairest; thrice the hill
My steps have wound to try the coolest rill;
Yes! thy sherbet to-night will sweetly flow,
See how it sparkles in its vase of snow!
The grape's gay juice thy bosom never cheers,
Thou more than Moslem when the cup appears:
Think not I mean to chide—for I rejoice
What others deem a penance is thy choice.
But come, the board is spread; our silver lamp
Is trimm'd, and heeds not the sirocco's damp:
Then shall my handmaids while the time along,
And join with me the dance, or wake the song;
Or my guitar, which still thou lovest to hear,
Shall soothe or lull—or, should it vex thine ear,
We'll turn the tale, by Ariosto told,
Of fair Olympia loved and left of old.(2)
Why—thou wert worse than he who broke his vow
To that lost damsel, shouldst thou leave me now;
Or even that traitor chief—I've seen thee smile,
When the clear sky show'd Ariadne's isle,
Which I have pointed from these cliffs the while:
And thus half sportive, half in fear, I said,
Lest Time should raise that doubt to more than dread,
Thus Conrad, too, will quit me for the main:
And he deceived me—for—he came again!"

"Again—again—and oft again—my love!
If there be life below, and hope above,
He will return—but now, the moments bring
The time of parting with redoubled wing:
The why—the where—what boots it now to tell?
Since all must end in that wild word—farewell!
Yet would I fain—did time allow—disclose—
Fear not—these are no formidable foes;
And here shall watch a more than wonted guard,
For sudden siege and long defence prepared:
Nor be thou lonely—though thy lord's away,
Our matrons and thy handmaids with thee stay;
And this thy comfort—that, when next we meet,
Security shall make repose more sweet.
List!—'tis the bugle—Juan shrilly blew—
One kiss—one more—another—Oh! adieu!"

She rose—she sprung—she clung to his embrace,
Till his heart heaved beneath her hidden face.
He dared not raise to his that deep-blue eye,
Which downcast droop'd in tearless agony.
Her long fair hair lay floating o'er his arms,
In all the wildness of dishevell'd charms;
Scarce beat that bosom where his image dwelt
So full—*that* feeling seem'd almost unfelt!
Hark—peals the thunder of the signal-gun!
It told 't was sunset—and he cursed that sun.
Again—again—that form he madly press'd,
Which mutely clasp'd, imploringly caress'd!
And tottering to the couch his bride he bore,
One moment gazed—as if to gaze no more;
Felt—that for him earth held but her alone,
Kiss'd her cold forehead—turn'd—is Conrad gone?

XV.

"And is he gone?"—on sudden solitude
How oft that fearful question will intrude!
"'Twas but an instant past—and here he stood!
And now"—without the portal's porch she rush'd,
And then at length her tears in freedom gush'd;
Big—bright—and fast, unknown to her they fell;
But still her lips refused to send—"Farewell!"

(1) "Lord Byron has made a fine use of the gentleness and submission of the females of these regions, as contrasted with the lordly pride and martial ferocity of the men: and though we suspect he has lent them more *soul* than of right belongs to them, as well as more delicacy and reflection, yet there is something so true to female nature in general, in his representations of this sort, and so much of the oriental softness and acquiescence in his particular delineations, that it is scarcely possible to refuse the picture the praise of being characteristic and harmonious, as well as eminently sweet and beautiful in itself." *Jeffrey.*—L. E.

(2) *Orlando Furioso*, Canto x.

For in that word—that fatal word—howe'er
We promise—hope—believe—there breathes despair.
O'er every feature of that still, pale face,
Had sorrow fix'd what time can ne'er erase:
The tender blue of that large loving eye
Grew frozen with its gaze on vacancy,
Till—Oh, how far!—it caught a glimpse of him,
And then it flow'd—and frenzied seem'd to swim
Through those long, dark, and glistening lashes, dew'd
With drops of sadness, oft to be renew'd.
"He's gone!"—against her heart that hand is driven,
Convulsed and quick—then gently raised to heaven;
She look'd and saw the heaving of the main;
The white sail set—she dared not look again;
But turn'd with sickening soul within the gate—
"It is no dream—and I am desolate!" (1)

XVI.

From crag to crag descending—swiftly sped
Stern Conrad down, nor once he turn'd his head;
But shrunk whene'er the windings of his way
Forced on his eye what he would not survey,
His lone but lovely dwelling on the steep,
That hail'd him first when homeward from the deep:
And she—the dim and melancholy star,
Whose ray of beauty reach'd him from afar,
On her he must not gaze, he must not think;
There he might rest—but on Destruction's brink:
Yet once almost he stopp'd—and nearly gave
His fate to chance, his projects to the wave:
But no—it must not be—a worthy chief
May melt, but not betray to woman's grief.
He sees his bark, he notes how fair the wind,
And sternly gathers all his might of mind:
Again he hurries on—and as he hears
The clang of tumult vibrate on his ears,
The busy sounds, the bustle of the shore,
The shout, the signal, and the dashing oar;
As marks his eye the seaboy on the mast,
The anchors rise, the sails unfurling fast,
The waving kerchiefs of the crowd that urge
That mute adieu to those who stem the surge;
And, more than all, his blood-red flag aloft,
He marvell'd how his heart could seem so soft.
Fire in his glance, and wildness in his breast,
He feels of all his former self possest;
He bounds—he flies—until his footsteps reach
The verge where ends the cliff, begins the beach,—
There checks his speed; but pauses less to breathe
The breezy freshness of the deep beneath,
Than there his wonted statelier step renew,
Nor rush, disturb'd by haste, to vulgar view:
For well had Conrad learn'd to curb the crowd,
By arts that veil, and oft preserve the proud;
His was the lofty port, the distant mien,
That seems to shun the sight—and awes if seen:
The solemn aspect, and the high-born eye,
That checks low mirth, but lacks not courtesy;
All these he wielded to command assent:
But where he wish'd to win, so well unbent,
That kindness cancell'd fear in those who heard,
And others' gifts show'd mean beside his word,
When echo'd to the heart as from his own
His deep yet tender melody of tone:
But such was foreign to his wonted mood,
He cared not what he soften'd, but subdued;
The evil passions of his youth had made
Him value less who loved—than what obey'd.

XVII.

Around him mustering ranged his ready guard;
Before him Juan stands—"Are all prepared?"
"They are—nay more—embark'd: the latest boat
Waits but my chief——"
"My sword, and my capote."
Soon firmly girded on, and lightly slung,
His belt and cloak were o'er his shoulders flung.
"Call Pedro here!" He comes—and Conrad bends,
With all the courtesy he deign'd his friends:
"Receive these tablets, and peruse with care,
Words of high trust and truth are graven there;
Double the guard, and when Anselmo's bark
Arrives, let him alike these orders mark:
In three days (serve the breeze) the sun shall shine
On our return—till then all peace be thine!"
This said, his brother pirate's hand he wrung,
Then to his boat with haughty gesture sprung.
Flash'd the dipt oars, and, sparkling with the stroke,
Around the waves' phosphoric (2) brightness broke;
They gain the vessel—on the deck he stands,—
Shrieks the shrill whistle—ply the busy hands—
He marks how well the ship her helm obeys,
How gallant all her crew—and deigns to praise.
His eyes of pride to young Gonsalvo turn—
Why doth he start, and inly seem to mourn?
Alas! those eyes beheld his rocky tower,
And live a moment o'er the parting hour;
She—his Medora—did she mark the prow?
Ah! never loved he half so much as now!
But much must yet be done ere dawn of day—
Again he mans himself and turns away;
Down to the cabin with Gonsalvo bends,
And there unfolds his plan—his means—and ends;
Before them burns the lamp, and spreads the chart,
And all that speaks and aids the naval art;
They to the midnight watch protract debate;
To anxious eyes what hour is ever late?
Meantime, the steady breeze serenely blew,
And fast and falcon-like the vessel flew;
Pass'd the high headlands of each clustering isle
To gain their port—long—long ere morning smile:
And soon the night-glass through the narrow bay
Discovers where the Pacha's galleys lay.
Count they each sail—and mark how there supine
The lights in vain o'er heedless Moslem shine.
Secure, unnoted, Conrad's prow pass'd by,
And anchor'd where his ambush meant to lie;
Screen'd from espial by the jutting cape,
That rears on high its rude fantastic shape.
Then rose his band to duty—not from sleep—
Equipp'd for deeds alike on land or deep;
While lean'd their leader o'er the fretting flood,
And calmly talk'd—and yet he talk'd of blood!

(1) "We do not know any thing in poetry more beautiful or touching than this picture of their parting." *Jeffrey.*—L. E.

(2) By night, particularly in a warm latitude, every stroke of the oar, every motion of the boat or ship, is followed by a slight flash like sheet-lightning from the water.

CANTO II.

"Conosceste i dubiosi desiri?"—*Dante.*

I.

In Coron's bay floats many a galley light,(1)
Through Coron's lattices the lamps are bright,
For Seyd, the Pacha, makes a feast to-night:
A feast for promised triumph yet to come,
When he shall drag the fetter'd rovers home;
This hath he sworn by Alla and his sword,
And faithful to his firman and his word,
His summon'd prows collect along the coast,
And great the gathering crews, and loud the boast;
Already shared the captives and the prize,
Though far the distant foe they thus despise;
'Tis but to sail—no doubt to-morrow's sun
Will see the pirates bound—their haven won!
Meantime the watch may slumber, if they will,
Nor only wake to war, but dreaming kill.
Though all, who can, disperse on shore and seek
To flesh their glowing valour on the Greek;
How well such deed becomes the turban'd brave—
To bare the sabre's edge before a slave!
Infest his dwelling—but forbear to slay,
Their arms are strong, yet merciful to-day,
And do not deign to smite because they may!
Unless some gay caprice suggests the blow,
To keep in practice for the coming foe.
Revel and rout the evening hours beguile,
And they who wish to wear a head must smile;
For Moslem mouths produce their choicest cheer,
And hoard their curses, till the coast is clear.

II.

High in his hall reclines the turban'd Seyd;
Around—the bearded chiefs he came to lead.
Removed the banquet, and the last pilaff—
Forbidden draughts, 't is said, he dared to quaff,
Though to the rest the sober berry's juice(2)
The slaves bear round for rigid Moslems' use;
The long chibouque's(3) dissolving cloud supply,
While dance the Almas(4) to wild minstrelsy.
The rising morn will view the chiefs embark;
But waves are somewhat treacherous in the dark:
And revellers may more securely sleep
On silken couch than o'er the rugged deep;
Feast there who can—nor combat till they must,
And less to conquest than to Korans trust;
And yet the numbers crowded in his host
Might warrant more than even the Pacha's boast.

III.

With cautious reverence, from the outer gate
Slow stalks the slave, whose office there to wait,
Bows his bent head—his hand salutes the floor,
Ere yet his tongue the trusted tidings bore:

"A captive Dervise, from the pirate's nest
Escaped, is here—himself would tell the rest."(5)
He took the sign from Seyd's assenting eye,
And led the holy man in silence nigh.
His arms were folded on his dark-green vest,
His step was feeble, and his look deprest;
Yet worn he seem'd of hardship more than years,
And pale his cheek with penance, not from fears.
Vow'd to his God—his sable locks he wore,
And these his lofty cap rose proudly o'er:
Around his form his loose long robe was thrown,
And wrapt a breast bestow'd on heaven alone;
Submissive, yet with self-possession mann'd,
He calmly met the curious eyes that scann'd;
And question of his coming fain would seek,
Before the Pacha's will allow'd to speak.

IV.

"Whence comest thou, Dervise?"
"From the outlaw's den,
A fugitive—"
"Thy capture where and when?"
"From Scalanovo's port to Scio's isle,
The Saick was bound; but Alla did not smile
Upon our course—the Moslem merchant's gains
The rovers won: our limbs have worn their chains.
I had no death to fear, nor wealth to boast,
Beyond the wandering freedom which I lost;
At length a fisher's humble boat by night
Afforded hope, and offer'd chance of flight;
I seized the hour, and find my safety here—
With thee—most mighty Pacha! who can fear?"

"How speed the outlaws? stand they well prepared,
Their plunder'd wealth, and robber's rock, to guard?
Dream they of this our preparation, doom'd
To view with fire their scorpion nest consumed?"

"Pacha! the fetter'd captive's mourning eye,
That weeps for flight, but ill can play the spy;
I only heard the reckless waters roar,
Those waves that would not bear me from the shore;
I only mark'd the glorious sun and sky,
Too bright—too blue—for my captivity;
And felt—that all which Freedom's bosom cheers
Must break my chain before it dried my tears.
This mayst thou judge, at least, from my escape,
They little deem of aught in peril's shape;
Else vainly had I pray'd or sought the chance
That leads me here—if eyed with vigilance:
The careless guard that did not see me fly
May watch as idly when thy power is nigh:
Pacha!—my limbs are faint—and nature craves
Food for my hunger, rest from tossing waves:
Permit my absence—peace be with thee! Peace
With all around!—now grant repose—release."

"Stay, Dervise! I have more to question—stay,
I do command thee—sit—dost hear?—obey!

(1) "I know not to what particular Coron, if there be more than one, the poet alludes: for the Coron of the Morea is neighbour to, if not in, the Mainote territory, a tract of country which never submitted to the Turks, and was exempted from the jurisdiction of Mussulman officers by the payment of an annual tribute. If it be in that Coron that Byron has placed Seyd the Pacha, it must be attributed to inadvertency." *Galt.*—P. E.

(2) Coffee. (3) "Chibouque," pipe. (4) Dancing-girls.

(5) It has been observed, that Conrad's entering disguised as a spy is out of nature. Perhaps so. I find something not unlike it in history:—"Anxious to explore with his own eyes the state of the Vandals, Majorian ventured, after disguising the colour of his hair, to visit Carthage in the character of his own ambassador; and Genseric was afterwards mortified by the discovery that he had entertained and dismissed the Emperor of the Romans. Such an anecdote may be rejected as an improbable fiction; but it is a fiction which would not have been imagined unless in the life of a hero."—See *Gibbon's Decline and Fall,* vol. vi. p. 160.

More I must ask, and food the slaves shall bring;
Thou shalt not pine where all are banqueting:
The supper done—prepare thee to reply,
Clearly and full—I love not mystery."

'Twere vain to guess what shook the pious man,
Who look'd not lovingly on that divan;
Nor show'd high relish for the banquet prest,
And less respect for every fellow guest.
'Twas but a moment's peevish hectic past
Along his cheek, and tranquillised as fast:
He sate him down in silence, and his look
Resumed the calmness which before forsook.
The feast was usher'd in—but sumptuous fare
He shunn'd as if some poison mingled there:
For one so long condemn'd to toil and fast,
Methinks he strangely spares the rich repast!
"What ails thee, Dervise? eat—dost thou suppose
This feast a Christian's? or my friends thy foes?
Why dost thou shun the salt? that sacred pledge,
Which, once partaken, blunts the sabre's edge;
Makes even contending tribes in peace unite,
And hated hosts seem brethren to the sight!"

"Salt seasons dainties—and my food is still
The humblest root, my drink the simplest rill;
And my stern vow and order's (1) laws oppose
To break or mingle bread with friends or foes;
It may seem strange—if there be aught to dread,
That peril rests upon my single head;
But for thy sway—nay more—thy Sultan's throne,
I taste nor bread nor banquet—save alone:
Infringed our order's rule, the Prophet's rage
To Mecca's dome might bar my pilgrimage."

"Well—as thou wilt—ascetic as thou art—
One question answer; then in peace depart.
How many——Ha! it cannot sure be day?
What star—what sun is bursting on the bay?
It shines a lake of fire!—away—away!
Ho! treachery! my guards! my scimitar!
The galleys feed the flames—and I afar!
Accursed Dervise!—these thy tidings—thou
Some villain spy—seize—cleave him—slay him now!"

Up rose the Dervise with that burst of light:
Nor less his change of form appall'd the sight:
Up rose that Dervise—not in saintly garb,
But like a warrior bounding on his barb,
Dash'd his high cap, and tore his robe away—
Shone his mail'd breast, and flash'd his sabre's ray!
His close but glittering casque, and sable plume,
More glittering eye, and black brow's sabler gloom,
Glared on the Moslems' eyes some Afrit sprite,
Whose demon death-blow left no hope for fight.
The wild confusion, and the swarthy glow
Of flames on high, and torches from below;
The shriek of terror, and the mingling yell—
For swords began to clash, and shouts to swell—
Flung o'er that spot of earth the air of hell!
Distracted, to and fro, the flying slaves
Behold but bloody shore and fiery waves;
Nought heeded they the Pacha's angry cry,
They seize that Dervise!—seize on Zatanai! (2)

He saw their terror—check'd the first despair
That urged him but to stand and perish there,
Since far too early and too well obey'd,
The flame was kindled ere the signal made;
He saw their terror—from his baldric drew
His bugle—brief the blast—but shrilly blew;
'Tis answer'd—"Well ye speed, my gallant crew!
Why did I doubt their quickness of career?
And deem design had left me single here?"
Sweeps his long arm—that sabre's whirling sway
Sheds fast atonement for its first delay;
Completes his fury, what their fear begun,
And makes the many basely quail to one.
The cloven turbans o'er the chamber spread,
And scarce an arm dare rise to guard its head:
Even Seyd, convulsed, o'erwhelm'd with rage, surprise,
Retreats before him, though he still defies.
No craven he—and yet he dreads the blow,
So much Confusion magnifies his foe!
His blazing galleys still distract his sight,
He tore his beard, and foaming fled the fight; (3)
For now the pirates pass'd the Haram gate,
And burst within—and it were death to wait;
Where wild Amazement shrieking—kneeling—throws
The sword aside—in vain—the blood o'erflows!
The corsairs pouring, haste to where within
Invited Conrad's bugle, and the din
Of groaning victims, and wild cries for life,
Proclaim'd how well he did the work of strife.
They shout to find him grim and lonely there,
A glutted tiger mangling in his lair!
But short their greeting—shorter his reply—
"'Tis well—but Seyd escapes—and he must die—
Much hath been done—but more remains to do—
Their galleys blaze—why not their city too?"

V.

Quick at the word—they seize him each a torch,
And fire the dome from minaret to porch.
A stern delight was fix'd in Conrad's eye,
But sudden sunk—for on his ear the cry
Of women struck, and like a deadly knell
Knock'd at that heart unmoved by battle's yell.
"Oh! burst the Haram—wrong not, on your lives,
One female form—remember—*we* have wives.
On them such outrage Vengeance will repay;
Man is our foe, and such 't is ours to slay:
But still we spared—must spare—the weaker prey.
Oh! I forgot—but Heaven will not forgive
If at my word the helpless cease to live:
Follow who will—I go—we yet have time
Our souls to lighten of at least a crime."
He climbs the crackling stair—he bursts the door,
Nor feels his feet glow scorching with the floor;
His breath choked gasping with the volumed smoke,
But still from room to room his way he broke.
They search—they find—they save: with lusty arms
Each bears a prize of unregarded charms;
Calm their loud fears; sustain their sinking frames
With all the care defenceless beauty claims:
So well could Conrad tame their fiercest mood,
And check the very hands with gore imbrued.

(1) The dervises are in colleges, and of different orders, as the monks.

(2) "Zatanai," Satan.

(3) A common and not very novel effect of Mussulman anger. See *Prince Eugene's Memoirs*, page 24:—"The Seraskier received a wound in the thigh; he plucked up his beard by the roots, because he was obliged to quit the field."

But who is she? whom Conrad's arms convey
From reeking pile and combat's wreck—away—
Who but the love of him he dooms to bleed?
The Haram queen—but still the slave of Seyd!

VI.

Brief time had Conrad now to greet Gulnare, (1)
Few words to re-assure the trembling fair;
For in that pause compassion snatch'd from war,
The foe before retiring, fast and far,
With wonder saw their footsteps unpursued,
First slowlier fled—then rallied—then withstood.
This Seyd perceives, then first perceives how few,
Compared with his, the Corsair's roving crew,
And blushes o'er his error, as he eyes
The ruin wrought by panic and surprise.
Alla il Alla! Vengeance swells the cry—
Shame mounts to rage that must atone or die!
And flame for flame and blood for blood must tell,
The tide of triumph ebbs that flow'd too well—
When wrath returns to renovated strife,
And those who fought for conquest strike for life.
Conrad beheld the danger—he beheld
His followers faint by freshening foes repell'd:
"One effort—one—to break the circling host!"
They form—unite—charge—waver—all is lost!
Within a narrower ring compress'd, beset,
Hopeless, not heartless, strive and struggle yet—
Ah! now they fight in firmest file no more,
Hemm'd in—cut off—cleft down—and trampled o'er;
But each strikes singly, silently, and home,
And sinks outwearied rather than o'ercome,
His last faint quittance rendering with his breath,
Till the blade glimmers in the grasp of death!

VII.

But first, ere came the rallying host to blows,
And rank to rank, and hand to hand oppose,
Gulnare and all her Haram handmaids freed,
Safe in the dome of one who held their creed,
By Conrad's mandate safely were bestow'd,
And dried those tears for life and fame that flow'd:
And when that dark-eyed lady, young Gulnare,
Recall'd those thoughts late wandering in despair,
Much did she marvel o'er the courtesy
That smooth'd his accents, soften'd in his eye:
'T was strange—*that* robber, thus with gore bedew'd,
Seem'd gentler then than Seyd in fondest mood.
The Pacha woo'd as if he deem'd the slave
Must seem delighted with the heart he gave;
The Corsair vow'd protection, soothed affright,
As if his homage were a woman's right.
"The wish is wrong—nay, worse for female—vain:
Yet much I long to view that chief again;
If but to thank for, what my fear forgot,
The life—my loving lord remember'd not!"

VIII.

And him she saw, where thickest carnage spread,
But gather'd breathing from the happier dead;
Far from his band, and battling with a host
That deem right dearly won the field he lost,
Fell'd—bleeding—baffled of the death he sought,
And snatch'd to expiate all the ills he wrought;
Preserved to linger and to live in vain,
While Vengeance ponder'd o'er new plans of pain,
And stanch'd the blood she saves to shed again—
But drop by drop, for Seyd's unglutted eye
Would doom him, ever dying—ne'er to die!
Can this be he? triumphant late she saw,
When his red hand's wild gesture waved, a law!
'Tis he indeed—disarm'd but undeprest,
His sole regret the life he still possest;
His wounds too slight, though taken with that will
Which would have kiss'd the hand that then could kill:
Oh were there none, of all the many given,
To send his soul—he scarcely ask'd to heaven?
Must he alone of all retain his breath,
Who more than all had striven and struck for death?
He deeply felt—what mortal hearts must feel,
When thus reversed on faithless Fortune's wheel,
For crimes committed, and the victor's threat
Of lingering tortures to repay the debt—
He deeply, darkly felt; but evil pride
That led to perpetrate—now serves to hide.
Still in his stern and self-collected mien
A conqueror's more than captive's air is seen,
Though faint with wasting toil and stiffening wound,
But few that saw—so calmly gazed around:
Though the far shouting of the distant crowd,
Their tremors o'er, rose insolently loud,
The better warriors, who beheld him near,
Insulted not the foe who taught them fear;
And the grim guards that to his durance led
In silence eyed him with a secret dread.

IX.

The leech was sent—but not in mercy—there,
To note how much the life yet left could bear;
He found enough to load with heaviest chain,
And promise feeling for the wrench of pain:
To-morrow—yea—to-morrow's evening sun
Will sinking see impalement's pangs begun,
And rising with the wonted blush of morn
Behold how well or ill those pangs are borne.
Of torments this the longest and the worst,
Which adds all other agony to thirst,
That day by day death still forbears to slake,
While famish'd vultures flit around the stake.
"Oh! water—water!"—smiling Hate denies
The victim's prayer—for if he drinks—he dies.
This was his doom;—the leech, the guard, were gone,
And left proud Conrad fetter'd and alone.

X.

'Twere vain to paint to what his feelings grew—
It even were doubtful if their victim knew.
There is a war, a chaos of the mind,
When all its elements convulsed—combined—
Lie dark and jarring with perturbed force,
And gnashing with impenitent Remorse;
That juggling fiend—who never spake before—
But cries "I warn'd thee!" when the deed is o'er
Vain voice! the spirit, burning but unbent,
May writhe—rebel—the weak alone repent!
Even in that lonely hour when most it feels,
And, to itself, all—all that self reveals,
No single passion, and no ruling thought
That leaves the rest as once unseen, unsought;
But the wild prospect when the soul reviews—
All rushing through their thousand avenues.
Ambition's dreams expiring, love's regret,
Endanger'd glory, life itself beset;

(1) Gulnare, a female name; it means, literally, the flower of the pomegranate.

oy untasted, the contempt or hate
st those who fain would triumph in our fate;
hopeless past, the hasting future driven
quickly on to guess if hell or heaven;
s, thoughts, and words, perhaps remember'd not
enly till that hour, but ne'er forgot;
gs light or lovely in their acted time,
now to stern reflection each a crime;
withering sense of evil unreveal'd,
cankering less because the more conceal'd—
in a word, from which all eyes must start,
opening sepulchre—the naked heart
with its buried woes, till Pride awake,
hatch the mirror from the soul—and break.
Pride can veil, and Courage brave it all,
all—before—beyond—the deadliest fall.
has some fear, and he who least betrays,
only hypocrite deserving praise:
the loud recreant wretch who boasts and flies;
he who looks on death—and silent dies.
eel'd by pondering o'er his far career,
alf-way meets him should he menace near!

XI.

e high chamber of his highest tower
Conrad, fetter'd in the Pacha's power.
palace perish'd in the flame—this fort
ain'd at once his captive and his court.
much could Conrad of his sentence blame,
oe, if vanquish'd, had but shared the same:—
e he sate—in solitude had scann'd
uilty bosom, but that breast he mann'd:
thought alone he could not—dared not meet—
, how these tidings will Medora greet?"
—only then—his clanking hands he raised,
strain'd with rage the chain on which he gazed:
soon he found—or feign'd—or dream'd relief,
smiled in self-derision of his grief,
d now come torture when it will—or may,
need of rest to nerve me for the day!"
said, with languor to his mat he crept,
whatsoe'er his visions, quickly slept.
s hardly midnight when that fray begun,
Conrad's plans matured, at once were done;
Havoc loathes so much the waste of time,
scarce had left an uncommitted crime.
hour beheld him since the tide he stemm'd—
aised—discover'd—conquering—ta'en—con-
ief on land—an outlaw on the deep— [demn'd:
roying—saving—prison'd—and asleep!

XII.

ept in calmest seeming—for his breath
hush'd so deep—Ah! happy if in death!
lept——Who o'er his placid slumber bends?
oes are gone—and here he hath no friends;
some seraph sent to grant him grace?
'tis an earthly form with heavenly face!
hite arm raised a lamp—yet gently hid,
the ray flash abruptly on the lid
at closed eye, which opens but to pain,
once unclosed—but once may close again.

That form, with eye so dark, and cheek so fair,
And auburn waves of gemm'd and braided hair;
With shape of fairy lightness—naked foot,
That shines like snow, and falls on earth as mute—
Through guards and dunnest night how came it there?
Ah! rather ask what will not woman dare?
Whom youth and pity lead like thee, Gulnare!
She could not sleep—and while the Pacha's rest
In muttering dreams yet saw his pirate-guest,
She left his side—his signet-ring she bore,
Which oft in sport adorn'd her hand before—
And with it, scarcely question'd, won her way
Through drowsy guards that must that sign obey.
Worn out with toil, and tired with changing blows,
Their eyes had envied Conrad his repose;
And chill and nodding at the turret door,
They stretch their listless limbs, and watch no more:
Just raised their heads to hail the signet-ring,
Nor ask or what or who the sign may bring.

XIII.

She gazed in wonder: "Can he calmly sleep,
While other eyes his fall or ravage weep?
And mine in restlessness are wandering here—
What sudden spell hath made this man so dear?
True—'tis to him my life, and more, I owe,
And me and mine he spared from worse than woe:
'Tis late to think—but soft—his slumber breaks—
How heavily he sighs!—he starts—awakes!"

He raised his head—and, dazzled with the light,
His eye seem'd dubious if it saw aright:
He moved his hand—the grating of his chain
Too harshly told him that he lived again.
"What is that form? if not a shape of air,
Methinks, my jailor's face shows wondrous fair!"

"Pirate! thou know'st me not—but I am one,
Grateful for deeds thou hast too rarely done;
Look on me—and remember her thy hand
Snatch'd from the flames, and thy more fearful band.
I come through darkness—and I scarce know why—
Yet not to hurt—I would not see thee die."

"If so, kind lady! thine the only eye
That would not here in that gay hope delight:
Theirs is the chance—and let them use their right.
But still I thank their courtesy or thine,
That would confess me at so fair a shrine!"
Strange though it seem—yet with extremest grief
Is link'd a mirth—it doth not bring relief—
That playfulness of Sorrow ne'er beguiles,
And smiles in bitterness—but still it smiles;
And sometimes with the wisest and the best,
Till even the scaffold(1) echoes with their jest!
Yet not the joy to which it seems akin—
It may deceive all hearts, save that within.
Whate'er it was that flash'd on Conrad, now
A laughing wildness half unbent his brow:
And these his accents had a sound of mirth,
As if the last he could enjoy on earth;
Yet 'gainst his nature—for through that short life,
Few thoughts had he to spare from gloom and strife.

In Sir Thomas More, for instance, on the scaffold, ne Boleyn, in the Tower, when, grasping her neck, she ked, that it "was too slender to trouble the headsman " During one part of the French Revolution, it became a fashion to leave some "mot" as a legacy; and the quantity of facetious last words spoken during that period would form a melancholy jest-book of a considerable size.

XIV.

"Corsair! thy doom is named—but I have power
To soothe the Pacha in his weaker hour.
Thee would I spare—nay more—would save thee now,
But this—time—hope—nor even thy strength allow;
But all I can, I will: at least delay
The sentence that remits thee scarce a day.
More now were ruin—even thyself were loth
The vain attempt should bring but doom to both."

"Yes!—loth indeed:—my soul is nerved to all,
Or fall'n too low to fear a further fall:
Tempt not thyself with peril; me with hope
Of flight from foes with whom I could not cope:
Unfit to vanquish—shall I meanly fly,
The one of all my band that would not die?
Yet there is one—to whom my memory clings,
Till to these eyes her own wild softness springs.
My sole resources in the path I trod [God!
Were these—my bark—my sword—my love—my
The last I left in youth—he leaves me now—
And man but works his will to lay me low.
I have no thought to mock his throne with prayer,
Wrung from the coward crouching of despair;
It is enough—I breathe—and I can bear.
My sword is shaken from the worthless hand
That might have better kept so true a brand;
My bark is sunk or captive—but my love—
For her in sooth my voice would mount above:
Oh! she is all that still to earth can bind—
And this will break a heart so more than kind,
And blight a form—till thine appear'd, Gulnare!
Mine eye ne'er ask'd if others were as fair."

"Thou lovest another then?—but what to me
Is this—'t is nothing—nothing e'er can be:
But yet—thou lovest—and—Oh! I envy those
Whose hearts on hearts as faithful can repose,
Who never feel the void—the wandering thought
That sighs o'er visions—such as mine hath wrought."

"Lady—methought thy love was his, for whom
This arm redeem'd thee from a fiery tomb."

"My love stern Seyd's! Oh—no—no—not my love—
Yet much this heart, that strives no more, once strove
To meet his passion—but it would not be.
I felt—I feel—love dwells with—with the free.
I am a slave, a favour'd slave at best,
To share his splendour, and seem very blest!
Oft must my soul the question undergo,
Of—'Dost thou love?' and burn to answer, 'No!'
Oh! hard it is that fondness to sustain,
And struggle not to feel averse in vain;
But harder still the heart's recoil to bear,
And hide from one—perhaps another there.
He takes the hand I give not—nor withhold—
Its pulse nor check'd—nor quicken'd—calmly cold:
And when resign'd, it drops a lifeless weight
From one I never loved enough to hate.
No warmth these lips return by his imprest,
And chill'd remembrance shudders o'er the rest.
Yes—had I ever proved that passion's zeal,
The change to hatred were at least to feel:
But still—he goes unmourn'd—returns unsought—
And oft, when present, absent from my thought.
Or when reflection comes—and come it must—
I fear that henceforth 't will but bring disgust;
I am his slave—but, in despite of pride,
'T were worse than bondage to become his bride.
Oh! that this dotage of his breast would cease!
Or seek another and give mine release,
But yesterday—I could have said, to peace!
Yes—if unwonted fondness now I feign,
Remember—captive! 't is to break thy chain;
Repay the life that to thy hand I owe;
To give thee back to all endear'd below,
Who share such love as I can never know.
Farewell—morn breaks—and I must now away:
'T will cost me dear—but dread no death to-day!"

XV.

She press'd his fetter'd fingers to her heart,
And bow'd her head, and turn'd her to depart,
And noiseless as a lovely dream is gone.
And was she here? and is he now alone?
What gem hath dropp'd and sparkles o'er his chain?
The tear most sacred, shed for others' pain,
That starts at once—bright—pure—from Pity's mine,
Already polish'd by the hand divine!

Oh! too convincing—dangerously dear—
In woman's eye the unanswerable tear!
That weapon of her weakness she can wield,
To save, subdue—at once her spear and shield:
Avoid it—Virtue ebbs and Wisdom errs,
Too fondly gazing on that grief of hers!
What lost a world, and bade a hero fly?
The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye.
Yet be the soft triumvir's fault forgiven,
By this—how many lose not earth—but heaven!
Consign their souls to man's eternal foe,
And seal their own to spare some wanton's woe!

XVI.

'T is morn—and o'er his alter'd features play
The beams—without the hope of yesterday.
What shall he be ere night? perchance a thing
O'er which the raven flaps her funeral wing:
By his closed eye unheeded and unfelt,
While sets that sun, and dews of evening melt,
Chill—wet—and misty round each stiffen'd limb,
Refreshing earth—reviving all but him!—

CANTO III.

"Come vedi—ancor non m'abbandona."—*Dante.*

I.

Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run, (1)
Along Morea's hills the setting sun;
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light!
O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows.

(1) The opening lines, as far as section ii., have, perhaps, little business here, and were annexed to an unpublished (though printed) poem; but they were written on the spot, in the spring of 1811, and—I scarce know why—the reader must excuse their appearance here—if he can. [See *Curse of Minerva*, p. 187.—P. E.]

On old Ægina's rock, and Idra's isle,
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;
O'er his own regions, lingering, loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast, the mountain shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulf, unconquer'd Salamis!
Their azure arches through the long expanse
More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven;
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.
On such an eve, his palest beam he cast,
When—Athens! here thy Wisest look'd his last.
How watch'd thy better sons his farewell ray,
That closed their murder'd sage's(1) latest day!
Not yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill—
The precious hour of parting lingers still;
But sad his light to agonising eyes,
And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes:
Gloom o'er the lovely land he seem'd to pour,
The land, where Phœbus never frown'd before;
But ere he sank below Cithæron's head,
The cup of woe was quaff'd—the spirit fled;
The soul of him who scorn'd to fear or fly—
Who lived and died, as none can live or die!

But lo! from high Hymettus to the plain,
The queen of night asserts her silent reign.(2)
No murky vapour, herald of the storm,
Hides her fair face, nor girds her glowing form;
With cornice glimmering as the moon-beams play,
There the white column greets her grateful ray,
And, bright around, with quivering beams beset,
Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret:
The groves of olive scatter'd dark and wide
Where meek Cephisus pours his scanty tide,
The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,
The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,(3)
And, dun and sombre 'mid the holy calm,
Near Theseus' fane yon solitary palm,
All tinged with varied hues arrest the eye—
And dull were his that pass'd them heedless by.
Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,
Lulls his chafed breast from elemental war;
Again his waves in milder tints unfold
Their long array of sapphire and of gold,
Mix'd with the shades of many a distant isle,
That frown—where gentler ocean seems to smile.(4)

II.

Not now my theme—why turn my thoughts to thee?
Oh! who can look along thy native sea,
Nor dwell upon thy name, whate'er the tale,
So much its magic must o'er all prevail?
Who that beheld that sun upon thee set,
Fair Athens! could thine evening face forget?
Not he—whose heart nor time nor distance frees,
Spell-bound within the clustering Cyclades!
Nor seems this homage foreign to his strain,
His Corsair's isle was once thine own domain—
Would that with freedom it were thine again!

III.

The sun hath sunk—and, darker than the night,
Sinks with its beam upon the beacon height
Medora's heart—the third day's come and gone—
With it he comes not—sends not—faithless one!
The wind was, fair though light; and storms were none.
Last eve Anselmo's bark return'd, and yet
His only tidings that they had not met!
Though wild, as now, far different were the tale
Had Conrad waited for that single sail.
The night-breeze freshens—she that day had pass'd
In watching all that Hope proclaim'd a mast;
Sadly she sate on high—Impatience bore
At last her footsteps to the midnight shore,
And there she wander'd, heedless of the spray
That dash'd her garments oft, and warn'd away:
She saw not—felt not this—nor dared depart,
Nor deem'd it cold—her chill was at her heart;
Till grew such certainty from that suspense—
His very sight had shock'd from life or sense!

It came at last—a sad and shatter'd boat,
Whose inmates first beheld whom first they sought;
Some bleeding—all most wretched—these the few—
Scarce knew they how escaped—*this* all they knew.
In silence, darkling, each appear'd to wait
His fellow's mournful guess at Conrad's fate:
Something they would have said, but seem'd to fear
To trust their accents to Medora's ear;
She saw at once, yet sunk not—trembled not—
Beneath that grief, that loneliness of lot,
Within that meek fair form, were feelings high,
That deem'd not till they found their energy.
While yet was hope—they soften'd—flutter'd—wept—
All lost—that softness died not—but it slept;
And o'er its slumber rose that strength which said,
"With nothing left to love—there's nought to dread."
'Tis more than nature's; like the burning might
Delirium gathers from the fever's height.

"Silent you stand—nor would I hear you tell
What—speak not—breathe not—for I know it well—
Yet would I ask—almost my lip denies
The—quick your answer—tell me where he lies."

"Lady! we know not—scarce with life we fled;
But here is one denies that he is dead:
He saw him bound, and bleeding—but alive."
She heard no further—'twas in vain to strive—

(1) Socrates drank the hemlock a short time before sunset (the hour of execution), notwithstanding the entreaties of his disciples to wait till the sun went down.

(2) The twilight in Greece is much shorter than in our own country: the days in winter are longer, but in summer of shorter duration.

(3) The kiosk is a Turkish summer-house: the palm is without the present walls of Athens, not far from the temple of Theseus, between which and the tree the wall intervenes. —Cephisus' stream is indeed scanty, and Ilissus has no stream at all.

(4) "Of the brilliant skies and variegated landscapes of Greece every one has formed to himself a general notion, from having contemplated them through the hazy atmosphere of some prose narration; but, in Lord Byron's poetry, every image is distinct and glowing, as if it were illuminated by its native sunshine; and, in the figures which people the landscape, we behold not only the general form and costume, but the countenance, and the attitude, and the play of features and of gesture accompanying, and indicating, the sudden impulses of momentary feelings. The magic of colouring by which this is effected is, perhaps, the most striking evidence of Lord Byron's talent." *George Ellis.* —L. E.

So throbb'd each vein—each thought—till then withstood;
Her own dark soul—these words at once subdued:
She totters—falls—and senseless had the wave
Perchance but snatch'd her from another grave;
But that with hands though rude, yet weeping eyes,
They yield such aid as Pity's haste supplies:
Dash o'er her deathlike cheek the ocean dew,
Raise—fan—sustain—till life returns anew;
Awake her handmaids, with the matrons leave
That fainting form o'er which they gaze and grieve;
Then seek Anselmo's cavern, to report
The tale too tedious—when the triumph short.

IV.

In that wild council words wax'd warm and strange
With thoughts of ransom, rescue, and revenge;
All, save repose or flight: still lingering there
Breathed Conrad's spirit, and forbade despair;
Whate'er his fate—the breasts he form'd and led
Will save him living, or appease him dead.
Woe to his foes! there yet survive a few,
Whose deeds are daring, as their hearts are true.

V.

Within the Haram's secret chamber sate(1)
Stern Seyd, still pondering o'er his captive's fate;
His thoughts on love and hate alternate dwell,
Now with Gulnare, and now in Conrad's cell;
Here at his feet the lovely slave reclined
Surveys his brow—would soothe his gloom of mind:
While many an anxious glance her large dark eye
Sends in its idle search for sympathy,
His only bends in seeming o'er his beads,(2)
But inly views his victim as he bleeds.

"Pacha! the day is thine; and on thy crest
Sits Triumph—Conrad taken—fall'n the rest!
His doom is fix'd—he dies: and well his fate
Was earn'd—yet much too worthless for thy hate:
Methinks, a short release, for ransom told
With all his treasure, not unwisely sold;
Report speaks largely of his pirate-hoard—
Would that of this my Pacha were the lord!
While baffled, weaken'd by this fatal fray—
Watch'd—follow'd—he were then an easier prey;
But once cut off—the remnant of his band
Embark their wealth, and seek a safer strand."

"Gulnare!—if for each drop of blood a gem
Were offer'd rich as Stamboul's diadem;
If for each hair of his a massy mine
Of virgin ore should supplicating shine;
If all our Arab tales divulge or dream
Of wealth were here—that gold should not redeem!
It had not now redeem'd a single hour,
But that I know him fetter'd, in my power;
And, thirsting for revenge, I ponder still
On pangs that longest rack, and latest kill."

"Nay, Seyd!—I seek not to restrain thy rage,
Too justly moved for mercy to assuage;
My thoughts were only to secure for thee
His riches—thus released, he were not free:
Disabled, shorn of half his might and band,
His capture could but wait thy first command."

(1) The whole of this section was added in the course of printing.—L. E.

"His capture *could!*—and shall I then resign
One day to him—the wretch already mine?
Release my foe!—at whose remonstrance?—thine!
Fair suitor!—to thy virtuous gratitude,
That thus repays this Giaour's relenting mood,
Which thee and thine alone of all could spare,
No doubt—regardless if the prize were fair,
My thanks and praise alike are due—now hear!
I have a counsel for thy gentler ear:
I do mistrust thee, woman! and each word
Of thine stamps truth on all Suspicion heard.
Borne in his arms through fire from yon serai—
Say, wert thou lingering there with him to fly?
Thou need'st not answer—thy confession speaks,
Already reddening on thy guilty cheeks;
Then, lovely dame, bethink thee! and beware:
'Tis not *his* life alone may claim such care!
Another word and—nay—I need no more.
Accursed was the moment when he bore
Thee from the flames, which better far—but—no—
I then had mourn'd thee with a lover's woe—
Now 'tis thy lord that warns—deceitful thing!
Know'st thou that I can clip thy wanton wing?
In words alone I am not wont to chafe:
Look to thyself—nor deem thy falsehood safe!"

He rose—and slowly, sternly thence withdrew,
Rage in his eye and threats in his adieu.
Ah! little reck'd that chief of womanhood—
Which frowns ne'er quell'd, nor menaces subdued;
And little deem'd he what thy heart, Gulnare!
When soft could feel, and when incensed could dare.
His doubts appear'd to wrong—nor yet she knew
How deep the root from whence compassion grew—
She was a slave—from such may captives claim
A fellow-feeling, differing but in name;
Still half unconscious—heedless of his wrath,
Again she ventured on the dangerous path,
Again his rage repell'd—until arose
That strife of thought, the source of woman's woes!

VI.

Meanwhile—long anxious—weary—still—the same
Roll'd day and night—his soul could terror tame—
This fearful interval of doubt and dread,
When every hour might doom him worse than dead,
When every step that echo'd by the gate
Might entering lead where axe and stake await;
When every voice that grated on his ear
Might be the last that he could ever hear;
Could terror tame—that spirit stern and high
Had proved unwilling as unfit to die;
'T was worn—perhaps decay'd—yet silent bore
That conflict, deadlier far than all before:
The heat of fight, the hurry of the gale,
Leave scarce one thought inert enough to quail;
But bound and fix'd in fetter'd solitude
To pine, the prey of every changing mood;
To gaze on thine own heart; and meditate
Irrevocable faults, and coming fate—
Too late the last to shun—the first to mend—
To count the hours that struggle to thine end,
With not a friend to animate, and tell
To other ears that death became thee well;
Around thee foes to forge the ready lie,
And blot life's latest scene with calumny:

(2) The comboloio, or Mahometan rosary; the beads are in number ninety-nine.

re thee tortures, which the soul can dare,
doubts how well the shrinking flesh may bear:
deeply feels a single cry would shame,
alour's praise thy last and dearest claim:
life thou leavest below, denied above
ind monopolists of heavenly love;
more than doubtful paradise—thy heaven
arthly hope—thy loved one from thee riven,
were the thoughts that outlaw must sustain,
govern pangs surpassing mortal pain:
those sustain'd he — boots it well or ill?
e not to sink beneath is something still!

VII.

first day pass'd—he saw not her—Gulnare—
second—third—and still she came not there;
what her words avouch'd her charms had done,
lse he had not seen another sun.
fourth day roll'd along, and with the night
e storm and darkness in their mingling might.
how he listen'd to the rushing deep,
ne'er till now so broke upon his sleep;
his wild spirit wilder wishes sent,
sed by the roar of his own element!
had he ridden on that winged wave,
loved its roughness for the speed it gave;
now its dashing echo'd on his ear,
ng-known voice—alas! too vainly near!
l sung the wind above; and, doubly loud,
k o'er his turret cell the thunder-cloud;
flash'd the lightning by the latticed bar,
im more genial than the midnight star:
e to the glimmering grate he dragg'd his chain,
hoped *that* peril might prove not in vain,
aised his iron hand to Heaven, and pray'd
pitying flash to mar the form it made: (1)
steel and impious prayer attract alike—
storm roll'd onward, and disdain'd to strike;
eal wax'd fainter—ceased—he felt alone,
f some faithless friend had spurn'd his groan!

VIII.

midnight pass'd—and to the massy door
ght step came—it paused—it moved once more;
turns the grating bolt and sullen key;
as his heart foreboded—that fair she!
ate'er her sins, to him a guardian saint,
beauteous still as hermit's hope can paint;
changed since last within that cell she came,
e pale her cheek, more tremulous her frame:
im she cast her dark and hurried eye,
ch spoke before her accents—"Thou must die!
thou must die—there is but one resource,
last—the worst—if torture were not worse."

dy! I look to none—my lips proclaim
t last proclaim'd they—Conrad still the same:
shouldst thou seek an outlaw's life to spare,
change the sentence I deserve to bear?

Well have I earn'd—nor here alone—the meed
Of Seyd's revenge, by many a lawless deed."

"Why should I seek? because—Oh! didst thou not
Redeem my life from worse than slavery's lot?
Why should I seek? hath misery made thee blind
To the fond workings of a woman's mind?
And must I say? albeit my heart rebel
With all that woman feels, but should not tell—
Because—despite thy crimes—that heart is moved:
It fear'd thee—thank'd thee—pitied—madden'd—
Reply not, tell not now thy tale again, [loved.
Thou lovest another—and I love in vain;
Though fond as mine her bosom, form more fair,
I rush through peril which she would not dare.
If that thy heart to hers were truly dear,
Were I thine own—thou wert not lonely here:
An outlaw's spouse—and leave her lord to roam!
What hath such gentle dame to do with home?
But speak not now—o'er thine and o'er my head
Hangs the keen sabre by a single thread;
If thou hast courage still, and wouldst be free,
Receive this poniard—rise—and follow me!"

"Ay—in my chains! my steps will gently tread,
With these adornments, o'er each slumbering head!
Thou hast forgot—is this a garb for flight?
Or is that instrument more fit for fight?"

"Misdoubting Corsair! I have gain'd the guard,
Ripe for revolt, and greedy for reward.
A single word of mine removes that chain;
Without some aid how here could I remain?
Well, since we met, hath sped my busy time,
If in aught evil, for thy sake the crime:
The crime—'t is none to punish those of Seyd.
That hated tyrant, Conrad—he must bleed!
I see thee shudder—but my soul is changed—
Wrong'd, spurn'd, reviled—and it shall be avenged—
Accused of what till now my heart disdain'd—
Too faithful, though to bitter bondage chain'd.
Yes, smile!—but he had little cause to sneer;
I was not treacherous then—nor thou too dear:
But he has said it—and the jealous well,
Those tyrants, teasing, tempting to rebel,
Deserve the fate their fretting lips foretell.
I never loved—he bought me—somewhat high—
Since with me came a heart he could not buy.
I was a slave unmurmuring: he hath said,
But for his rescue I with thee had fled.
'T was false, thou know'st—but let such augurs rue,
Their words are omens insult renders true.
Nor was thy respite granted to my prayer;
This fleeting grace was only to prepare
New torments for thy life, and my despair.
Mine too he threatens; but his dotage still
Would fain reserve me for his lordly will:
When wearier of these fleeting charms and me,
There yawns the sack—and yonder rolls the sea!

"By the way—I have a charge against you. As the Mr. Dennis roared out on a similar occasion, 'By , *that* is *my* thunder!'—so do I exclaim, '*This* is *my* ing!' I allude to a speech of Ivan's, in the *scene* with wna and the Empress, where the thought and almost ssion are similar to Conrad's in the third canto of *Corsair*. I, however, do not say this to accuse you, o except myself from suspicion; as there is a priority x months' publication, on my part, between the ap- nce of that composition and of your tragedies."—*Lord B. to Mr. Sotheby*, Sept. 25, 1815.—The following are the lines in Mr. Sotheby's tragedy:—

"And I have leapt
In transport from my flinty couch, to welcome
The thunder as it burst upon my roof;
And beckon'd to the lightning, as it flash'd
And sparkled on these fetters."

Notwithstanding Lord Byron's precaution, the coincidence in question was cited against him, some years after, in a periodical journal.—L. E.

What, am I then a toy for dotard's play,
To wear but till the gilding frets away?
I saw thee—loved thee—owe thee all—would save,
If but to show how grateful is a slave.
But had he not thus menaced fame and life
(And well he keeps his oaths pronounced in strife),
I still had saved thee—but the Pacha spared.
Now I am all thine own—for all prepared:
Thou lovest me not—nor know'st—or but the worst,
Alas! this love—that hatred are the first—
Oh! couldst thou prove my truth, thou wouldst not start
Nor fear the fire that lights an eastern heart;
'Tis now the beacon of thy safety—now
It points within the port a Mainote prow:
But in one chamber, where our path must lead,
There sleeps—he must not wake—the oppressor Seyd!"

"Gulnare—Gulnare—I never felt till now
My abject fortune, wither'd fame so low:
Seyd is mine enemy: had swept my band
From earth with ruthless but with open hand,
And therefore came I, in my bark of war,
To smite the smiter with the scimetar;
Such is my weapon—not the secret knife—
Who spares a woman's seeks not slumber's life.
Thine saved I gladly, lady, not for this—
Let me not deem that mercy shown amiss.
Now fare thee well—more peace be with thy breast!
Night wears apace—my last of earthly rest!"

"Rest! rest! by sunrise must thy sinews shake,
And thy limbs writhe around the ready stake.
I heard the order—saw—I will not see—
If thou wilt perish, I will fall with thee.
My life—my love—my hatred—all below
Are on this cast—Corsair! 'tis but a blow!
Without it flight were idle—how evade
His sure pursuit? my wrongs too unrepaid,
My youth disgraced—the long long wasted years,
One blow shall cancel with our future fears;
But since the dagger suits thee less than brand,
I'll try the firmness of a female hand.
The guards are gain'd—one moment all were o'er—
Corsair! we meet in safety or no more;
If errs my feeble hand, the morning cloud
Will hover o'er thy scaffold, and my shroud."

IX.

She turn'd, and vanish'd ere he could reply,
But his glance follow'd far with eager eye;
And gathering, as he could, the links that bound
His form, to curl their length, and curb their sound,
Since bar and bolt no more his steps preclude,
He, fast as fetter'd limbs allow, pursued.
'Twas dark and winding, and he knew not where
That passage led; nor lamp nor guard were there:
He sees a dusky glimmering—shall he seek
Or shun that ray so indistinct and weak?
Chance guides his steps—a freshness seems to bear
Full on his brow, as if from morning air—
He reach'd an open gallery—on his eye
Gleam'd the last star of night, the clearing sky:
Yet scarcely heeded these—another light
From a lone chamber struck upon his sight.
Towards it he moved; a scarcely-closing door
Reveal'd the ray within, but nothing more.
With hasty step a figure outward past, [last!
Then paused—and turn'd—and paused—'tis she at
No poniard in that hand—nor sign of ill—
"Thanks to that softening heart—she could not kill!"
Again he look'd, the wildness of her eye
Starts from the day abrupt and fearfully.
She stopp'd—threw back her dark far-floating hair,
That nearly veil'd her face and bosom fair:
As if she late had bent her leaning head
Above some object of her doubt or dread.
They meet—upon her brow—unknown—forgot—
Her hurrying hand had left—'twas but a spot—
Its hue was all he saw, and scarce withstood—
Oh! slight but certain pledge of crime—'tis blood!

X.

He had seen battle—he had brooded lone
O'er promised pangs to sentenced guilt foreshown;
He had been tempted—chasten'd—and the chain
Yet on his arms might ever there remain:
But ne'er from strife—captivity—remorse—
From all his feelings in their inmost force—
So thrill'd—so shudder'd every creeping vein,
As now they froze before that purple stain.
That spot of blood, that light but guilty streak,
Had banish'd all the beauty from her cheek!
Blood he had view'd—could view unmoved—but then
It flow'd in combat, or was shed by men!

XI.

"'Tis done—he nearly waked—but it is done.
Corsair! he perish'd—thou art dearly won.
All words would now be vain—away—away!
Our bark is tossing—'tis already day,
The few gain'd over now are wholly mine,
And these thy yet surviving band shall join:
Anon my voice shall vindicate my hand,
When once our sail forsakes this hated strand."

XII.

She clapp'd her hands—and through the gallery poor,
Equipp'd for flight, her vassals—Greek and Moor;
Silent but quick they stoop, his chains unbind;
Once more his limbs are free as mountain wind!
But on his heavy heart such sadness sate,
As if they there transferr'd that iron weight.
No words are utter'd—at her sign, a door
Reveals the secret passage to the shore;
The city lies behind—they speed, they reach
The glad waves dancing on the yellow beach;
And Conrad, following at her beck, obey'd,
Nor cared he now if rescued or betray'd;
Resistance were as useless as if Seyd
Yet lived to view the doom his ire decreed.

XIII.

Embark'd, the sail unfurl'd, the light breeze blew—
How much had Conrad's memory to review!
Sunk he in contemplation, till the cape
Where last he anchor'd rear'd its giant shape.
Ah!—since that fatal night, though brief the time,
Had swept an age of terror, grief, and crime.
As its far shadow frown'd above the mast,
He veil'd his face, and sorrow'd as he pass'd;
He thought of all—Gonsalvo and his band,
His fleeting triumph and his failing hand;
He thought on her afar, his lonely bride:
He turn'd and saw—Gulnare, the homicide!

XIV.

She watch'd his features till she could not bear
Their freezing aspect and averted air,

And that strange fierceness foreign to her eye,
Fell quench'd in tears, too late to shed or dry.
She knelt beside him, and his hand she press'd:
"Thou mayst forgive, though Alla's self detest;
But for that deed of darkness what wert thou?
Reproach me—but not yet—Oh! spare me *now!*
I am not what I seem—this fearful night
My brain bewilder'd—do not madden quite!
If I had never loved—though less my guilt,
Thou hadst not lived to—hate me—if thou wilt."

XV.

She wrongs his thoughts, they more himself upbraid
Than her, though undesign'd, the wretch he made;
But speechless all, deep, dark, and unexprest,
They bleed within that silent cell—his breast.
Still onward, fair the breeze, nor rough the surge,
The blue waves sport around the stern they urge;
Far on the horizon's verge appears a speck,
A spot—a mast—a sail—an armed deck!
Their little bark her men of watch descry,
And ampler canvass woos the wind from high;
She bears her down majestically near,
Speed on her prow, and Terror in her tier;
A flash is seen—the ball beyond their bow
Booms harmless, hissing to the deep below,
Up rose keen Conrad from his silent trance,
A long long absent gladness in his glance:
"'Tis mine—my blood-red flag! again—again—
I am not all deserted on the main!"
They own the signal, answer to the hail,
Hoist out the boat at once, and slacken sail.
"'Tis Conrad! Conrad!" shouting from the deck,
Command nor duty could their transport check!
With light alacrity and gaze of pride,
They view him mount once more his vessel's side;
A smile relaxing in each rugged face,
Their arms can scarce forbear a rough embrace.
He, half forgetting danger and defeat,
Returns their greeting as a chief may greet,
Wrings with a cordial grasp Anselmo's hand,
And feels he yet can conquer and command!

XVI.

These greetings o'er, the feelings that o'erflow,
Yet grieve to win him back without a blow;
They sail'd prepared for vengeance—had they known
A woman's hand secured that deed her own,
She were their queen—less scrupulous are they
Than haughty Conrad how they win their way.
With many an asking smile, and wondering stare,
They whisper round, and gaze upon Gulnare;
And her, at once above—beneath—her sex,
Whom blood appall'd not, their regards perplex.
To Conrad turns her faint imploring eye,
She drops her veil, and stands in silence by;
Her arms are meekly folded on that breast,
Which—Conrad safe—to fate resign'd the rest.
Though worse than frenzy could that bosom fill,
Extreme in love or hate, in good or ill,
The worst of crimes had left her woman still!

XVII.

This Conrad mark'd, and felt—ah! could he less?—(1)
Hate of that deed—but grief for her distress;
What she has done no tears can wash away,
And Heaven must punish on its angry day:
But—it was done: he knew, whate'er her guilt,
For him that poniard smote, that blood was spilt;
And he was free!—and she for him had given
Her all on earth, and more than all in heaven!
And now he turn'd him to that dark-eyed slave
Whose brow was bow'd beneath the glance he gave,
Who now seem'd changed and humbled:—faint and meek,
But varying oft the colour of her cheek
To deeper shades of paleness—all its red
That fearful spot which stain'd it from the dead!
He took that hand—it trembled—now too late—
So soft in love—so wildly nerved in hate;
He clasp'd that hand—it trembled—and his own
Had lost its firmness, and his voice its tone.
"Gulnare!"—but she replied not—"dear Gulnare!"
She raised her eye—her only answer there—
At once she sought and sunk in his embrace:
If he had driven her from that resting-place,
His had been more or less than mortal heart,
But—good or ill—it bade her not depart.
Perchance, but for the bodings of his breast,
His latest virtue then had join'd the rest:
Yet even Medora might forgive the kiss
That ask'd from form so fair no more than this,
The first, the last that Frailty stole from Faith—
To lips where Love had lavish'd all his breath,
To lips—whose broken sighs such fragrance fling,
As he had fann'd them freshly with his wing!

XVIII.

They gain by twilight's hour their lonely isle.
To them the very rocks appear to smile;
The haven hums with many a cheering sound,
The beacons blaze their wonted stations round,
The boats are darting o'er the curly bay,
And sportive dolphins bend them through the spray;
Even the hoarse sea-bird's shrill discordant shriek
Greets like the welcome of his tuneless beak!
Beneath each lamp that through its lattice gleams,
Their fancy paints the friends that trim the beams:
Oh! what can sanctify the joys of home,
Like Hope's gay glance from Ocean's troubled foam?

XIX.

The lights are high on beacon and from bower,
And 'midst them Conrad seeks Medora's tower:
He looks in vain—'tis strange—and all remark,
Amid so many, hers alone is dark.
'Tis strange—of yore its welcome never fail'd,
Nor now, perchance, extinguish'd, only veil'd.
With the first boat descends he for the shore,
And looks impatient on the lingering oar:
Oh! for a wing beyond the falcon's flight,
To bear him like an arrow to that height!
With the first pause the resting rowers gave,
He waits not—looks not—leaps into the wave,
Strives through the surge, bestrides the beach, and high
Ascends the path familiar to his eye.

He reach'd his turret door—he paused—no sound
Broke from within; and all was night around.

(1) "I have added a section for Gulnare, to fill up the parting, and dismiss her more ceremoniously. If Mr. Gifford or you dislike, 'tis but a *sponge* and another midnight." *Lord B. to Mr. M.* Jan. 11, 1814.—L. E.

He knock'd, and loudly—footstep nor reply
Announced that any heard or deem'd him nigh;
He knock'd—but faintly—for his trembling hand
Refused to aid his heavy heart's demand.
The portal opens—'tis a well-known face—
But not the form he panted to embrace.
Its lips are silent—twice his own essay'd,
And fail'd to frame the question they delay'd;
He snatch'd the lamp—its light will answer all—
It quits his grasp, expiring in the fall.
He would not wait for that reviving ray—
As soon could he have linger'd there for day;
But, glimmering through the dusky corridore,
Another checkers o'er the shadow'd floor;
His steps the chamber gain—his eyes behold
All that his heart believed not—yet foretold!

XX.

He turn'd not—spoke not—sunk not—fix'd his look,
And set the anxious frame that lately shook:
He gazed—how long we gaze despite of pain,
And know, but dare not own, we gaze in vain!
In life itself she was so still and fair,
That death with gentler aspect wither'd there;
And the cold flowers(1) her colder hand contain'd,
In that last grasp as tenderly were strain'd
As if she scarcely felt, but feign'd a sleep,
And made it almost mockery yet to weep:
The long dark lashes fringed her lids of snow,
And veil'd—thought shrinks from all that lurk'd below—
Oh! o'er the eye Death most exerts his might,
And hurls the spirit from her throne of light!
Sinks those blue orbs in that long last eclipse,
But spares, as yet, the charm around her lips—
Yet, yet they seem as they forbore to smile,
And wish'd repose—but only for a while;
But the white shroud, and each extended tress,
Long—fair—but spread in utter lifelessness,
Which, late the sport of every summer wind,
Escaped the baffled wreath that strove to bind;
These—and the pale pure cheek, became the bier—
But she is nothing—wherefore is he here?

XXI.

He ask'd no question—all were answer'd now
By the first glance on that still marble brow.
It was enough—she died—what reck'd it how?
The love of youth, the hope of better years,
The source of softest wishes, tenderest fears,
The only living thing he could not hate,
Was reft at once—and he deserved his fate,
But did not feel it less;—the good explore,
For peace, those realms where guilt can never soar:
The proud—the wayward—who have fix'd below
Their joy, and find this earth enough for woe,
Lose in that one their all—perchance a mite—
But who in patience parts with all delight?
Full many a stoic eye and aspect stern
Mask hearts where grief hath little left to learn;
And many a withering thought lies hid, not lost,
In smiles that least befit who wear them most.

XXII.

By those, that deepest feel, is ill exprest
The indistinctness of the suffering breast;
Where thousand thoughts begin to end in one,
Which seeks from all the refuge found in none;
No words suffice the secret soul to show,
For Truth denies all eloquence to Woe.
On Conrad's stricken soul exhaustion prest,
And stupor almost lull'd it into rest;
So feeble now—his mother's softness crept
To those wild eyes, which like an infant's wept:
It was the very weakness of his brain,
Which thus confess'd without relieving pain.
None saw his trickling tears—perchance, if seen,
That useless flood of grief had never been:
Nor long they flow'd—he dried them, to depart,
In helpless—hopeless—brokenness of heart:
The sun goes forth—but Conrad's day is dim;
And the night cometh—ne'er to pass from him.
There is no darkness like the cloud of mind,
On Grief's vain eye—the blindest of the blind!
Which may not—dare not—see, but turns aside
To blackest shade—nor will endure a guide!

XXIII.

His heart was form'd for softness—warp'd to wrong;(2)
Betray'd too early, and beguiled too long;
Each feeling pure—as falls the dropping dew
Within the grot; like that had harden'd too;
Less clear, perchance, its earthly trials pass'd,
But sunk, and chill'd, and petrified at last.
Yet tempests wear, and lightning cleaves the rock,
If such his heart, so shatter'd it the shock.
There grew one flower beneath its rugged brow,
Though dark the shade—it shelter'd—saved till now.
The thunder came—that bolt hath blasted both,
The Granite's firmness, and the Lily's growth:
The gentle plant hath left no leaf to tell
Its tale, but shrunk and wither'd where it fell;
And of its cold protector, blacken round
But shiver'd fragments on the barren ground!

XXIV.

'Tis morn—to venture on his lonely hour
Few dare; though now Anselmo sought his tower.
He was not there—nor seen along the shore;
Ere night, alarm'd, their isle is traversed o'er:
Another morn—another bids them seek,
And shout his name till echo waxeth weak;
Mount—grotto—cavern—valley search'd in vain,
They find on shore a sea-boat's broken chain:
Their hope revives—they follow o'er the main.
'Tis idle all—moons roll on moons away,
And Conrad comes not—came not since that day:
Nor trace, nor tidings of his doom declare
Where lives his grief, or perish'd his despair!
Long mourn'd his band whom none could mourn beside;
And fair the monument they gave his bride:
For him they raise not the recording stone—
His death yet dubious, deeds too widely known;
He left a Corsair's name to other times,
Link'd with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.(3)

(1) In the Levant it is the custom to strew flowers on the bodies of the dead, and in the hands of young persons to place a nosegay.

(2) These sixteen lines are not in the original MS.—L. E.

(3) That the point of honour which is represented in one instance of Conrad's character has not been carried beyond the bounds of probability, may perhaps be in some degree confirmed by the following anecdote of a brother buccaneer in the year 1814:—"Our readers have all seen the account of the enterprise against the pirates of Barrataria; but, few we believe, were informed of the situation, history, or nature of that establishment. For the information of such as

were unacquainted with it, we have procured from a friend the following interesting narrative of the main facts, of which he has personal knowledge, and which cannot fail to interest some of our readers. Barrataria is a bay, or a narrow arm of the Gulf of Mexico; it runs through a rich but very flat country, until it reaches within a mile of the Mississipi river, fifteen miles below the city of New Orleans. The bay has branches almost innumerable, in which persons can lie concealed from the severest scrutiny. It communicates with three lakes which lie on the south-west side, and these, with the lake of the same name, and which lies contiguous to the sea, where there is an island formed by the two arms of this lake and the sea. The east and west points of this island were fortified, in the year 1811, by a band of pirates, under the command of one Monsieur La Fitte. A large majority of these outlaws are of that class of the population of the state of Louisiana who fled from the island of St. Domingo during the troubles there, and took refuge in the island of Cuba; and, when the last war between France and Spain commenced, they were compelled to leave that island with the short notice of a few days. Without ceremony they entered the United States, the most of them the state of Louisiana, with all the negroes they had possessed in Cuba. They were notified by the Governor of that State of the clause in the Constitution which forbad the importation of slaves; but, at the same time, received the assurance of the Governor that he would obtain, if possible, the approbation of the General Government for their retaining this property. The island of Barrataria is situated about lat. 29 deg. 15 min., long. 92. 30.; and is as remarkable for its health as for the superior scale and shell fish with which its waters abound. The chief of this horde, like Charles de Moor, had mixed with his many vices some virtues. In the year 1813, this party had, from its turpitude and boldness, claimed the attention of the Governor of Louisiana; and to break up the establishment he thought proper to strike at the head. He therefore offered a reward of 500 dollars for the head of Monsieur La Fitte, who was well known to the inhabitants of the city of New Orleans, from his immediate connection, and his once having been a fencing-master in that city of great reputation, which art he learnt in Buonaparte's army, where he was a captain. The reward which was offered by the Governor for the head of La Fitte was answered by the offer of a reward from the latter of 15,000 for the head of the Governor. The Governor ordered out a company to march from the city to La Fitte's island, and to burn and destroy all the property, and to bring to the city of New Orleans all his banditti. This company, under the command of a man who had been the intimate associate of this bold Captain, approached very near to the fortified island, before he saw a man, or heard a sound, until he heard a whistle, not unlike a boatswain's call. Then it was he found himself surrounded by armed men, who had emerged from the secret avenues which led into Bayou. Here it was that the modern Charles de Moor developed his few noble traits; for to this man, who had come to destroy his life and all that was dear to him, he not only spared his life, but offered him that which would have made the honest soldier easy for the remainder of his days; which was indignantly refused. He then, with the approbation of his captor, returned to the city. This circumstance, and some concomitant events, proved that this band of pirates was not to be taken by land. Our naval force having always been small in that quarter, exertions for the destruction of this illicit establishment could not be expected from them until augmented; for an officer of the navy, with most of the gun-boats on that station, had to retreat from an overwhelming force of La Fitte's. So soon as the augmentation of the navy authorised an attack, one was made; the overthrow of this banditti has been the result; and, now this almost invulnerable point and key to New Orleans is clear of an enemy, it is to be hoped the Government will hold it by a strong military force."—*American Newspaper.*

In Noble's continuation of *Grainger's Biographical Dictionary* there is a singular passage in his account of Archbishop Blackbourne, and, as in some measure connected with the profession of the hero of the foregoing poem, I cannot resist the temptation of extracting it:—"There is something mysterious in the history and character of Dr. Blackbourne. The former is but imperfectly known; and report has even asserted that he was a buccaneer; and that one of his brethren in that profession having asked, on his arrival in England, what had become of his old chum, Blackbourne, was answered, he is Archbishop of York. We are informed that Blackbourne was installed sub-dean of Exeter in 1694, which office he resigned in 1702; but after his successor Lewis Barnet's death, in 1704, he regained it. In the following year he became dean; and in 1714 held with it the archdeanery of Cornwall. He was consecrated bishop of Exeter, February 24, 1716; and translated to York, November 28, 1724, as a reward, according to court scandal, for uniting George I. to the Duchess of Munster. This, however, appears to have been an unfounded calumny. As archbishop he behaved with great prudence, and was equally respectable as the guardian of the revenues of the see. Rumour whispered he retained the vices of his youth, and that a passion for the fair sex formed an item in the list of his weaknesses; but so far from being convicted by seventy witnesses, he does not appear to have been directly criminated by one. In short, I look upon these aspersions as the effects of mere malice. How is it possible a buccaneer should have been so good a scholar as Blackbourne certainly was? He who had so perfect a knowledge of the classics (particularly of the Greek tragedians), as to be able to read them with the same ease as he could Shakspeare, must have taken great pains to acquire the learned languages, and have had both leisure and good masters. But he was undoubtedly educated at Christ-church College, Oxford. He is allowed to have been a pleasant man; this however was turned against him, by its being said, 'he gained more hearts than souls.'"

"The only voice that could soothe the passions of the savage (Alphonso III.) was that of an amiable and virtuous wife, the sole object of his love; the voice of Donna Isabella, the daughter of the Duke of Savoy, and the grand-daughter of Philip II. King of Spain. Her dying words sunk deep into his memory; his fierce spirit melted into tears; and after the last embrace, Alphonso retired into his chamber to bewail his irreparable loss, and to meditate on the vanity of human life."—*Gibbon's Miscellaneous Works*, vol. iii. p. 473.

["In *The Corsair*, Lord Byron first felt himself at full liberty; and then all at once he shows the unbroken stream of his native eloquence, of rapid narrative, of vigorous and intense, yet unforced, imagery, sentiment, and thought; of extraordinary elasticity, transparency, purity, ease, and harmony of language; of an arrangement of words, never trite, yet always simple and flowing;—in such a perfect expression of ideas, always impressive, generally pointed, frequently passionate, and often new, that it is perspicuity itself, with not a superfluous word, and not a word out of its natural place. It is strange that he who was so young, who had led a life of adventure more than of study, nay, who had often seemed a good deal encumbered in his phraseology, could all at once arrive at this excellence. It must have been the exaltation of spirit caused by temporary and unexpected favour, which, by removing the gloom from his heart, imparted extraordinary vigour to his intellect." *Sir E. Brydges.*—L. E.

"*The Corsair* is written in the regular heroic couplet, with a spirit, freedom, and variety of tone, of which, notwithstanding the example of Dryden, we scarcely believed that measure susceptible. It was yet to be proved that this, the most ponderous and stately verse in our language, could be accommodated to the variations of a tale of passion and of pity, and to all the breaks, starts, and transitions of an adventurous and dramatic narration. This experiment Lord Byron has made, with equal boldness and success; and has satisfied us, that the oldest and most respectable measure that is known amongst us is at least as flexible as any other, and capable, in the hands of a master, of vibrations as strong and rapid as those of a lighter structure." *Jeffrey.*—L. E.

"To the safe and shop-resorting inhabitants of Christendom, *The Corsair* seems to present many improbabilities; nevertheless it is true to nature, and in every part of the Levant the traveller meets with individuals whose air and physiognomy remind him of Conrad. The incidents of the story also, so wild and extravagant to the snug and legal notions of England, are not more in keeping with the character than they are in accordance with fact and reality." *Galt.*—P. E.]

Lara;

A TALE.(1)

CANTO I.

I.

The serfs(2) are glad through Lara's wide domain,
And Slavery half forgets her feudal chain;
He, their unhoped but unforgotten lord,
The long self-exiled chieftain, is restored:
There be bright faces in the busy hall,
Bowls on the board, and banners on the wall;
Far-checkering o'er the pictured window, plays
The unwonted faggots' hospitable blaze;
And gay retainers gather round the hearth,
With tongues all loudness, and with eyes all mirth.

II.

The chief of Lara is return'd again:
And why had Lara cross'd the bounding main?
Left by his sire, too young such loss to know,
Lord of himself;—that heritage of woe,
That fearful empire which the human breast
But holds to rob the heart within of rest!—
With none to check, and few to point in time
The thousand paths that slope the way to crime;
Then when he most required commandment, then
Had Lara's daring boyhood govern'd men.
It skills not, boots not, step by step to trace
His youth through all the mazes of its race;
Short was the course his restlessness had run,
But long enough to leave him half undone.(3)

III.

And Lara left in youth his father-land;
But from the hour he waved his parting hand
Each trace wax'd fainter of his course, till all
Had nearly ceased his memory to recall.
His sire was dust, his vassals could declare,
'Twas all they knew, that Lara was not there;
Nor sent nor came he, till conjecture grew
Cold in the many, anxious in the few.
His hall scarce echoes with his wonted name,
His portrait darkens in its fading frame,
Another chief consoled his destined bride,
The young forgot him, and the old had died;
"Yet doth he live!" exclaims the impatient heir,
And sighs for sables which he must not wear.
A hundred scutcheons deck with gloomy grace
The Laras' last and longest dwelling-place;

(1) Between the publication of *The Corsair* and *Lara* Lord Byron adopted the most extraordinary resolution that, perhaps, ever entered into the mind of an author of any celebrity. Annoyed at the tone of disparagement in which his assailants—not content with blackening his moral and social character—now affected to speak of his genius, and somewhat mortified, there is reason to believe, by finding that his own friends dreaded the effects of constant publications on his ultimate fame, he came to the determination, not only to print no more in future, but to purchase back the whole of his past copyrights, and suppress every line he had ever written. With this view, on the 29th of April, he actually enclosed his publisher a draft for the money. "For all this," he said, "it might be as well to assign some reason: I have none to give, except my own caprice, and I do not consider the circumstance of consequence enough to require explanation." An appeal, however, from Mr. Murray, to his good-nature and considerateness, brought, in eight-and-forty hours, the following reply:—"If your present note is serious, and it really would be inconvenient, there is an end of the matter: tear my draft, and go on as usual: that I was perfectly serious, in wishing to suppress all future publication, is true; but certainly not to interfere with the convenience of others, and more particularly your own."

The following passages in his Diary depict the state of Lord Byron's mind at this period:—"Murray has had a letter from his brother bibliopole of Edinburgh, who says, 'he is lucky in having such a *poet*'—something as if one was a pack horse, or 'ass, or any thing that is his;' or like Mrs. Packwood, who replied to some inquiry after the Odes on Razors, 'Laws, sir, we keeps a poet.' The same illustrious Edinburgh bookseller once sent an order for books, poesy, and cookery, with this agreeable postscript—'The *Harold* and *Cookery* are much wanted.' Such is fame! and, after all, quite as good as any other 'life in others' breath.' 'T is much the same to divide purchasers with Hannah Glasse or Hannah More."—"March 17th. Redde the *Quarrels of Authors*, a new work, by that most entertaining and researching writer, D'Israeli. They seem to be an irritable set, and I wish myself well out of it. 'I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat.' What the devil had I to do with scribbling? It is too late to inquire, and all regret is useless. But an' it were to do again—I should write again, I suppose. Such is human nature, at least my share of it;—though I shall think better of myself if I have sense to stop now. If I have a wife, and that wife has a son, I will bring up mine heir in the most anti-poetical way—make him a lawyer, or a pirate, or anything. But if he writes too, I shall be sure he is none of mine, and will cut him off with a bank token."—"April 19. I will keep no further journal; and, to prevent me from returning, like a dog, to the vomit of memory, I tear out the remaining leaves of this volume. 'Oh fool! I shall go mad.'"

These extracts are from the Diary of March and April. Before the end of May he had begun the composition of *Lara*, which has been almost universally considered as the continuation of *The Corsair*. This poem was published anonymously in the following August, in the same volume with Mr. Rogers's elegant tale of *Jacqueline*; an unnatural and unintelligible conjunction, which, however, gave rise to some pretty good jokes. "I believe," says Lord Byron, in one of his letters, "I told you of Larry and Jacquy. A friend of mine—at least a friend of his—was reading said Larry and Jacquy in a Brighton coach. A passenger took up the book, and queried as to the author. The proprietor said, 'there were *two*;'—to which the answer of the unknown was, 'Ay, ay,—a joint concern, I suppose, named like Sternhold and Hopkins.' Is not this excellent? I would not have missed the 'vile comparison' to have escaped being the 'Arcades ambo et cantare pares.'"—L. E.

(2) The reader is apprised, that the name of Lara being Spanish, and no circumstance of local and natural description fixing the scene or hero of the poem to any country or age, the word 'serf,' which could not be correctly applied to the lower classes in Spain, who were never vassals of the soil, has nevertheless been employed to designate the followers of our fictitious chieftain.—[Lord Byron elsewhere intimates, that he meant Lara for a chief of the Morea.—L. E.]

"The name only is Spanish; the country is not Spain, but the Morea." *Lord B. to Mr. M.* July 24.—P. E.

(3) "Lord Byron's own tale is partly told in this section." *Sir Walter Scott.*—L. E.

But one is absent from the mouldering file,
That now were welcome in that Gothic pile.

IV.

He comes at last in sudden loneliness,
And whence they know not, why they need not guess;
They more might marvel, when the greeting's o'er,
Not that he came, but came not long before:
No train is his beyond a single page,
Of foreign aspect, and of tender age.
Years had roll'd on, and fast they speed away
To those that wander as to those that stay;
But lack of tidings from another clime
Had lent a flagging wing to weary Time.
They see, they recognise, yet almost deem
The present dubious, or the past a dream.

He lives, nor yet is past his manhood's prime,
Though scar'd by toil, and something touch'd by time;
His faults, whate'er they were, if scarce forgot,
Might be untaught him by his varied lot;
Nor good nor ill of late were known, his name
Might yet uphold his patrimonial fame:
His soul in youth was haughty, but his sins
No more than pleasure from the stripling wins;
And such, if not yet harden'd in their course,
Might be redeem'd, nor ask a long remorse.

V.

And they indeed were changed—'t is quickly seen,
Whate'er he be, 't was not what he had been.
That brow in furrow'd lines had fix'd at last,
And spake of passions, but of passion past:
The pride, but not the fire, of early days,
Coldness of mien, and carelessness of praise;
A high demeanour, and a glance that took
Their thoughts from others by a single look;
And that sarcastic levity of tongue,
The stinging of a heart the world hath stung,(1)
That darts in seeming playfulness around,
And makes those feel that will not own the wound:
All these seem'd his, and something more beneath
Than glance could well reveal, or accent breathe.
Ambition, glory, love, the common aim,
That some can conquer, and that all would claim,
Within his breast appear'd no more to strive,
Yet seem'd as lately they had been alive;
And some deep feeling it were vain to trace
At moments lighten'd o'er his livid face.

VI.

Not much he loved long question of the past,
Nor told of wondrous wilds, and deserts vast,
In those far lands where he had wander'd lone,
And—as himself would have it seem—unknown:
Yet these in vain his eye could scarcely scan,
Nor glean experience from his fellow man;
But what he had beheld he shunn'd to show,
As hardly worth a stranger's care to know:
If still more prying such inquiry grew,
His brow fell darker, and his words more few.

VII.

Not unrejoiced to see him once again,
Warm was his welcome to the haunts of men;
Born of high lineage, link'd in high command,
He mingled with the magnates of his land;
Join'd the carousals of the great and gay,
And saw them smile or sigh their hours away;(2)
But still he only saw, and did not share,
The common pleasure or the general care;
He did not follow what they all pursued,
With hope still baffled, still to be renew'd;
Nor shadowy honour, nor substantial gain,
Nor beauty's preference, and the rival's pain:
Around him some mysterious circle thrown,
Repell'd approach, and show'd him still alone.
Upon his eye sat something of reproof,
That kept at least frivolity aloof;
And things more timid that beheld him near
In silence gazed, or whisper'd mutual fear;
And they, the wiser friendlier few, confess'd
They deem'd him better than his air express'd.

VIII.

'T was strange—in youth all action and all life,
Burning for pleasure, not averse from strife;
Woman—the field—the ocean—all that gave
Promise of gladness, peril of a grave,
In turn he tried—he ransack'd all below,
And found his recompense in joy or woe,

(1) "It is a remarkable property of the poetry of Lord Byron, that although his manner is frequently varied,—although he appears to have assumed for an occasion the characteristic stanza and style of several contemporaries,—yet not only is his poetry marked in every instance by the strongest cast of originality, but in some leading particulars, and especially in the character of his heroes, each story so closely resembled the other, that, managed by a writer of less power, the effect would have been an unpleasant monotony. All, or almost all, his heroes have somewhat the attributes of Childe Harold:—all, or almost all, have minds which seem at variance with their fortunes, and exhibit high and poignant feelings of pain and pleasure; a keen sense of what is noble and honourable; and an equally keen susceptibility of injustice or injury, under the garb of stoicism or contempt of mankind. The strength of early passion, and the glow of youthful feeling, are uniformly painted as chilled or subdued by a train of early imprudences or of darker guilt, and the sense of enjoyment tarnished by too intimate an acquaintance with the vanity of human wishes. These general attributes mark the stern features of all Lord Byron's heroes, from those which are shaded by the scalloped hat of the illustrious Pilgrim, to those which lurk under the turban of Alp the Renegade. It was reserved to him to present the same character on the public stage again and again, varied only by the exertions of that powerful genius which, searching the springs of passion and of feeling in their innermost recesses, knew how to combine their operations, so that the interest was eternally varying, and never abated, although the most important personage of the drama retained the same lineaments. It will one day be considered as not the least remarkable literary phenomenon of this age, that during a period of four years, notwithstanding the quantity of distinguished poetical talent of which we may be permitted to boast, a single author—and he managing his pen with the careless and negligent ease of a man of quality, and choosing for his theme subjects so very similar, and personages bearing so close a resemblance to each other,—did, in despite of these circumstances, of the unamiable attributes with which he usually invested his heroes, and of the proverbial fickleness of the public, maintain the ascendancy in their favour which he had acquired by his first matured production. So, however, it indisputably has been." *Sir Walter Scott.*—L. E.

(2) "This description of Lara, suddenly and unexpectedly returned from distant travels, and re-assuming his station in the society of his own country, has strong points of resemblance to the part which the author himself seemed occasionally to bear amid the scenes where the great mingle with the fair." *Sir Walter Scott.*—L. E.

No tame trite medium; for his feelings sought
In that intenseness an escape from thought:
The tempest of his heart in scorn had gazed
On that the feebler elements hath raised;
The rapture of his heart had look'd on high,
And ask'd if greater dwelt beyond the sky:
Chain'd to excess, the slave of each extreme,
How woke he from the wildness of that dream?
Alas! he told not—but he did awake
To curse the wither'd heart that would not break.

IX.

Books, for his volume heretofore was Man,
With eye more curious he appear'd to scan,
And oft, in sullen mood, for many a day,
From all communion he would start away:
And then, his rarely-call'd attendants said,
Thro' night's long hours would sound his hurried tread
O'er the dark gallery, where his fathers frown'd
In rude but antique portraiture around:
They heard, but whisper'd—"*that* must not be known—
The sound of words less earthly than his own.
Yes, they who chose might smile, but some had seen
They scarce knew what, but more than should have been.
Why gazed he so upon the ghastly head
Which hands profane had gather'd from the dead,
That still beside his open'd volume lay,
As if to startle all save him away?
Why slept he not when others were at rest?
Why heard no music, and received no guest?
All was not well, they deem'd—but where the wrong?
Some knew perchance—but 'twere a tale too long;
And such besides were too discreetly wise,
To more than hint their knowledge in surmise;
But if they would—they could"——Around the board,
Thus Lara's vassals prattled of their lord.

X.

It was the night—and Lara's glassy stream
The stars are studding, each with imaged beam;
So calm, the waters scarcely seem to stray,
And yet they glide like happiness away;
Reflecting far and fairy-like from high
The immortal lights that live along the sky:
Its banks are fringed with many a goodly tree,
And flowers the fairest that may feast the bee;
Such in her chaplet infant Dian wove,
And Innocence would offer to her love.
These deck the shore; the waves their channel make
In windings bright and mazy like the snake.
All was so still, so soft in earth and air,
You scarce would start to meet a spirit there;
Secure that nought of evil could delight
To walk in such a scene, on such a night!
It was a moment only for the good:
So Lara deem'd, nor longer there he stood,
But turn'd in silence to his castle-gate;
Such scene his soul no more could contemplate:
Such scene reminded him of other days,
Of skies more cloudless, moons of purer blaze,
Of nights more soft and frequent, hearts that now—
No—no—the storm may beat upon his brow,
Unfelt—unsparing—but a night like this,
A night of beauty, mock'd such breast as his.

XI.

He turn'd within his solitary hall,
And his high shadow shot along the wall:
There were the painted forms of other times,
'Twas all they left of virtues or of crimes,
Save vague tradition; and the gloomy vaults
That hid their dust, their foibles, and their faults;
And half a column of the pompous page,
That speeds the specious tale from age to age;
Where History's pen its praise or blame supplies,
And lies like Truth, and still most truly lies.
He wandering mused, and as the moonbeam shone
Through the dim lattice o'er the floor of stone,
And the high fretted roof, and saints, that there
O'er Gothic windows knelt in pictured prayer,
Reflected in fantastic figures grew,
Like life, but not like mortal life, to view;
His bristling locks of sable, brow of gloom,
And the wide waving of his shaken plume,
Glanced like a spectre's attributes, and gave
His aspect all that terror gives the grave.

XII.

'Twas midnight—all was slumber; the lone light
Dimm'd in the lamp, as loth to break the night.
Hark! there be murmurs heard in Lara's hall—
A sound—a voice—a shriek—a fearful call!
A long loud shriek—and silence—did they hear
That frantic echo burst the sleeping ear?
They heard and rose, and, tremulously brave,
Rush where the sound invoked their aid to save;
They come with half-lit tapers in their hands,
And snatch'd in startled haste unbelted brands.

XIII.

Cold as the marble where his length was laid,
Pale as the beam that o'er his features play'd,
Was Lara stretch'd; his half-drawn sabre near,
Dropp'd it should seem in more than nature's fear:
Yet he was firm, or had been firm till now,
And still defiance knit his gather'd brow;
Though mix'd with terror, senseless as he lay,
There lived upon his lip the wish to slay;
Some half-form'd threat in utterance there had died,
Some imprecation of despairing pride:
His eye was almost seal'd, but not forsook
Even in its trance the gladiator's look,
That oft awake his aspect could disclose,
And now was fix'd in horrible repose.
They raise him—bear him;—hush! he breathes, he speaks,
The swarthy blush recolours in his cheeks,
His lip resumes its red, his eye, though dim,
Rolls wide and wild, each slowly-quivering limb
Recalls its function, but his words are strung
In terms that seem not of his native tongue;
Distinct but strange, enough they understand
To deem them accents of another land;
And such they were, and meant to meet an ear
That hears him not—alas! that cannot hear!

XIV.

His page approach'd, and he alone appear'd
To know the import of the words they heard;
And, by the changes of his cheek and brow,
They were not such as Lara should avow,
Nor he interpret,—yet with less surprise
Than those around their chieftain's state he eyes;
But Lara's prostrate form he bent beside,
And in that tongue which seem'd his own replied;
And Lara heeds those tones, that gently seem
To soothe away the horrors of his dream,

If dream it were, that thus could overthrow
A breast that needed not ideal woe.

XV.

Whate'er his frenzy dream'd or eye beheld,
If yet remember'd ne'er to be reveal'd,
Rests at his heart: the custom'd morning came,
And breathed new vigour in his shaken frame;
And solace sought he none from priest nor leech,
And soon the same in movement and in speech
As heretofore he fill'd the passing hours,—
Nor less he smiles, nor more his forehead lowers,
Than these were wont; and if the coming night
Appear'd less welcome now to Lara's sight,
He to his marvelling vassals show'd it not,
Whose shuddering proved *their* fear was less forgot.
In trembling pairs (alone they dare not) crawl
The astonish'd slaves, and shun the fated hall;
The waving banner, and the clapping door,
The rustling tapestry, and the echoing floor;
The long dim shadows of surrounding trees,
The flapping bat, the night-song of the breeze;
Aught they behold or hear their thought appals,
As evening saddens o'er the dark grey walls.

XVI.

Vain thought! that hour of ne'er-unravell'd gloom
Came not again, or Lara could assume
A seeming of forgetfulness, that made
His vassals more amazed nor less afraid—
Had memory vanish'd then with sense restored?
Since word, nor look, nor gesture of their lord
Betray'd a feeling that recall'd to these
That fever'd moment of his mind's disease.
Was it a dream? was his the voice that spoke
Those strange wild accents; his the cry that broke
Their slumber? his the oppress'd, o'erlabour'd heart
That ceased to beat, the look that made them start?
Could he who thus had suffer'd so forget,
When such as saw that suffering shudder yet?
Or did that silence prove his memory fix'd
Too deep for words, indelible, unmix'd
In that corroding secrecy which gnaws
The heart to show the effect, but not the cause?
Not so in him; his breast had buried both,
Nor common gazers could discern the growth
Of thoughts that mortal lips must leave half told;
They choke the feeble words that would unfold.

XVII.

In him inexplicably mix'd appear'd
Much to be loved and hated, sought and fear'd;
Opinion, varying o'er his hidden lot,
In praise or railing ne'er his name forgot:
His silence form'd a theme for others' prate—
They guess'd—they gazed—they fain would know his fate.
What had he been? what was he, thus unknown,
Who walk'd their world, his lineage only known?
A hater of his kind? yet some would say,
With them he could seem gay amidst the gay;
But own'd that smile, if oft observed and near,
Waned in its mirth, and wither'd to a sneer;
That smile might reach his lip, but pass'd not by,
None e'er could trace its laughter to his eye:
Yet there was softness too in his regard,
At times, a heart as not by nature hard,
But once perceived, his spirit seem'd to chide
Such weakness, as unworthy of its pride,
And steel'd itself, as scorning to redeem
One doubt from others' half-withheld esteem;
In self-inflicted penance of a breast,
Which tenderness might once have wrung from rest;
In vigilance of grief, that would compel
The soul to hate for having loved too well.

XVIII.

There was in him a vital scorn of all,
As if the worst had fall'n which could befall:
He stood a stranger in this breathing world,
An erring spirit from another hurl'd;
A thing of dark imaginings, that shaped
By choice the perils he by chance escaped;
But 'scaped in vain, for in their memory yet
His mind would half exult and half regret:
With more capacity for love than earth
Bestows on most of mortal mould and birth,
His early dreams of good outstripp'd the truth,
And troubled manhood follow'd baffled youth,
With thought of years in phantom-chase misspent,
And wasted powers, for better purpose lent;
And fiery passions, that had pour'd their wrath
In hurried desolation o'er his path,
And left the better feelings all at strife
In wild reflection o'er his stormy life;
But haughty still, and loth himself to blame,
He call'd on Nature's self to share the shame,
And charged all faults upon the fleshly form
She gave to clog the soul, and feast the worm;
Till he at last confounded good and ill,
And half mistook for fate the acts of will:
Too high for common selfishness, he could
At times resign his own for others' good,
But not in pity, not because he ought,
But in some strange perversity of thought,
That sway'd him onward with a secret pride
To do what few or none would do beside;
And this same impulse would, in tempting time,
Mislead his spirit equally to crime;
So much he soar'd beyond, or sunk beneath,
The men with whom he felt condemn'd to breathe,
And long'd by good or ill to separate
Himself from all who shared his mortal state;
His mind abhorring this, had fix'd her throne
Far from the world, in regions of her own:
Thus coldly passing all that pass'd below,
His blood in temperate seeming now would flow:
Ah! happier if it ne'er with guilt had glow'd,
But ever in that icy smoothness flow'd!
'Tis true, with other men their path he walk'd,
And like the rest in seeming did and talk'd,
Nor outraged Reason's rules by flaw nor start,
His madness was not of the head, but heart;
And rarely wander'd in his speech, or drew
His thoughts so forth as to offend the view.

XIX.

With all that chilling mystery of mien,
And seeming gladness to remain unseen,
He had (if 'twere not nature's boon) an art
Of fixing memory on another's heart:
It was not love perchance—nor hate—nor aught
That words can image to express the thought;
But they who saw him did not see in vain,
And, once beheld, would ask of him again:

And those to whom he spake remember'd well,
And on the words, however light, would dwell:
None knew, nor how, nor why, but he entwined
Himself perforce around the hearer's mind;
There he was stamp'd, in liking, or in hate,
If greeted once; however brief the date
That friendship, pity, or aversion knew,
Still there within the inmost thought he grew.
You could not penetrate his soul, but found,
Despite your wonder, to your own he wound;
His presence haunted still; and from the breast
He forced an all-unwilling interest:
Vain was the struggle in that mental net,
His spirit seem'd to dare you to forget!

XX.

There is a festival, where knights and dames,
And aught that wealth or lofty lineage claims,
Appear—a high-born and a welcome guest
To Otho's hall came Lara with the rest.
The long carousal shakes the illumined hall,
Well speeds alike the banquet and the ball;
And the gay dance of bounding Beauty's train
Links grace and harmony in happiest chain:
Blest are the early hearts and gentle hands
That mingle there in well-according bands;
It is a sight the careful brow might smooth,
And make Age smile, and dream itself to youth,
And Youth forget such hour was past on earth,
So springs the exulting bosom to that mirth!

XXI.

And Lara gazed on these, sedately glad,
His brow belied him if his soul was sad;
And his glance follow'd fast each fluttering fair,
Whose steps of lightness woke no echo there:
He lean'd against the lofty pillar nigh,
With folded arms and long-attentive eye,
Nor mark'd a glance so sternly fix'd on his—
Ill brook'd high Lara scrutiny like this:
At length he caught it, 'tis a face unknown,
But seems as searching his, and his alone;
Prying and dark, a stranger's by his mien,
Who still till now had gazed on him unseen:
At length encountering meets the mutual gaze
Of keen inquiry, and of mute amaze;
On Lara's glance emotion gathering grew,
As if distrusting that the stranger threw;
Along the stranger's aspect, fix'd and stern,
Flash'd more than thence the vulgar eye could learn.

XXII.

"'Tis he!" the stranger cried, and those that heard
Re-echoed fast and far the whisper'd word.
"'Tis he!"—"'Tis who?"—they question far and near,
Till louder accents rung on Lara's ear;
So widely spread, few bosoms well could brook
The general marvel, or that single look:
But Lara stirr'd not, changed not, the surprise
That sprung at first to his arrested eyes
Seem'd now subsided, neither sunk nor raised
Glanced his eye round, though still the stranger gazed;
And drawing nigh, exclaim'd, with haughty sneer,
"'Tis he!—how came he thence?—what doth he here?"

XXIII.

It were too much for Lara to pass by
Such questions, so repeated fierce and high;
With look collected, but with accent cold,
More mildly firm than petulantly bold,
He turn'd, and met the inquisitorial tone:—
"My name is Lara!—when thine own is known,
Doubt not my fitting answer to requite
The unlook'd-for courtesy of such a knight.
'Tis Lara!—further wouldst thou mark or ask?
I shun no question, and I wear no mask."

"Thou shunn'st no question! Ponder—is there none
Thy heart must answer, though thine ear would shun?
And deem'st thou me unknown too? Gaze again!
At least thy memory was not given in vain.
Oh! never canst thou cancel half her debt,
Eternity forbids thee to forget."

With slow and searching glance upon his face
Grew Lara's eyes, but nothing there could trace
They knew, or chose to know—with dubious look
He deign'd no answer, but his head he shook,
And half contemptuous turn'd to pass away;
But the stern stranger motion'd him to stay.
"A word!—I charge thee stay, and answer here
To one who, wert thou noble, were thy peer,
But as thou wast and art—nay, frown not, lord,
If false, 'tis easy to disprove the word—
But as thou wast and art, on thee looks down,
Distrusts thy smiles, but shakes not at thy frown.
Art thou not he? whose deeds——"
"Whate'er I be,
Words wild as these, accusers like to thee,
I list no further; those with whom they weigh
May hear the rest, nor venture to gainsay
The wondrous tale no doubt thy tongue can tell,
Which thus begins so courteously and well!
Let Otho cherish here his polish'd guest,
To him my thanks and thoughts shall be express'd."
And here their wondering host hath interposed:—
"Whate'er there be between you undisclosed,
This is no time nor fitting place to mar
The mirthful meeting with a wordy war.
If thou, Sir Ezzelin, hast aught to show
Which it befits Count Lara's ear to know,
To-morrow, here, or elsewhere, as may best
Beseem your mutual judgment, speak the rest;
I pledge myself for thee, as not unknown,
Though, like Count Lara, now return'd alone
From other lands, almost a stranger grown;
And if from Lara's blood and gentle birth
I augur right of courage and of worth,
He will not that untainted line belie,
Nor aught that knighthood may accord, deny."

"To-morrow be it," Ezzelin replied,
"And here our several worth and truth be tried;
I gage my life, my falchion to attest
My words, so may I mingle with the blest!"
What answers Lara? to its centre shrunk
His soul, in deep abstraction sudden sunk;
The words of many, and the eyes of all
That there were gather'd, seem'd on him to fall;
But his were silent, his appear'd to stray
In far forgetfulness away—away—
Alas! that heedlessness of all around
Bespoke remembrance only too profound.

XXIV.

"To-morrow!—ay, to-morrow!" further word
Than those repeated none from Lara heard;

Upon his brow no outward passion spoke,
From his large eye no flashing anger broke;
Yet there was something fix'd in that low tone,
Which show'd resolve, determined, though unknown.
He seized his cloak—his head he slightly bow'd,
And, passing Ezzelin, he left the crowd;
And, as he pass'd him, smiling met the frown
With which that chieftain's brow would bear him down:
It was nor smile of mirth, nor struggling pride
That curbs to scorn the wrath it cannot hide;
But that of one in his own heart secure
Of all that he would do, or could endure.
Could this mean peace? the calmness of the good?
Or guilt grown old in desperate hardihood?
Alas! too like in confidence are each,
For man to trust to mortal look or speech;
From deeds, and deeds alone, may he discern
Truths which it wrings the unpractised heart to learn.

XXV.

And Lara call'd his page, and went his way—
Well could that stripling word or sign obey:
His only follower from those climes afar,
Where the soul glows beneath a brighter star;
For Lara left the shore from whence he sprung,
In duty patient, and sedate though young;
Silent as him he served, his faith appears
Above his station, and beyond his years.
Though not unknown the tongue of Lara's land,
In such from him he rarely heard command;
But fleet his step, and clear his tones would come,
When Lara's lip breathed forth the words of home:
Those accents, as his native mountains dear,
Awake their absent echoes in his ear,
Friends', kindreds', parents' wonted voice recall,
Now lost, abjured, for one—his friend, his all:
For him earth now disclosed no other guide;
What marvel then he rarely left his side?

XXVI.

Light was his form, and darkly delicate
That brow whereon his native sun had sate,
But had not marr'd, though in his beams he grew,
The cheek where oft the unbidden blush shone through;
Yet not such blush as mounts when health would show
All the heart's hue in that delighted glow;
But 't was a hectic tint of secret care
That for a burning moment fever'd there;
And the wild sparkle of his eye seem'd caught
From high, and lighten'd with electric thought,
Though its black orb those long low lashes' fringe
Had temper'd with a melancholy tinge;
Yet less of sorrow than of pride was there,
Or, if 't were grief, a grief that none should share:
And pleased not him the sports that please his age,
The tricks of youth, the frolics of the page;
For hours on Lara he would fix his glance,
As all-forgotten in that watchful trance;
And, from his chief withdrawn, he wander'd lone,
Brief were his answers, and his questions none;
His walk the wood, his sport some foreign book;
His resting-place the bank that curbs the brook:
He seem'd, like him he served, to live apart
From all that lures the eye, and fills the heart;
To know no brotherhood, and take from earth
No gift beyond that bitter boon—our birth.

XXVII.

If aught he loved, 't was Lara; but was shown
His faith in reverence and in deeds alone;
In mute attention; and his care, which guess'd
Each wish, fulfill'd it ere the tongue express'd.
Still there was haughtiness in all he did,
A spirit deep that brook'd not to be chid:
His zeal, though more than that of servile hands,
In act alone obeys, his air commands;
As if 't was Lara's less than *his* desire
That thus he served, but surely not for hire.
Slight were the tasks enjoin'd him by his lord,
To hold the stirrup, or to bear the sword;
To tune his lute, or, if he will'd it more,
On tomes of other times and tongues to pore;
But ne'er to mingle with the menial train,
To whom he show'd nor deference nor disdain,
But that well-worn reserve which proved he knew
No sympathy with that familiar crew:
His soul, whate'er his station or his stem,
Could bow to Lara, not descend to them.
Of higher birth he seem'd, and better days,
Nor mark of vulgar toil that hand betrays,
So femininely white it might bespeak
Another sex, when match'd with that smooth cheek,
But for his garb, and something in his gaze,
More wild and high than woman's eye betrays;
A latent fierceness that far more became
His fiery climate than his tender frame:
True, in his words it broke not from his breast,
But from his aspect might be more than guess'd.
Kaled his name, though rumour said he bore
Another ere he left his mountain-shore;
For sometimes he would hear, however nigh,
That name repeated loud without reply,
As unfamiliar, or, if roused again,
Start to the sound, as but remember'd then;
Unless 't was Lara's wonted voice that spake,
For then, ear, eyes, and heart would all awake.

XXVIII.

He had look'd down upon the festive hall,
And mark'd that sudden strife so mark'd of all;
And when the crowd around and near him told
Their wonder at the calmness of the bold,
Their marvel how the high-born Lara bore
Such insult from a stranger, doubly sore,
The colour of young Kaled went and came,
The lip of ashes, and the cheek of flame;
And o'er his brow the dampening heart-drops threw
The sickening iciness of that cold dew,
That rises as the busy bosom sinks
With heavy thoughts from which reflection shrinks.
Yes—there be things which we must dream and dare,
And execute ere thought be half aware:
Whate'er might Kaled's be, it was enow
To seal his lip, but agonise his brow.
He gazed on Ezzelin till Lara cast
That sidelong smile upon the knight he pass'd;
When Kaled saw that smile his visage fell,
As if on something recognised right well;
His memory read in such a meaning more
Than Lara's aspect unto others wore:
Forward he sprung—a moment—both were gone,
And all within that hall seem'd left alone;
Each had so fix'd his eye on Lara's mien,
All had so mix'd their feelings with that scene,

That when his long dark shadow through the porch
No more relieves the glare of yon high torch,
Each pulse beats quicker, and all bosoms seem
To bound as doubting from too black a dream,
Such as we know is false, yet dread in sooth,
Because the worst is ever nearest truth.
And they are gone—but Ezzelin is there,
With thoughtful visage and imperious air;
But long remain'd not; ere an hour expired
He waved his hand to Otho, and retired.

XXIX.

The crowd are gone, the revellers at rest;
The courteous host, and all-approving guest,
Again to that accustom'd couch must creep
Where joy subsides, and sorrow sighs to sleep,
And man, o'erlabour'd with his being's strife,
Shrinks to that sweet forgetfulness of life:
There lie love's feverish hope, and cunning's guile,
Hate's working brain, and lull'd ambition's wile;
O'er each vain eye oblivion's pinions wave,
And quench'd existence crouches in a grave.
What better name may slumber's bed become?
Night's sepulchre, the universal home,
Where weakness, strength, vice, virtue, sunk supine,
Alike in naked helplessness recline;
Glad, for a while, to heave unconscious breath,
Yet wake to wrestle with the dread of death!
And shun, though day but dawn on ills increased,
That sleep, the loveliest, since it dreams the least.

CANTO II. (1)

I.

Night wanes—the vapours round the mountains curl'd
Melt into morn, and Light awakes the world.
Man has another day to swell the past,
And lead him near to little but his last;
But mighty Nature bounds as from her birth,
The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth;
Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,
Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream.
Immortal man! behold her glories shine,
And cry, exulting inly, "They are thine!"
Gaze on, while yet thy gladden'd eye may see;
A morrow comes when they are not for thee:
And, grieve what may above thy senseless bier,
Nor earth nor sky will yield a single tear;
Nor cloud shall gather more, nor leaf shall fall,
Nor gale breathe forth one sigh for thee, for all;
But creeping things shall revel in their spoil,
And fit thy clay to fertilise the soil.

II.

'Tis morn—'tis noon—assembled in the hall,
The gather'd chieftains come to Otho's call;
'Tis now the promised hour, that must proclaim
The life or death of Lara's future fame;
When Ezzelin his charge may here unfold,
And whatsoe'er the tale, it must be told.
His faith was pledged, and Lara's promise given,
To meet it in the eye of man and heaven.
Why comes he not? Such truths to be divulged,
Methinks the accuser's rest is long indulged.

III.

The hour is past, and Lara too is there,
With self-confiding coldly patient air;
Why comes not Ezzelin? The hour is past,
And murmurs rise, and Otho's brow's o'ercast.
"I know my friend! his faith I cannot fear,
If yet he be on earth, expect him here;
The roof that held him in the valley stands
Between my own and noble Lara's lands;
My halls from such a guest had honour gain'd,
Nor had Sir Ezzelin his host disdain'd,
But that some previous proof forbade his stay,
And urged him to prepare against to-day;
The word I pledged for his I pledge again,
Or will myself redeem his knighthood's stain."

He ceased—and Lara answer'd, "I am here
To lend at thy demand a listening ear
To tales of evil from a stranger's tongue,
Whose words already might my heart have wrung,
But that I deem'd him scarcely less than mad,
Or, at the worst, a foe ignobly bad.
I know him not—but me it seems he knew
In lands where—but I must not trifle too:
Produce this babbler—or redeem the pledge,
Here in thy hold, and with thy falchion's edge."

Proud Otho, on the instant reddening, threw
His glove on earth, and forth his sabre flew:
"The last alternative befits me best,
And thus I answer for mine absent guest."

With cheek unchanging from its sallow gloom,
However near his own or other's tomb;
With hand, whose almost careless coolness spoke
Its grasp well-used to deal the sabre-stroke;
With eye, though calm, determined not to spare,
Did Lara too his willing weapon bare.
In vain the circling chieftains round them closed,
For Otho's frenzy would not be opposed;
And from his lip those words of insult fell—
"His sword is good who can maintain them well."

IV.

Short was the conflict; furious, blindly rash,
Vain Otho gave his bosom to the gash:
He bled, and fell; but not with deadly wound,
Stretch'd by a dextrous sleight along the ground.
"Demand thy life!" He answer'd not: and then
From that red floor he ne'er had risen again,
For Lara's brow upon the moment grew
Almost to blackness in its demon hue;
And fiercer shook his angry falchion now
Than when his foe's was levell'd at his brow:

(1) "Lord Byron seems to have taken a whimsical pleasure in disappointing, by his second Canto, most of the expectations which he had excited by the first. For, without the resuscitation of Sir Ezzelin, Lara's mysterious vision in his antique hall becomes a mere useless piece of lumber, inapplicable to any intelligible purpose;—the character of Medora, whom we had been satisfied to behold very contentedly domesticated in the Pirate's Island, without inquiring whence or why she had emigrated thither, is, by means of some mysterious relation between her and Sir Ezzelin, involved in very disagreeable ambiguity; and, further, the high-minded and generous Conrad, who had preferred death and torture to life and liberty, if purchased by a nightly murder, is degraded into a vile and cowardly assassin." *George Ellis.*—L. E.

Then all was stern collectedness and art,
Now rose the unleaven'd hatred of his heart;
So little sparing to the foe he fell'd,
That when the approaching crowd his arm withheld,
He almost turn'd the thirsty point on those
Who thus for mercy dared to interpose:
But to a moment's thought that purpose bent;
Yet look'd he on him still with eye intent,
As if he loathed the ineffectual strife
That left a foe, howe'er o'erthrown, with life;
As if to search how far the wound he gave
Had sent its victim onward to his grave.

V.

They raised the bleeding Otho, and the leech
Forbade all present question, sign, and speech;
The others met within a neighbouring hall,
And he, incensed and heedless of them all,
The cause and conqueror in this sudden fray,
In haughty silence slowly strode away:
He back'd his steed, his homeward path he took,
Nor cast on Otho's towers a single look.

VI.

But where was he? that meteor of a night,
Who menaced but to disappear with light.
Where was this Ezzelin? who came and went
To leave no other trace of his intent.
He left the dome of Otho, long ere morn,
In darkness, yet so well the path was worn
He could not miss it: near his dwelling lay;
But there he was not, and with coming day
Came fast inquiry, which unfolded nought
Except the absence of the chief it sought.
A chamber tenantless, a steed at rest,
His host alarm'd, his murmuring squires distress'd:
Their search extends along, around, the path,
In dread to meet the marks of prowlers' wrath:
But none are there, and not a brake hath borne
Nor gout of blood, nor shred of mantle torn;
Nor fall nor struggle hath defaced the grass,
Which still retains a mark where murder was;
Nor dabbling fingers left to tell the tale,
The bitter print of each convulsive nail,
When agonised hands that cease to guard,
Wound in that pang the smoothness of the sward.
Some such had been, if here a life was reft,
But these were not; and doubting hope is left;
And strange suspicion, whispering Lara's name,
Now daily mutters o'er his blacken'd fame;
Then, sudden silent when his form appear'd,
Awaits the absence of the thing it fear'd,
Again its wonted wondering to renew,
And dye conjecture with a darker hue.

VII.

Days roll along, and Otho's wounds are heal'd,
But not his pride; and hate no more conceal'd:
He was a man of power, and Lara's foe,
The friend of all who sought to work him woe,
And from his country's justice now demands
Account of Ezzelin at Lara's hands.
Who else than Lara could have cause to fear
His presence? who had made him disappear,
If not the man on whom his menaced charge
Had sate too deeply were he left at large?
The general rumour ignorantly loud,
The mystery dearest to the curious crowd;
The seeming friendlessness of him who strove
To win no confidence, and wake no love;
The sweeping fierceness which his soul betray'd,
The skill with which he wielded his keen blade;
Where had his arm unwarlike caught that art?
Where had that fierceness grown upon his heart?
For it was not the blind capricious rage
A word can kindle and a word assuage;
But the deep working of a soul unmix'd
With aught of pity where its wrath had fix'd;
Such as long power and overgorged success
Concentrates into all that's merciless:
These, link'd with that desire which ever sways
Mankind, the rather to condemn than praise,
'Gainst Lara gathering raised at length a storm,
Such as himself might fear, and foes would form;
And he must answer for the absent head
Of one that haunts him still, alive or dead.

VIII.

Within that land was many a malcontent,
Who cursed the tyranny to which he bent;
That soil full many a wringing despot saw,
Who work'd his wantonness in form of law;
Long war without and frequent broil within
Had made a path for blood and giant sin,
That waited but a signal to begin
New havoc, such as civil discord blends,
Which knows no neuter, owns but foes or friends;
Fix'd in his feudal fortress each was lord,
In word and deed obey'd, in soul abhorr'd.
Thus Lara had inherited his lands,
And with them pining hearts and sluggish hands;
But that long absence from his native clime
Had left him stainless of oppression's crime,
And now, diverted by his milder sway,
All dread by slow degrees had worn away.
The menials felt their usual awe alone,
But more for him than them that fear was grown;
They deem'd him now unhappy, though at first
Their evil judgment augur'd of the worst,
And each long restless night, and silent mood,
Was traced to sickness, fed by solitude:
And though his lonely habits threw of late
Gloom o'er his chamber, cheerful was his gate;
For thence the wretched ne'er unsoothed withdrew,
For them, at least, his soul compassion knew.
Cold to the great, contemptuous to the high,
The humble pass'd not his unheeding eye;
Much he would speak not, but beneath his roof
They found asylum oft, and ne'er reproof.
And they who watch'd might mark that, day by day,
Some new retainers gather'd to his sway;
But most of late, since Ezzelin was lost,
He play'd the courteous lord and bounteous host:
Perchance his strife with Otho made him dread
Some snare prepared for his obnoxious head;
Whate'er his view, his favour more obtains
With these, the people, than his fellow thanes.
If this were policy, so far 't was sound,
The million judged but of him as they found;
From him, by sterner chiefs to exile driven,
They but required a shelter, and 't was given.
By him no peasant mourn'd his rifled cot,
And scarce the serf could murmur o'er his lot;
With him old avarice found its hoard secure,
With him contempt forbore to mock the poor;

Youth present cheer and promised recompense
Detain'd, till all too late to part from thence:
To hate he offer'd, with the coming change,
The deep reversion of delay'd revenge;
To love, long baffled by the unequal match,
The well-won charms success was sure to snatch.
All now was ripe, he waits but to proclaim
That slavery nothing which was still a name.
The moment came, the hour when Otho thought
Secure at last the vengeance which he sought:
His summons found the destined criminal
Begirt by thousands in his swarming hall,
Fresh from their feudal fetters newly riven,
Defying earth, and confident of heaven.
That morning he had freed the soil-bound slaves
Who dig no land for tyrants but their graves!
Such is their cry—some watchword for the fight
Must vindicate the wrong, and warp the right;
Religion—freedom—vengeance—what you will,
A word's enough to raise mankind to kill;
Some factious phrase by cunning caught and spread,
That guilt may reign, and wolves and worms be fed!

IX.

Throughout that clime the feudal chiefs had gain'd
Such sway, their infant monarch hardly reign'd;
Now was the hour for faction's rebel growth,
The serfs contemn'd the one, and hated both:
They waited but a leader, and they found
One to their cause inseparably bound;
By circumstance compell'd to plunge again,
In self defence, amidst the strife of men.
Cut off by some mysterious fate from those
Whom birth and nature meant not for his foes,
Had Lara from that night, to him accurst,
Prepared to meet, but not alone, the worst:
Some reason urged, whate'er it was, to shun
Inquiry into deeds at distance done;
By mingling with his own the cause of all,
E'en if he fail'd, he still delay'd his fall.
The sullen calm that long his bosom kept,
The storm that once had spent itself and slept,
Roused by events that seem'd foredoom'd to urge
His gloomy fortunes to their utmost verge,
Burst forth, and made him all he once had been,
And is again; he only changed the scene.
Light care had he for life, and less for fame,
But not less fitted for the desperate game:
He deem'd himself mark'd out for others' hate,
And mock'd at ruin so they shared his fate.
What cared he for the freedom of the crowd?
He raised the humble but to bend the proud.
He had hoped quiet in his sullen lair,
But man and destiny beset him there:
Inured to hunters, he was found at bay;
And they must kill, they cannot snare the prey.
Stern, unambitious, silent, he had been
Henceforth a calm spectator of life's scene;
But, dragg'd again upon the arena, stood
A leader not unequal to the feud;
In voice—mien—gesture—savage nature spoke,
And from his eye the gladiator broke.

X.

What boots the oft-repeated tale of strife,
The feast of vultures, and the waste of life?
The varying fortune of each separate field,
The fierce that vanquish, and the faint that yield?
The smoking ruin, and the crumbled wall?
In this the struggle was the same with all;
Save that distemper'd passions lent their force
In bitterness that banish'd all remorse.
None sued, for Mercy knew her cry was vain,
The captive died upon the battle-plain:
In either cause, one rage alone possess'd
The empire of the alternate victor's breast;
And they that smote for freedom or for sway
Deem'd few were slain, while more remain'd to slay.
It was too late to check the wasting brand,
And Desolation reap'd the famish'd land;
The torch was lighted, and the flame was spread,
And Carnage smiled upon her daily dead.

XI.

Fresh with the nerve the new-born impulse strung,
The first success to Lara's numbers clung:
But that vain victory hath ruin'd all;
They form no longer to their leader's call:
In blind confusion on the foe they press,
And think to snatch is to secure success.
The lust of booty, and the thirst of hate,
Lure on the broken brigands to their fate:
In vain he doth whate'er a chief may do,
To check the headlong fury of that crew;
In vain their stubborn ardour he would tame,
The hand that kindles cannot quench the flame;
The wary foe alone hath turn'd their mood,
And shown their rashness to that erring brood:
The feign'd retreat, the nightly ambuscade,
The daily harass, and the fight delay'd,
The long privation of the hoped supply,
The tentless rest beneath the humid sky,
The stubborn wall that mocks the leaguer's art,
And palls the patience of his baffled heart,
Of these they had not deem'd: the battle-day
They could encounter as a veteran may;
But more preferr'd the fury of the strife,
And present death, to hourly suffering life:
And famine wrings, and fever sweeps away
His numbers melting fast from their array;
Intemperate triumph fades to discontent,
And Lara's soul alone seems still unbent:
But few remain to aid his voice and hand,
And thousands dwindled to a scanty band:
Desperate, though few, the last and best remain'd
To mourn the discipline they late disdain'd.
One hope survives, the frontier is not far,
And thence they may escape from native war;
And bear within them to the neighbouring state
An exile's sorrows, or an outlaw's hate:
Hard is the task their father-land to quit,
But harder still to perish or submit.

XII.

It is resolved—they march—consenting Night
Guides with her star their dim and torchless flight;
Already they perceive its tranquil beam
Sleep on the surface of the barrier stream:
Already they descry—Is yon the bank?
Away! 'tis lined with many a hostile rank.
Return or fly!—What glitters in the rear?
'Tis Otho's banner—the pursuer's spear!
Are those the shepherds' fires upon the height?
Alas! they blaze too widely for the flight:
Cut off from hope, and compass'd in the toil,
Less blood perchance hath bought a richer spoil!

XIII.

A moment's pause—'tis but to breathe their band,
Or shall they onward press, or here withstand?
It matters little—if they charge the foes
Who by the border-stream their march oppose,
Some few, perchance, may break and pass the line,
However link'd to baffle such design.
"The charge be ours! to wait for their assault
Were fate well worthy of a coward's halt."
Forth flies each sabre, rein'd is every steed,
And the next word shall scarce outstrip the deed:
In the next tone of Lara's gathering breath
How many shall but hear the voice of death!

XIV.

His blade is bared,—in him there is an air
As deep, but far too tranquil for despair;
A something of indifference more than then
Becomes the bravest, if they feel for men.
He turn'd his eye on Kaled, ever near,
And still too faithful to betray one fear;
Perchance 't was but the moon's dim twilight threw
Along his aspect an unwonted hue
Of mournful paleness, whose deep tint express'd
The truth, and not the terror of his breast.
This Lara mark'd, and laid his hand on his:
It trembled not in such an hour as this;
His lip was silent, scarcely beat his heart,
His eye alone proclaim'd, "We will not part!
Thy band may perish, or thy friends may flee,
Farewell to life, but not adieu to thee!"

The word hath pass'd his lips, and onward driven,
Pours the link'd band through ranks asunder riven;
Well has each steed obey'd the armed heel,
And flash the scimitars, and rings the steel;
Outnumber'd, not outbraved, they still oppose
Despair to daring, and a front to foes;
And blood is mingled with the dashing stream,
Which runs all redly till the morning beam.

XV.

Commanding, aiding, animating all,
Where foe appear'd to press, or friend to fall,
Cheers Lara's voice, and waves or strikes his steel,
Inspiring hope himself had ceased to feel.
None fled, for well they knew that flight were vain;
But those that waver turn to smite again,
While yet they find the firmest of the foe
Recoil before their leader's look and blow:
Now girt with numbers, now almost alone,
He foils their ranks, or re-unites his own;
Himself he spared not—once they seem'd to fly—
Now was the time, he waved his hand on high,
And shook—Why sudden droops that plumed crest?
The shaft is sped—the arrow's in his breast!
That fatal gesture left the unguarded side,
And Death hath stricken down yon arm of pride.
The word of triumph fainted from his tongue;
That hand, so raised, how droopingly it hung!
But yet the sword instinctively retains,
Though from its fellow shrink the falling reins;
These Kaled snatches: dizzy with the blow,
And senseless bending o'er his saddle-bow,
Perceives not Lara that his anxious page
Beguiles his charger from the combat's rage:
Meantime his followers charge, and charge again;
Too mix'd the slayers now to heed the slain!

XVI.

Day glimmers on the dying and the dead,
The cloven cuirass, and the helmless head;
The war-horse masterless is on the earth,
And that last gasp hath burst his bloody girth;
And near, yet quivering with what life remain'd,
The heel that urged him and the hand that rein'd;
And some too near that rolling torrent lie,
Whose waters mock the lip of those that die;
That panting thirst which scorches in the breath
Of those that die the soldier's fiery death,
In vain impels the burning mouth to crave
One drop—the last—to cool it for the grave;
With feeble and convulsive effort swept,
Their limbs along the crimson'd turf have crept;
The faint remains of life such struggles waste,
But yet they reach the stream, and bend to taste:
They feel its freshness, and almost partake—
Why pause? No further thirst have they to slake—
It is unquench'd, and yet they feel it not;
It was an agony—but now forgot!

XVII.

Beneath a lime, remoter from the scene,
Where but for him that strife had never been,
A breathing but devoted warrior lay:
'T was Lara bleeding fast from life away.
His follower once, and now his only guide,
Kneels Kaled, watchful o'er his welling side,
And with his scarf would stanch the tides that rush,
With each convulsion, in a blacker gush;
And then, as his faint breathing waxes low,
In feebler, not less fatal tricklings flow:
He scarce can speak, but motions him 'tis vain,
And merely adds another throb to pain.
He clasps the hand that pang which would assuage,
And sadly smiles his thanks to that dark page,
Who nothing fears, nor feels, nor heeds, nor sees,
Save that damp brow which rests upon his knees;
Save that pale aspect, where the eye, though dim,
Held all the light that shone on earth for him.

XVIII.

The foe arrives, who long had search'd the field,
Their triumph nought till Lara too should yield;
They would remove him, but they see 't were vain,
And he regards them with a calm disdain,
That rose to reconcile him with his fate,
And that escape to death from living hate:
And Otho comes, and, leaping from his steed,
Looks on the bleeding foe that made him bleed,
And questions of his state; he answers not,
Scarce glances on him as on one forgot,
And turns to Kaled:—each remaining word
They understood not, if distinctly heard:
His dying tones are in that other tongue,
To which some strange remembrance wildly clung.
They spake of other scenes, but what—is known
To Kaled, whom their meaning reach'd alone;
And he replied, though faintly, to their sound,
While gazed the rest in dumb amazement round:
They seem'd even then—that twain—unto the last
To half forget the present in the past;
To share between themselves some separate fate,
Whose darkness none beside should penetrate.

XIX.

Their words, though faint, were many—from the tone
Their import those who heard could judge alone;
From this, you might have deem'd young Kaled's death
More near than Lara's by his voice and breath,
So sad, so deep, and hesitating broke
The accents his scarce-moving pale lips spoke;
But Lara's voice, though low, at first was clear
And calm, till murmuring death gasp'd hoarsely near:
But from his visage little could we guess,
So unrepentant, dark, and passionless,
Save that, when struggling nearer to his last,
Upon that page his eye was kindly cast;
And once, as Kaled's answering accents ceased,
Rose Lara's hand, and pointed to the East:
Whether (as then the breaking sun from high
Roll'd back the clouds) the morrow caught his eye,
Or that 'twas chance, or some remember'd scene,
That raised his arm to point where such had been,
Scarce Kaled seem'd to know, but turn'd away,
As if his heart abhorr'd that coming day,
And shrunk his glance before that morning light,
To look on Lara's brow—where all grew night.
Yet sense seem'd left, though better were its loss;
For when one near display'd the absolving cross,
And proffer'd to his touch the holy bead,
Of which his parting soul might own the need,
He look'd upon it with an eye profane,
And smiled—Heaven pardon! if 't were with disdain:
And Kaled, though he spoke not, nor withdrew
From Lara's face his fix'd despairing view,
With brow repulsive, and with gesture swift,
Flung back the hand which held the sacred gift,
As if such but disturb'd the expiring man,
Nor seem'd to know his life but *then* began,
That life of immortality, secure
To none save them whose faith in Christ is sure.

XX.

But gasping heaved the breath that Lara drew,
And dull the film along his dim eye grew;
His limbs stretch'd fluttering, and his head droop'd o'er
The weak yet still untiring knee that bore;
He press'd the hand he held upon his heart—
It beats no more, but Kaled will not part
With the cold grasp, but feels, and feels in vain,
For that faint throb which answers not again.
"It beats!"—Away, thou dreamer! he is gone—
It once was Lara which thou look'st upon. (1)

XXI.

He gazed, as if not yet had pass'd away
The haughty spirit of that humble clay:
And those around have roused him from his trance,
But cannot tear from thence his fixed glance;
And when, in raising him from where he bore
Within his arms the form that felt no more,
He saw the head his breast would still sustain
Roll down, like earth to earth, upon the plain,
He did not dash himself thereby, nor tear
The glossy tendrils of his raven hair,
But strove to stand and gaze, but reel'd and fell,
Scarce breathing more than that he loved so well.
Than that *he* loved! Oh! never yet beneath
The breast of man such trusty love may breathe!
That trying moment hath at once reveal'd
The secret long and yet but half conceal'd;
In baring to revive that lifeless breast,
Its grief seem'd ended, but the sex confest;
And life return'd, and Kaled felt no shame—
What now to her was womanhood or fame?

XXII.

And Lara sleeps not where his fathers sleep,
But where he died his grave was dug as deep:
Nor is his mortal slumber less profound,
Though priest nor bless'd nor marble deck'd the mound;
And he was mourn'd by one whose quiet grief,
Less loud, outlasts a people's for their chief.
Vain was all question ask'd her of the past,
And vain e'en menace—silent to the last;
She told nor whence nor why she left behind
Her all for one who seem'd but little kind.
Why did she love him? Curious fool!—be still—
Is human love the growth of human will?
To her he might be gentleness; the stern
Have deeper thoughts than your dull eyes discern,
And when they love, your smilers guess not how
Beats the strong heart, though less the lips avow.
They were not common links, that form'd the chain
That bound to Lara Kaled's heart and brain;
But that wild tale she brook'd not to unfold,
And seal'd is now each lip that could have told.

XXIII.

They laid him in the earth; and on his breast,
Besides the wound that sent his soul to rest,
They found the scatter'd dints of many a scar,
Which were not planted there in recent war:
Where'er had pass'd his summer years of life,
It seems they vanish'd in a land of strife;
But all unknown his glory or his guilt,
These only told that somewhere blood was spilt,
And Ezzelin, who might have spoke the past,
Return'd no more—that night appear'd his last.

XXIV.

Upon that night (a peasant's is the tale)
A serf that cross'd the intervening vale, (2)

(1) "The death of Lara is, by far, the finest passage in the poem, and is fully equal to any thing else which the author ever wrote. The physical horror of the event, though described with a terrible force and fidelity, is both relieved and enhanced by the beautiful pictures of mental energy and affection with which it is combined. The whole sequel of the poem is written with equal vigour and feeling, and may be put in competition with any thing that poetry has produced, in point either of pathos or energy." *Jeffrey.* —L. E.

(2) The event in this section was suggested by the description of the death, or rather burial, of the Duke of Gandia. The most interesting and particular account of it is given by Burchard, and is in substance as follows:—"On the eighth day of June, the Cardinal of Valenza and the Duke of Gandia, sons of the Pope, supped with their mother, Vanozza, near the church of *S. Pietro ad Vincula*, several other persons being present at the entertainment. A late hour approaching, and the cardinal having reminded his brother that it was time to return to the apostolic palace, they mounted their horses or mules, with only a few attendants, and proceeded together as far as the palace of Cardinal Ascanio Sforza, when the duke informed the cardinal that, before he returned home, he had to pay a visit of pleasure. Dismissing therefore all his attendants, excepting his *staffiero*, or footman, and a person in a mask, who had paid him a

When Cynthia's light almost gave way to morn,
And nearly veil'd in mist her waning horn;
A serf, that rose betimes to thread the wood,
And hew the bough that bought his children's food,
Pass'd by the river that divides the plain
Of Otho's lands and Lara's broad domain:
He heard a tramp—a horse and horseman broke
From out the wood—before him was a cloak
Wrapt round some burthen at his saddle-bow,
Bent was his head, and hidden was his brow.
Roused by the sudden sight at such a time,
And some foreboding that it might be crime,
Himself unheeded watch'd the stranger's course,
Who reach'd the river, bounded from his horse,
And, lifting thence the burthen which he bore,
Heaved up the bank, and dash'd it from the shore;
Then paused, and look'd, and turn'd, and seem'd to watch,
And still another hurried glance would snatch,
And follow with his step the stream that flow'd,
As if even yet too much its surface show'd:
At once he started, stoop'd, around him strown
The winter floods had scatter'd heaps of stone;
Of these the heaviest thence he gather'd there,
And slung them with a more than common care.
Meantime the serf had crept to where unseen
Himself might safely mark what this might mean;
He caught a glimpse, as of a floating breast,
And something glitter'd starlike on the vest:
But, ere he well could mark the buoyant trunk,
A massy fragment smote it, and it sunk:
It rose again, but indistinct to view,
And left the waters of a purple hue,
Then deeply disappear'd: the horseman gazed
Till ebb'd the latest eddy it had raised;
Then, turning, vaulted on his pawing steed,
And instant spurr'd him into panting speed.
His face was mask'd—the features of the dead,
If dead it were, escaped the observer's dread;
But if in sooth a star its bosom bore,
Such is the badge that knighthood ever wore,
And such 'tis known Sir Ezzelin had worn
Upon the night that led to such a morn.
If thus he perish'd, Heaven receive his soul!
His undiscover'd limbs to ocean roll;
And charity upon the hope would dwell
It was not Lara's hand by which he fell.

XXV.

And Kaled—Lara—Ezzelin, are gone,
Alike without their monumental stone!
The first, all efforts vainly strove to wean
From lingering where her chieftain's blood had been.
Grief had so tamed a spirit once too proud,
Her tears were few, her wailing never loud;
But furious would you tear her from the spot
Where yet she scarce believed that he was not,
Her eye shot forth with all the living fire
That haunts the tigress in her whelpless ire;
But left to waste her weary moments there,
She talk'd all idly unto shapes of air,
Such as the busy brain of Sorrow paints,
And woos to listen to her fond complaints:
And she would sit beneath the very tree
Where lay his drooping head upon her knee;
And in that posture where she saw him fall,
His words, his looks, his dying grasp recall;
And she had shorn but saved her raven hair,
And oft would snatch it from her bosom there,
And fold and press it gently to the ground,
As if she stanch'd anew some phantom's wound.

visit whilst at supper, and who, during the space of a month or thereabouts, previous to this time, had called upon him almost daily, at the apostolic palace, he took this person behind him on his mule, and proceeded to the street of the Jews, where he quitted his servant, directing him to remain there until a certain hour; when, if he did not return, he might repair to the palace. The duke then seated the person in the mask behind him, and rode, I know not whither; but in that night he was assassinated, and thrown into the river. The servant, after having been dismissed, was also assaulted and mortally wounded; and although he was attended with great care, yet such was his situation, that he could give no intelligible account of what had befallen his master. In the morning, the duke not having returned to the palace, his servants began to be alarmed; and one of them informed the pontiff of the evening excursion of his sons, and that the duke had not yet made his appearance. This gave the pope no small anxiety; but he conjectured that the duke had been attracted by some courtesan to pass the night with her, and, not choosing to quit the house in open day, had waited till the following evening to return home. When, however, the evening arrived, and he found himself disappointed in his expectations, he became deeply afflicted, and began to make inquiries from different persons, whom he ordered to attend him for that purpose. Amongst these was a man named Giorgio Schiavoni, who, having discharged some timber from a bark in the river, had remained on board the vessel to watch it; and being interrogated whether he had seen any one thrown into the river on the night preceding, he replied, that he saw two men on foot, who came down the street, and looked diligently about, to observe whether any person was passing. That seeing no one, they returned, and a short time afterwards two others came, and looked around in the same manner as the former: no person still appearing, they gave a sign to their companions, when a man came, mounted on a white horse, having behind him a dead body, the head and arms of which hung on one side, and the feet on the other side of the horse; the two persons on foot supporting the body, to prevent its falling. They thus proceeded towards that part, where the filth of the city is usually discharged into the river, and turning the horse, with his tail towards the water, the two persons took the dead body by the arms and feet, and with all their strength flung it into the river. The person on horseback then asked if they had thrown it in; to which they replied, *Signor, si* (yes, Sir). He then looked towards the river, and, seeing a mantle floating on the stream, he inquired what it was that appeared black, to which they answered, it was a mantle; and one of them threw stones upon it, in consequence of which it sunk. The attendants of the pontiff then inquired from Giorgio, why he had not revealed this to the governor of the city; to which he replied, that he had seen in his time a hundred dead bodies thrown into the river at the same place, without any inquiry being made respecting them; and that he had not, therefore, considered it as a matter of any importance. The fishermen and seamen were then collected, and ordered to search the river, where, on the following evening, they found the body of the duke, with his habit entire, and thirty ducats in his purse. He was pierced with nine wounds, one of which was in his throat, the others in his head, body, and limbs. No sooner was the pontiff informed of the death of his son, and that he had been thrown, like filth, into the river, than, giving way to his grief, he shut himself up in a chamber, and wept bitterly. The Cardinal of Segovio, and other attendants on the pope, went to the door, and, after many hours spent in persuasions and exhortations, prevailed upon him to admit them. From the evening of Wednesday till the following Saturday the pope took no food; nor did he sleep from Thursday morning till the same hour on the ensuing day. At length, however, giving way to the entreaties of his attendants, he began to restrain his sorrow, and to consider the injury which his own health might sustain, by the further indulgence of his grief."—*Roscoe's Leo Tenth*, vol. i. p. 265.

Herself would question, and for him reply;
Then rising, start, and beckon him to fly
From some imagined spectre in pursuit;
Then seat her down upon some linden's root,
And hide her visage with her meagre hand,
Or trace strange characters along the sand.
This could not last—she lies by him she loved;
Her tale untold—her truth too dearly proved. (1)

(1) "*Lara*, though it has many good passages, is a further proof of the melancholy fact, which is true of all sequels, from the continuation of the *Æneid*, by one of the famous Italian poets of the middle ages, down to *Polly, a Sequel to the Beggar's Opera*, that 'more last words' may generally be spared, without any great detriment to the world." *Bishop Heber*.

"*Lara* has some charms which *The Corsair* has not. It is more domestic; it calls forth more sympathies with polished society; it is more intellectual, but much less passionate, less vigorous, and less brilliant; it is sometimes even languid,—at any rate, it is more diffuse." *Sir E. Brydges*.

"*Lara*, obviously the sequel of *The Corsair*, maintains in general the same tone of deep interest and lofty feeling; though the disappearance of Medora from the scene deprives it of the enchanting sweetness by which its terrors are there redeemed, and make the hero, on the whole, less captivating. The character of Lara, too, is rather too laboriously finished,* and his nocturnal encounter with the apparition is worked up too ostentatiously. There is infinite beauty in the sketch of the dark Page, and in many of the moral or general reflections which are interspersed with the narrative." *Jeffrey*.—L. E

* "What do the Reviewers mean by 'elaborate?' *Lara* I wrote while undressing, after coming home from balls and masquerades, in the year of revelry, 1814." *B. Letters*, 1822.—L. E.

Hebrew Melodies.(1)

ADVERTISEMENT.

The subsequent poems were written at the request of my friend, the Hon. D. Kinnaird, for a Selection of Hebrew Melodies, and have been published with the music, arranged by Mr. Braham and Mr. Nathan. (2)

January, 1815.

HEBREW MELODIES.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY. (3)

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

THE HARP THE MONARCH MINSTREL SWEPT. (4)

The harp the monarch minstrel swept,
The king of men, the loved of Heaven,
Which Music hallow'd while she wept
O'er tones her heart of hearts had given,
Redoubled be her tears, its chords are riven!
It soften'd men of iron mould,
It gave them virtues not their own;
No ear so dull, no soul so cold,
That felt not, fired not to the tone,
Till David's lyre grew mightier than his throne!

It told the triumphs of our king,
It wafted glory to our God;
It made our gladden'd valleys ring,
The cedars bow, the mountains nod;
Its sound aspired to heaven and there abode!
Since then, though heard on earth no more,
Devotion, and her daughter Love
Still bid the bursting spirit soar
To sounds that seem as from above,
In dreams that day's broad light can not remove.(5)

(1) Lord Byron never alludes to his share in these Melodies with complacency. Mr. Moore having, on one occasion, rallied him a little on the manner in which some of them had been set to music,—"Sunburn Nathan!" he exclaims, "why do you always twit me with his Ebrew nasalities? Have I not told you it was all Kinnaird's doing, and my own exquisite facility of temper?"—L. E.

(2) "Neither the ancient Jews," says Dr. Burney, "nor the modern, have ever had characters peculiar to music; so that the melodies used in their religious ceremonies have, at all times, been traditional, and at the mercy of the singers."—Kalkbrenner tells us, that "les juifs espagnols lisent et chantent leurs psaumes bien differemment que les juifs hollandais, les juifs romains autrement que les juifs de la Prusse et de la Hesse; et tous croient chanter comme on chantoit dans le Temple de Jérusalem!"—*Hist. de la Musique*, tom. i. p. 34.—L. E.

(3) These stanzas were written by Lord Byron, on returning from a ball-room, where he had seen Mrs. (now Lady) Wilmot Horton, the wife of his relation, the present Governor of Ceylon. On this occasion Mrs. H. had appeared in mourning, with numerous spangles on her dress.—L. E.

Nathan however says, in his *Fugitive Pieces and Reminiscences of Lord Byron*:—"It is most probable, from the fervent attachment he felt towards his *sister*, whose countenance was as beautiful as her disposition was amiable, and the unceasing tenderness with which he seemed on all occasions to view her, that they (the lines in question) were directed to that lady alone. This opinion is much strengthened by the anxiety he betrayed whenever the composition was executed in her presence."—P. E.

(4) "In the reign of King David, music was held in the highest estimation by the Hebrews. The genius of that prince for music, and his attachment to the study and practice of it, as well as the great number of musicians appointed by him for the performance of religious rites and ceremonies, could not fail to extend its influence and augment its perfections: for it was during this period, that music was first honoured by being admitted in the ministry of sacrifice, and worship of the ark; as well as by being cultivated by a king." *Burney*.—L. E.

(5) "The hymns of David excel no less in sublimity and

IF THAT HIGH WORLD.

If that high world, which lies beyond
Our own, surviving Love endears;
If there the cherish'd heart be fond,
The eye the same, except in tears—
How welcome those untrodden spheres!
How sweet this very hour to die!
To soar from earth, and find all fears
Lost in thy light—Eternity!

It must be so: 'tis not for self
That we so tremble on the brink,
And, striving to o'erleap the gulf,
Yet cling to Being's severing link.
Oh! in that future let us think
To hold each heart the heart that shares,
With them the immortal waters drink,
And soul in soul grow deathless theirs!

THE WILD GAZELLE.

The wild gazelle on Judah's hills
Exulting yet may bound,
And drink from all the living rills
That gush on holy ground;
Its airy step and glorious eye
May glance in tameless transport by:—

A step as fleet, an eye more bright,
Hath Judah witness'd there;
And o'er her scenes of lost delight
Inhabitants more fair.
The cedars wave on Lebanon,
But Judah's statelier maids are gone!

More blest each palm that shades those plains
Than Israel's scatter'd race;
For, taking root, it there remains
In solitary grace:
It cannot quit its place of birth,
It will not live in other earth.

But we must wander witheringly,
In other lands to die;
And where our fathers' ashes be,
Our own may never lie:
Our temple hath not left a stone,
And Mockery sits on Salem's throne.

OH! WEEP FOR THOSE.

Oh! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell;
Mourn—where their God hath dwelt the godless dwell!

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet?
And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet?
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly voice?

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest!
The wild-dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country—Israel but the grave!

ON JORDAN'S BANKS.

On Jordan's banks the Arab's camels stray,
On Sion's hill the False One's votaries pray,
The Baal-adorer bows on Sinai's steep—
Yet there—even there—O God! thy thunders sleep:

There—where thy finger scorch'd the tablet stone!
There—where thy shadow to thy people shone!
Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire:
Thyself—none living see and not expire!

Oh! in the lightning let thy glance appear;
Sweep from his shiver'd hand the oppressor's spear.
How long by tyrants shall thy land be trod!
How long thy temple worshipless, O God!

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER. (1)

Since our country, our God—O my sire!
Demand that thy daughter expire;
Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow,
Strike the bosom that's bared for thee now!

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,
And the mountains behold me no more:
If the hand that I love lay me low,
There cannot be pain in the blow!

And of this, O my father! be sure—
That the blood of thy child is as pure
As the blessing I beg ere it flow,
And the last thought that soothes me below.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,
Be the judge and the hero unbent!
I have won the great battle for thee,
And my father and country are free!

tenderness of expression, than in loftiness and purity of religious sentiment. In comparison with them, the sacred poetry of all other nations sinks into mediocrity. They have embodied so exquisitely the universal language of religious emotion, that (a few fierce and vindictive passages excepted, natural in the warrior-poet of a sterner age) they have entered with unquestionable propriety into the Christian ritual. The songs which cheered the solitude of the desert caves of Engedi, or resounded from the voice of the Hebrew people as they wound along the glens or the hill-sides of Judea, have been repeated for ages in almost every part of the habitable world,—in the remotest islands of the ocean, among the forests of America, or the sands of Africa. How many human hearts have they softened, purified, exalted!—of how many wretched beings have they been the secret consolation!—on how many communities have they drawn down the blessings of Divine Providence, by bringing the affections in unison with their deep devotional fervour!" *Milman.*—L. E.

"The words of this melody have been greatly and deservedly admired; yet the circumstances that attended the composition of the latter lines may be interesting. When his Lordship put the copy into my hand, it terminated thus:—

'Its sound aspired to heaven, and there abode.'

This however did not complete the verse, and I wished him to help out the melody. He replied, 'Why, I have sent you to heaven—it would be difficult to go further!' My attention for a few moments was called to some other person, and his Lordship, whom I had hardly missed, exclaimed—'Here, Nathan, I have brought you down again;' and immediately presented me the beautiful and sublime lines which conclude the melody." *Nathan.*—P. E.

(1) "Jephtha, a bastard son of Gilead, having been wrongfully expelled from his father's house, had taken refuge in a wild country, and become a noted captain of freebooters. His kindred, groaning under foreign oppression, began to look to their valiant though lawless compatriot, whose profession, according to their usage, was no more dishonourable than that of a pirate in the elder days of Greece. They sent for him, and made him head of their city. Before he went forth against the Ammonites, he made the memorable vow, that, if he returned victorious, he would sacrifice as a burnt-offering whatever first met him

When this blood of thy giving hath gush'd,
When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd,
Let my memory still be thy pride,
And forget not I smiled as I died!

OH! SNATCH'D AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM.

Oh! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year;
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom:

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
And lingering pause and lightly tread;
Fond wretch! as if her step disturb'd the dead.

Away! we know that tears are vain,
That death nor heeds nor hears distress:
Will this unteach us to complain?
Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou—who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

MY SOUL IS DARK.

My soul is dark—Oh! quickly string
The harp I yet can brook to hear;
And let thy gentle fingers fling
Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear:
If in this heart a hope be dear,
That sound shall charm it forth again;
If in these eyes there lurk a tear,
'Twill flow, and cease to burn my brain.

But bid the strain be wild and deep,
Nor let thy notes of joy be first:
I tell thee, minstrel! I must weep,
Or else this heavy heart will burst;
For it hath been by sorrow nursed,
And ached in sleepless silence long;
And now 'tis doom'd to know the worst,
And break at once—or yield to song.(1)

I SAW THEE WEEP.

I saw thee weep—the big bright tear
Came o'er that eye of blue;
And then methought it did appear
A violet dropping dew:
I saw thee smile—the sapphire's blaze
Beside thee ceased to shine;
It could not match the living rays
That fill'd that glance of thine.

As clouds from yonder sun receive
A deep and mellow dye,
Which scarce the shade of coming eve
Can banish from the sky,
Those smiles unto the moodiest mind
Their own pure joy impart:
Their sunshine leaves a glow behind
That lightens o'er the heart.

THY DAYS ARE DONE.

Thy days are done, thy fame begun;
Thy country's strains record
The triumphs of her chosen Son,
The slaughters of his sword!
The deeds he did, the fields he won,
The freedom he restored!

Though thou art fall'n, while we are free
Thou shalt not taste of death!
The generous blood that flow'd from thee
Disdain'd to sink beneath;
Within our veins its currents be,
Thy spirit on our breath!

Thy name, our charging hosts along,
Shall be the battle-word!
Thy fall, the theme of choral song
From virgin voices pour'd!
To weep would do thy glory wrong;
Thou shalt not be deplored.

SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE.

Warriors and chiefs! should the shaft or the sword
Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord,
Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path:
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath!

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet!
Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet.

Farewell to others, but never we part,
Heir to my royalty, son of my heart!
Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day!

SAUL. (2)

Thou whose spell can raise the dead,
Bid the prophet's form appear.
"Samuel raise thy buried head!
King, behold the phantom seer!"

Earth yawn'd; he stood the centre of a cloud:
Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud.

on his entrance into his native city. He gained a splendid victory. At the news of it, his only daughter came dancing forth, in the gladness of her heart, and with jocund instruments of music, to salute the deliverer of his people. The miserable father rent his clothes in agony; but the noble-spirited maiden would not hear of the disregard of the vow: she only demanded a short period to bewail upon the mountains, like the Antigone of Sophocles, her dying without hope of becoming a bride or mother, and then submitted to her fate." *Millman.*—L. E.

(1) "It was generally conceived that Lord Byron's reported singularities approached on some occasions to derangement, and at one period, indeed, it was very currently asserted that his intellects were actually impaired. The report only served to amuse his Lordship. He referred to the circumstance, and declared that he would try how a madman could write: seizing the pen with eagerness, he for a moment fixed his eyes in majestic wildness on vacancy; when like a flash of inspiration, without erasing a single word, the above verses were the result." *Nathan.*—P. E.

(2) "Haunted with that insatiable desire of searching into the secrets of futurity, inseparable from uncivilised man, Saul knew not to what quarter to turn. The priests, outraged by his cruelty, had forsaken him: the prophets stood aloof: no dreams visited his couch; he had persecuted even the unlawful diviners. He hears at last of a female

Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye;
His hand was wither'd, and his veins were dry;
His foot, in bony whiteness, glitter'd there,
Shrunken and sinewless, and ghastly bare;
From lips that moved not and unbreathing frame,
Like cavern'd winds, the hollow accents came.
Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak,
At once, and blasted by the thunder-stroke.

"Why is my sleep disquieted?
Who is he that calls the dead?
Is it thou, O king? Behold,
Bloodless are these limbs, and cold;
Such are mine; and such shall be
Thine to-morrow when with me;
Ere the coming day is done,
Such shalt thou be, such thy son.
Fare thee well, but for a day,
Then we mix our mouldering clay.
Thou, thy race, lie pale and low,
Pierced by shafts of many a bow;
And the falchion by thy side
To thy heart thy hand shall guide:
Crownless, breathless, headless fall,
Son and sire, the house of Saul! (1)

"ALL IS VANITY, SAITH THE PREACHER."

Fame, wisdom, love, and power were mine,
And health and youth possess'd me;
My goblets blush'd from every vine,
And lovely forms caress'd me:
I sunn'd my heart in beauty's eyes,
And felt my soul grow tender;
All earth can give, or mortal prize,
Was mine of regal splendour.

I strive to number o'er what days
Remembrance can discover,
Which all that life or earth displays
Would lure me to live over.
There rose no day, there roll'd no hour
Of pleasure unembitter'd;
And not a trapping deck'd my power
That gall'd not while it glitter'd.

The serpent of the field, by art
And spells, is won from harming;
But that which coils around the heart,
Oh! who hath power of charming?
It will not list to wisdom's lore,
Nor music's voice can lure it;
But there it stings for evermore
The soul that must endure it.

WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS SUFFERING CLAY.

When coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah! whither strays the immortal mind?
It cannot die, it cannot stay,
But leaves its darken'd dust behind.
Then, unembodied, doth it trace
By steps each planet's heavenly way?
Or fill at once the realms of space,
A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecay'd,
A thought unseen, but seeing all,
All, all in earth, or skies display'd,
Shall it survey, shall it recall:
Each fainter trace that memory holds
So darkly of departed years,
In one broad glance the soul beholds,
And all, that was, at once appears.

Before Creation peopled earth,
Its eye shall roll through chaos back;
And where the furthest heaven had birth,
The spirit trace its rising track.
And where the future mars or makes,
Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
While sun is quench'd or system breaks,
Fix'd in its own eternity.

Above or love, hope, hate, or fear,
It lives all passionless and pure:
An age shall fleet like earthly year;
Its years as moments shall endure.
Away, away, without a wing,
O'er all, through all, its thought shall fly;
A nameless and eternal thing,
Forgetting what it was to die.

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

The king was on his throne,
The satraps throng'd the hall;
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deem'd divine—
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless heathen's wine!

In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote, as if on sand:

necromancer, a woman with the spirit of Ob; strangely similar in sound to the Obeah women in the West Indies. To the cave-dwelling of this woman, in Endor, the monarch proceeds in disguise. He commands her to raise the spirit of Samuel. At this daring demand, the woman first recognises, or pretends to recognise, her royal visitor. 'Whom seest thou?' says the king.—'Mighty ones ascending from the earth.'—'Of what form?'—'An old man covered with a mantle.' Saul, in terror, bows down his head to the earth; and, it should seem, not daring to look up, receives from the voice of the spectre the awful intimation of his defeat and death. On the reality of this apparition we pretend not to decide: the figure, if figure there were, was not seen by Saul; and, excepting the event of the approaching battle, the spirit said nothing which the living prophet had not said before, repeatedly and publicly. But the fact is curious, as showing the popular belief of the Jews in departed spirits to have been the same with that of most other nations." *Millman.*—L. E.

(1) "Since we have spoken of witches," said Lord Byron at Cephalonia, in 1823, "what think you of the witch of Endor? I have always thought this the finest and most finished witch-scene that ever was written or conceived; and you will be of my opinion, if you consider all the circumstances and the actors in the case, together with the gravity, simplicity, and dignity of the language. It beats all the ghost-scenes I ever read. The finest conception on a similar subject is that of Goethe's devil, Mephistopheles; and though, of course, you will give the priority to the former, as being inspired, yet the latter, if you know it, will appear to you—at least it does to me—one of the finest and most sublime specimens of human conception." *Kennedy's Conversations on Religion, etc., with Lord Byron.*—L. E.

The fingers of a man—
A solitary hand—
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice;
All bloodless wax'd his look,
And tremulous his voice:
"Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear,
Which mar our royal mirth."

Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill;
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore;
But now they were not sage,
They saw—but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth.
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view;
He read it on that night,—
The morrow proved it true.

"Belshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom pass'd away,
He, in the balance weigh'd,
Is light and worthless clay.
The shroud, his robe of state,
His canopy the stone;
The Mede is at his gate!
The Persian on his throne!"

SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS!

Sun of the sleepless! melancholy star!
Whose tearful beam glows tremulously far,
That show'st the darkness thou canst not dispel,
How like art thou to joy remember'd well!

So gleams the past, the light of other days,
Which shines, but warms not with its powerless rays;
A night-beam Sorrow watcheth to behold,
Distinct, but distant—clear—but, oh how cold!

WERE MY BOSOM AS FALSE AS THOU DEEM'ST IT TO BE.

Were my bosom as false as thou deem'st it to be,
I need not have wander'd from far Galilee;
It was but abjuring my creed to efface
The curse which, thou say'st, is the crime of my race.
If the bad never triumph, then God is with thee!
If the slave only sin, thou art spotless and free!
If the exile on earth is an outcast on high,
Live on in thy faith, but in mine I will die.

I have lost for that faith more than thou canst bestow,
As the God who permits thee to prosper doth know;
In his hand is my heart and my hope—and in thine
The land and the life which for him I resign.

HEROD'S LAMENT FOR MARIAMNE. (1)

Oh, Mariamne! now for thee
The heart for which thou bled'st is bleeding;
Revenge is lost in agony,
And wild remorse to rage succeeding.
Oh, Mariamne! where art thou?
Thou canst not hear my bitter pleading:
Ah! couldst thou—thou wouldst pardon now,
Though Heaven were to my prayer unheeding.

And is she dead?—and did they dare
Obey my frenzy's jealous raving?
My wrath but doom'd my own despair:
The sword that smote her's o'er me waving.
But thou art cold, my murder'd love!
And this dark heart is vainly craving
For her who soars alone above,
And leaves my soul unworthy saving.

She's gone, who shared my diadem;
She sunk, with her my joys entombing;
I swept that flower from Judah's stem
Whose leaves for me alone were blooming;
And mine's the guilt, and mine the hell,
This bosom's desolation dooming;
And I have earn'd those tortures well
Which, unconsumed, are still consuming!

ON THE DAY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM BY TITUS.

From the last hill that looks on thy once holy dome
I beheld thee, O Sion! when render'd to Rome:
'T was thy last sun went down, and the flames of thy fall
Flash'd back on the last glance I gave to thy wall.

I look'd for thy temple, I look'd for my home,
And forgot for a moment my bondage to come;
I beheld but the death-fire that fed on thy fane,
And the fast-fetter'd hands that made vengeance in vain.

On many an eve, the high spot whence I gazed
Had reflected the last beam of day as it blazed;
While I stood on the height, and beheld the decline
Of the rays from the mountain that shone on thy shrine.

And now on that mountain I stood on that day,
But I mark'd not the twilight beam melting away;
Oh! would that the lightning had glared in its stead,
And the thunderbolt burst on the conqueror's head!

(1) "Mariamne, the wife of Herod the Great, falling under the suspicion of infidelity, was put to death by his order. She was a woman of unrivalled beauty, and a haughty spirit: unhappy in being the object of passionate attachment, which bordered on frenzy, to a man who had more or less concern in the murder of her grandfather, father, brother, and uncle, and who had twice commanded her death, in case of his own. Ever after, Herod was haunted by the image of the murdered Mariamne, until disorder of the mind brought on disorder of body, which led to temporary derangement." *Milman.*—L. E.

But the gods of the pagan shall never profane
The shrine where Jehovah disdain'd not to reign;
And scatter'd and scorn'd as thy people may be,
Our worship, O Father! is only for thee.

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON WE SAT DOWN AND WEPT.

We sat down and wept by the waters
Of Babel, and thought of the day
When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters,
Made Salem's high places his prey;
And ye, O her desolate daughters!
Were scatter'd all weeping away.

While sadly we gazed on the river
Which roll'd on in freedom below,
They demanded the song; but, oh never
That triumph the stranger shall know!
May this right hand be wither'd for ever,
Ere it string our high harp for the foe!

On the willow that harp is suspended,
Oh Salem! its sound should be free;
And the hour when thy glories were ended
But left me that token of thee:
And ne'er shall its soft tones be blended
With the voice of the spoiler by me!

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

A SPIRIT PASS'D BEFORE ME.

FROM JOB.

A spirit pass'd before me: I beheld
The face of Immortality unveil'd—
Deep sleep came down on every eye save mine—
And there it stood,—all formless—but divine.
Along my bones the creeping flesh did quake;
And, as my damp hair stiffen'd, thus it spake:
"Is man more just than God? Is man more pure
Than he who deems even seraphs insecure?
Creatures of clay—vain dwellers in the dust!
The moth survives you, and are ye more just?
Things of a day! you wither ere the night,
Heedless and blind to Wisdom's wasted light!"(1)

IN THE VALLEY OF WATERS.(2)

In the valley of waters we wept o'er the day
When the host of the stranger made Salem his prey,
And our heads on our bosoms all droopingly lay,
And our hearts were so full of the land far away.

The song they demanded in vain—it lay still
In our souls, as the wind that hath died on the hill;
They call'd for the harp—but our blood they shall spill
Ere our right hands shall teach them one tone of our skill.

All stringlessly hung on the willow's sad tree,
As dead as her dead leaf those mute harps must be;
Our hands may be fetter'd—our tears still are free
For our God and our glory—and Sion! oh thee!

THEY SAY THAT HOPE IS HAPPINESS.

They say that hope is happiness;
But genuine love must prize the past,
And memory wakes the thoughts that bless;
They rose the first—they set the last.

And all that memory loves the most
Was once our only hope to be,
And all that hope adored and lost
Hath melted into memory.

Alas! it is delusion all;
The future cheats us from afar,
Nor can we be what we recall,
Nor dare we think on what we are. (3)

(1) "The *Hebrew Melodies*, though obviously inferior to Lord Byron's other works, display a skill in versification, and a mastery in diction, which would have raised an inferior artist to the very summit of distinction." *Jeffrey*. —L. E.

(2) The two last pieces were not printed in the original collection. The first seems to be an inferior version of the Hebrew Melody beginning, "We sat down and wept by the waters;" both poems being paraphrases of part of Psalm cxxxvii.—P. E.

(3) Mr. Nathan, the composer of the music for the *Hebrew Melodies*, relates the following anecdote relative to these lines:—"Having been officiously taken up by a person who arrogated to himself some self importance in criticism, and who made an observation upon their demerits, Lord Byron quaintly observed, 'They were written in haste, and they shall perish in the same manner!' and immediately consigned them to the flames. As my music adapted to them, however, did not share the same fate, and having a contrary opinion of any thing that might fall from the pen of his Lordship, I treasured them up, and on a subsequent interview with his Lordship, I accused him of having committed suicide in making so valuable a *burnt-offering*: to which he smilingly replied, 'The act seems to *inflame* you; come, Nathan, since you are displeased with the *sacrifice*, I will give them to you as a *peace-offering*, use them as you may deem proper.'"—P. E.

The Siege of Corinth.(1)

TO JOHN HOBHOUSE, ESQ.

This Poem is Inscribed,

BY HIS FRIEND.

January 22, 1816.

ADVERTISEMENT.

"THE grand army of the Turks (in 1715), under the Prime Vizier, to open to themselves a way into the heart of the Morea, and to form the siege of Napoli di Romania, the most considerable place in all that country,(2) thought it best in the first place to attack Corinth, upon which they made several storms. The garrison being weakened, and the governor seeing it was impossible to hold out against so mighty a force, thought it fit to beat a parley: but while they were treating about the articles, one of the magazines in the Turkish camp, wherein they had six hundred barrels of powder, blew up by accident, whereby six or seven hundred men were killed; which so enraged the infidels, that they would not grant any capitulation, but stormed the place with so much fury, that they took it, and put most of the garrison, with Signior Minotti, the governor, to the sword. The rest, with Antonio Bembo, proveditor extraordinary, were made prisoners of war."—*History of the Turks*, vol. iii. p. 151.

THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.(3)

In the year since Jesus died for men,(4)
Eighteen hundred years and ten,
We were a gallant company,
Riding o'er land, and sailing o'er sea.
Oh! but we went merrily!
We forded the river, and clomb the high hill,
Never our steeds for a day stood still;

(1) The *Siege of Corinth*, which appears, by the original MS. to have been begun in July, 1815, made its appearance in January, 1816. Mr. Murray having enclosed Lord Byron a thousand guineas for the copyright of this poem and of *Parisina*, he replied,—"Your offer is liberal in the extreme, and much more than the two poems can possibly be worth; but I cannot accept it, nor will not. You are most welcome to them, as additions to the collected volumes; but I cannot consent to their separate publication. I do not like to risk any fame (whether merited or not) which I have been favoured with upon compositions which I do not feel to be at all equal to my own notions of what they should be: though they may do very well as things without pretension, to add to the publication with the lighter pieces. I have enclosed your draft torn, for fear of accidents by the way—I wish you would not throw temptation in mine. It is not from a disdain of the universal idol, nor from a present superfluity of his treasures, I can assure you, that I refuse to worship him; but what is right is right, and must not yield to circumstances. I am very glad that the *hand-writing* was a favourable omen of the *morale* of the piece; but you must not trust to that, for my copyist would write out any thing I desired, in all the ignorance of innocence—I hope, however, in this instance, with no great peril to either." The copyist was Lady Byron. Lord Byron gave Mr. Gifford *carte-blanche* to strike out or alter any thing at his pleasure in this poem, as it was passing through the press; and the reader will be amused with the *variæ lectiones* which had their origin in this extraordinary confidence. Mr. Gifford drew his pen, it will be seen, through at least one of the most admired passages.—L. E.

(2) Napoli di Romania is not now the most considerable place in the Morea, but Tripolitza, where the Pacha resides, and maintains his government. Napoli is near Argos. I visited all three in 1810-11; and, in the course of journeying through the country from my first arrival in 1809, I crossed the Isthmus eight times in my way from Attica to the Morea, over the mountains; or in the other direction, when passing from the Gulf of Athens to that of Lepanto. Both the routes are picturesque and beautiful, though very different: that by sea has more sameness; but the voyage being always within sight of land, and often very near it, presents many attractive views of the islands Salamis, Ægina, Poro, etc. and the coast of the Continent.

(3) "With regard to the observations on carelessness, etc.," wrote Lord Byron to a friend, "I think, with all humility, that the gentle reader has considered a rather uncommon, and decidedly irregular, versification for haste and negligence. The measure is not that of any of the other poems, which (I believe) were allowed to be tolerably correct, according to Byshe and the fingers—or—ears—by which bards write, and readers reckon. Great part of the *Siege* is in (I think) what the learned call anapests, (though I am not sure, being heinously forgetful of my metres and my *Gradus*,) and many of the lines intentionally longer or shorter than its rhyming companion; and the rhyme also occurring at greater or less intervals of caprice or convenience. I mean not to say that this is right or good, but merely that I could have been smoother, had it appeared to me of advantage; and that I was not otherwise without being aware of the deviation, though I now feel sorry for it, as I would undoubtedly rather please than not. My wish has been to try at something different from my former efforts; as I endeavoured to make them differ from each other. The versification of *The Corsair* is not that of *Lara*; nor the *Giaour* that of the *Bride*: *Childe Harold* is, again, varied from these; and I strove to vary the last somewhat from *all* of the others. Excuse all this nonsense and egotism. The fact is, that I am rather trying to think on the subject of this note, than really thinking on it."—*B. Letters*, Feb. 1816.—L. E.

(4) On Christmas-day, 1815, Lord Byron, enclosing this fragment to Mr. Murray, says,—"I send some lines, written some time ago, and intended as an opening to the *Siege of Corinth*. I had forgotten them, and am not sure that they had not better be left out now;—on that, you and your synod can determine."—"They are written," says Moore, "in the loosest form of that rambling style of metre, which his admiration of Mr. Coleridge's *Christabel* led him, at this time, to adopt." It will be seen, hereafter, that the poet had never read *Christabel* at the time when he wrote these lines;—he had, however, the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. With regard to the character of the species of versification at this time so much in favour, it may be observed that feeble imitations have since then vulgarised it a good deal to the general ear; but that, in the hands of Mr. Coleridge, Sir Walter Scott, and Lord Byron himself, it has often been employed with the most happy effect. Its irregularity, when moulded under the guidance of a delicate taste, is more to

Whether we lay in the cave or the shed,
Our sleep fell soft on the hardest bed;
Whether we couch'd in our rough capote,(1)
On the rougher plank of our gliding boat,
Or stretch'd on the beach, or our saddles spread
As a pillow beneath the resting head,
Fresh we woke upon the morrow:
All our thoughts and words had scope,
We had health, and we had hope,
Toil and travel, but no sorrow.
We were of all tongues and creeds;—
Some were those who counted beads,
Some of mosque, and some of church,
And some, or I mis-say, of neither;
Yet through the wide world might ye search,
Nor find a motlier crew nor blither.

But some are dead, and some are gone,
And some are scatter'd and alone,
And some are rebels on the hills(2)
That look along Epirus' valleys,
Where freedom still at moments rallies,
And pays in blood oppression's ills;
And some are in a far countree,
And some all restlessly at home;
But never more, oh! never, we
Shall meet to revel and to roam.

But those hardy days flew cheerily!
And when they now fall drearily,
My thoughts, like swallows, skim the main,
And bear my spirit back again
Over the earth, and through the air,
A wild bird and a wanderer.
'Tis this that ever wakes my strain,
And oft, too oft, implores again
The few who may endure my lay,
To follow me so far away.
Stranger—wilt thou follow now,
And sit with me on Acro-Corinth's brow?

I.

Many a vanish'd year and age,
And tempest's breath, and battle's rage,
Have swept o'er Corinth; yet she stands,
A fortress form'd to Freedom's hands.(3)
The whirlwind's wrath, the earthquake's shock,
Have left untouch'd her hoary rock,
The keystone of a land, which still,
Though fall'n, looks proudly on that hill;
The landmark to the double tide
That purpling rolls on either side,
As if their waters chafed to meet,
Yet pause and crouch beneath her feet.
But could the blood before her shed
Since first Timoleon's brother bled,(4)
Or baffled Persia's despot fled,
Arise from out the earth which drank
The stream of slaughter as it sank,
That sanguine ocean would o'erflow
Her isthmus idly spread below:
Or could the bones of all the slain,
Who perish'd there, be piled again,
That rival pyramid would rise
More mountain-like, through those clear skies,
Than yon tower-capp'd Acropolis,
Which seems the very clouds to kiss.(5)

II.

On dun Cithæron's ridge appears
The gleam of twice ten thousand spears;
And, downward to the Isthmian plain,
From shore to shore of either main,
The tent is pitch'd, the crescent shines
Along the Moslem's leaguering lines;
And the dusk Spahi's bands(6) advance
Beneath each bearded pacha's glance;
And far and wide as eye can reach
The turban'd cohorts throng the beach;
And there the Arab's camel kneels,
And there his steed the Tartar wheels;

the eye than to the ear, and in fact not greater than was admitted in some of the most delicious of the lyrical measures of the ancient Greeks.—L. E.

(1) In one of his sea excursions, Lord Byron was nearly lost in a Turkish ship of war, owing to the ignorance of the captain and crew. "Fletcher," he says, "yelled; the Greeks called on all the saints; the Mussulmans on Alla; while the captain burst into tears, and ran below deck. I did what I could to console Fletcher; but finding him incorrigible, I wrapped myself up in my Albanian capote, and lay down to wait the worst." This striking instance of the poet's coolness and courage is thus confirmed by Mr. Hobhouse:—"Finding that, from his lameness, he was unable to be of any service in the exertions which our very serious danger called for, after a laugh or two at the panic of his valet, he not only wrapped himself up and lay down, in the manner he has described, but when our difficulties were terminated was found fast asleep."—L. E.

(2) The last tidings recently heard of Dervish (one of the Arnauts who followed me) state him to be in revolt upon the mountains, at the head of some of the bands common in that country in times of trouble.

(3) In the original MS.—

"A marvel from her Moslem bands."—L. E.

(4) Timoleon, who had saved the life of his brother Timophanes in battle, afterwards killed him for aiming at the supreme power in Corinth, preferring his duty to his country to all the obligation of blood. Dr. Warton says, that Pope once intended to write an epic poem on the story, and that Dr. Akenside had the same design.—L. E.

(5) "The *Giaour*, the *Bride of Abydos*, the *Corsair*, *Lara*, the *Siege of Corinth*, followed each other with a celerity, which was only rivalled by their success; and if at times the author seemed to pause in his poetic career, with the threat of forbearing further adventure for a time, the public eagerly pardoned the breach of a promise by keeping which they must have been sufferers. Exquisitely beautiful in themselves, these tales received a new charm from the romantic climes into which they introduced us, and from the oriental costume so strictly preserved and so picturesquely exhibited. Greece, the cradle of the poetry with which our earliest studies are familiar, was presented to us among her ruins and her sorrows. Her delightful scenery, once dedicated to those deities who, though dethroned from their own Olympus, still preserve a poetical empire, was spread before us in Lord Byron's poetry, varied by all the moral effect derived from what Greece is and what she has been, while it was doubled by comparisons, perpetually excited, between the philosophers and heroes who formerly inhabited that romantic country, and their descendants, who either stoop to their Scythian conquerors, or maintain, among the recesses of their classical mountains, an independence as wild and savage as it is precarious. The oriental manners, also, and diction, so peculiar in their picturesque effect that they can cast a charm even over the absurdities of an eastern tale, had here the more honourable occupation of decorating that which in itself was beautiful, and enhancing by novelty what would have been captivating without its aid. The powerful impression produced by this peculiar species of poetry confirmed us in a principle, which, though it will hardly be challenged when stated as an axiom, is very rarely complied with in practice. It is, that every author should, like Lord Byron, form to himself, and communicate to the reader, a precise, defined, and distinct view of the landscape, sentiment, or action, which he intends to describe to the reader." *Sir Walter Scott*.—L. E.

(6) Turkish holders of military fiefs which oblige them to join the army, mounted at their own expense.—L. E.

The Turcoman hath left his herd,(1)
The sabre round his loins to gird;
And there the volleying thunders pour
Till waves grow smoother to the roar.
The trench is dug, the cannon's breath
Wings the far-hissing globe of death;
Fast whirl the fragments from the wall,
Which crumbles with the ponderous ball;
And from that wall the foe replies,
O'er dusty plain and smoky skies,
With fires that answer fast and well
The summons of the Infidel.

III.

But near and nearest to the wall
Of those who wish and work its fall,
With deeper skill in war's black art
Than Othman's sons, and high of heart
As any chief that ever stood
Triumphant in the fields of blood;
From post to post, and deed to deed,
Fast spurring on his reeking steed,
Where sallying ranks the trench assail,
And make the foremost Moslem quail;
Or where the battery, guarded well,
Remains as yet impregnable,
Alighting cheerly to inspire
The soldier slackening in his fire;
The first and freshest of the host
Which Stamboul's sultan there can boast,
To guide the follower o'er the field,
To point the tube, the lance to wield,
Or whirl around the bickering blade;—
Was Alp, the Adrian renegade!

IV.

From Venice—once a race of worth
His gentle sires—he drew his birth;
But late an exile from her shore,
Against his countrymen he bore
The arms they taught to bear; and now
The turban girt his shaven brow.
Through many a change had Corinth pass'd
With Greece to Venice' rule at last;
And here, before her walls, with those
To Greece and Venice equal foes,
He stood a foe, with all the zeal
Which young and fiery converts feel,
Within whose heated bosom throngs
The memory of a thousand wrongs.
To him had Venice ceased to be
Her ancient civic boast—"the Free;"
And in the palace of St. Mark
Unnamed accusers in the dark
Within the "Lion's mouth" had placed
A charge against him uneffaced:
He fled in time, and saved his life,
To waste his future years in strife,
That taught his land how great her loss
In him who triumph'd o'er the cross,
'Gainst which he rear'd the crescent high,
And battled to avenge or die.

V.

Coumourgi(2)—he whose closing scene
Adorn'd the triumph of Eugene,
When on Carlowitz' bloody plain,
The last and mightiest of the slain,
He sank, regretting not to die,
But cursed the Christian's victory—
Coumourgi—can his glory cease,
That latest conqueror of Greece,
Till Christian hands to Greece restore
The freedom Venice gave of yore?
A hundred years have roll'd away
Since he refix'd the Moslem's sway,
And now he led the Mussulman,
And gave the guidance of the van
To Alp, who well repaid the trust
By cities levell'd with the dust;
And proved, by many a deed of death,
How firm his heart in novel faith.

VI.

The walls grew weak; and fast and hot
Against them pour'd the ceaseless shot,
With unabating fury sent
From battery to battlement;
And, thunder-like, the pealing din
Rose from each heated culverin;
And here and there some crackling dome
Was fired before the exploding bomb;
And as the fabric sank beneath
The shattering shell's volcanic breath,
In red and wreathing columns flash'd
The flame, as loud the ruin crash'd,
Or into countless meteors driven,
Its earth-stars melted into heaven;
Whose clouds that day grew doubly dun,
Impervious to the hidden sun,
With volumed smoke that slowly grew
To one wide sky of sulphurous hue.

VII.

But not for vengeance, long delay'd,
Alone, did Alp, the renegade,
The Moslem warriors sternly teach
His skill to pierce the promised breach;
Within these walls a maid was pent
His hope would win without consent
Of that inexorable sire,
Whose heart refused him in its ire,
When Alp, beneath his Christian name,
Her virgin hand aspired to claim.
In happier mood, and earlier time,
While unimpeach'd for traitorous crime,
Gayest in gondola or hall,
He glitter'd through the carnival;

(1) The life of the Turcomans is wandering and patriarchal: they dwell in tents.

(2) Ali Coumourgi, the favourite of three Sultans, and Grand Vizier to Achmet III., after recovering Peloponnesus from the Venetians in one campaign, was mortally wounded in the next, against the Germans, at the battle of Peterwaradin (in the plain of Carlowitz), in Hungary, endeavouring to rally his guards. He died of his wounds next day. His last order was the decapitation of General Breuner, and some other German prisoners; and his last words, "Oh that I could thus serve all the Christian dogs!" a speech and act not unlike one of Caligula. He was a young man of great ambition and unbounded presumption: on being told that Prince Eugene, then opposed to him, "was a great general," he said, "I shall become a greater, and at his expense."

And tuned the softest serenade
That e'er on Adria's waters play'd
At midnight to Italian maid. (1)

VIII.

And many deem'd her heart was won;
For sought by numbers, given to none,
Had young Francesca's hand remain'd
Still by the church's bonds unchain'd:
And when the Adriatic bore
Lanciotto to the Paynim shore,
Her wonted smiles were seen to fail,
And pensive wax'd the maid and pale:
More constant at confessional,
More rare at mask and festival;
Or seen at such with downcast eyes,
Which conquer'd hearts they ceased to prize:
With listless look she seems to gaze;
With humbler care her form arrays;
Her voice less lively in the song;
Her step, though light, less fleet among
The pairs, on whom the Morning's glance
Breaks, yet unsated with the dance.

IX.

Sent by the state to guard the land,
(Which, wrested from the Moslem's hand,
While Sobieski tamed his pride
By Buda's wall and Danube's side,
The chiefs of Venice wrung away
From Patra, to Eubœa's bay)
Minotti held in Corinth's towers
The Doge's delegated powers,
While yet the pitying eye of Peace
Smiled o'er her long-forgotten Greece.
And ere that faithless truce was broke
Which freed her from the unchristian yoke.
With him his gentle daughter came:
Nor there, since Menelaus' dame
Forsook her lord and land, to prove
What woes await on lawless love,
Had fairer form adorn'd the shore
Than she, the matchless stranger, bore.

X.

The wall is rent, the ruins yawn;
And, with to-morrow's earliest dawn,
O'er the disjointed mass shall vault
The foremost of the fierce assault.
The bands are rank'd; the chosen van
Of Tartar and of Mussulman,
The full of hope, misnamed "forlorn,"
Who hold the thought of death in scorn,
And win their way with falchion's force,
Or pave the path with many a corse,
O'er which the following brave may rise,
Their stepping-stone—the last who dies!

XI.

'T is midnight: on the mountains brown
The cold round moon shines deeply down;
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright;
Who ever gazed upon them shining
And turn'd to earth without repining,
Nor wish'd for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray?
The waves on either shore lay there
Calm, clear, and azure as the air;
And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,
But murmur'd meekly as the brook.
The winds were pillow'd on the waves;
The banners droop'd along their staves,
And, as they fell around them furling,
Above them shone the crescent curling;
And that deep silence was unbroke,
Save where the watch his signal spoke,
Save where the steed neigh'd oft and shrill,
And echo answer'd from the hill;
And the wide hum of that wild host
Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,
As rose the muezzin's voice in air
In midnight call to wonted prayer;
It rose, that chanted mournful strain,
Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain:
'T was musical, but sadly sweet,
Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,
And take a long unmeasured tone,
To mortal minstrelsy unknown. (2)
It seem'd to those within the wall
A cry prophetic of their fall:
It struck even the besieger's ear
With something ominous and drear,
An undefined and sudden thrill,
Which makes the heart a moment still,
Then beat with quicker pulse, ashamed
Of that strange sense its silence framed;
Such as a sudden passing-bell
Wakes, though but for a stranger's knell. (3)

XII.

The tent of Alp was on the shore;
The sound was hush'd, the prayer was o'er;
The watch was set, the night-round made,
All mandates issued and obey'd:
'T is but another anxious night,
His pains the morrow may requite
With all revenge and love can pay,
In guerdon for their long delay.
Few hours remain, and he hath need
Of rest, to nerve for many a deed
Of slaughter; but within his soul
The thoughts like troubled waters roll
He stood alone among the host;
Not his the loud fanatic boast
To plant the crescent o'er the cross,
Or risk a life with little loss,
Secure in paradise to be
By houris loved immortally;
Nor his, what burning patriots feel,
The stern exaltedness of zeal,
Profuse of blood, untired in toil,
When battling on the parent soil.

(1) In the MS.—
"In midnight courtship to Italian maid."—L. E.

(2) In the MS.—
"And make a melancholy moan,
To mortal voice and ear unknown."—L. E

(3) In the MS.—
"Which rings a deep internal knell,
A visionary passing-bell."—L. E.

He stood alone—a renegade
Against the country he betray'd;
He stood alone amidst his band,
Without a trusted heart or hand:
They follow'd him, for he was brave,
And great the spoil he got and gave;
They crouch'd to him, for he had skill
To warp and wield the vulgar will;
But still his Christian origin
With them was little less than sin.
They envied even the faithless fame
He earn'd beneath a Moslem name;
Since he, their mightiest chief, had been
In youth a bitter Nazarene.
They did not know how pride can stoop,
When baffled feelings withering droop;
They did not know how hate can burn
In hearts once changed from soft to stern;
Nor all the false and fatal zeal
The convert of revenge can feel.
He ruled them—man may rule the worst,
By ever daring to be first;
So lions o'er the jackal sway;
The jackal points, he fells the prey, (1)
Then on the vulgar yelling press,
To gorge the relics of success.

XIII.

His head grows fever'd, and his pulse
The quick successive throbs convulse;
In vain from side to side he throws
His form, in courtship of repose; (2)
Or if he dozed, a sound, a start
Awoke him with a sunken heart.
The turban on his hot brow press'd,
The mail weigh'd lead-like on his breast,
Though oft and long beneath its weight
Upon his eyes had slumber sate,
Without or couch or canopy,
Except a rougher field and sky
Than now might yield a warrior's bed,
Than now along the heaven was spread.
He could not rest, he could not stay
Within his tent to wait for day,
But walk'd him forth along the sand,
Where thousand sleepers strew'd the strand.
What pillow'd them? and why should he
More wakeful than the humblest be,
Since more their peril, worse their toil?
And yet they fearless dream of spoil;
While he alone, where thousands pass'd
A night of sleep, perchance their last,
In sickly vigil wander'd on,
And envied all he gazed upon

XIV.

He felt his soul become more light
Beneath the freshness of the night.
Cool was the silent sky, though calm,
And bathed his brow with airy balm:
Behind, the camp—before him lay,
In many a winding creek and bay,
Lepanto's gulf; and, on the brow
Of Delphi's hill, unshaken snow,
High and eternal, such as shone
Through thousand summers brightly gone,
Along the gulf, the mount, the clime
It will not melt, like man, to time:
Tyrant and slave are swept away,
Less form'd to wear before the ray;
But that white veil, the lightest, frailest,
Which on the mighty mount thou hailest,
While tower and tree are torn and rent,
Shines o'er its craggy battlement;
In form a peak, in height a cloud,
In texture like a hovering shroud,
Thus high by parting Freedom spread,
As from her fond abode she fled,
And linger'd on the spot, where long
Her prophet spirit spake in song.
Oh! still her step at moments falters
O'er wither'd fields, and ruin'd altars,
And fain would wake, in souls too broken,
By pointing to each glorious token:
But vain her voice, till better days
Dawn in those yet remember'd rays
Which shone upon the Persian flying,
And saw the Spartan smile in dying.

XV.

Not mindless of these mighty times
Was Alp, despite his flight and crimes;
And through this night, as on he wander'd,
And o'er the past and present ponder'd,
And thought upon the glorious dead
Who there in better cause had bled,
He felt how faint and feebly dim
The fame that could accrue to him,
Who cheer'd the band, and waved the sword,
A traitor in a turban'd horde;
And led them to the lawless siege,
Whose best success were sacrilege:
Not so had those his fancy number'd,
The chiefs whose dust around him slumber'd;
Their phalanx marshall'd on the plain,
Whose bulwarks were not then in vain.
They fell devoted, but undying;
The very gale their names seem'd sighing:
The waters murmur'd of their name;
The woods were peopled with their fame;
The silent pillar, lone and grey,
Claim'd kindred with their sacred clay;
Their spirits wrapp'd the dusky mountain,
Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain;
The meanest rill, the mightiest river
Roll'd mingling with their fame for ever.
Despite of every yoke she bears,
That land is Glory's still and theirs! (3)
'Tis still a watch-word to the earth.
When man would do a deed of worth
He points to Greece, and turns to tread,
So sanction'd, on the tyrant's head:
He looks to her, and rushes on
Where life is lost, or freedom won. (4)

(1) In the MS.—
"As lions o'er the jackal sway,
By springing dauntless on the prey;
They follow on, and yelling press
To gorge the fragments of success."—L. E.

(2) In the MS.—
"He vainly turn'd from side to side,
And each reposing posture tried."—L. E.

(3) Here follows, in the MS.—
"Immortal—boundless—undecay'd;
Their souls the very soil pervade."—L. E.

(4) In the MS.—
"Where Freedom loveliest may be won."—L. E.

XVI.

Still by the shore Alp mutely mused,
And woo'd the freshness Night diffused.
There shrinks no ebb in that tideless sea, (1)
Which changeless rolls eternally;
So that wildest of waves, in their angriest mood,
Scarce break on the bounds of the land for a rood;
And the powerless moon beholds them flow
Heedless if she come or go:
Calm or high, in main or bay,
On their course she hath no sway.
The rock unworn its base doth bare,
And looks o'er the surf, but it comes not there;
And the fringe of the foam may be seen below,
On the line that it left long ages ago:
A smooth short space of yellow sand
Between it and the greener land.

He wander'd on, along the beach,
Till within the range of a carbine's reach
Of the leaguer'd wall; but they saw him not,
Or how could he 'scape from the hostile shot? (2)
Did traitors lurk in the Christian's hold? [cold?
Were their hands grown stiff, or their hearts wax'd
I know not, in sooth; but from yonder wall
There flash'd no fire, and there hiss'd no ball,
Though he stood beneath the bastion's frown,
That flank'd the sea-ward gate of the town;
Though he heard the sound, and could almost tell
The sullen words of the sentinel,
As his measured step on the stone below
Clank'd, as he paced it to and fro;
And he saw the lean dogs beneath the wall
Hold o'er the dead their carnival, (3)
Gorging and growling o'er carcass and limb;
They were too busy to bark at him!
From a Tartar's skull they had stripp'd the flesh,
As ye peel the fig when its fruit is fresh;
And their white tusks crunch'd o'er the whiter skull, (4)
As it slipp'd through their jaws, when their edge grew [dull,
As they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead,
When they scarce could rise from the spot where they fed;
So well had they broken a lingering fast
With those who had fallen for that night's repast. (5)

And Alp knew, by the turbans that roll'd on the sand,
The foremost of these were the best of his band:
Crimson and green were the shawls of their wear,
And each scalp had a single long tuft of hair, (6)
All the rest was shaven and bare:
The scalps were in the wild dog's maw,
The hair was tangled round his jaw.
But close by the shore, on the edge of the gulf,
There sat a vulture flapping a wolf,
Who had stolen from the hills, but kept away,
Scared by the dogs, from the human prey;
But he seized on his share of a steed that lay,
Pick'd by the birds, on the sands of the bay.

XVII.

Alp turn'd him from the sickening sight:
Never had shaken his nerves in fight;
But he better could brook to behold the dying,
Deep in the tide of their warm blood lying, (7)
Scorch'd with the death-thirst, and writhing in vain,
Than the perishing dead who are past all pain. (8)
There is something of pride in the perilous hour,
Whate'er be the shape in which death may lower;
For Fame is there to say who bleeds,
And Honour's eye on daring deeds!
But when all is past, it is humbling to tread
O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead, (9)
And see worms of the earth, and fowls of the air,
Beasts of the forest, all gathering there;
All regarding man as their prey,
All rejoicing in his decay. (10)

XVIII.

There is a temple in ruin stands,
Fashion'd by long-forgotten hands;
Two or three columns, and many a stone,
Marble and granite, with grass o'ergrown!
Out upon Time! it will leave no more
Of the things to come than the things before! (11)
Out upon Time! who for ever will leave
But enough of the past for the future to grieve
O'er that which hath been, and o'er that which must be:
What we have seen, our sons shall see;
Remnants of things that have pass'd away,
Fragments of stone, rear'd by creatures of clay! (12)

(1) The reader need hardly be reminded that there are no perceptible tides in the Mediterranean.

(2) In the MS.—

"Or would not waste on a single head
The ball, on numbers better sped."—L. E.

(3) "Omit the rest of this section." *Gifford.*—L. E.

(4) This spectacle I have seen, such as described, beneath the wall of the Seraglio at Constantinople, in the little cavities worn by the Bosphorus in the rock, a narrow terrace of which projects between the wall and the water. I think the fact is also mentioned in *Hobhouse's Travels.* The bodies were probably those of some refractory janizaries.

["The sensations produced by the state of the weather, and leaving a comfortable cabin were," says Mr. Hobhouse, "in unison with the impressions which we felt when, passing under the palace of the sultans and gazing at the gloomy cypresses which rise above the walls, we saw two dogs gnawing a dead body."—P. E.]

(5) "This passage shows the force of Lord Byron's pencil." *Jeffrey.*—L. E.

(6) This tuft, or long lock, is left from a superstition that Mahomet will draw them into paradise by it.

(7) "Than the mangled corpse in its own blood lying." *Gifford.*—L. E.

(8) Strike out—

"Scorch'd with the death-thirst, and writhing in vain,
Than the perishing dead who are past all pain."

"What is a 'perishing dead?'" *Gifford.*—L. E.

(9) "O'er the weltering *limbs* of the tombless dead." *Gifford.*—L. E.

(10) In the MS.—

"All that liveth on man will prey,
All rejoice in his decay,
All that can kindle dismay and disgust
Follow his frame from the bier to the dust."—L. E.

(11) "Omit this couplet." *Gifford.*—L. E.

(12) After this follows in the MS.—

"Monuments, that the coming age
Leaves to the spoil of the season's rage—
Till Ruin makes the relics scarce,
Then Learning acts her solemn farce,
And, roaming through the marble waste,
Prates of beauty, art, and taste.

XIX.

"That temple was more in the midst of the plain,
What of that shrine did yet remain
Lay to his left———"—L. E.

XIX.

He sate him down at a pillar's base,(1)
And pass'd his hand athwart his face;
Like one in dreary musing mood,
Declining was his attitude;
His head was drooping on his breast,
Fever'd, throbbing, and oppress'd;
And o'er his brow, so downward bent,
Oft his beating fingers went,
Hurriedly, as you may see
Your own run over the ivory key,
Ere the measured tone is taken
By the chords you would awaken.
There he sate all heavily,
As he heard the night-wind sigh.
Was it the wind, through some hollow stone,
Sent that soft and tender moan?(2)
He lifted his head, and he look'd on the sea,
But it was unrippled as glass may be;
He look'd on the long grass—it waved not a blade;
How was that gentle sound convey'd?
He look'd to the banners—each flag lay still,
So did the leaves on Cithæron's hill.
And he felt not a breath come over his cheek;
What did that sudden sound bespeak?
He turn'd to the left—is he sure of sight?
There sate a lady, youthful and bright!

XX.

He started up with more of fear
Than if an armed foe were near.
"God of my fathers! what is here?
Who art thou, and wherefore sent
So near a hostile armament?"
His trembling hands refused to sign
The cross he deem'd no more divine:
He had resumed it in that hour,
But conscience wrung away the power.
He gazed, he saw: he knew the face
Of beauty, and the form of grace;
It was Francesca by his side,
The maid who might have been his bride!
The rose was yet upon her cheek,
But mellow'd with a tenderer streak:
Where was the play of her soft lips fled?
Gone was the smile that enliven'd their red.
The ocean's calm within their view,
Beside her eye had less of blue;
But like that cold wave it stood still,
And its glance,(3) though clear, was chill.
Around her form a thin robe twining,
Nought conceal'd her bosom shining;
Through the parting of her hair,
Floating darkly downward there,
Her rounded arm show'd white and bare:
And ere yet she made reply,
Once she raised her hand on high;
It was so wan, and transparent of hue,
You might have seen the moon shine through.

XXI.

"I come from my rest to him I love best,
That I may be happy, and he may be bless'd.
I have pass'd the guards, the gate, the wall;
Sought thee in safety through foes and all.
'Tis said the lion will turn and flee
From a maid in the pride of her purity;
And the Power on high, that can shield the good
Thus from the tyrant of the wood,
Hath extended its mercy to guard me as well
From the hands of the leaguering infidel.
I come—and if I come in vain,
Never, oh never, we meet again!
Thou hast done a fearful deed
In falling away from thy fathers' creed:
But dash that turban to earth, and sign
The sign of the cross, and for ever be mine;
Wring the black drop from thy heart,
And to-morrow unites us no more to part."

"And where should our bridal couch be spread?
In the midst of the dying and the dead?
For to-morrow we give to the slaughter and flame
The sons and the shrines of the Christian name.
None, save thou and thine, I've sworn,
Shall be left upon the morn:
But thee will I bear to a lovely spot,
Where our hands shall be join'd, and our sorrow forgot.
There thou yet shalt be my bride,
When once again I've quell'd the pride
Of Venice; and her hated race
Have felt the arm they would debase
Scourge, with a whip of scorpions, those
Whom vice and envy made my foes."

Upon his hand she laid her own—
Light was the touch, but it thrill'd to the bone,
And shot a chillness to his heart,
Which fix'd him beyond the power to start.
Though slight was that grasp so mortal cold,
He could not loose him from its hold;
But never did clasp of one so dear
Strike on the pulse with such feeling of fear,
As those thin fingers, long and white,
Froze through his blood by their touch that night.
The feverish glow of his brow was gone,
And his heart sank so still that it felt like stone,
As he look'd on the face, and beheld its hue,
So deeply changed from what he knew:

(1) "From this, all is beautiful to—
'He saw not, he knew not; but nothing is there.'"
Gifford.—L. E.

(2) I must here acknowledge a close though unintentional resemblance in these twelve lines to a passage in an unpublished poem of Mr. Coleridge, called *Christabel*. It was not till after these lines were written that I heard that wild and singularly original and beautiful poem recited; and the MS. of that production I never saw till very recently, by the kindness of Mr. Coleridge himself, who, I hope, is convinced that I have not been a wilful plagiarist. The original idea undoubtedly pertains to Mr. Coleridge, whose poem has been composed above fourteen years. Let me conclude by a hope that he will not longer delay the publication of a production, to which I can only add my mite of approbation to the applause of far more competent judges. [The following are the lines in *Christabel* which Lord Byron had unintentionally imitated:—

"The night is chill, the forest bare,
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek—
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks at the sky."—L. E.]

(3) "And its *thrilling* glance," etc. *Gifford.*—L. E.

Fair but faint—without the ray
Of mind, that made each feature play
Like sparkling waves on a sunny day;
And her motionless lips lay still as death,
And her words came forth without her breath,
And there rose not a heave o'er her bosom's swell,
And there seem'd not a pulse in her veins to dwell.
Though her eye shone out, yet the lids were fix'd,
And the glance that it gave was wild and unmix'd
With aught of change, as the eyes may seem
Of the restless who walk in a troubled dream;
Like the figures on arras, that gloomily glare,
Stirr'd by the breath of the wintry air,(1)
So seen by the dying lamp's fitful light,
Lifeless, but life-like, and awful to sight;
As they seem, through the dimness, about to come down
From the shadowy wall where their images frown;(2)
Fearfully flitting to and fro,
As the gusts on the tapestry come and go.

"If not for love of me be given
Thus much, then, for the love of heaven,—
Again I say—that turban tear
From off thy faithless brow, and swear
Thine injured country's sons to spare,
Or thou art lost; and never shalt see—
Not earth—that's past—but heaven or me.
If this thou dost accord, albeit
A heavy doom 'tis thine to meet,
That doom shall half absolve thy sin,
And Mercy's gate may receive thee within:
But pause one moment more, and take
The curse of Him thou didst forsake;
And look once more to heaven, and see
Its love for ever shut from thee.
There is a light cloud by the moon—(3)
'Tis passing, and will pass full soon—
If, by the time its vapoury sail
Hath ceased her shaded orb to veil,
Thy heart within thee is not changed,
Then God and man are both avenged:
Dark will thy doom be, darker still
Thine immortality of ill."

Alp look'd to heaven, and saw on high
The sign she spake of in the sky;
But his heart was swollen, and turn'd aside
By deep interminable pride.

This first false passion of his breast
Roll'd like a torrent o'er the rest.
He sue for mercy! *He* dismay'd
By wild words of a timid maid!
He, wrong'd by Venice, vow to save
Her sons, devoted to the grave!
No—though that cloud were thunder's worst,
And charged to crush him—let it burst!

He look'd upon it earnestly,
Without an accent of reply;
He watch'd it passing; it is flown:
Full on his eye the clear moon shone,
And thus he spake—"Whate'er my fate,
I am no changeling—'tis too late:
The reed in storms may bow and quiver,
Then rise again; the tree must shiver.
What Venice made me I must be,
Her foe in all, save love to thee:
But thou art safe: oh, fly with me!"
He turn'd, but she is gone!
Nothing is there but the column-stone.
Hath she sunk in the earth, or melted in air?
He saw not—he knew not—but nothing is there.

XXII.

The night is past, and shines the sun
As if that morn were a jocund one. (4)
Lightly and brightly breaks away
The Morning from her mantle grey,
And the Noon will look on a sultry day.(5)
Hark to the trump, and the drum,
And the mournful sound of the barbarous horn,
And the flap of the banners, that flit as they're borne,
And the neigh of the steed, and the multitude's hum,
And the clash, and the shout, "They come! they come!"
The horse-tails (6) are pluck'd from the ground, and the sword
From its sheath; and they form, and but wait for the word.
Tartar, and Spahi, and Turcoman,
Strike your tents, and throng to the van;
Mount ye, spur ye, skirr the plain,
That the fugitive may flee in vain,
When he breaks from the town; and none escape,
Aged or young, in the Christian shape;
While your fellows on foot, in a fiery mass,
Bloodstain the breach through which they pass.(7)
The steeds are all bridled, and snort to the rein;
Curved is each neck, and flowing each mane;

(1) In the MS.—

"Like a picture that magic had charm'd from its frame,
Lifeless but life-like, and ever the same."—L. E.

(2) In the summer of 1803, when in his sixteenth year, Lord Byron, though offered a bed at Annesley, used at first to return every night to sleep at Newstead; alleging as a reason, that he was afraid of the family pictures of the Chaworths; that he fancied "they had taken a grudge to him on account of the duel." Mr. Moore thinks it may possibly have been the recollection of these pictures that suggested to him these lines.—L. E.

(3) I have been told that the idea expressed in this and the five following lines has been admired by those whose approbation is valuable. I am glad of it: but it is not original—at least not mine; it may be found much better expressed in pages 182-3-4 of the English version of *Vathek* (I forget the precise page of the French), a work to which I have before referred; and never recur to, or read, without a renewal of gratification.—[The following is the passage:—"'Deluded prince!' said the Genius, addressing the Caliph, 'to whom Providence hath confided the care of innumerable subjects; is it thus that thou fulfillest thy mission? Thy crimes are already completed; and art thou now hastening to thy punishment? Thou knowest that beyond those mountains Eblis and his accursed dives hold their infernal empire; and, seduced by a malignant phantom, thou art proceeding to surrender thyself to them! This moment is the last of grace allowed thee: give back Nouronahar to her father, who still retains a few sparks of life: destroy thy tower, with all its abominations: drive Carathis from thy councils: be just to thy subjects: respect the ministers of the prophet: compensate for thy impieties by an exemplary life; and, instead of squandering thy days in voluptuous indulgence, lament thy crimes on the sepulchres of thy ancestors. Thou beholdest the clouds that obscure the sun: at the instant he recovers his splendour, if thy heart be not changed, the time of mercy assigned thee will be past for ever."—L. E.]

(4) "Leave out this couplet." *Gifford.*—L. E.

(5) "Strike out—'And the Noon will look on a sultry day.'" *G.*—L. E.

(6) The horsetail, fixed upon a lance, a pacha's standard.

(7) Omit—

"While your fellows on foot, in a fiery mass,
Bloodstain the breach through which they pass."

Gifford.—L. E.

White is the foam of their champ on the bit:
The spears are uplifted; the matches are lit;
The cannon are pointed, and ready to roar,
And crush the wall they have crumbled before: (1)
Forms in his phalanx each janizar;
Alp at their head; his right arm is bare,
So is the blade of his scimitar;
The khan and the pachas are all at their post;
The vizier himself at the head of the host.
When the culverin's signal is fired, then on;
Leave not in Corinth a living one—
A priest at her altars, a chief in her halls,
A hearth in her mansions, a stone on her walls.
God and the prophet—Alla Hu!
Up to the skies with that wild halloo!
"There the breach lies for passage, the ladder to scale;
And your hands on your sabres, and how should ye fail?
He who first downs with the red cross may crave (2)
His heart's dearest wish; let him ask it, and have!"
Thus utter'd Coumourgi, the dauntless vizier;
The reply was the brandish of sabre and spear,
And the shout of fierce thousands in joyous ire:—
Silence—hark to the signal—fire!

XXIII.

As the wolves, that headlong go
On the stately buffalo,
Though with fiery eyes, and angry roar,
And hoofs that stamp, and horns that gore,
He tramples on earth, or tosses on high
The foremost, who rush on his strength but to die:
Thus against the wall they went,
Thus the first were backward bent; (3)
Many a bosom, sheathed in brass,
Strew'd the earth like broken glass,
Shiver'd by the shot, that tore
The ground whereon they moved no more:
Even as they fell, in files they lay,
Like the mower's grass at the close of day,
When his work is done on the levell'd plain;
Such was the fall of the foremost slain. (4)

XXIV.

As the spring-tides, with heavy plash,
From the cliffs invading dash
Huge fragments, sapp'd by the ceaseless flow,
Till white and thundering down they go,
Like the avalanche's snow
On the Alpine vales below;
Thus at length, outbreathed and worn,
Corinth's sons were downward borne
By the long and oft-renew'd
Charge of the Moslem multitude.
In firmness they stood, and in masses they fell,
Heap'd by the host of the infidel,
Hand to hand, and foot to foot:
Nothing there, save death, was mute;
Stroke, and thrust, and flash, and cry
For quarter, or for victory,
Mingle there with the volleying thunder,
Which makes the distant cities wonder
How the sounding battle goes,
If with them, or for their foes;
If they must mourn, or may rejoice
In that annihilating voice,
Which pierces the deep hills through and through
With an echo dread and new:
You might have heard it, on that day,
O'er Salamis and Megara,
(We have heard the hearers say,)
Even unto Piræus' bay.

XXV.

From the point of encountering blades to the hilt,
Sabres and swords with blood were gilt;
But the rampart is won, and the spoil begun,
And all but the after carnage done.
Shriller shrieks now mingling come
From within the plunder'd dome:
Hark to the haste of flying feet,
That splash in the blood of the slippery street;
But here and there, where 'vantage ground
Against the foe may still be found,
Desperate groups, of twelve or ten,
Make a pause, and turn again—
With banded backs against the wall,
Fiercely stand, or fighting fall.

There stood an old man (5)—his hairs were white,
But his veteran arm was full of might:
So gallantly bore he the brunt of the fray,
The dead before him, on that day,
In a semicircle lay;
Still he combated unwounded,
Though retreating, unsurrounded.
Many a scar of former fight
Lurk'd (6) beneath his corslet bright;
But of every wound his body bore,
Each and all had been ta'en before:
Though aged, he was so iron of limb,
Few of our youth could cope with him;
And the foes, whom he singly kept at bay,
Outnumber'd his thin hairs (7) of silver grey.
From right to left his sabre swept:
Many an Othman mother wept
Sons that were unborn, when dipp'd (8)
His weapon first in Moslem gore,
Ere his years could count a score.
Of all he might have been the sire (9)
Who fell that day beneath his ire:
For, sonless left long years ago,
His wrath made many a childless foe;
And since the day, when in the strait (10)
His only boy had met his fate,
His parent's iron hand did doom
More than a human hecatomb. (11)
If shades by carnage be appeased,
Patroclus' spirit less was pleased
Than his, Minotti's son, who died
Where Asia's bounds and ours divide.

(1) "And crush the wall they have *shaken* before." *G.*—L. E.

(2) "He who first *downs* with the red-cross may crave," etc. "What vulgarism is this!—'He who *lowers*,—or *plucks down*,'" etc. *Gifford.*—L. E.

(3) "Thus against the wall they *bent*,
Thus the first were backward *sent*." *G.*—L. E.

(4) "Such was the fall of the foremost *train*." *G.*—L. E.

(5) "There stood a man," etc. *G.*—L. E.

(6) "*Lurk'd*," a bad word—say "*Was hid*." *G.*—L. E.

(7) "Outnumber'd his hairs," etc. *G.*—L. E.

(8) "Sons that were unborn, when *he* dipp'd." *G.*—L. E.

(9) "Bravo!—this is better than King Priam's fifty sons. *Gifford.*—L. E.

(10) In the naval battle at the mouth of the Dardanelles, between the Venetians and Turks.

(11) "There can be no such thing; but the whole of this is poor, and spun out." *G.*—L. E.

Buried he lay, where thousands before
For thousands of years were inhumed on the shore;
What of them is left, to tell
Where they lie, and how they fell?
Not a stone on their turf, nor a bone in their graves;
But they live in the verse that immortally saves.

XXVI.

Hark to the Allah shout! (1) a band
Of the Mussulman bravest and best is at hand:
Their leader's nervous arm is bare,
Swifter to smite, and never to spare—
Unclothed to the shoulder it waves them on;
Thus in the fight is he ever known:
Others a gaudier garb may show,
To tempt the spoil of the greedy foe;
Many a hand 's on a richer hilt,
But none on a steel more ruddily gilt;
Many a loftier turban may wear,—
Alp is but known by the white arm bare;
Look through the thick of the fight, 'tis there!
There is not a standard on that shore
So well advanced the ranks before;
There is not a banner in Moslem war
Will lure the Delhis half so far;
It glances like a falling star!
Where'er that mighty arm is seen,
The bravest be, or late have been; (2)
There the craven cries for quarter
Vainly to the vengeful Tartar;
Or the hero, silent lying,
Scorns to yield a groan in dying;
Mustering his last feeble blow
'Gainst the nearest levell'd foe,
Though faint beneath the mutual wound,
Grappling on the gory ground.

XXVII.

Still the old man stood erect,
And Alp's career a moment check'd.
"Yield thee, Minotti; quarter take,
For thine own, thy daughter's sake."
"Never, renegado, never!
Though the life of thy gift would last for ever." (3)
"Francesca!—Oh, my promised bride! (4)
Must she too perish by thy pride?"
"She is safe."—"Where? where?"—"In heaven;
From whence thy traitor soul is driven—
Far from thee, and undefiled."
Grimly then Minotti smiled,
As he saw Alp staggering bow
Before his words, as with a blow.
"Oh God! when died she?"—"Yesternight—
Nor weep I for her spirit's flight:
None of my pure race shall be
Slaves to Mahomet and thee—
Come on!"—That challenge is in vain—
Alp's already with the slain!
While Minotti's words were wreaking
More revenge in bitter speaking
Than his falchion's point had found,
Had the time allow'd to wound,
From within the neighbouring porch
Of a long-defended church,
Where the last and desperate few
Would the failing fight renew,
The sharp shot dash'd Alp to the ground;
Ere an eye could view the wound
That crash'd through the brain of the infidel,
Round he spun, and down he fell;
A flash like fire within his eyes
Blazed, as he bent no more to rise,
And then eternal darkness sunk
Through all the palpitating trunk; (5)
Nought of life left, save a quivering
Where his limbs were slightly shivering;
They turn'd him on his back; his breast
And brow were stain'd with gore and dust,
And through his lips the life-blood oozed,
From its deep veins lately loosed;
But in his pulse there was no throb,
Nor on his lips one dying sob;
Sigh, nor word, nor struggling breath
Heralded his way to death:
Ere his very thought could pray,
Unanel'd he pass'd away,
Without a hope from mercy's aid,—
To the last—a Renegade. (6)

XXVIII.

Fearfully the yell arose
Of his followers, and his foes;
These in joy, in fury those: (7)
Then again in conflict mixing,
Clashing swords, and spears transfixing,
Interchanged the blow and thrust,
Hurling warriors in the dust.
Street by street, and foot by foot,
Still Minotti dares dispute
The latest portion of the land
Left beneath his high command;
With him, aiding heart and hand,
The remnant of his gallant band.
Still the church is tenable,
Whence issued late the fated ball
That half avenged the city's fall,
When Alp, her fierce assailant, fell:
Thither bending sternly back,
They leave before a bloody track;

(1) "Hark to the Alla Hu!" etc. *G.*—L. E.

(2) "Omit the remainder of the section." *Gifford.*—L. E.

(3) In the MS.—
"Though the life of thy giving would last for ever."—L. E.

(4) In the MS.—
"Where 's Francesca?—my promised bride!"—L. E.

(5) Here follows in MS.—
"Twice and once he roll'd a space,
Then lead-like lay upon his face."—L. E.

(6) "One cannot help suspecting, on longer and more mature consideration, that one has been led to join in ascribing much more force to the objections made against such characters as the Corsair, Lara, the Giaour, Alp, etc., than belongs to them. The incidents, habits, etc., are much too remote from modern and European life to act as mischievous examples to others; while, under the *given* circumstances, the splendour of imagery, beauty and tenderness of sentiment, and extraordinary strength and felicity of language, are applicable to human nature, at all times and in all countries, and convey to the best faculties of the reader's mind an impulse which elevates, refines, instructs, and enchants, with the noblest and purest of all pleasures." *Sir E. Brydges.*—L. E.

(7) In the MS.—
"These in rage, in triumph those."—L. E.

And, with their faces to the foe,
Dealing wounds with every blow,(1)
The chief, and his retreating train,
Join to those within the fane;
There they yet may breathe a while,
Shelter'd by the massy pile.

XXIX.

Brief breathing-time! the turban'd host,
With adding ranks and raging boast,
Press onwards with such strength and heat,
Their numbers balk their own retreat;
For narrow the way that led to the spot
Where still the Christians yielded not;
And the foremost, if fearful, may vainly try
Through the massy column to turn and fly;
They perforce must do or die.
They die; but ere their eyes could close,
Avengers o'er their bodies rose;
Fresh and furious, fast they fill
The ranks unthinn'd, though slaughter'd still;
And faint the weary Christians wax
Before the still-renew'd attacks:
And now the Othmans gain the gate;
Still resists its iron weight,
And still, all deadly aim'd and hot,
From every crevice comes the shot;
From every shatter'd window pour
The volleys of the sulphurous shower:
But the portal wavering grows and weak—
The iron yields, the hinges creak—
It bends—it falls—and all is o'er;
Lost Corinth may resist no more!

XXX.

Darkly, sternly, and all alone,
Minotti stood o'er the altar-stone:
Madonna's face upon him shone,
Painted in heavenly hues above,
With eyes of light and looks of love;
And placed upon that holy shrine
To fix our thoughts on things divine,
When pictured there, we kneeling see
Her, and the boy-God on her knee,
Smiling sweetly on each prayer
To heaven, as if to waft it there:
Still she smiled; even now she smiles,
Though slaughter streams along her aisles:
Minotti lifted his aged eye,
And made the sign of a cross with a sigh,
Then seized a torch which blazed thereby;
And still he stood, while, with steel and flame,
Inward and onward the Mussulman came.

XXXI.

The vaults beneath the mosaic stone
Contain'd the dead of ages gone;
Their names were on the graven floor,
But now illegible with gore;
The carved crests, and curious hues
The varied marble's veins diffuse,
Were smear'd, and slippery—stain'd, and strown
With broken swords, and helms o'erthrown:
There were dead above, and the dead below
Lay cold in many a coffin'd row;
You might see them piled in sable state,
By a pale light through a gloomy grate;
But War had enter'd their dark caves,
And stored along the vaulted graves
Her sulphurous treasures, thickly spread
In masses by the fleshless dead:
Here, throughout the siege, had been
The Christians' chiefest magazine;
To these a late-form'd train now led,
Minotti's last and stern resource
Against the foe's o'erwhelming force.

XXXII.

The foe came on, and few remain
To strive, and those must strive in vain:
For lack of further lives, to slake
The thirst of vengeance now awake,
With barbarous blows they gash the dead,
And lop the already lifeless head,
And fell the statues from their niche,
And spoil the shrines of offerings rich,
And from each other's rude hands wrest
The silver vessels saints had bless'd.
To the high altar on they go;
Oh, but it made a glorious show!(2)
On its table still behold
The cup of consecrated gold;
Massy and deep, a glittering prize,
Brightly it sparkles to plunderers' eyes:
That morn it held the holy wine,
Converted by Christ to his blood so divine,
Which his worshippers drank at the break of day,
To shrive their souls ere they join'd in the fray—
Still a few drops within it lay;
And round the sacred table glow
Twelve lofty lamps, in splendid row,
From the purest metal cast;
A spoil—the richest, and the last.

XXXIII.

So near they came, the nearest stretch'd
To grasp the spoil he almost reach'd,
When old Minotti's hand
Touch'd with the torch the train—
'Tis fired!
Spire, vaults, the shrine, the spoil, the slain,
The turban'd victors, the Christian band,
All that of living or dead remain,
Hurl'd on high with the shiver'd fane,
In one wild roar expired!
The shatter'd town—the walls thrown down—
The waves a moment backward bent—
The hills that shake, although unrent,
As if an earthquake pass'd—
The thousand shapeless things all driven
In cloud and flame athwart the heaven,
By that tremendous blast—
Proclaim'd the desperate conflict o'er
On that too-long-afflicted shore:(3)
Up to the sky like rockets go
All that mingled there below:
Many a tall and goodly man,
Scorch'd and shrivell'd to a span,

(1) "Dealing *death* with every blow." *Gifford.*—L. E.
(2) "'Oh, but it made a glorious show!!!' Out." *Gifford.*—L. E.
(3) "Strike out from 'Up to the sky,' etc. to 'All blacken'd there and reeking lay.' Despicable stuff." *Gifford.*—L. E.

When he fell to earth again
Like a cinder strew'd the plain:
Down the ashes shower like rain;
Some fell in the gulf, which received the sprinkles
With a thousand circling wrinkles;
Some fell on the shore, but, far away,
Scatter'd o'er the isthmus lay;
Christian or Moslem, which be they?
Let their mothers see and say!
When in cradled rest they lay,
And each nursing mother smiled
On the sweet sleep of her child,
Little deem'd she such a day
Would rend those tender limbs away.
Not the matrons that them bore
Could discern their offspring more;
That one moment left no trace
More of human form or face
Save a scatter'd scalp or bone:
And down came blazing rafters, strown
Around, and many a falling stone,
Deeply dinted in the clay,
All blacken'd there and reeking lay.

All the living things that heard
That deadly earth-shock disappear'd:
The wild birds flew; the wild dogs fled,
And howling left the unburied dead; (1)
The camels from their keepers broke;
The distant steer forsook the yoke—
The nearer steed plunged o'er the plain,
And burst his girth, and tore his rein;
The bull-frog's note, from out the marsh,
Deep-mouth'd arose, and doubly harsh;
The wolves yell'd on the cavern'd hill
Where echo roll'd in thunder still;
The jackal's troop, in gather'd cry, (2)
Bay'd from afar complainingly,
With a mix'd and mournful sound,
Like crying babe, and beaten hound: (3)
With sudden wing, and ruffled breast,
The eagle left his rocky nest,
And mounted nearer to the sun,
The clouds beneath him seem'd so dun;
Their smoke assail'd his startled beak,
And made him higher soar and shriek—
Thus was Corinth lost and won! (4)

(1) "Omit the next six lines." *Gifford.*—L. E.

(2) I believe I have taken a poetical license to transplant the jackal from Asia. In Greece I never saw nor heard these animals; but among the ruins of Ephesus I have heard them by hundreds. They haunt ruins, and follow armies.

(3) "Leave out this couplet." *Gifford.*—L. E.

(4) "The *Siege of Corinth*, though written, perhaps, with too visible an effect, and not very well harmonised in all its parts, cannot but be regarded as a magnificent composition. There is less misanthropy in it than in any of the rest; and the interest is made up of alternate representations of soft and solemn scenes and emotions, and of the tumult, and terrors, and intoxication of war. These opposite pictures are, perhaps, too violently contrasted, and, in some parts, too harshly coloured; but they are in general exquisitely designed, and executed with the utmost spirit and energy." *Jeffrey.*—L. E.

Parisina.(1)

TO SCROPE BERDMORE DAVIES, ESQ.

The following Poem is Inscribed

BY ONE WHO HAS LONG ADMIRED HIS TALENTS AND VALUED HIS FRIENDSHIP.

January 22, 1816.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following poem is grounded on a circumstance mentioned in Gibbon's *Antiquities of the House of Brunswick*. I am aware, that in modern times the delicacy or fastidiousness of the reader may deem such subjects unfit for the purposes of poetry. The Greek dramatists, and some of the best of our old English writers, were of a different opinion; as Alfieri and Schiller have also been, more recently, upon the Continent. The following extract will explain the facts on which the story is founded. The name of *Azo* is substituted for Nicholas, as more metrical.

"Under the reign of Nicholas III., Ferrara was polluted with a domestic tragedy. By the testimony

(1) This poem, perhaps the most exquisitely versified one that ever the author produced, was written in London in the autumn of 1815, and published in February, 1816. Although the beauties of it were universally acknowledged, and fragments of its music ere long on every lip, the nature of the subject prevented it from being dwelt upon at much length in the critical journals of the time; most of which were content to record, generally, their regret that so great a poet should have permitted himself, by awakening sympathy for a pair of incestuous lovers, to become, in some sort, the apologist of their sin. An anonymous writer, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, seems, however, to have suggested some particulars, in the execution of the story, which ought to be taken into consideration, before we rashly class Lord Byron with those poetical offenders, who have bent their powers "to divest incest of its hereditary horrors." "In *Parisina*," says this critic, "we are scarcely permitted to have a single glance at the guilt, before our attention is riveted upon the punishment: we have scarcely had time to condemn, within our own hearts, the sinning, though injured son, when—

'For a departing being's soul
The death-hymn peals and the hollow bells knoll:
He is near his mortal goal;
Kneeling at the friar's knee;
Sad to hear—and piteous to see—
Kneeling on the bare cold ground,
With the block before and the guards around—
And the headsman with his bare arm ready,
That the blow may be both swift and steady,
Feels if the axe be sharp and true—
Since he set its edge anew:
While the crowd in a speechless circle gather
To see the son fall by the doom of the father!'

"The fatal guilt of the Princess is in like manner swallowed up in the dreary contemplation of her uncertain fate. We

of an attendant, and his own observation, the Marquis of Esté discovered the incestuous loves of his wife Parisina, and Hugo his bastard son, a beautiful and valiant youth. They were beheaded in the castle by the sentence of a father and husband, who published his shame, and survived their execution. (1)

He was unfortunate, if they were guilty: if they were innocent, he was still more unfortunate; nor is there any possible situation in which I can sincerely approve the last act of the justice of a parent."—*Gibbon's Miscellaneous Works*, vol. iii. p. 470, new edition.

forbear to think of her as an adulteress, after we have heard that '*horrid voice*' which is sent up to heaven at the death of her paramour—

> 'Whatsoe'er its end below,
> Her life began and closed in woe.'

"Not only has Lord Byron avoided all the details of this unhallowed love, he has also contrived to mingle in the very incest which he condemns the idea of retribution; and our horror for the sin of Hugo is diminished by our belief that it was brought about by some strange and superhuman fatalism, to revenge the ruin of Bianca. That gloom of righteous visitation, which invests, in the old Greek tragedies, the fated house of Atreus, seems here to impend with some portion of its ancient horror over the line of Esté. We hear, in the language of Hugo, the voice of the same prophetic solemnity which announced to Agamemnon, in the very moment of his triumph, the approaching and inevitable darkness of his fate:—

> 'The gather'd guilt of elder times
> Shall reproduce itself in crimes;
> There is a day of vengeance still,
> Linger it may—but come it will.'

"That awful chorus does not, unless we be greatly mistaken, leave an impression of *destiny* upon the mind more powerful than that which rushed on the troubled spirit of Azo, when he heard the speech of Hugo in his hall of judgment:—

> 'Thou gavest, and mayst resume my breath,
> A gift for which I thank thee not;
> Nor are my mother's wrongs forgot,
> Her slighted love and ruin'd name,
> Her offspring's heritage of shame.'"

We shall have occasion to recur to this subject when we reach our author's *Manfred*. The facts on which the present poem was grounded are thus given in Frizzi's *History of Ferrara*:—

"This turned out a calamitous year for the people of Ferrara; for there occurred a very tragical event in the court of their sovereign. Our annals, both printed and in manuscript, with the exception of the unpolished and negligent work of Sardi, and one other, have given the following relation of it,—from which, however, are rejected many details, and especially the narrative of Bandelli, who wrote a century afterwards, and who does not accord with the contemporary historians.

"By the above-mentioned Stella dell' Assassino, the Marquess, in the year 1405, had a son called Ugo, a beautiful and ingenuous youth. Parisina Malatesta, second wife of Niccolo, like the generality of step-mothers, treated him with little kindness, to the infinite regret of the Marquess, who regarded him with fond partiality. One day she asked leave of her husband to undertake a certain journey, to which he consented, but upon condition that Ugo should bear her company; for he hoped by these means to induce her, in the end, to lay aside the obstinate aversion which she had conceived against him. And indeed his intent was accomplished but too well, since, during the journey, she not only divested herself of all her hatred, but fell into the opposite extreme. After their return, the Marquess had no longer any occasion to renew his former reproofs. It happened one day that a servant of the Marquess, named Zoese, or, as some call him, Giorgio, passing before the apartments of Parisina, saw going out from them one of her chambermaids, all terrified and in tears. Asking the reason, she told him that her mistress, for some slight offence, had been beating her; and, giving vent to her rage, she added, that she could easily be revenged, if she chose to make known the criminal familiarity which subsisted between Parisina and her step-son. The servant took note of the words, and related them to his master. He was astounded thereat, but, scarcely believing his ears, he assured himself of the fact, alas! too clearly, on the 18th of May, by looking through a hole made in the ceiling of his wife's chamber. Instantly he broke into a furious rage, and arrested both of them, together with Aldobrandino Rangoni, of Modena, her gentleman, and also, as some say, two of the women of her chamber, as abettors of this sinful act. He ordered them to be brought to a hasty trial, desiring the judges to pronounce sentence, in the accustomed forms, upon the culprits. This sentence was death. Some there were that bestirred themselves in favour of the delinquents, and, amongst others, Ugoccion Contrario, who was all-powerful with Niccolo, and also his aged and much-deserving, minister, Alberto dal Sale. Both of these, their tears flowing down their cheeks, and upon their knees, implored him for mercy; adducing whatever reasons they could suggest for sparing the offenders, besides those motives of honour and decency which might persuade him to conceal from the public so scandalous a deed. But his rage made him inflexible, and, on the instant, he commanded that the sentence should be put in execution.

"It was, then, in the prisons of the castle, and exactly in those frightful dungeons which are seen at this day beneath the chamber called the Aurora, at the foot of the Lion's tower, at the top of the street Giovecca, that on the night of the 21st of May were beheaded, first Ugo, and afterwards Parisina. Zoese, he that accused her, conducted the latter under his arm to the place of punishment. She, all along, fancied that she was to be thrown into a pit, and asked, at every step, whether she was yet come to the spot? She was told that her punishment was the axe. She inquired what was become of Ugo, and received for answer, that he was already dead; at the which, sighing grievously, she exclaimed, 'Now, then, I wish not myself to live:' and, being come to the block, she stripped herself with her own hands of all her ornaments, and, wrapping a cloth round her head, submitted to the fatal stroke, which terminated the cruel scene. The same was done with Rangoni, who, together with the others, according to two calendars in the library of St. Francesco, was buried in the cemetery of that convent. Nothing else is known respecting the women.

"The Marquess kept watch the whole of that dreadful night, and as he was walking backwards and forwards, inquired of the captain of the castle if Ugo was dead yet? who answered him, Yes. He then gave himself up to the most desperate lamentations, exclaiming, 'Oh! that I too were dead, since I have been hurried on to resolve thus against my own Ugo!' And then, gnawing with his teeth a cane which he had in his hand, he passed the rest of the night in sighs and in tears, calling frequently upon his own dear Ugo. On the following day, calling to mind that it would be necessary to make public his justification, seeing that the transaction could not be kept secret, he ordered the narrative to be drawn out upon paper, and sent it to all the courts of Italy.

"On receiving this advice, the Doge of Venice, Francesco Foscari, gave orders, but without publishing his reasons, that stop should be put to the preparations for a tournament, which, under the auspices of the Marquess, and at the expense of the city of Padua, was about to take place, in the square of St. Mark, in order to celebrate his advancement to the ducal chair.

"The Marquess, in addition to what he had already done, from some unaccountable burst of vengeance, commanded that as many of the married women as were well known to him to be faithless, like his Parisina, should, like her, be beheaded. Amongst others, Barberina, or, as some call her, Laodamia Romei, wife of the court judge, underwent this sentence, at the usual place of execution; that is to say, in the quarter of St. Giacomo, opposite the present fortress, beyond St. Paul's. It cannot be told how strange appeared this proceeding in a prince, who, considering his own disposition, should, as it seemed, have been in such cases most indulgent. Some however, there were who did not fail to commend him."

The above passage of Frizzi was translated by Lord Byron, and formed a closing note to the original edition of *Parisina*.—L. E.

(1) "Ferrara is much decayed and depopulated; but the castle still exists entire; and I saw the court where Parisina and Hugo were beheaded, according to the annal of Gibbon." *B. Letters*, 1817.—L. E.

PARISINA.

I.

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word;(1)
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear-obscure
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.(2)

II.

But it is not to list to the waterfall
That Parisina leaves her hall,
And it is not to gaze on the heavenly light
That the lady walks in the shadow of night;
And if she sits in Esté's bower,
'T is not for the sake of its full-blown flower—
She listens—but not for the nightingale—
Though her ear expects as soft a tale.
There glides a step through the foliage thick,
And her cheek grows pale—and her heart beats quick;
There whispers a voice through the rustling leaves,
And her blush returns, and her bosom heaves:
A moment more—and they shall meet—
'T is past—her lover's at her feet.

III.

And what unto them is the world beside,
With all its change of time and tide?
Its living things—its earth and sky—
Are nothing to their mind and eye.
And heedless as the dead are they
Of aught around, above, beneath;
As if all else had pass'd away,
They only for each other breathe
Their very sighs are full of joy
So deep, that did it not decay,
That happy madness would destroy
The hearts which feel its fiery sway:
Of guilt, of peril, do they deem
In that tumultuous tender dream?
Who that have felt that passion's power,
Or paused or fear'd in such an hour?
Or thought how brief such moments last?
But yet—they are already past!
Alas! we must awake, before
We know such vision comes no more.

IV.

With many a lingering look they leave
The spot of guilty gladness past;
And though they hope, and vow, they grieve,
As if that parting were the last.
The frequent sigh—the long embrace—
The lip that there would cling for ever,
While gleams on Parisina's face
The Heaven she fears will not forgive her,
As if each calmly-conscious star
Beheld her frailty from afar—
The frequent sigh, the long embrace,
Yet binds them to their trysting-place:
But it must come, and they must part
In fearful heaviness of heart,
With all the deep and shuddering chill
Which follows fast the deeds of ill.

V.

And Hugo is gone to his lonely bed,
To covet there another's bride;
But she must lay her conscious head
A husband's trusting heart beside.
But fever'd in her sleep she seems,
And red her cheek with troubled dreams;
And mutters she in her unrest
A name she dare not breathe by day,
And clasps her lord unto the breast
Which pants for one away:
And he to that embrace awakes,
And, happy in the thought, mistakes
That dreaming sigh, and warm caress,
For such as he was wont to bless;
And could in very fondness weep
O'er her who loves him even in sleep.

VI.

He clasp'd her sleeping to his heart,
And listen'd to each broken word:
He hears—Why doth Prince Azo start,
As if the archangel's voice he heard?
And well he may—a deeper doom
Could scarcely thunder o'er his tomb,
When he shall wake to sleep no more,
And stand the eternal throne before.
And well he may—his earthly peace
Upon that sound is doom'd to cease.
That sleeping whisper of a name
Bespeaks her guilt and Azo's shame.
And whose that name? that o'er his pillow
Sounds fearful as the breaking billow,
Which rolls the plank upon the shore,
And dashes on the pointed rock
The wretch who sinks to rise no more,—
So came upon his soul the shock.
And whose that name? 'tis Hugo's,—his—
In sooth he had not deem'd of this!—
'T is Hugo's—he, the child of one
He loved—his own all-evil son—
The offspring of his wayward youth,
When he betray'd Bianca's truth,
The maid whose folly could confide
In him who made her not his bride.

VII.

He pluck'd his poniard in its sheath,
But sheath'd it ere the point was bare—
Howe'er unworthy now to breathe,
He could not slay a thing so fair—
At least, not smiling—sleeping—there.
Nay more:—he did not wake her then,
But gazed upon her with a glance

(1) "The opening verses, though soft and voluptuous, are tinged with the same shade of sorrow which gives character and harmony to the whole poem." *Jeffrey.*—L. E.

(2) The lines contained in this section were printed as set to music some time since, but belonged to the poem where they now appear; the greater part of which was composed prior to *Lara*, and other compositions since published.

Which, had she roused her from her trance,
Had frozen her sense to sleep again—
And o'er his brow the burning lamp
Gleam'd on the dew-drops big and damp.
She spake no more—but still she slumber'd—
While, in his thought, her days are number'd.

VIII.

And with the morn he sought, and found,
In many a tale from those around,
The proof of all he fear'd to know,
Their present guilt, his future woe;
The long-conniving damsels seek
To save themselves, and would transfer
The guilt—the shame—the doom—to her:
Concealment is no more—they speak
All circumstance which may compel
Full credence to the tale they tell:
And Azo's tortured heart and ear
Have nothing more to feel or hear.

IX.

He was not one who brook'd delay:
Within the chamber of his state,
The chief of Esté's ancient sway
Upon his throne of judgment sate;
His nobles and his guards are there,—
Before him is the sinful pair;
Both young,—and *one* how passing fair!
With swordless belt, and fetter'd hand,
Oh, Christ! that thus a son should stand
Before a father's face!
Yet thus must Hugo meet his sire,
And hear the sentence of his ire,
The tale of his disgrace!
And yet he seems not overcome,
Although, as yet, his voice be dumb.

X.

And still, and pale, and silently
Did Parisina wait her doom;
How changed, since last her speaking eye
Glanced gladness round the glittering room
Where high-born men were proud to wait—
Where Beauty watch'd to imitate
Her gentle voice—her lovely mien—
And gather from her air and gait
The graces of its Queen:
Then,—had her eye in sorrow wept,
A thousand warriors forth had leapt,
A thousand swords had sheathless shone, (1)
And made her quarrel all their own.
Now,—what is she? and what are they?
Can she command, or these obey?
All silent and unheeding now,
With downcast eyes and knitting brow,
And folded arms, and freezing air,
And lips that scarce their scorn forbear,
Her knights, and dames, her court—is there:
And he, the chosen one, whose lance
Had yet been couch'd before her glance,
Who—were his arm a moment free—
Had died or gain'd her liberty!
The minion of his father's bride,—
He, too, is fetter'd by her side;
Nor sees her swoln and full eye swim,
Less for her own despair than him:
Those lids—o'er which the violet vein
Wandering, leaves a tender stain,
Shining through the smoothest white
That e'er did softest kiss invite—
Now seem'd with hot and livid glow
To press, not shade, the orbs below;
Which glance so heavily, and fill,
As tear on tear grows gathering still.

XI.

And he for her had also wept,
But for the eyes that on him gazed:
His sorrow, if he felt it, slept;
Stern and erect his brow was raised.
Whate'er the grief his soul avow'd,
He would not shrink before the crowd;
But yet he dared not look on her:
Remembrance of the hours that were—
His guilt—his love—his present state—
His father's wrath—all good men's hate—
His earthly, his eternal fate—
And hers,—oh, hers!—he dared not throw
One look upon that death-like brow,
Else had his rising heart betray'd
Remorse for all the wreck it made.

XII.

And Azo spake:—"But yesterday
I gloried in a wife and son;
That dream this morning pass'd away;
Ere day declines, I shall have none.
My life must linger on alone;
Well,—let that pass,—there breathes not one
Who would not do as I have done:
Those ties are broken—not by me;
Let that too pass;—the doom 's prepared!
Hugo, the priest awaits on thee,
And then—thy crime's reward!
Away! address thy prayers to Heaven,
Before its evening stars are met—
Learn if thou there canst be forgiven;
Its mercy may absolve thee yet.
But here, upon the earth beneath,
There is no spot where thou and I
Together, for an hour, could breathe:
Farewell! I will not see thee die—
But thou, frail thing! shalt view his head—
Away! I cannot speak the rest:
Go! woman of the wanton breast;
Not I, but thou his blood dost shed:
Go! if that sight thou canst outlive,
And joy thee in the life I give."

XIII.

And here stern Azo hid his face—
For on his brow the swelling vein
Throbb'd, as if back upon his brain
The hot blood ebb'd and flow'd again;
And therefore bow'd he for a space,
And pass'd his shaking hand along
His eye, to veil it from the throng;

(1) A sagacious writer gravely charges Lord Byron with paraphrasing, in this passage, without acknowledgment, Mr. Burke's well-known description of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. "Verily," says Mr. Coleridge, "there be amongst us a set of critics, who seem to hold, that every possible thought and image is traditional; who have no notion that there are such things as fountains in the world, small as well as great; and who would therefore charitably derive every rill they behold flowing from a perforation made in some other man's tank."—L. E.

While Hugo raised his chained hands,
And for a brief delay demands
His father's ear: the silent sire
Forbids not what his words require.

"It is not that I dread the death—
For thou hast seen me by thy side
All redly through the battle ride,
And that not once a useless brand
Thy slaves have wrested from my hand
Hath shed more blood in cause of thine,
Than e'er can stain the axe of mine:
Thou gavest, and mayst resume my breath,
A gift for which I thank thee not;
Nor are my mother's wrongs forgot,
Her slighted love and ruin'd name,
Her offspring's heritage of shame;
But she is in the grave, where he,
Her son, thy rival, soon shall be.
Her broken heart—my sever'd head—
Shall witness for thee from the dead
How trusty and how tender were
Thy youthful love—paternal care!
'T is true that I have done thee wrong—
But wrong for wrong:—this, deem'd thy bride,
The other victim of thy pride,
Thou know'st for me was destined long.
Thou saw'st, and coveted'st her charms—
And with thy very crime—my birth,
Thou taunted'st me—as little worth;
A match ignoble for her arms,
Because, forsooth, I could not claim
The lawful heirship of thy name,
Nor sit on Esté's lineal throne:
Yet, were a few short summers mine,
My name should more than Esté's shine
With honours all my own.
I had a sword—and have a breast
That should have won as haught(1) a crest
As ever waved along the line
Of all these sovereign sires of thine.
Not always knightly spurs are worn
The brightest by the better-born;
And mine have lanced my courser's flank
Before proud chiefs of princely rank,
When charging to the cheering cry
Of 'Esté and of Victory!'
I will not plead the cause of crime,
Nor sue thee to redeem from time
A few brief hours or days, that must
At length roll o'er my reckless dust;—
Such maddening moments as my past,
They could not, and they did not, last.
Albeit my birth and name be base,
And thy nobility of race
Disdain'd to deck a thing like me—
Yet in my lineaments they trace
Some features of my father's face,
And in my spirit—all of thee.
From thee—this tamelessness of heart—
From thee—nay, wherefore dost thou start?—
From thee, in all their vigour, came
My arm of strength, my soul of flame—
Thou didst not give me life alone,
But all that made me more thine own.
See what thy guilty love hath done!
Repaid thee with too like a son!
I am no bastard in my soul,
For that, like thine, abhorr'd control:
And for my breath, that hasty boon
Thou gavest and wilt resume so soon,
I valued it no more than thou,
When rose thy casque above thy brow,
And we, all side by side, have striven,
And o'er the dead our coursers driven:
The past is nothing—and at last
The future can but be the past;
Yet would I that I then had died:
For though thou work'dst my mother's ill,
And made thy own my destined bride,
I feel thou art my father still;
And, harsh as sounds thy hard decree,
'T is not unjust, although from thee.
Begot in sin, to die in shame,
My life begun and ends the same:
As err'd the sire, so err'd the son,
And thou must punish both in one.
My crime seems worst to human view,
But God must judge between us two!"

XIV.

He ceased—and stood with folded arms,
On which the circling fetters sounded;
And not an ear but felt as wounded,
Of all the chiefs that there were rank'd,
When those dull chains in meeting clank'd:
Till Parisina's fatal charms(2)
Again attracted every eye—
Would she thus hear him doom'd to die!
She stood, I said, all pale and still,
The living cause of Hugo's ill:
Her eyes unmoved, but full and wide,
Not once had turn'd to either side—
Nor once did those sweet eyelids close,
Or shade the glance o'er which they rose,
But round their orbs of deepest blue
The circling white dilated grew—
And there with glassy gaze she stood,
As ice were in her curdled blood;
But every now and then a tear,
So large and slowly gather'd, slid
From the long dark fringe of that fair lid,
It was a thing to see, not hear!
And those who saw, it did surprise
Such drops could fall from human eyes.
To speak she thought—the imperfect note
Was choked within her swelling throat,

(1) Haught—haughty.—"Away, *haught* man, thou art insulting me."—*Shakspeare.*

(2) "I sent for *Marmion*, because it occurred to me, there might be a resemblance between part of *Parisina* and a similar scene in the second canto of *Marmion*. I fear there is, though I never thought of it before, and could hardly wish to imitate that which is inimitable. I wish you would ask Mr. Gifford whether I ought to say any thing upon it. I had completed the story on the passage from Gibbon, which indeed leads to a like scene naturally, without a thought of the kind: but it comes upon me not very comfortably."—*Lord B. to Mr. M.* Feb. 3, 1816.—The scene referred to is the one in which Constance de Beverley appears before the conclave:—

"Her look composed, and steady eye,
Bespoke a matchless constancy;
And there she stood so calm and pale,
That, but her breathing did not fail,
And motion slight of eye and head,
And of her bosom, warranted,
That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,
You must have thought a form of wax,
Wrought to the very life, was there—
So still she was, so pale, so fair."—L. E.

Yet seem'd in that low hollow groan
Her whole heart gushing in the tone.
It ceased—again she thought to speak,
Then burst her voice in one long shriek, (1)
And to the earth she fell like stone
Or statue from its base o'erthrown,
More like a thing that ne'er had life,—
A monument of Azo's wife,—
Than her, that living guilty thing,
Whose every passion was a sting,
Which urged to guilt, but could not bear
That guilt's detection and despair.
But yet she lived—and all too soon
Recover'd from that death-like swoon—
But scarce to reason—every sense
Had been o'erstrung by pangs intense;
And each frail fibre of her brain
(As bowstrings, when relax'd by rain,
The erring arrow launch aside)
Sent forth her thoughts all wild and wide—
The past a blank, the future black,
With glimpses of a dreary track,
Like lightning on the desert path,
When midnight storms are mustering wrath.
She fear'd—she felt that something ill
Lay on her soul, so deep and chill—
That there was sin and shame she knew;
That some one was to die—but who?
She had forgotten:—did she breathe?
Could this be still the earth beneath,
The sky above, and men around;
Or were they fiends who now so frown'd
On one, before whose eyes each eye
Till then had smiled in sympathy?
All was confused and undefined
To her all-jarr'd and wandering mind;
A chaos of wild hopes and fears:
And now in laughter, now in tears,
But madly still in each extreme,
She strove with that convulsive dream;
For so it seem'd on her to break:
Oh! vainly must she strive to wake!

XV.

The convent bells are ringing,
But mournfully and slow;
In the grey square turret swinging,
With a deep sound, to and fro:
Heavily to the heart they go!
Hark! the hymn is singing—
The song for the dead below,
Or the living who shortly shall be so!
For a departing being's soul
The death-hymn peals and the hollow bells knoll:
He is near his mortal goal;
Kneeling at the friar's knee,
Sad to hear—and piteous to see—
Kneeling on the bare cold ground,
With the block before and the guards around—
And the headsman with his bare arm ready,
That the blow may be both swift and steady,
Feels if the axe be sharp and true—
Since he set its edge anew:
While the crowd in a speechless circle gather
To see the son fall by the doom of the father!

XVI.

It is a lovely hour as yet
Before the summer sun shall set,
Which rose upon that heavy day,
And mock'd it with his steadiest ray;
And his evening beams are shed
Full on Hugo's fated head,
As his last confession pouring
To the monk, his doom deploring
In penitential holiness,
He bends to hear his accents bless
With absolution such as may
Wipe our mortal stains away.
That high sun on his head did glisten
As he there did bow and listen—
And the rings of chestnut hair
Curl'd half down his neck so bare;
But brighter still the beam was thrown
Upon the axe which near him shone
With a clear and ghastly glitter——
Oh! that parting hour was bitter!
Even the stern stood chill'd with awe:
Dark the crime, and just the law—
Yet they shudder'd as they saw.

XVII.

The parting prayers are said and over
Of that false son—and daring lover:
His beads and sins are all recounted,
His hours to their last minute mounted—
His mantling cloak before was stripp'd,
His bright brown locks must now be clipp'd;
'T is done—all closely are they shorn—
The vest which till this moment worn—
The scarf which Parisina gave—
Must not adorn him to the grave.
Even that must now be thrown aside,
And o'er his eyes the kerchief tied;
But no—that last indignity
Shall ne'er approach his haughty eye.
All feelings, seemingly subdued
In deep disdain, were half renew'd
When headsman's hands prepared to bind
Those eyes which would not brook such blind:
As if they dared not look on death!
"No—yours my forfeit blood and breath—
These hands are chain'd—but let me die
At least with an unshackled eye—
Strike!"——And as the word he said,
Upon the block he bow'd his head;
These the last accents Hugo spoke:
"Strike!"—and flashing fell the stroke—
Roll'd the head—and, gushing, sunk
Back the stain'd and heaving trunk
In the dust, which each deep vein
Slaked with its ensanguined rain;
His eyes and lips a moment quiver,
Convulsed and quick—then fix for ever.
He died, as erring man should die,
Without display, without parade;
Meekly had he bow'd and pray'd,
As not disdaining priestly aid,
Nor desperate of all hope on high.
And while before the prior kneeling,
His heart was wean'd from earthly feeling;

(1) "The arraignment and condemnation of the guilty pair, with the bold, high-toned, and yet temperate defence of the son, are managed with considerable talent; and yet are less touching than the mute despair of the fallen beauty, who stands in speechless agony before him." *Jeffrey.*—L. E.

His wrathful sire—his paramour—
What were they in such an hour?
No more reproach—no more despair;
No thought but heaven—no word but prayer—
Save the few which from him broke,
When, bared to meet the headsman's stroke,
He claim'd to die with eyes unbound,
His sole adieu to those around. (1)

XVIII.

Still as the lips that closed in death,
Each gazer's bosom held his breath:
But yet, afar, from man to man,
A cold electric shiver ran,
As down the deadly blow descended
On him whose life and love thus ended;
And, with a hushing sound compress'd,
A sigh shrunk back on every breast;
But no more thrilling noise rose there,
Beyond the blow that to the block
Pierced through with forced and sullen shock,
Save one:—what cleaves the silent air
So madly shrill, so passing wild?
That, as a mother's o'er her child,
Done to death by sudden blow,
To the sky these accents go,
Like a soul's in endless woe.
Through Azo's palace-lattice driven,
That horrid voice ascends to heaven,
And every eye is turn'd thereon;
But sound and sight alike are gone!
It was a woman's shriek—and ne'er
In madlier accents rose despair;
And those who heard it, as it pass'd,
In mercy wish'd it were the last.

XIX.

Hugo is fallen; and, from that hour,
No more in palace, hall, or bower,
Was Parisina heard or seen:
Her name—as if she ne'er had been—
Was banish'd from each lip and ear,
Like words of wantonness or fear;
And from Prince Azo's voice, by none
Was mention heard of wife or son.
No tomb—no memory had they,
Theirs was unconsecrated clay;
At least the knight's who died that day.
But Parisina's fate lies hid
Like dust beneath the coffin-lid:
Whether in convent she abode,
And won to heaven her dreary road,
By blighted and remorseful years
Of scourge, and fast, and sleepless tears;
Or if she fell by bowl or steel,
For that dark love she dared to feel;
Or if, upon the moment smote,
She died by tortures less remote,
Like him she saw upon the block,
With heart that shared the headsman's shock,
In quicken'd brokenness that came,
In pity, o'er her shatter'd frame,
None knew—and none can ever know:
But whatsoe'er its end below,
Her life began and closed in woe!

XX.

And Azo found another bride
And goodly sons grew by his side;
But none so lovely and so brave
As him who wither'd in the grave;
Or if they were—on his cold eye
Their growth but glanced unheeded by,
Or noticed with a smother'd sigh.
But never tear his cheek descended,
And never smile his brow unbended;
And o'er that fair broad brow were wrought
The intersected lines of thought;
Those furrows which the burning share
Of sorrow ploughs untimely there;
Scars of the lacerating mind
Which the soul's war doth leave behind.
He was past all mirth or woe:
Nothing more remain'd below
But sleepless nights and heavy days,
A mind all dead to scorn or praise,
A heart which shunn'd itself—and yet
That would not yield—nor could forget,
Which, when it least appear'd to melt,
Intensely thought—intensely felt:
The deepest ice which ever froze
Can only o'er the surface close—
The living stream lies quick below,
And flows—and cannot cease to flow.
Still was his seal'd-up bosom haunted
By thoughts which Nature hath implanted;
Too deeply rooted thence to vanish,
Howe'er our stifled tears we banish;
When, struggling as they rise to start
We check those waters of the heart,
They are not dried—those tears unshed
But flow back to the fountain-head,
And resting in their spring more pure,
For ever in its depths endure,
Unseen, unwept, but uncongeal'd,
And cherish'd most where least reveal'd.
With inward starts of feeling left,
To throb o'er those of life bereft;
Without the power to fill again
The desert gap which made his pain;
Without the hope to meet them where
United souls shall gladness share,
With all the consciousness that he
Had only pass'd a just decree;
That they had wrought their doom of ill;
Yet Azo's age was wretched still.
The tainted branches of the tree,
If lopp'd with care, a strength may give,
By which the rest shall bloom and live
All greenly fresh and wildly free:
But if the lightning, in its wrath,
The waving boughs with fury scathe,
The massy trunk the ruin feels,
And never more a leaf reveals. (2)

(1) "The grand part of this poem is that which describes the execution of the rival son; and in which, though there is no pomp, either of language or of sentiment, and though every thing is conceived and expressed with the utmost simplicity and directness, there is a spirit of pathos and poetry to which it would not be easy to find many parallels." *Jeffrey.*—L. E.

(2) "In *Parisina* there is no tumult or stir. It is all sadness, and pity, and terror. There is too much of horror, perhaps, in the circumstances; but the writing is beautiful throughout, and the whole wrapped in a rich and redundant veil of poetry, where every thing breathes the pure essence of genius and sensibility." *Jeffrey.*—L. E.

The Prisoner of Chillon;

A FABLE.(1)

SONNET ON CHILLON.

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!(2)
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 't was trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard!—May none those marks efface;
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.(3)

I.

My hair is grey, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears:(4)

(1) When this poem was composed, I was not sufficiently aware of the history of Bonnivard, or I should have endeavoured to dignify the subject by an attempt to celebrate his courage and his virtues. With some account of his life I have been furnished, by the kindness of a citizen of that republic, which is still proud of the memory of a man worthy of the best age of ancient freedom:—

"François de Bonnivard, fils de Louis de Bonnivard, originaire de Seyssel et Seigneur de Lunes, naquit en 1496. Il fit ses études à Turin: en 1510 Jean Aimé de Bonnivard, son oncle, lui résigna le prieuré de St. Victor, qui aboutissoit aux murs de Genève, et qui formoit un bénéfice considérable.

"Ce grand homme—(Bonnivard mérite ce titre par la force de son âme, la droiture de son cœur, la noblesse de ses intentions, la sagesse de ses conseils, le courage de ses démarches, l'étendue de ses connaissances et la vivacité de son esprit),—ce grand homme, qui excitera l'admiration de tous ceux qu'une vertu héroique peut encore émouvoir, inspirera encore la plus vive reconnaissance dans les cœurs des Genevois qui aiment Genève. Bonnivard en fut toujours un des plus fermes appuis: pour assurer la liberté de notre république, il ne craignit pas de perdre souvent la sienne; il oublia son repos; il méprisa les richesses; il ne négligea rien pour affermir le bonheur d'une patrie qu'il honora de son choix: dès ce moment il la chérit comme le plus zélé de ses citoyens; il la servit avec l'intrépidité d'un héros, et il écrivit son Histoire avec la naiveté d'un philosophe et la chaleur d'un patriote.

"Il dit dans le commencement de son *Histoire de Genève*, que *dès qu'il eut commencé de lire l'histoire des nations, il se sentit entraîné par son goût pour les republiques, dont il épousa toujours les intérêts*. c'est ce goût pour la liberté qui lui fit sans doute adopter Genève pour sa patrie.

"Bonnivard, encore jeune, s'annonça hautement comme le défenseur de Genève contre le Duc de Savoye et l'Evêque.

"En 1519, Bonnivard devint le martyr de sa patrie: le Duc de Savoye étant entré dans Genève avec cinq cents hommes, Bonnivard craignit le ressentiment du Duc; il voulut se retirer à Fribourg pour en éviter les suites; mais il fut trahi par deux hommes qui l'accompagnoient, et conduit par ordre du Prince à Grolée, où il resta prisonnier pendant deux ans. Bonnivard étoit malheureux dans ses voyages: comme ses malheurs n'avoient point ralenti son zèle pour Genève, il étoit toujours un ennemi redoutable pour ceux qui la menaçoient, et par conséquent il devoit être exposé à leurs coups. Il fut rencontré en 1530 sur le Jura par des voleurs, qui le dépouillèrent, et qui le mirent encore entre les mains du Duc de Savoye: ce prince le fit enfermer dans le Château de Chillon, où il resta sans être interrogé jusque en 1536; il fut alors délivré par les Bernois, qui s'emparèrent du Pays de Vaud.

"Bonnivard, en sortant de sa captivité, eut le plaisir de trouver Genève libre et réformée: la république s'empressa de lui témoigner sa reconnaissance, et de le dédommager des maux qu'il avoit soufferts; elle le reçut bourgeois de la ville au mois de juin, 1536; elle lui donna la maison habitée autrefois par le Vicaire-général, et elle lui assigna une pension de deux cents écus d'or tant qu'il séjourneroit à Genève. Il fut admis dans le Conseil des Deux-Cents en 1537.

"Bonnivard n'a pas fini d'être utile: apres avoir travaillé à rendre Genève libre, il réussit à la rendre tolérante. Bonnivard engagea le Conseil à accorder aux ecclésiastiques et aux paysans un temps suffisant pour examiner les propositions qu'on leur faisoit; il réussit par sa douceur: on prêche toujours le Christianisme avec succès quand on le prêche avec charité.

"Bonnivard fut savant: ses manuscrits, qui sont dans la Bibliothèque publique, prouvent qu'il avoit bien lu les auteurs classiques latins, et qu'il avoit approfondi la théologie et l'histoire. Ce grand homme aimoit les sciences, et il croyoit qu'elles pouvoient faire la gloire de Genève; aussi il ne négligea rien pour les fixer dans cette ville naissante; en 1551 il donna sa bibliothèque au public; elle fut le commencement de notre Bibliothèque publique, et ces livres sont en partie les rares et belles éditions du quinzième siècle qu'on voit dans notre collection. Enfin, pendant la même année, ce bon patriote institua la république son héritière, à condition qu'elle employeroit ses biens à entretenir le collége dont on projetoit la fondation.

"Il paroit que Bonnivard mourut en 1570; mais on ne peut l'assurer, parcequ'il y a une lacune dans le Nécrologe depuis le mois de juillet, 1570, jusqu'en 1571."

[Lord Byron wrote this beautiful poem at a small inn, in the little village of Ouchy, near Lausanne, where he happened, in June, 1816, to be detained two days by stress of weather; "thereby adding," says Moore, "one more deathless association to the already immortalized localities of the Lake."—L. E.]

(2) In the first draught, the sonnet opens thus—

"Beloved Goddess of the chainless mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
Thy palace is within the Freeman's heart,
Whose soul the love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Thy joy is with them still, and unconfined,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom."—L. E.

(3) "I will tell you something about *Chillon*. A M. de Luc, ninety years old, a Swiss, had it read to him, and is pleased with it—so my sister writes. He said that he was *with Rousseau* at Chillon, and that the description is perfectly correct. But this is not all; I recollected something of the name, and find the following passage in *The Confessions*, vol. iii. p. 247, liv. viii. 'De tous ces amusements celui qui me plut davantage fut une promenade autour du Lac, que je fis en bateau avec *De Luc* père, sa bonne, ses deux *fils*, et ma Therèse. Nous mîmes sept jours à cette tournée par le plus beau temps du monde. J'en gardai le vif souvenir des sites qui m'avoient frappé à l'autre extrémité du *Lac*, et dont je fis la description quelques années après,

My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,(1)
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are bann'd, and barr'd—forbidden fare;
But this was for my father's faith
I suffer'd chains and courted death:
That father perish'd at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place.
We were seven—who now are one,
Six in youth and one in age,
Finish'd as they had begun,
Proud of Persecution's rage;(2)
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have seal'd:
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied:—
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,(3)
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
There are seven columns massy and grey,
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left:
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp:
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing!
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years—I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score
When my last brother droop'd and died,
And I lay living by his side.

III.

They chain'd us each to a column stone,
And we were three—yet, each alone;
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight:
And thus together—yet apart,
Fetter'd in hand, but pined in heart;
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each
With some new hope of legend old,
Or song heroically bold;
But even these at length grew cold—
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon stone,
A grating sound—not full and free
As they of yore were wont to be;
It might be fancy—but to me
They never sounded like our own.(4)

IV.

I was the eldest of the three,
And to uphold and cheer the rest
I ought to do—and did my best—
And each did well in his degree.
The youngest, whom my father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him—with eyes as blue as heaven,
For him my soul was sorely moved:
And truly might it be distress'd
To see such bird in such a nest;
For he was beautiful as day—
(When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles being free)—
A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,
Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun:
And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for nought but others' ills,
And then they flow'd like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorr'd to view below.

V.

The other was as pure of mind,
But form'd to combat with his kind;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
And perish'd in the foremost rank
With joy:—but not in chains to pine:
His spirit wither'd with their clank,
I saw it silently decline—
And so perchance in sooth did mine:
But yet I forced it on to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.
He was a hunter of the hills,
Had follow'd there the deer and wolf;
To him this dungeon was a gulf,
And fetter'd feet the worst of ills.

dans *La Nouvelle Heloïse*.' This nonagenarian, De Luc, must be one of the 'deux fils.' He is in England, infirm, but still in faculty. It is odd that he should have lived so long, and not wanting in oddness, that he should have made this voyage with Jean Jacques, and afterwards, at such an interval, read a poem by an Englishman (who made precisely the same circumnavigation) upon the same scenery."—*B. Letters*, April 9, 1817.—Jean André de Luc, F. R. S., died at Windsor, in the July following. He was born in 1726, at Geneva, was the author of many geological works, and corresponded with most of the learned societies of Europe. —L. E.

(4) Ludovico Sforza, and others. The same is asserted of Marie Antoinette's, the wife of Louis the Sixteenth, though not in quite so short a period. Grief is said to have the same effect; to such, and not to fear, this change in *hers* was to be attributed.

(1) In the MS.—

"But with the inward waste of grief."—L. E.

(2) In the MS.—

"Braving rancour—chains—and [illegible]."—L. E.

(3) The fidelity of Lord Byron's description of the dungeon of Chillon, to which he has given a deathless interest, is shown in the engraving in *Finden's Illustrations*, from Mr. Stanfield's drawing of the interior of the prison.—P. E.

(4) "Thi picture of the first feelings of the three gallant brothers, when bound apart in this living tomb, and of the gradual decay of their cheery fortitude, is full of pity and agony." *Jeffrey*.—L.E.

VI.

Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls:
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,(1)
Which round about the wave inthrals:
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made—and like a living grave.
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay,
We heard it ripple night and day;
Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd:
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high
And wanton in the happy sky;
And then the very rock hath rock'd,
And I have felt it shake, unshock'd,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free.

VII.

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined,
He loathed and put away his food;
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunter's fare,
And for the like had little care:
The milk drawn from the mountain-goat
Was changed for water from the moat;
Our bread was such as captive's tears
Have moisten'd many a thousand years,
Since man first pent his fellow-men
Like brutes within an iron den;
But what were these to us or him?
These wasted not his heart or limb:
My brother's soul was of that mould
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side:
But why delay the truth?—he died. (2)
I saw, and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,—
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash(3) my bonds in twain.
He died—and they unlock'd his chain,
And scoop'd for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begg'd them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine—it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer—
They coldly laugh'd—and laid him there:
The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love;
His empty chain above it leant,
Such murder's fitting monument!

VIII.

But he, the favourite and the flower,
Most cherish'd since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyr'd father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired—
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was wither'd on the stalk away.
Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood:—
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion;
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of Sin delirious with its dread:
But these were horrors—this was woe
Unmix'd with such—but sure and slow:
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender—kind,
And grieved for those he left behind;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,

(1) The Château de Chillon is situated between Clarens and Villeneuve, which last is at one extremity of the Lake of Geneva. On its left are the entrances of the Rhone, and opposite are the heights of Meillerie and the range of Alps above Boveret and St.-Gingo. Near it, on a hill behind, is a torrent: below it, washing its walls, the lake has been fathomed to the depth of 800 feet, French measure: within it are a range of dungeons, in which the early reformers, and subsequently prisoners of state, were confined. Across one of the vaults is a beam black with age, on which we were informed that the condemned were formerly executed. In the cells are seven pillars, or, rather, eight, one being half merged in the wall; in some of these are rings for the fetters and the fettered; in the pavement the steps of Bonnivard have left their traces. He was confined here several years. It is by this castle that Rousseau has fixed the catastrophe of his *Heloise*, in the rescue of one of her children by Julie from the water; the shock of which, and the illness produced by the immersion, is the cause of her death. The château is large, and seen along the lake for a great distance. The walls are white.—("The early history of this castle," says Mr. Tennant, who went over it in 1821, "is, I believe, involved in doubt. By some historians it is said to be built in the year 1120, and according to others, in the year 1236; but by whom it was built seems not to be known. It is said, however, in history, that Charles the Fifth, Duke of Savoy, stormed and took it in 1536; that he there found great hidden treasures, and many wretched beings pining away their lives in these frightful dungeons, amongst whom was the good Bonnivard. On the pillar to which this unfortunate man is said to have been chained, I observed, cut out of the stone, the name of one whose beautiful poem has done much to heighten the interest of this dreary spot, and will, perhaps, do more towards rescuing from oblivion the names of 'Chillon' and 'Bonnivard,' than all the cruel sufferings which that injured man endured within its damp and gloomy walls."—L. E.]

Simond, in his *Journal of a Tour in Switzerland*, gives a sketch of Chillon. Among other things he says:—"It grieves me to contradict poets or picturesque and sentimental travellers; but really the dungeon of Chillon is not under water, and besides is absolutely a comfortable sort of dungeon enough, full forty feet long, fifteen or twenty feet wide, and fifteen feet high, with several narrow slits into the thick wall above reach, but admitting air and light, and even some rays of the sun. A row of stone pillars divides it: to one of them an iron ring is fastened, and looks much rubbed: it is marked by tradition as the place where poor Bonnivard was chained for six long years."—P. E.

(2) In the MS.—

"But why withhold the blow?—he died."—L. E.

(3) In the MS.—

"To break or bite."—L. E.

Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray—
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright,
And not a word of murmur—not
A groan o'er his untimely lot,—
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence—lost
In this last loss, of all the most;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less:
I listen'd, but I could not hear—
I call'd, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished;
I call'd, and thought I heard a sound—
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rush'd to him:—I found him not,
I only stirr'd in this black spot,
I only lived—*I* only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon-dew;
The last—the sole—the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place. (1)
One on the earth, and one beneath—
My brothers—both had ceased to breathe:
I took that hand which lay so still,
Alas! my own was full as chill;
I had not strength to stir, or strive,
But felt that I was still alive—
A frantic feeling, when we know
That what we love shall ne'er be so.
I know not why
I could not die,
I had no earthly hope—but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death.

IX.

What next befell me then and there
I know not well—I never knew—
First came the loss of light, and air,
And then of darkness too:
I had no thought, no feeling—none—
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist;
For all was blank, and bleak, and grey,
It was not night—it was not day,
It was not even the dungeon-light,
So hateful to my heavy sight,
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness—without a place;
There were no stars—no earth—no time—
No check—no change—no good—no crime—
But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death;
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless!

X.

A light broke in upon my brain,—
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard;
And mine was thankful, till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery:
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track,
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before;
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree;
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seem'd to say them all for me!
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more:
It seem'd like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!
Or if it were, in winged guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For—Heaven forgive that thought! the while
Which made me both to weep and smile—
I sometimes deem'd that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 't was mortal—well I knew;
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone,—
Lone—as the corse within its shroud,
Lone—as a solitary cloud,
A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

XI.

A kind of change came in my fate,
My keepers grew compassionate;
I know not what had made them so,
They were inured to sights of woe,
But so it was:—my broken chain
With links unfasten'd did remain,
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part;
And round the pillars one by one,
Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod;
For if I thought with heedless tread
My step profaned their lowly bed,
My breath came gaspingly and thick,
And my crush'd heart fell blind and sick.

(1) "The gentle decay and gradual extinction of the youngest life is the most tender and beautiful passage in the poem." *Jeffrey.*—L. E.

XII.

I made a footing in the wall,—
It was not therefrom to escape,
For I had buried one and all
Who loved me in a human shape;
And the whole earth would henceforth be
A wider prison unto me:
No child—no sire—no kin had I,
No partner in my misery;
I thought of this, and I was glad,
For thought of them had made me mad;
But I was curious to ascend
To my barr'd windows, and to bend
Once more, upon the mountains high,
The quiet of a loving eye.

XIII.

I saw them—and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high—their wide long lake below, (1)
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channell'd rock and broken bush;
I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down;
And then there was a little isle, (2)
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue.
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seem'd joyous each and all;
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seem'd to fly,
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled—and would fain
I had not left my recent chain;
And when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load;
It was as is a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save,—
And yet my glance, too much oppress'd,
Had almost need of such a rest.

XIV.

It might be months, or years, or days,
I kept no count—I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote;
At last men came to set me free,
I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where:
It was at length the same to me,
Fetter'd or fetterless to be,
I learn'd to love despair.
And thus when they appear'd at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage—and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home:
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watch'd them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learn'd to dwell—(3)
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are:—even I
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh. (4)

(1) In the MS.—

"I saw them with their lake below,
And their three thousand years of snow."—L. E.

(2) Between the entrances of the Rhone and Villeneuve, not far from Chillon, is a very small island; the only one I could perceive, in my voyage round and over the lake, within its circumference. It contains a few trees (I think not above three), and from its singleness and diminutive size has a peculiar effect upon the view.

(3) Here follow in MS.—

"Nor I slew of my subjects one—
What sovereign { hath so little / yet so much } hath done?"—L. E

(4) It has not been the purpose of Lord Byron to paint the peculiar character of Bonnivard. The object of the poem, like that of Sterne's celebrated sketch of the prisoner, is to consider captivity in the abstract, and to mark its effects in gradually chilling the mental powers as it benumbs and freezes the animal frame, until the unfortunate victim becomes, as it were, a part of his dungeon, and identified with his chains. This transmutation we believe to be founded on fact: at least, in the Low Countries, where solitude for life is substituted for capital punishments, something like it may be witnessed. On particular days in the course of the year, these victims of a jurisprudence which calls itself humane, are presented to the public eye, upon a stage erected in the open market-place, apparently to prevent their guilt and their punishment from being forgotten. It is scarcely possible to witness a sight more degrading to humanity than this exhibition:—with matted hair, wild looks and haggard features, with eyes dazzled by the unwonted light of the sun, and ears deafened and astounded by the sudden exchange of the silence of a dungeon for the busy hum of men, the wretches sit more like rude images fashioned to a fantastic imitation of humanity, than like living and reflecting beings. In the course of time we are assured they generally become either madmen or idiots, as mind or matter happens to predominate, when the mysterious balance between them is destroyed. It will readily be allowed that this singular poem is more powerful than pleasing. The dungeon of Bonnivard is, like that of Ugolino, a subject too dismal for even the power of the painter or poet to counteract its horrors. It is the more disagreeable as affording human hope no anchor to rest upon, and describing the sufferer, though a man of talents and virtues, as altogether inert and powerless under his accumulated sufferings: yet, as a picture, however gloomy the colouring, it may rival any which Lord Byron has drawn; nor is it possible to read it without a sinking of the heart, corresponding with that which he describes the victim to have suffered." *Sir Walter Scott.*—L. E.

Manfred;

A DRAMATIC POEM.(1)

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MANFRED.	WITCH OF THE ALPS.
CHAMOIS HUNTER.	ARIMANES.
ABBOT OF ST. MAURICE.	NEMESIS.
MANUEL.	THE DESTINIES.
HERMAN.	SPIRITS, etc.

The Scene of the Drama is amongst the Higher Alps—partly in the Castle of Manfred, and partly in the Mountains.

MANFRED.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

MANFRED *alone.—Scene, a Gothic Gallery.—Time, midnight.*

Man. THE lamp must be replenish'd, but even then
It will not burn so long as I must watch:
My slumbers—if I slumber—are not sleep,
But a continuance of enduring thought,
Which then I can resist not: in my heart
There is a vigil, and these eyes but close
To look within; and yet I live, and bear
The aspect and the form of breathing men.
But grief should be the instructor of the wise;
Sorrow is knowledge: they who know the most
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,
The Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life.
Philosophy and science, and the springs
Of wonder, and the wisdom of the world,
I have essay'd, and in my mind there is
A power to make these subject to itself—
But they avail not: I have done men good,
And I have met with good even among men—
But this avail'd not: I have had my foes,
And none have baffled, many fallen before me—
But this avail'd not:—Good, or evil, life,
Powers, passions, all I see in other beings,
Have been to me as rain unto the sands,
Since that all-nameless hour. I have no dread,
And feel the curse to have no natural fear,
Nor fluttering throb, that beats with hopes or wishes,
Or lurking love of something on the earth.—
Now to my task.—
Mysterious Agency!

(1) The following extracts from Lord Byron's letters to Mr. Murray are all we have to offer respecting the history of the composition of *Manfred*:—

"*Venice, Feb.* 15, 1817.—I forgot to mention to you, that a kind of Poem in dialogue (in blank verse) or Drama, from which 'the Incantation' is an extract, begun last summer in Switzerland, is finished: it is in three acts, but of a very wild, metaphysical, and inexplicable kind. Almost all the persons—but two or three—are Spirits of the earth and air, or the waters; the scene is in the Alps; the hero a kind of magician, who is tormented by a species of remorse, the cause of which is left half unexplained. He wanders about invoking these Spirits, which appear to him, and are of no use; he at last goes to the very abode of the Evil Principle, *in propriâ personâ*, to evocate a ghost, which appears, and gives him an ambiguous and disagreeable answer; and, in the third act, he is found by his attendants dying in a tower where he had studied his art. You may perceive, by this outline, that I have no great opinion of this piece of fantasy; but I have at least rendered it *quite impossible* for the stage, for which my intercourse with Drury Lane has given me the greatest contempt. I have not even copied it off, and feel too lazy at present to attempt the whole; but when I have, I will send it you, and you may either throw it into the fire or not."

"*March* 3.—I sent you the other day, in two covers, the first act of *Manfred*, a drama as mad as Nat. Lee's Bedlam tragedy, which was in twenty-five acts and some odd scenes: mine is but in three acts."

"*March* 6.—In remitting the third act of the sort of dramatic poem of which you will by this time have received the two first, I have little to observe, except that you must not publish it (if it ever is published) without giving me previous notice. I have really and truly no notion whether it is good or bad; and as this was not the case with the principal of my former publications, I am, therefore, inclined to rank it very humbly. You will submit it to Mr. Gifford, and to whomsoever you please besides. The thing, you will see at a glimpse, could never be attempted or thought of for the stage; I much doubt if for publication even. It is too much in my old style; but I composed it actually with a *horror* of the stage, and with a view to render the thought of it impracticable, knowing the zeal of my friends that I should try that for which I have an invincible repugnance, viz. a representation. I certainly am a devil of a mannerist, and must leave off; but what could I do? Without exertion of some kind, I should have sunk under my imagination and reality."

"*March* 25.—With regard to the 'Witch Drama,' I repeat, that I have not an idea if it is good or bad. If bad, it must, on no account, be risked in publication; if good, it is at your service. I value it at three hundred guineas, or less, if you like it. Perhaps, if published, the best way will be to add it to your winter volume, and not publish separately. The price will show you I don't pique myself upon it; so speak out. You may put it into the fire, if you like, and Gifford don't like."

"*April* 9.—As for *Manfred*, the two first acts are the best; the third so so; but I was blown with the first and second heats. You may call it 'a poem,' for it is no drama, and I do not choose to have it called by so d——d a name, —'a Poem in dialogue,' or—Pantomime, if you will, any thing but a green-room synonyme; and this is your motto—

'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'"

The Third Act was re-written before publication; as to the particulars of which, the reader is referred to a subsequent note. To avoid overloading the margin, we may give here the most important paragraphs of the two ablest critiques that immediately followed the appearance of *Manfred*:—

"In Manfred, we recognise at once the gloom and potency

Ye spirits of the unbounded universe! (1)
Whom I have sought in darkness and in light—
Ye, who do compass earth about, and dwell
In subtler essence—ye, to whom the tops
Of mountains inaccessible are haunts, (2)
And earth's and ocean's caves familiar things—
I call upon ye by the written charm
Which gives me power upon you——Rise! appear!
[*A pause.*
They come not yet. Now by the voice of him
Who is the first among you—by this sign,
Which makes you tremble—by the claims of him
Who is undying, rise! appear!——Appear!
[*A pause.*
If it be so.—Spirits of earth and air,
Ye shall not thus elude me: by a power,
Deeper than all yet urged, a tyrant-spell,
Which had its birth-place in a star condemn'd,
The burning wreck of a demolish'd world,
A wandering hell in the eternal space;
By the strong curse which is upon my soul,
The thought which is within me and around me,
I do compel ye to my will:—Appear!

[*A star is seen at the darker end of the gallery: it is stationary; and a voice is heard singing.*

FIRST SPIRIT.

Mortal! to thy bidding bow'd,
From my mansion in the cloud,
Which the breath of twilight builds,
And the summer's sunset gilds
With the azure and vermilion,
Which is mix'd for my pavilion; (3)
Though thy quest may be forbidden,
On a star-beam I have ridden;
To thine adjuration bow'd,
Mortal—be thy wish avow'd!

Voice of the SECOND SPIRIT.

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
They crown'd him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.

of that soul which burned and blasted and fed upon itself, in Harold, and Conrad, and Lara—and which comes again in this piece, more in sorrow than in anger—more proud, perhaps, and more awful than ever—but with the fiercer traits of its misanthropy subdued, as it were, and quenched in the gloom of a deeper despondency. Manfred does not, like Conrad and Lara, wreak the anguish of his burning heart in the dangers and daring of desperate and predatory war—nor seek to drown bitter thoughts in the tumult of perpetual contention; nor yet, like Harold, does he sweep over the peopled scenes of the earth with high disdain and aversion, and make his survey of the business, and pleasures, and studies of man an occasion for taunts and sarcasms, and the food of an unmeasurable spleen. He is fixed by the genius of the poet in the majestic solitudes of the central Alps—where, from his youth up, he has lived in proud but calm seclusion from the ways of men, conversing only with the magnificent forms and aspects of nature by which he is surrounded, and with the Spirits of the Elements, over whom he has acquired dominion by the secret and unhallowed studies of sorcery and magic. He is averse, indeed, from mankind, and scorns the low and frivolous nature to which he belongs; but he cherishes no animosity or hostility to that feeole race. Their concerns excite no interest—their pursuits no sympathy—their joys no envy. It is irksome and vexatious for him to be crossed by them in his melancholy musings,—but he treats them with gentleness and pity; and, except when stung to impatience by too importunate an intrusion, is kind and considerate to the comforts of all around him. This piece is properly entitled a dramatic poem—for it is merely poetical, and is not at all a drama or play in the modern acceptation of the term. It has no action, no plot, and no characters; Manfred merely muses and suffers from the beginning to the end. His distresses are the same at the opening of the scene and at its closing, and the temper in which they are borne is the same. A hunter and a priest, and some domestics, are indeed introduced, but they have no connection with the passions or sufferings on which the interest depends; and Manfred is substantially alone throughout the whole piece. He holds no communion but with the memory of the Being he had loved; and the immortal Spirits whom he evokes to reproach with his misery, and their inability to relieve it. These unearthly beings approach nearer to the character of persons of the drama—but still they are but choral accompaniments to the performance; and Manfred is, in reality, the only actor and sufferer on the scene. To delineate his character indeed—to render conceivable his feelings—is plainly the whole scope and design of the poem; and the conception and execution are, in this respect, equally admirable. It is a grand and terrific vision of a being invested with superhuman attributes, in order that he may be capable of more than human sufferings, and be sustained under them by more than human force and pride. To object to the improbability of the fiction, is to mistake the end and aim of the author. Probabilities, we apprehend, did not enter at all into his consideration; his object was, to produce effect—to exalt and dilate the character through whom he was to interest or appeal to—and to raise our conception of it, by all the helps that could be derived from the majesty of nature, or the dread of superstition. It is enough, therefore, if the situation in which he has placed him is *conceivable*, and if the supposition of its reality enhances our emotions and kindles our imagination;—for it is Manfred only that we are required to fear, to pity, or admire. If we can once conceive of him as a real existence, and enter into the depth and the height of his pride and his sorrows, we may deal as we please with the means that have been used to furnish us with this impression, or to enable us to attain to this conception. We may regard them but as types, or metaphors, or allegories; but as is the thing to be expressed, and the feeling and the intellect of which all these are but shadows."—*Jeffrey.*

"In this very extraordinary poem, Lord Byron has pursued the same course as in the third canto of *Childe Harold*, and put out his strength upon the same objects. The action is laid among the mountains of the Alps—the characters are all, more or less, formed and swayed by the operations of the magnificent scenery around them, and every page of the poem teems with imagery and passion, though, at the same time, the mind of the poet is often overborne, as it were, by the strength and novelty of its own conceptions; and thus the composition, as a whole, is liable to many and fatal objections. But there is a still more novel exhibition of Lord Byron's powers in this remarkable drama. He has here burst into the world of spirits; and, in the wild delight with which the elements of nature seem to have inspired him, he has endeavoured to embody and call up before him their ministering agents, and to employ these wild personifications, as he formerly employed the feelings and passions of man. We are not prepared to say, that, in this daring attempt, he has completely succeeded. We are inclined to think, that the plan he has conceived, and the principal character which he has wished to delineate, would require a fuller developement than is here given to them; and, accordingly, a sense of imperfection, incompleteness, and confusion accompanies the mind throughout the perusal of the poem, owing either to some failure on the part of the poet, or to the inherent mystery of the subject. But though, on that account, it is difficult to comprehend distinctly the drift of the composition, it unquestionably exhibits many noble delineations of mountain scenery,—many impressive and terrible pictures of passion,—and many wild and awful visions of imaginary horror." *Wilson.*—L. E.

(1) In the original MS.—
"Eternal Agency!
Ye spirits of the immortal universe!"—L. E.

(2) In the MS.
"Of inaccessible mountains are the haunts."—L. E.

(3) In the MS.—
"Which is fit for my pavilion."—L. E.

Around his waist are forests braced,
The avalanche in his hand;
But ere it fall, that thundering ball
Must pause for my command.
The glacier's cold and restless mass
Moves onward day by day;
But I am he who bids it pass,
Or with its ice delay. (1)
I am the spirit of the place,
Could make the mountain bow
And quiver to his cavern'd base—
And what with me wouldst *thou?*

Voice of the THIRD SPIRIT.

In the blue depth of the waters,
Where the wave hath no strife,
Where the wind is a stranger,
And the sea-snake hath life,
Where the mermaid is decking
Her green hair with shells;
Like the storm on the surface
Came the sound of thy spells;
O'er my calm hall of coral
The deep echo roll'd—
To the Spirit of Ocean
Thy wishes unfold!

FOURTH SPIRIT.

Where the slumbering earthquake
Lies pillow'd on fire,
And the lakes of bitumen
Rise boilingly higher;
Where the roots of the Andes
Strike deep in the earth,
As their summits to heaven
Shoot soaringly forth;
I have quitted my birth-place
Thy bidding to bide—
Thy spell hath subdued me,
Thy will be my guide!

FIFTH SPIRIT.

I am the rider of the wind,
The stirrer of the storm;
The hurricane I left behind
Is yet with lightning warm;
To speed to thee, o'er shore and sea
I swept upon the blast:
The fleet I met sail'd well, and yet
'Twill sink ere night be past.

SIXTH SPIRIT.

My dwelling is the shadow of the night,
Why doth thy magic torture me with light?

SEVENTH SPIRIT.

The star which rules thy destiny
Was ruled, ere earth began, by me:
It was a world as fresh and fair
As e'er revolved round sun in air;
Its course was free and regular,
Space bosom'd not a lovelier star.
The hour arrived—and it became
A wandering mass of shapeless flame,
A pathless comet, and a curse,
The menace of the universe;
Still rolling on with innate force,
Without a sphere, without a course,
A bright deformity on high,
The monster of the upper sky!
And thou! beneath its influence born—
Thou worm! whom I obey and scorn—
Forced by a power (which is not thine,
And lent thee but to make thee mine)
For this brief moment to descend,
Where these weak spirits round thee bend,
And parley with a thing like thee—
What wouldst thou, child of clay! with me?

THE SEVEN SPIRITS.

Earth, ocean, air, night, mountains, winds, thy star,
Are at thy beck and bidding, child of clay!
Before thee at thy quest their spirits are—
What wouldst thou with us, son of mortals—say?

Man. Forgetfulness——
First Spirit. Of what—of whom—and why?
Man. Of that which is within me; read it there—
Ye know it, and I cannot utter it.
Spirit. We can but give thee that which we possess:
Ask of us subjects, sovereignty, the power
O'er earth, the whole, or portion; or a sign
Which shall control the elements, whereof
We are the dominators, each and all—
These shall be thine.
Man. Oblivion, self-oblivion—
Can ye not wring from out the hidden realms,
Ye offer so profusely, what I ask?
Spirit. It is not in our essence, in our skill;
But—thou mayst die.
Man. Will death bestow it on me?
Spirit. We are immortal, and do not forget;
We are eternal, and to us the past
Is, as the future, present. Art thou answer'd?
Man. Ye mock me—but the power which brought ye here
Hath made you mine. Slaves, scoff not at my will!
The mind, the spirit, the Promethean spark,
The lightning of my being, is as bright,
Pervading, and far-darting as your own,
And shall not yield to yours, though coop'd in clay!
Answer, or I will teach you what I am.
Spirit. We answer as we answer'd; our reply
Is even in thine own words.
Man. Why say ye so?
Spirit. If, as thou say'st, thine essence be as ours,
We have replied in telling thee, the thing
Mortals call death hath nought to do with us.
Man. I then have call'd ye from your realms in vain;
Ye cannot, or ye will not, aid me.
Spirit. Say—
What we possess we offer; it is thine:
Bethink ere thou dismiss us, ask again—
Kingdom, and sway, and strength, and length of days——
Man. Accursed! what have I to do with days?
They are too long already.—Hence—begone!
Spirit. Yet pause: being here, our will would do thee service;
Bethink thee, is there then no other gift
Which we can make not worthless in thine eyes?
Man. No, none: yet stay—one moment, ere we part—
I would behold ye face to face. I hear

(1) In the MS.—
"Or makes its ice delay."—L. E.

Your voices, sweet and melancholy sounds,
As music on the waters; and I see
The steady aspect of a clear large star;
But nothing more. Approach me as ye are,
Or one, or all, in your accustom'd forms.

Spirit. We have no forms, beyond the elements
Of which we are the mind and principle:
But choose a form—in that we will appear.

Man. I have no choice; there is no form on earth
Hideous or beautiful to me. Let him,
Who is most powerful of ye, take such aspect
As unto him may seem most fitting—Come!

Seventh Spirit. (*Appearing in the shape of a beautiful female figure.*) Behold!

Man. Oh God! if it be thus, and *thou*
Art not a madness and a mockery,
I yet might be most happy. I will clasp thee,
And we again will be—— [*The figure vanishes.*
My heart is crush'd!
[MANFRED *falls senseless.*

A Voice is heard in the Incantation which follows. (1)

When the moon is on the wave,
And the glow-worm in the grass,
And the meteor on the grave,
And the wisp on the morass; (2)
When the falling stars are shooting,
And the answer'd owls are hooting,
And the silent leaves are still
In the shadow of the hill,
Shall my soul be upon thine,
With a power and with a sign.

Though thy slumber may be deep,
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep;
There are shades which will not vanish,
There are thoughts thou canst not banish;
By a power to thee unknown,
Thou canst never be alone;
Thou art wrapt as with a shroud,
Thou art gather'd in a cloud;
And for ever shalt thou dwell
In the spirit of this spell.

Though thou seest me not pass by,
Thou shalt feel me with thine eye
As a thing that, though unseen,
Must be near thee, and hath been;
And when in that secret dread
Thou hast turn'd around thy head,
Thou shalt marvel I am not
As thy shadow on the spot,
And the power which thou dost feel
Shall be what thou must conceal.

And a magic voice and verse
Hath baptized thee with a curse;
And a spirit of the air
Hath begirt thee with a snare;
In the wind there is a voice
Shall forbid thee to rejoice;
And to thee shall Night deny
All the quiet of her sky;
And the day shall have a sun,
Which shall make thee wish it done.

From thy false tears I did distil
An essence which hath strength to kill;
From thy own heart I then did wring
The black blood in its blackest spring;
From thy own smile I snatch'd the snake,
For there it coil'd as in a brake;
From thy own lip I drew the charm
Which gave all these their chiefest harm;
In proving every poison known,
I found the strongest was thine own.

By thy cold breast and serpent smile,
By thy unfathom'd gulfs of guile,
By that most seeming virtuous eye,
By thy shut soul's hypocrisy;
By the perfection of thine art,
Which pass'd for human thine own heart;
By thy delight in others' pain,
And by thy brotherhood of Cain,
I call upon thee! and compel (3)
Thyself to be thy proper hell!

And on thy head I pour the vial
Which doth devote thee to this trial;
Nor to slumber, nor to die,
Shall be in thy destiny;
Though thy death shall still seem near
To thy wish, but as a fear;
Lo! the spell now works around thee,
And the clankless chain hath bound thee;
O'er thy heart and brain together
Hath the word been pass'd—Now wither!

SCENE II.

The Mountain of the Jungfrau.—Time, Morning.— MANFRED *alone upon the Cliffs.*

Man. The spirits I have raised abandon me—
The spells which I have studied baffle me—
The remedy I reck'd of tortured me;
I lean no more on super-human aid,
It hath no power upon the past, and for
The future, till the past be gulf'd in darkness,
It is not of my search.—My mother Earth!
And thou fresh-breaking Day, and you, ye Mountains,
Why are ye beautiful? I cannot love ye.
And thou, the bright eye of the universe,

(1) These verses were writen in Switzerland, in 1816, and transmitted to England for publication, with the third canto of *Childe Harold.* "As they were written," says Mr. Moore, "immediately after the last fruitless attempt at reconciliation, it is needless to say who was in the poet's thoughts while he penned some of the opening stanzas."—L. E.

(2) "And the *wisp* on the morass"—Hearing, in February, 1818, of a menaced version of *Manfred* by some Italian, Lord Byron wrote to his friend Mr. Hoppner—"If you have any means of communicating with the man, would you permit me to convey to him the offer of any price he may obtain, or think to obtain, for his project, provided he will throw his translation into the fire, and promise not to undertake any other of that, or any other of my things? I will send him his money immediately, on this condition." A negotiation was accordingly set on foot, and the translator, on receiving two hundred francs, delivered up his manuscript, and engaged never to translate any other of the poet's works. Of his qualifications for the task some notion may be formed from the fact, that he had turned the word "wisp," in this line, into "a bundle of straw."—L. E.

(3) In the MS.—

"I do adjure thee to this spell."—L. E.

That openest over all, and unto all
Art a delight—thou shinest not on my heart.
And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme edge
I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath
Behold the tall pines dwindled as to shrubs
In dizziness of distance; when a leap,
A stir, a motion, even a breath, would bring
My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed
To rest for ever—wherefore do I pause?
I feel the impulse—yet I do not plunge;
I see the peril—yet do not recede;
And my brain reels—and yet my foot is firm:
There is a power upon me which withholds,
And makes it my fatality to live;
If it be life to wear within myself
This barrenness of spirit, and to be
My own soul's sepulchre, for I have ceased
To justify my deeds unto myself—
The last infirmity of evil. Ay,
Thou winged and cloud-cleaving minister,
[*An eagle passes.*
Whose happy flight is highest into heaven,
Well mayst thou swoop so near me—I should be
Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets: thou art gone
Where the eye cannot follow thee; but thine
Yet pierces downward, onward, or above,
With a pervading vision.—Beautiful!
How beautiful is all this visible world!
How glorious in its action and itself!
But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,
Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
To sink or soar, with our mix'd essence make
A conflict of its elements, and breathe
The breath of degradation and of pride,
Contending with low wants and lofty will,
Till our mortality predominates,
And men are—what they name not to themselves,
And trust not to each other. Hark! the note,
[*The shepherd's pipe in the distance is heard.*
The natural music of the mountain-reed—
For here the patriarchal days are not
A pastoral fable—pipes in the liberal air,
Mix'd with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd;(1)
My soul would drink those echoes.—Oh, that I were
The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
A living voice, a breathing harmony,
A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying
With the blest tone which made me!

Enter, from below, a CHAMOIS HUNTER.

Chamois Hunter. Even so
This way the chamois leap'd: her nimble feet
Have baffled me; my gains to-day will scarce
Repay my break-neck travail.—What is here?
Who seems not of my trade, and yet hath reach'd
A height which none even of our mountaineers,
Save our best hunters, may attain: his garb
Is goodly, his mien manly, and his air
Proud as a free-born peasant's, at this distance—
I will approach him nearer.

Man. (*not perceiving the other.*) To be thus—
Grey-hair'd with anguish, (2) like these blasted pines,
Wrecks of a single winter, barkless, branchless, (3)
A blighted trunk upon a cursed root,
Which but supplies a feeling to decay—
And to be thus, eternally but thus,
Having been otherwise! Now furrow'd o'er
With wrinkles, plough'd by moments, not by years
And hours—all tortured into ages—hours
Which I outlive!—Ye toppling crags of ice!
Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down
In mountainous o'erwhelming, come and crush me!
I hear ye momently above, beneath,
Crash with a frequent conflict; (4) but ye pass,
And only fall on things that still would live;
On the young flourishing forest, or the hut
And hamlet of the harmless villager.

C. Hun. The mists begin to rise from up the valley;
I'll warn him to descend, or he may chance
To lose at once his way and life together.

Man. The mists boil up around the glaciers; clouds
Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury,
Like foam from the roused ocean of deep hell, (5)
Whose every wave breaks on a living shore,
Heap'd with the damn'd like pebbles—I am giddy. (6)

C. Hun. I must approach him cautiously; if near,
A sudden step will startle him, and he
Seems tottering already.

(1) The germs of this, and of several other passages in *Manfred*, may be found in the Journal of his Swiss tour, which Lord Byron transmitted to his sister: *e. g.* "Sept. 19.—Arrived at a lake in the very bosom of the mountains; left our quadrupeds, and ascended further; came to some snow in patches, upon which my forehead's perspiration fell like rain, making the same dents as in a sieve; the chill of the wind and the snow turned me giddy, but I scrambled on and upwards. Hobhouse went to the highest pinnacle. The whole of the mountains superb. A shepherd on a steep and very high cliff, playing upon his *pipe*; very different from Arcadia. The music of the cows' *bells* (for their wealth, like the patriarchs', is cattle) in the pastures, which reach to a height far above any mountains in Britain, and the shepherds shouting to us from crag to crag, and playing on their reeds where the steeps appeared almost inaccessible, with the surrounding scenery, realized all that I have ever heard or imagined of a pastoral existence—much more so than Greece or Asia Minor; for there we are a little too much of the sabre and musket order, and if there is a crook in one hand, you are sure to see a gun in the other: but this was pure and unmixed—solitary, savage, and *patriarcnal*. As we went, they played the 'Ranz des Vaches' and other airs, by way of farewell. I have lately repeopled my mind with nature."—L. E.

(2) See the opening lines to the *Prisoner of Chillon*, antè, p. 278. Speaking of Marie Antoinette, "I was struck," says Madame Campan, "with the astonishing change misfortune had wrought upon her features: her whole head of hair had turned almost white, during her transit from Varennes to Paris." The same thing occurred to the unfortunate Queen Mary. "With calm but undaunted fortitude," says her historian, "she laid her neck upon the block; and while one executioner held her hands, the other, at the second stroke, cut off her head, which, falling out of its attire, discovered her hair, already grown quite grey with cares and sorrows." The hair of Mary's grandson, Charles I., turned quite grey, in like manner, during his stay at Carisbrooke.—L. E.

(3) "Passed whole woods of *withered pines*, all withered,—trunks stripped and barkless, branches lifeless; done by a *single winter:* their appearance reminded me of me and my family." *Swiss Journal.*—L. E.

(4) "Ascended the Wengen mountain; left the horses, took off my coat, and went to the summit. On one side, our view comprised the Jungfrau, with all her glaciers; then the Dent d'Argent, shining like truth; then the Little Giant, and the Great Giant; and last, not least, the Wetterhorn. The height of the Jungfrau is thirteen thousand feet above the sea, and eleven thousand above the valley. Heard the avalanches falling every five minutes nearly." *Swiss Journal.*—L. E.

(5) In the MS —

"Like foam from the roused ocean of *old* Hell."—L. E.

(6) "The clouds rose from the opposite valley, curling up perpendicular precipices, like the *foam* of the *ocean of*

Man. Mountains have fallen,
Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the shock
Rocking their Alpine brethren; filling up
The ripe green valleys with destruction's splinters;
Damming the rivers with a sudden dash,
Which crush'd the waters into mist, and made
Their fountains find another channel—thus,
Thus, in its old age, did Mount Rosenberg—
Why stood I not beneath it?

C. Hun. Friend! have a care,
Your next step may be fatal!—for the love
Of him who made you, stand not on that brink!

Man. (*not hearing him.*) Such would have been for me a fitting tomb;
My bones had then been quiet in their depth;
They had not then been strewn upon the rocks
For the wind's pastime—as thus—thus they shall be—
In this one plunge.—Farewell, ye opening heavens!
Look not upon me thus reproachfully—
Ye were not meant for me—Earth! take these atoms!

[*As* Manfred *is in act to spring from the cliff, the* Chamois Hunter *seizes and retains him with a sudden grasp.*

C. Hun. Hold, madman!—though aweary of thy life,
Stain not our pure vales with thy guilty blood—
Away with me—I will not quit my hold.

Man. I am most sick at heart—nay, grasp me not—
I am all feebleness—the mountains whirl
Spinning around me—I grow blind—What art thou?

C. Hun. I'll answer that anon.—Away with me—
The clouds grow thicker—there—now lean on me—
Place your foot here—here, take this staff, and cling
A moment to that shrub—now give me your hand,
And hold fast by my girdle—softly—well—
The chalet will be gain'd within an hour—
Come on, we'll quickly find a surer footing,
And something like a pathway, which the torrent
Hath wash'd since winter.—Come, 't is bravely done—
You should have been a hunter.—Follow me.

[*As they descend the rocks with difficulty, the scene closes.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Cottage amongst the Bernese Alps.

Manfred *and the* Chamois Hunter.

C. Hun. No, no—yet pause—thou must not yet go forth:
Thy mind and body are alike unfit
To trust each other, for some hours at least;
When thou art better, I will be thy guide—
But whither?

Man. It imports not: I do know
My route full well, and need no further guidance.

C. Hun. Thy garb and gait bespeak thee of high lineage—
One of the many chiefs, whose castled crags
Look o'er the lower valleys—which of these
May call thee lord? I only know their portals;
My way of life leads me but rarely down
To bask by the huge hearths of those old halls,
Carousing with the vassals; but the paths,
Which step from out our mountains to their doors,
I know from childhood—which of these is thine?

Man. No matter.

C. Hun. Well, sir, pardon me the question,
And be of better cheer. Come, taste my wine;
'Tis of an ancient vintage; many a day
'T has thaw'd my veins among our glaciers, now
Let it do thus for thine—Come, pledge me fairly.

Man. Away, away! there's blood upon the brim!
Will it then never—never sink in the earth?

C. Hun. What dost thou mean? thy senses wander from thee.

Man. I say 't is blood—my blood! the pure warm stream
Which ran in the veins of my fathers, and in ours
When we were in our youth, and had one heart,
And loved each other as we should not love,
And this was shed: but still it rises up,
Colouring the clouds, that shut me out from heaven,
Where thou art not—and I shall never be.

C. Hun. Man of strange words, and some half-maddening sin,
Which makes thee people vacancy, whate'er
Thy dread and sufferance be, there's comfort yet—
The aid of holy men, and heavenly patience——

Man. Patience, and patience! Hence!—that word was made
For brutes of burthen, not for birds of prey;
Preach it to mortals of a dust like thine,—
I am not of thine order.

C. Hun. Thanks to heaven!
I would not be of thine for the free fame
Of William Tell; but whatsoe'er thine ill,
It must be borne, and these wild starts are useless.

Man. Do I not bear it?—Look on me—I live.

C. Hun. This is convulsion, and no healthful life.

Man. I tell thee, man! I have lived many years,
Many long years, but they are nothing now
To those which I must number: ages—ages—
Space and eternity—and consciousness,
With the fierce thirst of death—and still unslaked!

C. Hun. Why, on thy brow the seal of middle age
Hath scarce been set; I am thine elder far.

Man. Think'st thou existence doth depend on time?
It doth; but actions are our epochs: mine
Have made my days and nights imperishable,
Endless, and all alike, as sands on the shore,
Innumerable atoms; and one desert,
Barren and cold, on which the wild waves break,
But nothing rests, save carcasses and wrecks,
Rocks, and the salt-surf weeds of bitterness.

C. Hun. Alas! he 's mad—but yet I must not leave him.

Man. I would I were—for then the things I see
Would be but a distemper'd dream.

C. Hun. What is it
That thou dost see, or think thou look'st upon?

Man. Myself, and thee—a peasant of the Alps—
Thy humble virtues, hospitable home,

hell during a spring-tide—it was white and sulphury, and immeasurably deep in appearance. The side we ascended was not of so precipitous a nature; but on arriving at the summit we looked down upon the other side upon a boiling sea of cloud, dashing against the crags on which we stood—these crags on one side quite perpendicular. In passing the masses of snow, I made a snowball and pelted Hobhouse with it." *Swiss Journal.*—L. E.

And spirit patient, pious, proud, and free;
Thy self-respect, grafted on innocent thoughts;
Thy days of health, and nights of sleep; thy toils,
By danger dignified, yet guiltless; hopes
Of cheerful old age and a quiet grave,
With cross and garland over its green turf,
And thy grandchildren's love for epitaph;
This do I see—and then I look within—
It matters not—my soul was scorch'd already!

C. Hun. And wouldst thou then exchange thy lot for mine?

Man. No, friend! I would not wrong thee, nor exchange
My lot with living being: I can bear—
However wretchedly, 'tis still to bear—
In life what others could not brook to dream,
But perish in their slumber.

C. Hun. And with this—
This cautious feeling for another's pain,
Canst thou be black with evil?—say not so.
Can one of gentle thoughts have wreak'd revenge
Upon his enemies?

Man. Oh! no, no, no!
My injuries came down on those who loved me—
On those whom I best loved: I never quell'd
An enemy, save in my just defence—
But my embrace was fatal.

C. Hun. Heaven give thee rest!
And penitence restore thee to thyself;
My prayers shall be for thee.

Man. I need them not,
But can endure thy pity. I depart—
'Tis time—farewell!—Here's gold, and thanks for thee—
No words—it is thy due.—Follow me not—
I know my path—the mountain peril's past:
And once again, I charge thee, follow not!

[*Exit* MANFRED.

SCENE II.

A lower Valley in the Alps.—A Cataract. (1)

Enter MANFRED.

Man. It is not noon—the sunbow's rays(2) still arch
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,
And fling its lines of foaming light along,
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
The giant steed, to be bestrode by Death,
As told in the Apocalypse. (3) No eyes
But mine now drink this sight of loveliness;
I should be sole in this sweet solitude,
And with the spirit of the place divide
The homage of these waters.—I will call her.

[MANFRED *takes some of the water into the palm of his hand, and flings it in the air, muttering the adjuration. After a pause the* WITCH OF THE ALPS *rises beneath the arch of the sunbow of the torrent.*

Beautiful spirit! with thy hair of light,
And dazzling eyes of glory, in whose form
The charms of earth's least mortal daughters grow
To an unearthly stature, in an essence
Of purer elements; while the hues of youth,—
Carnation'd like a sleeping infant's cheek,
Rock'd by the beating of her mother's heart,
Or the rose tints, which summer's twilight leaves
Upon the lofty glacier's virgin snow,
The blush of earth embracing with her heaven,—
Tinge thy celestial aspect, and make tame
The beauties of the sunbow which bends o'er thee. (4)
Beautiful spirit! in thy calm clear brow,
Wherein is glass'd serenity of soul,
Which of itself shows immortality,
I read that thou wilt pardon to a son
Of earth, whom the abstruser powers permit
At times to commune with them—if that he
Avail him of his spells—to call thee thus,
And gaze on thee a moment.

Witch. Son of Earth!
I know thee, and the powers which give thee power;
I know thee for a man of many thoughts,
And deeds of good and ill, extreme in both,
Fatal and fated in thy sufferings.
I have expected this—what wouldst thou with me?

Man. To look upon thy beauty—nothing further.(5)

(1) "This scene is one of the most poetical and most sweetly written in the poem. There is a still and delicious witchery in the tranquillity and seclusion of the place, and the celestial beauty of the being who reveals herself in the midst of these visible enchantments." *Jeffrey.*—L. E.

(2) This iris is formed by the rays of the sun over the lower part of the Alpine torrents: it is exactly like a rainbow come down to pay a visit, and so close that you may walk into it: this effect lasts till noon.—["Before ascending the mountain, went to the torrent; the sun upon it, forming a *rainbow* of the lower part of all colours, but principally of purple and gold; the bow moving as you move: I never saw any thing like this; it is only in the sunshine." *Swiss Journal.*—L. E.

(3) "Arrived at the foot of the Jungfrau; glaciers; torrents: one of these torrents nine hundred feet in height of visible descent; heard an avalanche fall, like thunder; glaciers enormous; storm came on—thunder, lightning, hail; all in perfection, and beautiful. The torrent is in shape, curving over the rock, like the tail of a white horse streaming in the wind, such as it might be conceived would be that of the '*pale horse*' on which Death is mounted in the *Apocalypse*. It is neither mist nor water, but a something between both; its immense height gives it a wave or curve, a spreading here or condensation there, wonderful and indescribable." *Swiss Journal.*—L. E.

(4) "In all Lord Byron's heroes we recognise, though with infinite modifications, the same great characteristics—a high and audacious conception of the power of the mind—an intense sensibibility of passion,—an almost boundless capacity of tumultuous emotion,—a haunting admiration of the grandeur of disordered power,—and, above all, a soul-felt, blood-felt, delight in beauty. *Parisina* is full of it to overflowing; it breathes from every page of the *Prisoner of Chillon;* but it is in *Manfred* that it riots and revels among the streams, and waterfalls, and groves, and mountains, and heavens. There is in the character of Manfred more of the self-might of Byron than in all his previous productions. He has therein brought, with wonderful power, metaphysical conceptions into forms,—and we know of no poem in which the aspect of external nature is throughout lighted up with an expression at once so beautiful, solemn, and majestic. It is the poem, next to *Childe Harold*, which we should give to a foreigner to read, that he might know something of Byron. Shakspeare has given to those abstractions of human life and being, which are truth in the intellect, forms as full, clear, glowing, as the idealised forms of visible nature. The very words of Ariel picture to us his beautiful being. In *Manfred* we see glorious but immature manifestations of similar power. The poet there creates, with delight, thoughts and feelings and fancies into visible forms, that he may cling and cleave to them, and clasp them in his passion. The beautiful Witch of the Alps seems exhaled from the luminous spray of the cataract,—as if the poet's eyes, unsated with the beauty of inanimate nature, gave spectral apparitions of loveliness to feed the pure passion of the poet's soul." *Wilson.*—L. E.

(5) "There is something exquisitely beautiful in all this

The face of the earth hath madden'd me, and I
Take refuge in her mysteries, and pierce
To the abodes of those who govern her—
But they can nothing aid me. I have sought
From them what they could not bestow, and now
I search no further.

Witch. What could be the quest
Which is not in the power of the most powerful,
The rulers of the invisible?

Man. A boon;
But why should I repeat it? 'twere in vain.

Witch. I know not that; let thy lips utter it.

Man. Well, though it torture me, 'tis but the same;
My pang shall find a voice. From my youth upwards
My spirit walk'd not with the souls of men,
Nor look'd upon the earth with human eyes;
The thirst of their ambition was not mine,
The aim of their existence was not mine;
My joys, my griefs, my passions, and my powers,
Made me a stranger; though I wore the form,
I had no sympathy with breathing flesh,
Nor 'midst the creatures of clay that girded me
Was there but one who——but of her anon.
I said with men, and with the thoughts of men,
I held but slight communion; but instead,
My joy was in the wilderness, to breathe
The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,
Where the birds dare not build, nor insect's wing
Flit o'er the herbless granite; or to plunge
Into the torrent, and to roll along
On the swift whirl of the new-breaking wave
Of river-stream, or ocean, in their flow;
In these my early strength exulted; or
To follow through the night the moving moon,
The stars and their developement; or catch
The dazzling lightnings till my eyes grew dim;
Or to look, list'ning, on the scatter'd leaves,
While autumn winds were at their evening song:
These were my pastimes, and to be alone;
For if the beings, of whom I was one,—
Hating to be so,—cross'd me in my path,
I felt myself degraded back to them,
And was all clay again. And then I dived,
In my lone wanderings, to the caves of death,
Searching its cause in its effect; and drew
From wither'd bones, and skulls, and heap'd-up dust,
Conclusions most forbidden. Then I pass'd
The nights of years in sciences untaught,
Save in the old time; and with time and toil,
And terrible ordeal, and such penance
As in itself hath power upon the air,
And spirits that do compass air and earth,
Space, and the peopled infinite, I made
Mine eyes familiar with eternity,
Such as, before me, did the Magi, and
He who from out their fountain-dwellings raised
Eros and Anteros, (1) at Gadara,
As I do thee;—and with my knowledge grew
The thirst of knowledge, and the power and joy
Of this most bright intelligence, until—

Witch. Proceed.

Man. Oh! I but thus prolong'd my words,
Boasting these idle attributes, because
As I approach the core of my heart's grief—
But to my task. I have not named to thee
Father or mother, mistress, friend, or being,
With whom I wore the chain of human ties;
If I had such, they seem'd not such to me—
Yet there was one—

Witch. Spare not thyself—proceed.

Man. She was like me in lineaments—her eyes,
Her hair, her features, all, to the very tone
Even of her voice, they said were like to mine;
But soften'd all, and temper'd into beauty;
She had the same lone thoughts and wanderings,
The quest of hidden knowledge, and a mind
To comprehend the universe: nor these
Alone, but with them gentler powers than mine,
Pity, and smiles, and tears—which I had not;
And tenderness—but that I had for her;
Humility—and that I never had.
Her faults were mine—her virtues were her own—
I loved her, and destroy'd her!

Witch. With thy hand?

Man. Not with my hand, but heart—which broke her heart—
It gazed on mine, and wither'd. I have shed
Blood, but not hers—and yet her blood was shed—
I saw—and could not stanch it. (2)

Witch. And for this,—
A being of the race thou dost despise,
The order which thine own would rise above,

passage; and both the apparition and the dialogue are so managed, that the sense of their improbability is swallowed up in that of their beauty; and, without actually believing that such spirits exist or communicate themselves, we feel for the moment as if we stood in their presence." *Jeffrey*.—L. E.

(1) The philosopher Jamblicus. The story of the raising of Eros and Anteros may be found in his life by Eunapius. It is well told.—["It is reported of him," says Eunapius, "that while he and his scholars were bathing in the hot baths of Gadara in Syria, a dispute arising concerning the baths, he, smiling, ordered his disciples to ask the inhabitants by what names the two lesser springs, that were nearer and handsomer than the rest, were called. To which the inhabitants replied, that 'the one was called Eros, and the other Anteros, but for what reason they knew not.' Upon which Jamblicus, sitting by one of the springs, put his hand in the water, and, muttering some few words to himself, called up a fair-complexioned-boy, with gold-coloured locks dangling from his back and breast, so that he looked like one that was washing: and then, going to the other spring, and doing as he had done before, called up another Cupid, with darker and more dishevelled hair: upon which both the Cupids clung about Jamblicus; but he presently sent them back to their proper places. After this, his friends submitted their belief to him in every thing."—L. E.

(2) "There has always been, from the first publication of *Manfred*, a strange misapprehension with respect to it in the public mind. The whole poem has been misunderstood, and the odious supposition, that ascribes the fearful mystery and remorse of the hero to a foul passion for his sister, is probably one of those coarse imaginations which have grown out of the calumnies and accusations heaped upon the author. How can it have happened, that none of the critics have noticed that the story is derived from the human sacrifices supposed to have been in use among the students of the black art? Human sacrifices were supposed to be among the initiate propitiations of the demons that have their purposes in magic—as well as compacts signed with the blood of the self-sold. There was also a dark Egyptian art, of which the knowledge and the efficacy could only be obtained by the noviciate's procuring a voluntary victim—the dearest object to himself, and to whom he also was the dearest; and the primary spring of Byron's tragedy lies, I conceive, in a sacrifice of that kind having been performed, without obtaining that happiness which the votary expected would be found in the knowledge and power purchased at such a price. His sister was sacrificed in vain. The manner of the sacrifice is not divulged, but it is darkly insinuated to have been done amidst the perturbations of something horrible." *Galt*.—P. E.

Mingling with us and ours,—thou dost forego
The gifts of our great knowledge, and shrink'st back
To recreant mortality—Away!

Man. Daughter of Air! I tell thee, since that hour—
But words are breath—look on me in my sleep,
Or watch my watchings—Come and sit by me!
My solitude is solitude no more,
But peopled with the Furies. I have gnash'd
My teeth in darkness till returning morn,
Then cursed myself till sunset;—I have pray'd
For madness as a blessing—'t is denied me.
I have affronted death—but in the war
Of elements the waters shrunk from me,
And fatal things pass'd harmless—the cold hand
Of an all-pitiless demon held me back,
Back by a single hair, which would not break.
In fantasy, imagination, all
The affluence of my soul—which one day was
A Crœsus in creation—I plunged deep,
But, like an ebbing wave, it dash'd me back
Into the gulf of my unfathom'd thought.
I plunged amidst mankind—Forgetfulness
I sought in all, save where 't is to be found,
And that I have to learn—my sciences,
My long-pursued and superhuman art,
Is mortal here—I dwell in my despair—
And live—and live for ever.

Witch. It may be
That I can aid thee.

Man. To do this, thy power
Must wake the dead, or lay me low with them.
Do so—in any shape—in any hour—
With any torture—so it be the last.

Witch. That is not in my province; but if thou
Wilt swear obedience to my will, and do
My bidding, it may help thee to thy wishes.

Man. I will not swear—Obey! and whom? the spirits
Whose presence I command, and be the slave
Of those who served me—Never!

Witch. Is this all?
Hast thou no gentler answer?—Yet bethink thee,
And pause ere thou rejectest.

Man. I have said it.

Witch. Enough!—I may retire then—say!

Man. Retire!

[*The* Witch *disappears.*

Man. (*alone.*) We are the fools of time and terror: days
Steal on us and steal from us; yet we live,
Loathing our life, and dreading still to die.
In all the days of this detested yoke—
This vital weight upon the struggling heart,
Which sinks with sorrow, or beats quick with pain,
Or joy that ends in agony or faintness—
In all the days of past and future, for
In life there is no present, we can number
How few—how less than few—wherein the soul
Forbears to pant for death, and yet draws back
As from a stream in winter, though the chill
Be but a moment's. I have one resource
Still in my science—I can call the dead,
And ask them what it is we dread to be:
The sternest answer can but be the Grave,
And that is nothing—if they answer not—
The buried prophet answer'd to the Hag
Of Endor;(1) and the Spartan monarch drew
From the Byzantine maid's unsleeping spirit
An answer, and his destiny—he slew
That which he loved, unknowing what he slew,
And died unpardon'd—though he call'd in aid
The Phyxian Jove, and in Phigalia roused
The Arcadian evocators to compel
The indignant shadow to depose her wrath,
Or fix her term of vengeance—she replied
In words of dubious import, but fulfill'd.(2)
If I had never lived, that which I love
Had still been living; had I never loved,
That which I love would still be beautiful—
Happy and giving happiness. What is she?
What is she now?—a sufferer for my sins—
A thing I dare not think upon—or nothing.
Within few hours I shall not call in vain—
Yet in this hour I dread the thing I dare:
Until this hour I never shrunk to gaze
On spirit, good or evil—now I tremble,
And feel a strange cold thaw upon my heart;
But I can act even what I most abhor,
And champion human fears.—The night approaches.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Summit of the Jungfrau Mountain.

Enter First Destiny.

First Des. The moon is rising broad, and round, and bright;
And here on snows, where never human foot
Of common mortal trod, we nightly tread,
And leave no traces; o'er the savage sea,
The glassy ocean of the mountain ice,
We skim its rugged breakers, which put on
The aspect of a tumbling tempest's foam,
Frozen in a moment(3)—a dead whirlpool's image:
And this most steep fantastic pinnacle,

(1) See *antè*, p. 257, *n.*—L. E.

(2) The story of Pausanias, king of Sparta (who commanded the Greeks at the battle of Platea, and afterwards perished for an attempt to betray the Lacedæmonians), and Cleonice, is told in Plutarch's life of Cimon, and in the Laconics of Pausanias the sophist, in his description of Greece.—[The following is the passage from *Plutarch*:—"It is related, that when Pausanias was at Byzantium, he cast his eyes upon a young virgin named Cleonice, of a noble family there, and insisted on having her for a mistress. The parents, intimidated by his power, were under the hard necessity of giving up their daughter. The young woman begged that the light might be taken out of his apartments, that she might go to his bed in secrecy and silence. When she entered he was asleep, and she unfortunately stumbled upon the candlestick, and threw it down. The noise waked him suddenly, and he, in his confusion, thinking it was an enemy coming to assassinate him, unsheathed a dagger that lay by him, and plunged it into the virgin's heart. After this, he could never rest. Her image appeared to him every night, and with a menacing tone repeated this heroic verse:

'Go to the fate which pride and lust prepare.'

The allies, highly incensed at this infamous action, joined Cimon to besiege him in Byzantium. But he found means to escape thence; and, as he was still haunted by the spectre, he is said to have applied to a temple at Heraclea, where the manes of the dead were consulted. There he invoked the spirit of Cleonice, and entreated her pardon. She appeared, and told him 'he would soon be delivered from all his troubles, after his return to Sparta:' in which, it seems, his death was enigmatically foretold. These particulars we have from many historians."—*Langhorne's Plutarch*, vol. iii. p. 279. "Thus we find," adds the translator, "that it was a custom in the Pagan as well as in the Hebrew theology, to conjure up the spirits of the dead; and that the witch of Endor was not the only witch in the world."—L. E.

(3) "Came to a morass; Hobhouse dismounted to get

The fretwork of some earthquake—where the clouds
Pause to repose themselves in passing by—
Is sacred to our revels, or our vigils;
Here do I wait my sisters, on our way
To the hall of Arimanes, for to-night
Is our great festival—'t is strange they come not.

A Voice without, singing.

The captive usurper,
Hurl'd down from the throne,
Lay buried in torpor,
Forgotten and lone;
I broke through his slumbers,
I shiver'd his chain,
I leagued him with numbers—
He's tyrant again!
With the blood of a million he'll answer my care,
With a nation's destruction—his flight and despair.

Second Voice, without.

The ship sail'd on, the ship sail'd fast,
But I left not a sail, and I left not a mast;
There is not a plank of the hull or the deck,
And there is not a wretch to lament o'er his wreck;
Save one, whom I held, as he swam, by the hair,
And he was a subject well worthy my care;
A traitor on land, and a pirate at sea—
But I saved him to wreak further havoc for me!

First Destiny, *answering.*

The city lies sleeping;
The morn, to deplore it,
May dawn on it weeping:
Sullenly, slowly,
The black plague flew o'er it—
Thousands lie lowly;
Tens of thousands shall perish—
The living shall fly from
The sick they should cherish;
But nothing can vanquish
The touch that they die from.
Sorrow and anguish,
And evil and dread,
Envelop a nation—
The blest are the dead,
Who see not the sight
Of their own desolation—
This work of a night—
This wreck of a realm—this deed of my doing—
For ages I've done, and shall still be renewing!

Enter the Second *and* Third Destinies.

The Three.

Our hands contain the hearts of men,
Our footsteps are their graves;
We only give to take again
The spirits of our slaves!

First Des. Welcome!—Where's Nemesis?
Second Des. At some great work;
But what I know not, for my hands were full.
Third Des. Behold! she cometh.

Enter Nemesis.

First Des. Say, where hast thou been?
My sisters and thyself are slow to-night.
Nem. I was detain'd repairing shatter'd thrones,
Marrying fools, restoring dynasties,
Avenging men upon their enemies,
And making them repent their own revenge;
Goading the wise to madness; from the dull
Shaping out oracles to rule the world
Afresh, for they were waxing out of date,
And mortals dared to ponder for themselves,
To weigh kings in the balance, and to speak
Of freedom, the forbidden fruit.—Away!
We have outstay'd the hour—mount we our clouds! (1)
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Hall of Arimanes—Arimanes on his Throne, a Globe of Fire, surrounded by the Spirits.

Hymn of the Spirits.

Hail to our master!—Prince of earth and air!
Who walks the clouds and waters—in his hand
The sceptre of the elements, which tear
Themselves to chaos at his high command!
He breatheth—and a tempest shakes the sea;
He speaketh—and the clouds reply in thunder;
He gazeth—from his glance the sunbeams flee;
He moveth—earthquakes rend the world asunder.
Beneath his footsteps the volcanos rise;
His shadow is the pestilence; his path
The comets herald through the crackling skies; (2)
And planets turn to ashes at his wrath.
To him War offers daily sacrifice;
To him Death pays his tribute; Life is his,
With all its infinite of agonies—
And his the spirit of whatever is!

Enter the Destinies *and* Nemesis.

First Des. Glory to Arimanes! on the earth
His power increaseth—both my sisters did
His bidding, nor did I neglect my duty!
Second Des. Glory to Arimanes! we who bow
The necks of men, bow down before his throne.
Third Des. Glory to Arimanes! we await
His nod!
Nem. Sovereign of sovereigns! we are thine,
And all that liveth, more or less, is ours;
And most things wholly so; still to increase
Our power, increasing thine, demands our care,
And we are vigilant—Thy late commands
Have been fulfill'd to the utmost.

Enter Manfred.

A Spirit. What is here?
A mortal!—Thou most rash and fatal wretch,
Bow down and worship!
Second Spirit. I do know the man—
A Magian of great power, and fearful skill!
Third Spirit. Bow down and worship, slave!—
What, know'st thou not

over well; I tried to pass my horse over; the horse sunk up to the chin, and of course he and I were in the mud together; bemired, but not hurt; laughed and rode on. Arrived at the Grindenwald; mounted again, and rode to the higher glacier—like *a frozen hurricane.*" *Swiss Journal.*—L. E.]

(1) "This we think is out of place at least, if not out of character; and though the author may tell us that human calamities are naturally subjects of derision to the ministers of vengeance, yet we cannot be persuaded that satirical and political allusions are at all compatible with the feelings and impressions which it was here his business to maintain." *Jeffrey.*—L. E.

(2) In the MS.—

"The comets herald through the { crackling / burning } skies."—L. E.

Thine and our sovereign?—Tremble, and obey!
All the Spirits. Prostrate thyself, and thy condemned clay,
Child of the Earth! or dread the worst.
Man. I know it,
And yet, ye see, I kneel not.
Fourth Spirit. 'Twill be taught thee.
Man. 'Tis taught already;—many a night on the earth,
On the bare ground, have I bow'd down my face,
And strew'd my head with ashes; I have known
The fulness of humiliation, for
I sunk before my vain despair, and knelt
To my own desolation.
Fifth Spirit. Dost thou dare
Refuse to Arimanes on his throne
What the whole earth accords, beholding not
The terror of his glory?—Crouch! I say.
Man. Bid *him* bow down to that which is above him,
The overruling Infinite—the Maker,
Who made him not for worship—let him kneel,
And we will kneel together.
The Spirits. Crush the worm!
Tear him in pieces!—
First Des. Hence! avaunt!—he's mine.
Prince of the powers invisible! this man
Is of no common order, as his port
And presence here denote; his sufferings
Have been of an immortal nature, like
Our own; his knowledge, and his powers and will,
As far as is compatible with clay,
Which clogs the ethereal essence, have been such
As clay hath seldom borne; his aspirations
Have been beyond the dwellers of the earth,
And they have only taught him what we know—
That knowledge is not happiness, and science
But an exchange of ignorance for that
Which is another kind of ignorance.
This is not all—the passions, attributes
Of earth and heaven, from which no power, nor being,
Nor breath, from the worm upwards, is exempt,
Have pierced his heart; and in their consequence
Made him a thing, which I, who pity not,
Yet pardon those who pity. He is mine,
And thine, it may be—be it so, or not,
No other spirit in this region hath
A soul like his—or power upon his soul.
Nem. What doth he here, then?
First Des. Let him answer that.
Man. Ye know what I have known; and without
I could not be amongst ye: but there are [power
Powers deeper still beyond—I come in quest
Of such, to answer unto what I seek.
Nem. What wouldst thou?
Man. Thou canst not reply to me.
Call up the dead—my question is for them.
Nem. Great Arimanes, doth thy will avouch
The wishes of this mortal?
Ari. Yea.
Nem. Whom wouldst thou
Uncharnel?
Man. One without a tomb—call up
Astarte.

NEMESIS.

Shadow! or spirit!
Whatever thou art,
Which still doth inherit
The whole or a part
Of the form of thy birth,
Of the mould of thy clay,
Which return'd to the earth,
Re-appear to the day!
Bear what thou borest,
The heart and the form,
And the aspect thou worest
Redeem from the worm.
Appear!—Appear!—Appear!
Who sent thee there requires thee here!

[*The Phantom of* ASTARTE *rises, and stands in the midst.*

Man. Can this be death? there's bloom upon her
But now I see it is no living hue, [cheek;
But a strange hectic—like the unnatural red
Which Autumn plants upon the perish'd leaf.
It is the same! Oh, God! that I should dread
To look upon the same—Astarte!—No,
I cannot speak to her—but bid her speak—
Forgive me or condemn me.

NEMESIS.

By the power which hath broken
The grave which enthrall'd thee,
Speak to him who hath spoken,
Or those who have call'd thee!

Man. She is silent,
And in that silence I am more than answer'd.
Nem. My power extends no further. Prince of air!
It rests with thee alone—command her voice.
Ari. Spirit—obey this sceptre!
Nem. Silent still!
She is not of our order, but belongs
To the other powers. Mortal! thy quest is vain
And we are baffled also.
Man. Hear me, hear me—
Astarte! my beloved! speak to me:
I have so much endured—so much endure—
Look on me! the grave hath not changed thee more
Than I am changed for thee. Thou lovedst me
Too much, as I loved thee: we were not made
To torture thus each other, though it were
The deadliest sin to love as we have loved.
Say that thou loathest me not—that I do bear
This punishment for both—that thou wilt be
One of the blessed—and that I shall die;
For hitherto all hateful things conspire
To bind me in existence—in a life
Which makes me shrink from immortality—
A future like the past. I cannot rest.
I know not what I ask, nor what I seek:
I feel but what thou art—and what I am;
And I would hear, yet once before I perish,
The voice which was my music—Speak to me!
For I have call'd on thee in the still night,
Startled the slumbering birds from the hush'd boughs,
And woke the mountain wolves, and made the caves
Acquainted with thy vainly-echoed name,
Which answer'd me—many things answer'd me—
Spirits and men—but thou wert silent all.
Yet speak to me! I have outwatch'd the stars,
And gazed o'er heaven in vain in search of thee.
Speak to me! I have wander'd o'er the earth,
And never found thy likeness—Speak to me!
Look on the fiends around—they feel for me:
I fear them not, and feel for thee alone—
Speak to me! though it be in wrath;—but say—

I reck not what—but let me hear thee once—
This once—once more!
Phantom of Astarte. Manfred!
Man. Say on, say on—
I live but in the sound—it is thy voice!
Phan. Manfred! To-morrow ends thine earthly ills.
Farewell!
Man. Yet one word more—am I forgiven?
Phan. Farewell!
Man. Say, shall we meet again?
Phan. Farewell!
Man. One word for mercy! Say, thou lovest me.
Phan. Manfred!
[*The Spirit of* Astarte *disappears.* (1)
Nem. She's gone, and will not be recall'd;
Her words will be fulfill'd. Return to the earth.
A Spirit. He is convulsed—This is to be a mortal,
And seek the things beyond mortality.
Another Spirit. Yet, see, he mastereth himself, and makes
His torture tributary to his will.
Had he been one of us, he would have made
An awful spirit.
Nem. Hast thou further question
Of our great sovereign, or his worshippers?
Man. None.
Nem. Then for a time farewell.
Man. We meet then! Where? On the earth?—
Even as thou wilt: and for the grace accorded
I now depart a debtor. Fare ye well!
[*Exit* Manfred.

(*Scene closes.*)

ACT III. (2)

SCENE I.

A Hall in the Castle of Manfred.

Manfred *and* Herman.

Man. What is the hour?
Her. It wants but one till sunset,
And promises a lovely twilight.
Man. Say,
Are all things so disposed of in the tower
As I directed?
Her. All, my lord, are ready:
Here is the key and casket.
Man. It is well:
Thou mayst retire. [*Exit* Herman.
Man. (*alone*). There is a calm upon me—
Inexplicable stillness! which till now
Did not belong to what I knew of life.
If that I did not know philosophy
To be of all our vanities the motliest,
The merest word that ever fool'd the ear
From out the schoolman's jargon, I should deem
The golden secret, the sought "Kalon," found,
And seated in my soul. It will not last,
But it is well to have known it, though but once:
It hath enlarged my thoughts with a new sense,
And I within my tablets would note down
That there is such a feeling. Who is there?

Re-enter Herman.

Her. My lord, the Abbot of St. Maurice craves
To greet your presence.

Enter the Abbot of St. Maurice.

Abbot. Peace be with Count Manfred!
Man. Thanks, holy father! welcome to these walls;
Thy presence honours them, and blesseth those
Who dwell within them.
Abbot. Would it were so, Count!—
But I would fain confer with thee alone.
Man. Herman, retire.—What would my reverend guest?
Abbot. Thus, without prelude:—Age and zeal, my office,
And good intent, must plead my privilege;
Our near though not acquainted neighbourhood
May also be my herald. Rumours strange,
And of unholy nature, are abroad,
And busy with thy name; a noble name
For centuries: may he who bears it now
Transmit it unimpair'd!
Man. Proceed,—I listen.
Abbot. 'Tis said thou holdest converse with the things
Which are forbidden to the search of man;

(1) "Over this fine drama, a moral feeling hangs like a sombrous thunder-cloud. No other guilt but that so darkly shadowed out could have furnished so dreadful an illustration of the hideous aberrations of human nature, however noble and majestic, when left a prey to its desires, its passions, and its imagination. The beauty, at one time so innocently adored, is at last soiled, profaned, and violated. Affection, love, guilt, horror, remorse, and death, come in terrible succession, yet all darkly linked together. We think of Astarte as young, beautiful, innocent—guilty—lost—murdered—buried—judged—pardoned; but still, in her permitted visit to earth, speaking in a voice of sorrow, and with a countenance yet pale with mortal trouble. We had but a glimpse of her in her beauty and innocence; but, at last, she rises up before us in all the mortal silence of a ghost, with fixed, glazed, and passionless eyes, revealing death, judgment, and eternity. The moral breathes and burns in every word,—in sadness, misery, insanity, desolation, and death. The work is 'instinct with spirit,'—and in the agony and distraction, and all its dimly-imagined causes, we behold, though broken up, confused, and shattered, the elements of a purer existence." *Wilson.*—L. E.

(2) The third Act, as originally written, being shown to the late Mr. Gifford, he expressed his unfavourable opinion of it very distinctly; and Mr. Murray transmitted this to Lord Byron. The result is told in the following extracts from his letters:—

"*Venice, April* 14, 1817.—The third Act is certainly d—d bad, and, like the Archbishop of Grenada's homily (which savoured of the palsy), has the dregs of my fever, during which it was written. It must on no account be published in its present state. I will try and reform it, or re-write it altogether; but the impulse is gone, and I have no chance of making any thing out of it. The speech of Manfred to the Sun is the only part of this Act I thought good myself; the rest is certainly as bad as bad can be, and I wonder what the devil possessed me. I am very glad, indeed, that you sent me Mr. Gifford's opinion without dissertation. Do you suppose me such a booby as not to be very much obliged to him? or that I was not, and am not, convinced and convicted in my conscience of this same overt act of nonsense? I shall try at it again; in the mean time, lay it upon the shelf—the whole Drama I mean.—Recollect not to publish, upon pain of I know not what, until I have tried again at the third act. I am not sure that I shall try, and still less that I shall succeed if I do."

"*Rome, May* 5.—I have re-written the greater part, and returned what is not altered in the proof you sent me. The Abbot is become a good man, and the Spirits are brought in at the death. You will find, I think, some good poetry in this new Act, here and there; and if so, print it, without sending me farther proofs, *under Mr. Gifford's correction*, if he will have the goodness to overlook it."—L. E.

That with the dwellers of the dark abodes,
The many evil and unheavenly spirits
Which walk the valley of the shade of death,
Thou communest. I know that with mankind,
Thy fellows in creation, thou dost rarely
Exchange thy thoughts, and that thy solitude
Is as an anchorite's, were it but holy.

Man. And what are they who do avouch these things?

Abbot. My pious brethren—the scared peasantry—
Even thy own vassals—who do look on thee
With most unquiet eyes. Thy life's in peril.

Man. Take it.

Abbot. I come to save, and not destroy—
I would not pry into thy secret soul;
But if these things be sooth, there still is time
For penitence and pity: reconcile thee
With the true church, and through the church to Heaven.

Man. I hear thee. This is my reply: whate'er
I may have been, or am, doth rest between
Heaven and myself.—I shall not choose a mortal
To be my mediator. Have I sinn'd
Against your ordinances? prove and punish! (1)

Abbot. My son! I did not speak of punishment,
But penitence and pardon;—with thyself
The choice of such remains—and for the last,
Our institutions and our strong belief
Have given me power to smooth the path from sin
To higher hope and better thoughts; the first
I leave to Heaven,—"Vengeance is mine alone!"
So saith the Lord, and with all humbleness
His servant echoes back the awful word.

Man. Old man! there is no power in holy men,
Nor charm in prayer—nor purifying form
Of penitence—nor outward look—nor fast—
Nor agony—nor, greater than all these,
The innate tortures of that deep despair,
Which is remorse without the fear of hell,
But, all in all sufficient to itself,
Would make a hell of heaven—can exorcise
From out the unbounded spirit the quick sense
Of its own sins, wrongs, sufferance, and revenge
Upon itself; there is no future pang
Can deal that justice on the self-condemn'd
He deals on his own soul.

Abbot. All this is well;
For this will pass away, and be succeeded
By an auspicious hope, which shall look up
With calm assurance to that blessed place,
Which all who seek may win, whatever be
Their earthly errors, so they be atoned:
And the commencement of atonement is
The sense of its necessity.—Say on—
And all our church can teach thee shall be taught;
And all we can absolve thee shall be pardon'd.

Man. When Rome's sixth emperor (2) was near his last,
The victim of a self-inflicted wound,
To shun the torments of a public death (3)
From senates once his slaves, a certain soldier,
With show of loyal pity, would have stanch'd
The gushing throat with his officious robe;
The dying Roman thrust him back, and said—
Some empire still in his expiring glance,
"It is too late—is this fidelity?"

Abbot. And what of this?

Man. I answer, with the Roman,
"It is too late!"

Abbot. It never can be so,
To reconcile thyself with thy own soul,

(1) Thus far the text stands, as originally penned: we subjoin the sequel of the scene, as given in the first MS.:—

"*Abbot.* Then, hear and tremble! For the headstrong wretch
Who in the mail of innate hardihood
Would shield himself, and battle for his sins,
There is the stake on earth, and beyond earth eternal——

Man. Charity, most reverend father,
Becomes thy lips so much more than this menace,
That I would call thee back to it: but say,
What wouldst thou with me?

Abbot. It may be there are
Things that would shake thee—but I keep them back,
And give thee till to-morrow to repent.
Then if thou dost not all devote thyself
To penance, and with gift of all thy lands
To the monastery——

Man. I understand thee,—well?

Abbot. Expect no mercy; I have warn'd thee.

Man. (*opening the casket.*) Stop—
There is a gift for thee within this casket.

[MANFRED *opens the casket, strikes a light, and burns some incense.*

Ho! Ashtaroth!

The DEMON ASHTAROTH *appears, singing as follows:—*

The raven sits
On the raven-stone,
And his black wing flits
O'er the milk-white bone;
To and fro, as the night-winds blow,
The carcass of the assassin swings;
And there alone, on the raven-stone,*
The raven flaps his dusky wings.

The fetters creak—and his ebon beak
Croaks to the close of the hollow sound;
And this is the time, by the light of the moon,
To which the witches dance their round—
Merrily, merrily, cheerily, cheerily,
Merrily, merrily, speeds the ball:
The dead in their shrouds, and the demons in clouds,
Flock to the witches' carnival.

* "Raven-stone (Rabenstein), a translation of the German word for the gibbet, which in Germany and Switzerland is permanent, and made of stone."

Abbot. I fear thee not—hence—hence—
Avaunt thee, evil one!—help, ho! without there!

Man. Convey this man to the Shreckhorn—to its peak—
To its extremest peak—watch with him there
From now till sunrise; let him gaze, and know
He ne'er again will be so near to heaven.
But harm him not; and, when the morrow breaks,
Set him down safe in his cell—away with him!

Ash. Had I not better bring his brethren too,
Convent and all, to bear him company?

Man. No, this will serve for the present. Take him up.

Ash. Come, friar! now an exorcism or two,
And we shall fly the lighter.

ASHTAROTH *disappears with the* ABBOT, *singing as follows:—*

A prodigal son, and a maid undone,
And a widow re-wedded within the year;
And a worldly monk, and a pregnant nun,
Are things which every day appear.

MANFRED *alone.*

Man. Why would this fool break in on me, and force
My art to pranks fantastical?—no matter,
It was not of my seeking. My heart sickens,
And weighs a fix'd foreboding on my soul:
But it is calm—calm as a sullen sea
After the hurricane; the winds are still,
But the cold waves swell high and heavily,
And there is danger in them. Such a rest
Is no repose. My life hath been a combat,
And every thought a wound, till I am scarr'd
In the immortal part of me.—What now?"—L. E.

(2) Otho, being defeated in a general engagement near Brixellum, stabbed himself. Plutarch says that, though he lived full as badly as Nero, his last moments were those of a philosopher. He comforted his soldiers, who lamented his fortune, and expressed his concern for their safety, when *they* solicited to pay him the last friendly offices. Martial says:—

"Sit Cato, dum vivit, sane vel Cæsare major,
Dum moritur, numquid major Othone fuit?"—L. E.

(3) In the MS.—

"To shun { not loss of life, but the torments of a } public death.

Choose between them."—L. E.

And thy own soul with Heaven. Hast thou no hope?
'Tis strange—even those who do despair above,
Yet shape themselves some fantasy on earth,
To which frail twig they cling, like drowning men.

Man. Ay—father! I have had those earthly visions
And noble aspirations in my youth,
To make my own the mind of other men,
The enlightener of nations; and to rise
I knew not whither—it might be to fall;
But fall, even as the mountain-cataract,
Which having leapt from its more dazzling height,
Even in the foaming strength of its abyss
(Which casts up misty columns that become
Clouds raining from the re-ascended skies),
Lies low but mighty still.—But this is past;
My thoughts mistook themselves.

Abbot. And wherefore so?

Man. I could not tame my nature down; for he
Must serve who fain would sway—and soothe—and sue—
And watch all time—and pry into all place—
And be a living lie—who would become
A mighty thing amongst the mean, and such
The mass are; I disdain'd to mingle with
A herd, though to be leader—and of wolves.
The lion is alone, and so am I.

Abbot. And why not live and act with other men?

Man. Because my nature was averse from life;
And yet not cruel; for I would not make,
But find, a desolation:—like the wind,
The red-hot breath of the most lone simoom,
Which dwells but in the desert, and sweeps o'er
The barren sands which bear no shrubs to blast,
And revels o'er their wild and arid waves,
And seeketh not, so that it is not sought,
But being met is deadly; such hath been
The course of my existence; but there came
Things in my path which are no more.

Abbot. Alas!
I 'gin to fear that thou art past all aid
From me and from my calling; yet so young,
I still would——

Man. Look on me! there is an order
Of mortals on the earth, who do become
Old in their youth, and die ere middle age,
Without the violence of warlike death;
Some perishing of pleasure—some of study—
Some worn with toil—some of mere weariness—
Some of disease—and some insanity—(1)
And some of wither'd or of broken hearts;
For this last is a malady which slays
More than are number'd in the lists of Fate,
Taking all shapes, and bearing many names.
Look upon me! for even of all these things
Have I partaken; and of all these things
One were enough; then wonder not that I
Am what I am, but that I ever was,
Or, having been, that I am still on earth.

Abbot. Yet, hear me still——

Man. Old man! I do respect
Thine order, and revere thine years; I deem
Thy purpose pious, but it is in vain:
Think me not churlish; I would spare thyself,
Far more than me, in shunning at this time
All further colloquy—And so—farewell.(2)

[*Exit* Manfred.

Abbot. This should have been a noble creature:(3) he
Hath all the energy which would have made
A goodly frame of glorious elements,
Had they been wisely mingled; as it is,
It is an awful chaos—light and darkness—
And mind and dust—and passions and pure thoughts
Mix'd, and contending without end or order,
All dormant or destructive: he will perish,
And yet he must not; I will try once more,
For such are worth redemption; and my duty
Is to dare all things for a righteous end.
I'll follow him—but cautiously, though surely.

[*Exit* Abbot.

SCENE II.

Another Chamber.

Manfred *and* Herman.

Her. My lord, you bade me wait on you at sunset:
He sinks behind the mountain.

(1) This speech has been quoted in more than one of the sketches of the poet's own life. Much earlier, when only twenty-three years of age, he had thus *prophesied*:—"It seems as if I were to experience in my youth the greatest misery of old age. My friends fall around me, and I shall be left a lonely tree before I am withered. Other men can always take refuge in their families—I have no resource but my own reflections, and they present no prospect, here or hereafter, except the selfish satisfaction of surviving my betters. I am, indeed, very wretched. My days are listless, and my nights restless. I have very seldom any society; and when I have, I run out of it. I don't know that I sha'n't end with insanity." *B. Letters*, 1811.—L. E.

(2) "Of the immortality of the soul, it appears to me that there can be little doubt—if we attend for a moment to the action of mind. It is in perpetual activity. I used to doubt of it—but reflection has taught me better. How far our future state will be individual; or, rather, how far it will at all resemble our present existence, is another question; but that the mind is eternal seems as probable as, that the body is not so." *B. Diary*, 1821.—"I have no wish to reject Christianity without investigation; on the contrary, I am very desirous of believing; for I have no happiness in my present unsettled notions on religion." *B. Conversations with Kennedy*, 1823.—L. E.

(3) "There are three only, even among the great poets of modern times, who have chosen to depict, in their full shape and vigour, those agonies to which great and meditative intellects are, in the present progress of human history, exposed by the eternal recurrence of a deep and discontented scepticism. But there is only one who has dared to represent himself as the victim of these nameless and undefinable sufferings. Goethe chose for his doubts and his darkness the terrible disguise of the mysterious Faustus. Schiller, with still greater boldness, planted the same anguish in the restless, haughty, and heroic bosom of Wallenstein. But Byron has sought no external symbol in which to embody the inquietudes of his soul. He takes the world, and all that it inherit, for his arena and his spectators; and he displays himself before their gaze, wrestling unceasingly and ineffectually with the demon that torments him. At times, there is something mournful and depressing in his scepticism; but oftener it is of a high and solemn character, approaching to the very verge of a confiding faith. Whatever the poet may believe, we, his readers, always feel ourselves too much ennobled and elevated, even by his melancholy, not to be confirmed in our belief by the very doubts so majestically conceived and uttered. His scepticism, if it ever approaches to a creed, carries with it its refutation in its grandeur. There is neither philosophy nor religion in those bitter and savage taunts which have been cruelly thrown out, from many quarters, against those moods of mind which are involuntary, and will not pass away; the shadows and spectres which still haunt his imagination may once have disturbed our own;—through his gloom there are frequent flashes of illumination;—and the sublime sadness, which to him is breathed from the mysteries of mortal existence, is always joined with a longing after immortality, and expressed in language that is itself divine." *Wilson.*—L. E.

Man. Doth he so?
I will look on him.
[MANFRED *advances to the Window of the Hall.*
Glorious orb! the idol
Of early nature, and the vigorous race
Of undiseased mankind, the giant sons (1)
Of the embrace of angels, with a sex
More beautiful than they, which did draw down
The erring spirits, who can ne'er return,—
Most glorious orb! that wert a worship, ere
The mystery of thy making was reveal'd!
Thou earliest minister of the Almighty,
Which gladden'd, on their mountain-tops, the hearts
Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they pour'd
Themselves in orisons! Thou material God!
And representative of the Unknown—
Who chose thee for his shadow! Thou chief star!
Centre of many stars! which makest our earth
Endurable, and temperest the hues
And hearts of all who walk within thy rays!
Sire of the seasons! Monarch of the climes,
And those who dwell in them! for, near or far,
Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee,
Even as our outward aspects;—thou dost rise,
And shine, and set in glory. Fare thee well!
I ne'er shall see thee more. As my first glance
Of love and wonder was for thee, then take
My latest look: thou wilt not beam on one
To whom the gifts of life and warmth have been
Of a more fatal nature. (2) He is gone:
I follow. [*Exit* MANFRED.

SCENE III.

The Mountains—The Castle of Manfred at some distance—A Terrace before a Tower.—Time, Twilight.

HERMAN, MANUEL, *and other Dependants of* MANFRED.

Her. 'Tis strange enough; night after night, for years,
He hath pursued long vigils in this tower,
Without a witness. I have been within it,—
So have we all been oft-times; but from it,
Or its contents, it were impossible
To draw conclusions absolute of aught
His studies tend to. To be sure, there is
One chamber where none enter: I would give
The fee of what I have to come these three years,
To pore upon its mysteries.
Manuel. 'Twere dangerous;
Content thyself with what thou know'st already.
Her. Ah! Manuel! thou art elderly and wise,
And couldst say much; thou hast dwelt within the castle—
How many years is 't?
Manuel. Ere Count Manfred's birth,
I served his father, whom he nought resembles.
Her. There be more sons in like predicament.
But wherein do they differ?
Manuel. I speak not
Of features or of form, but mind and habits:
Count Sigismund was proud,—but gay and free,—
A warrior and a reveller; he dwelt not
With books and solitude, nor made the night
A gloomy vigil, but a festal time,
Merrier than day; he did not walk the rocks
And forests like a wolf, nor turn aside
From men and their delights.
Her. Beshrew the hour,
But those were jocund times! I would that such
Would visit the old walls again; they look
As if they had forgotten them.
Manuel. These walls
Must change their chieftain first. Oh! I have seen
Some strange things in them, Herman. (3)
Her. Come, be friendly;
Relate me some, to while away our watch:
I've heard thee darkly speak of an event
Which happen'd hereabouts, by this same tower.
Manuel. That was a night indeed! I do remember
'Twas twilight, as it may be now, and such
Another evening;—yon red cloud, which rests
On Eigher's pinnacle, so rested then,—
So like that it might be the same; the wind
Was faint and gusty, and the mountain snows
Began to glitter with the climbing moon;
Count Manfred was, as now, within his tower,—
How occupied, we knew not, but with him
The sole companion of his wanderings
And watchings—her, whom of all earthly things
That lived, the only thing he seem'd to love,—
As he, indeed, by blood was bound to do,
The lady Astarte, his—(4)
Hush! who comes here?

(1) "And it came to pass, that the *Sons of God* saw the daughters of men, that they were fair," etc.—"There were giants in the earth in those days; and also after that, when the *Sons of God* came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men which were of old, men of renown."—*Genesis*, ch. vi. verses 2 and 4.

(2) "Pray, was Manfred's speech to the Sun still retained in Act third? I hope so: it was one of the best in the thing, and better than the Coliseum." *B. Letters*, 1817.—L. E.

(3) In the MS.—
"Some strange things in these few years."—L. E.

(4) The remainder of the third Act, in its original shape, ran thus:—

Her. Look—look—the tower—
The tower 's on fire. Oh, heavens and earth! what sound,
What dreadful sound is that? [*A crash like thunder.*
Manuel. Help, help, there!—to the rescue of the Count,—
The Count 's in danger,—what ho! there! approach!
[*The Servants, Vassals, and Peasantry approach, stupified with terror.*
If there be any of you who have heart,
And love of human kind, and will to aid
Those in distress—pause not—but follow me—
The portal 's open, follow. [MANUEL *goes in.*
Her. Come—who follows?
What, none of ye?—ye recreants! shiver then
Without. I will not see old Manuel risk
His few remaining years unaided. [HERMAN *goes in.*
Vassal. Hark!—
No—all is silent—not a breath—the flame
Which shot forth such a blaze is also gone:
What may this mean? Let 's enter!
Peasant. Faith, not I,—
Not that, if one, or two, or more, will join,
I then will stay behind; but, for my part,
I do not see precisely to what end.
Vassal. Cease your vain prating—come.
Manuel (*speaking within*). 'Tis all in vain—
He 's dead.
Her. (*within*). Not so—even now methought he moved;
But it is dark—so bear him gently out—
Softly—how cold he is! take care of his temples
In winding down the staircase.

Re-enter MANUEL *and* HERMAN, *bearing* MANFRED *in their arms.*

Manuel. Hie to the castle, some of ye, and bring
What aid you can. Saddle the barb, and speed
For the leech to the city—quick! some water there!
Her. His cheek is black—but there is a faint beat
Still lingering about the heart. Some water.
[*They sprinkle* MANFRED *with water; after a pause, he gives some signs of life.*
Manuel. He seems to strive to speak—come—cheerly, Count!
He moves his lips—canst hear him? I am old,

Enter the Abbot.

Abbot. Where is your master?
Her. Yonder in the tower.
Abbot. I must speak with him.
Manuel. 'Tis impossible;
He is most private, and must not be thus
Intruded on.
Abbot. Upon myself I take
The forfeit of my fault, if fault there be—
But I must see him.
Her. Thou hast seen him once
This eve already.
Abbot. Herman! I command thee,
Knock, and apprise the Count of my approach.
Her. We dare not.
Abbot. Then it seems I must be herald
Of my own purpose.
Manuel. Reverend father, stop—
I pray you, pause.
Abbot. Why so?
Manuel. But step this way,
And I will tell you further. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. (1)

Interior of the Tower.

Manfred *alone.*

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful!
I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learn'd the language of another world.
I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering,—upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's wall, (2)
'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watch-dog bay'd beyond the Tiber; and
More near, from out the Cæsars' palace came
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appear'd to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bowshot—Where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through levell'd battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;—
But the gladiator's bloody circes stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!
While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.—
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which soften'd down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,
As 't were anew, the gaps of centuries;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old!—
The dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.—
'Twas such a night!
'T is strange that I recall it at this time;
But, I have found, our thoughts take wildest flight
Even at the moment when they should array
Themselves in pensive order.

Enter the Abbot.

Abbot. My good lord!
I crave a second grace for this approach;
But yet let not my humble zeal offend
By its abruptness—all it hath of ill
Recoils on me; its good in the effect
May light upon your head—could I say *heart*—
Could I touch *that*, with words or prayers, I should
Recall a noble spirit which hath wander'd,
But is not yet all lost.
Man. Thou know'st me not;
My days are number'd, and my deeds recorded:
Retire, or 't will be dangerous—Away!
Abbot. Thou dost not mean to menace me?
Man. Not I;
I simply tell thee peril is at hand,
And would preserve thee.
Abbot. What dost mean?
Man. Look there!
What dost thou see?
Abbot. Nothing.
Man. Look there, I say,
And steadfastly;—now tell me what thou seest?
Abbot. That which should shake me,—but I fear it not—
I see a dusk and awful figure rise,
Like an infernal god, from out the earth;
His face wrapt in a mantle, and his form
Robed as with angry clouds: he stands between
Thyself and me—but I do fear him not.

And cannot catch faint sounds.
[Herman *inclining his head and listening.*
Her. I hear a word
Or two—but indistinctly—what is next?
What 's to be done? let 's bear him to the castle.
[Manfred *motions with his hand not to remove him.*
Manuel. He disapproves—and 't were of no avail—
He changes rapidly.
Her. 'T will soon be over.
Manuel. Oh what a death is this! that I should live
To shake my grey hairs over the last chief
Of the house of Sigismund!—And such a death!
Alone—we know not how—unshrived—unintended—
With strange accompaniments and fearful signs—
I shudder at the sight—but must not leave him.
Manfred (speaking faintly and slowly.) Old man! 't is not so difficult to die. [Manfred *having said this, expires.*
Herman. His eyes are fix'd and lifeless.—He is gone.
Manuel. Close them—My old hand quivers.—He departs—
Whither? I dread to think—but he is gone.—P. E.

(1) "The opening of this scene is, perhaps, the finest passage in the drama; and its solemn, calm, and majestic character throws an air of grandeur over the catastrophe, which was in danger of appearing extravagant, and somewhat too much in the style of the *Devil and Dr. Faustus.*" *Wilson.*—L. E.

(2) "Drove at midnight to see the Coliseum by moonlight: but what can I say of the Coliseum? It must be *seen;* to describe it I should have thought impossible, if I had not read *Manfred.* To see it aright, as the Poet of the North tells us of the fair Melrose, one 'must see it by the pale moonlight.' The stillness of night, the whispering echoes, the moonlight shadows, and the awful grandeur of the impending ruins, form a scene of romantic sublimity, such as Byron alone could describe as it deserves. His description is the very thing itself." *Matthews's Diary of an Invalid.*—L. E.

Man. Thou hast no cause—he shall not harm thee —but
His sight may shock thine old limbs into palsy.
I say to thee—retire!
Abbot. And I reply—
Never—till I have battled with this fiend:—
What doth he here?
Man. Why—ay—what doth he here?—
I did not send for him,—he is unbidden.
Abbot. Alas! lost mortal! what with guests like these
Hast thou to do? I tremble for thy sake:
Why doth he gaze on thee, and thou on him!
Ah! he unveils his aspect: on his brow
The thunder-scars are graven; from his eye
Glares forth the immortality of hell—
Avaunt!——
Man. Pronounce—what is thy mission?
Spirit. Come!
Abbot. What art thou, unknown being? answer!— speak!
Sp. The genius of this mortal.—Come! 'tis time.
Man. I am prepared for all things, but deny
The power which summons me. Who sent thee here?
Spirit. Thou'lt know anon—Come! come!
Man. I have commanded
Things of an essence greater far than thine,
And striven with thy masters. Get thee hence!
Spirit. Mortal! thine hour is come—Away! I say.
Man. I knew, and know my hour is come, but not
To render up my soul to such as thee:
Away! I'll die as I have lived—alone.
Spirit. Then I must summon up my brethren.— Rise! [*Other Spirits rise up.*
Abbot. Avaunt! ye evil ones!—Avaunt! I say,—
Ye have no power where piety hath power,
And I do charge ye in the name——
Spirit. Old man!
We know ourselves, our mission, and thine order;
Waste not thy holy words on idle uses,
It were in vain: this man is forfeited.
Once more I summon him—Away! away!
Man. I do defy ye,—though I feel my soul
Is ebbing from me, yet I do defy ye;
Nor will I hence, while I have earthly breath
To breathe my scorn upon ye—earthly strength
To wrestle, though with spirits; what ye take
Shall be ta'en limb by limb.
Spirit. Reluctant mortal!
Is this the Magian who would so pervade
The world invisible, and make himself
Almost our equal?—Can it be that thou
Art thus in love with life? the very life
Which made thee wretched!
Man. Thou false fiend, thou liest!
My life is in its last hour,—*that* I know,
Nor would redeem a moment of that hour;
I do not combat against death, but thee
And thy surrounding angels; my past power
Was purchased by no compact with thy crew,
But by superior science—penance—daring—
And length of watching—strength of mind—and skill
In knowledge of our fathers—when the earth
Saw men and spirits walking side by side,
And gave ye no supremacy: I stand
Upon my strength—I do defy—deny—
Spurn back, and scorn ye!—
Spirit. But thy many crimes
Have made thee——
Man. What are they to such as thee?
Must crimes be punish'd but by other crimes,
And greater criminals?—Back to thy hell!
Thou hast no power upon me, *that* I feel;
Thou never shalt possess me, *that* I know:
What I have done is done; I bear within
A torture which could nothing gain from thine:
The mind, which is immortal, makes itself
Requital for its good or evil thoughts—
Is its own origin of ill and end—
And its own place and time—its innate sense,
When stripp'd of this mortality, derives
No colour from the fleeting things without;
But is absorb'd in sufferance or in joy,
Born from the knowledge of its own desert.
Thou didst not tempt me, and thou couldst not tempt me;
I have not been thy dupe, nor am thy prey,—
But was my own destroyer, and will be
My own hereafter.—Back, ye baffled fiends!
The hand of death is on me—but not yours!
[*The Demons disappear.*
Abbot. Alas! how pale thou art—thy lips are white—
And thy breast heaves—and in thy gasping throat
The accents rattle—Give thy prayers to Heaven—
Pray—albeit but in thought,—but die not thus.
Man. 'T is over—my dull eyes can fix thee not;
But all things swim around me, and the earth
Heaves as it were beneath me. Fare thee well—
Give me thy hand.
Abbot. Cold—cold—even to the heart—
But yet one prayer—Alas! how fares it with thee?
Man. Old man! 'tis not so difficult to die. (1)
[MANFRED *expires.*
Abbot. He 's gone—his soul hath ta'en its earthless flight—
Whither? I dread to think—but he is gone. (2)

(1) In the first edition, this line was accidentally left out. On discovering the omission, Lord Byron wrote to Mr. Murray—"You have destroyed the whole effect and moral of the poem, by omitting the last line of Manfred's speaking."—L. E.

(2) In June, 1820, Lord Byron thus writes to his publisher:—"Enclosed is something which will interest you; to wit, the opinion of the greatest man in Germany—perhaps in Europe—upon one of the great men of your advertisements (all 'famous hands,' as Jacob Tonson used to say of his raggamuffins)—in short, a critique of Goethe's upon *Manfred*. There is the original, an English translation, and an Italian one: keep them all in your archives; for the opinions of such a man as Goethe, whether favourable or not, are always interesting—and this is more so, as favourable. His *Faust* I never read, for I don't know German; but Matthew Monk Lewis, in 1816, at Coligny, translated most of it to me *viva voce*, and I was naturally much struck with it: but it was the Steinbach and the Jungfrau, and something else, much more than *Faustus*, that made me write *Manfred*. The first scene, however, and that of *Faustus* are very similar."

The following is the extract from Goethe's *Kunst und Alterthum* (*i. e.* Art and Antiquity) which the above letter enclosed:—

"Byron's tragedy, *Manfred*, was to me a wonderful phenomenon, and one that closely touched me. This singularly intellectual poet has taken my *Faustus* to himself, and extracted from it the strongest nourishment for his hypochondriac humour. He has made use of the impelling principles in his own way, for his own purposes, so that no one of them remains the same; and it is particularly on this account that I cannot enough admire his genius. The whole is in this way so completely formed anew, that it would be an interesting task for the critic to point out, not only the alterations he has made, but their degree of re-

semblance with, or dissimilarity to, the original: in the course of which, I cannot deny, that the gloomy heat of an unbounded and exuberant despair becomes at last oppressive to us. Yet is the dissatisfaction we feel always connected with esteem and admiration.

"We find thus, in this tragedy, the quintessence of the most astonishing talent, born to be its own tormentor. The character of Lord Byron's life and poetry hardly permits a just and equitable appreciation. He has often enough confessed what it is that torments him. He has repeatedly portrayed it; and scarcely any one feels compassion for this intolerable suffering, over which he is ever laboriously ruminating. There are, properly speaking, two females whose phantoms for ever haunt him, and which, in this piece also, perform principal parts—one under the name of Astarte, the other without form or actual presence, and merely a voice. Of the horrid occurrence which took place with the former, the following is related:—When a bold and enterprising young man, he won the affections of a Florentine lady.* Her husband discovered the amour, and murdered his wife; but the murderer was the same night found dead in the street, and there was no one on whom any suspicion could be attached. Lord Byron removed from Florence, and these spirits haunted him all his life after.

"This romantic incident is rendered highly probable by innumerable allusions to it in his poems. As, for instance, when, turning his sad contemplations inwards, he applies to himself the fatal history of the king of Sparta. It is as follows:—Pausanias, a Lacedæmonian general, acquires glory by the important victory at Platæa, but afterwards forfeits the confidence of his countrymen through his arrogance, obstinacy, and secret intrigues with the enemies of his country. This man draws upon himself the heavy guilt of innocent blood, which attends him to his end; for, while commanding the fleet of the allied Greeks, in the Black Sea, he is inflamed with a violent passion for a Byzantine maiden. After long resistance, he at length obtains her from her parents, and she is to be delivered up to him at night. She modestly desires the servant to put out the lamp, and, while groping her way in the dark, she overturns it. Pausanias is awakened from his sleep—apprehensive of an attack from murderers, he seizes his sword, and destroys his mistress. The horrid sight never leaves him. Her shade pursues him unceasingly, and he implores for aid in vain from the gods and the exorcising priests.

"That poet must have a lacerated heart who selects such a scene from antiquity, appropriates it to himself, and burdens his tragic image with it. The following soliloquy, which is overladen with gloom and a weariness of life, is, by this remark, rendered intelligible. We recommend it as an exercise to all friends of declamation. Hamlet's soliloquy appears improved upon here."—Goethe here subjoins Manfred's soliloquy, beginning "We are the fools of time and terror," in which the allusion to Pausanias occurs.

The reader will not be sorry to pass from this German criticism to that of the *Edinburgh Review* on *Manfred*:—"This is, undoubtedly, a work of great genius and originality. Its worst fault, perhaps, is that it fatigues and overawes us by the uniformity of its terror and solemnity. Another is the painful and offensive nature of the circumstance on which its distress is ultimately founded. The lyrical songs of the Spirits are too long, and not all excellent. There is something of pedantry in them now and then; and even Manfred deals in classical allusions a little too much. If we were to consider it as a proper drama, or even as a finished poem, we should be obliged to add, that it is far too indistinct and unsatisfactory. But this we take to be according to the design and conception of the author. He contemplated but a dim and magnificent sketch of a subject which did not admit of more accurate drawing or more brilliant colouring. Its obscurity is a part of its grandeur;—and the darkness that rests upon it, and the smoky distance in which it is lost, are all devices to increase its majesty, to stimulate our curiosity, and to impress us with deeper awe.—It is suggested, in an ingenious paper in a late number of the *Edinburgh Magazine*, that the general conception of this piece, and much of what is excellent in the manner of its execution, have been borrowed from *The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*, of Marlow;† and a variety of passages are quoted, which the author considers as similar, and, in many respects, superior to others in the poem before us. We cannot agree in the general terms of the conclusion; but there is no doubt a certain resemblance, both in some of the topics that are suggested, and in the cast of the diction in which they are expressed. Thus, to induce Faustus to persist in his unlawful studies, he is told that the Spirits of the Elements will serve him,—

> 'Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,
> Shadowing more beauty in their ayre browes,
> Than have the white breasts of the Queene of Love.'

And again, when the amorous sorcerer commands Helen of Troy to revive again to be his paramour, he addresses her, on her first appearance, in these rapturous lines—

> 'Was this the face that launcht a thousand ships,
> And burn'd the topless towers of Ilium?
> Sweet Helen! make me immortal with a kiss.
> Her lips suck forth my soule:—see where it flies.
> Come, Helen, come give me my soule againe,
> Here will I dwell, for heaven is on that lip,
> And all is dross that is not Helena.
> O! thou art fairer than the evening ayre,
> Clad in the beauty of a thousand starres;
> More lovely than the monarch of the skyes,
> In wanton Arethusa's azure armes!'

The catastrophe, too, is bewailed in verses of great elegance and classical beauty—

> 'Cut is the branch that might have growne full straight,
> And burned is Apollo's laurel bough
> That sometime grew within this learned man.
> Faustus is gone!—regard his hellish fall,
> Whose findful torture may exhort the wise,
> Only to wonder at unlawful things!'

But these and many other smooth and fanciful verses in this curious old drama prove nothing, we think, against the originality of *Manfred*; for there is nothing to be found there of the pride, the abstraction, and the heart-rended misery in which that originality consists. Faustus is a vulgar sorcerer, tempted to sell his soul to the devil for the ordinary price of sensual pleasure, and earthly power and glory; and who shrinks and shudders in agony when the forfeit comes to be exacted. The style, too, of Marlow, though elegant and scholar-like, is weak and childish, compared with the depth and force of much of Lord Byron; and the disgusting buffoonery and low farce of which the piece is principally made up place it more in contrast, than in any terms of comparison, with that of his noble successor. In the tone and pitch of the composition, as well as in the character of the diction in the more solemn parts, *Manfred* reminds us much more of the *Prometheus* of Æschylus,§ than of any more modern performance. The tremendous solitude of the principal person—the supernatural beings with whom alone he holds communion—the guilt—the firmness—the misery—are all points of resemblance, to which the grandeur of the poetic imagery only gives a more striking effect. The chief differences are, that the subject of the Greek poet was sanctified and exalted by the established belief of his country, and that his terrors are nowhere tempered with the sweetness which breathes from so many passages of his English rival." *Jeffrey*.—L. E.

* "The grave confidence with which the venerable critic traces the fancies of his brother poet to real persons and events, making no difficulty even of a double murder at Florence to furnish grounds for his theory, affords an amusing instance of the disposition so prevalent throughout Europe, to picture Byron as a man of marvels and mysteries, as well in his life as his poetry. To these exaggerated or wholly false notions of him, the numerous fictions palmed upon the world of his romantic tours and wonderful adventures, in places he never saw, and with persons that never existed, have, no doubt, considerably contributed; and the consequence is, so utterly out of truth and nature are the representations of his life and character long current upon the Continent, that it may be questioned whether the real 'flesh and blood' hero of these pages,—the social, practical-minded, and, with all his faults and eccentricities, *English* Lord Byron,—may not, to the over-exalted imaginations of most of his foreign admirers, appear but an ordinary, unromantic, and prosaic personage."—*Moore*.—L. E.

† On reading this, Lord Byron wrote from Venice,—"Jeffrey is very kind about *Manfred*, and defends its originality, which I did not know that any body had attacked. As to the germs of it, they may be found in the Journal which I sent to Mrs. Leigh, shortly before I left Switzerland. I have the whole scene of *Manfred* before me, as if it was but yesterday, and could point it out, spot by spot, tower and all."—L. E.

§ "Of the *Prometheus* of Æschylus I was passionately fond as a boy (it was one of the Greek plays we read thrice a-year at Harrow); indeed, that and the *Medea* were the only ones, except the Scene before *Thebes*, which ever much pleased me. The *Prometheus*, if not exactly in my plan, has always been so much in my head, that I can easily conceive its influence over all or any thing that I have written; but I deny Marlow and his progeny, and beg that you will do the same."—*B. Letters*, 1817.—L. E.

The Lament of Tasso.

ADVERTISEMENT.

At Ferrara, in the Library, are preserved the original MSS. of Tasso's *Gerusalemme* and of Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, with letters of Tasso, one from Titian to Ariosto, and the inkstand and chair, the tomb and the house of the latter. But, as misfortune has a greater interest for posterity, and little or none for the cotemporary, the cell where Tasso was confined in the hospital of St. Anna attracts a more fixed attention than the residence or the monument of Ariosto —at least it had this effect on me. There are two inscriptions, one on the outer gate, the second over the cell itself, inviting, unnecessarily, the wonder and the indignation of the spectator. Ferrara is much decayed, and depopulated: the castle still exists entire; and I saw the court where Parisina and Hugo were beheaded, according to the annal of Gibbon. (1)

(1) The original MS. of this poem is dated, "The Apennines, April 20, 1817." It was written in consequence of Lord Byron having visited Ferrara, for a single day, on his way to Florence. In a letter from Rome, he says,—"The *Lament of Tasso*, which I sent from Florence, has, I trust, arrived. I look upon it as a 'These be good rhymes!' as Pope's papa said to him when he was a boy."

"In a moment of dissatisfaction with himself, or during some melancholy mood, when his soul felt the worthlessness of fame and glory, Lord Byron told the world that his Muse should, for a long season, shroud herself in solitude; and every true lover of genius lamented that her lofty music was to cease. But there was a tide in his spirit obeying the laws of its nature, and not to be controlled by any human will. When he said that he was to be silent, he looked, perhaps, into the inner regions of his soul, and saw there a dim, hard, and cheerless waste, like the sand of the sea-shore; but the ebbed waves of passion in due course returned, and the scene was restored to its former beauty and magnificence,—its foam, its splendours, and its thunder. The mind of a mighty poet cannot submit even to chains of its own imposing: when it feels most enslaved, even then, perhaps, is it about to become most free; and one sudden flash may raise it from the darkness of its despondency up to the pure air of untroubled confidence. It required, therefore, but small knowledge of human nature, to assure ourselves that the obligation under which Lord Byron had laid himself could not bind, and that the potent spirit within him would laugh to scorn whatever dared to curb the frenzy of its own inspirations.

"It was not long, therefore, till he again came forth in his perfect strength, and exercised that dominion over our spirits which is truly a power too noble to be possessed without being wielded. Though all his heroes are of one family, yet are they a noble band of brothers, whose countenances and whose souls are strongly distinguished by peculiar characteristics. Each personage, as he advances before us, reminds us of some other being, whose looks, thoughts, words, and deeds had troubled us by their wild and perturbed grandeur. But though all the same, yet are they all strangely different. We hail each successive existence with a profounder sympathy; and we are lost in wonder, in fear, and in sorrow, at the infinitely-varied struggles, the endless and agonising modifications of the human passions, as they drive along through every gate and avenue of the soul, darkening or brightening, elevating or laying prostrate.

"From such agitating and terrific pictures, it is delightful to turn to those compositions in which Lord Byron has allowed his soul to sink down into gentler and more ordinary feelings. Many beautiful and pathetic strains have flowed from his heart, of which the tenderness is as touching as the grandeur of his nobler works is agitating and sublime. To those, indeed, who looked deeply into his poetry, there never was at any time a want of pathos; but it was a pathos so subduing and so profound, that even the poet himself seemed afraid of being delivered up unto it; nay, he seemed ashamed of being overcome by emotions, which the gloomy pride of his intellect often vainly strove to scorn; and he dashed the weakness from his heart, and the tear from his eyes, like a man suddenly assailed by feelings which he wished to hide, and which, though true to his nature, were inconsistent with the character which that mysterious nature had been forced, as in self-defence, to assume.

"But there is one poem in which he has almost wholly laid aside all remembrance of the darker and stormier passions; in which the tone of his spirit and his voice at once is changed, and where he who seemed to care only for agonies, and remorse, and despair, and death, and insanity, in all their most appalling forms, shows that he has a heart that can feed on the purest sympathies of our nature, and deliver itself up to the sorrows, the sadness, and the melancholy of humbler souls. The *Prisoner of Chillon* is a poem over which Infancy has shed its first mysterious tears for sorrows so alien to its own happy innocence,—over which the gentle, pure, and pious soul of Woman has brooded with ineffable, and yearning, and bursting tenderness of affection,—and over which old Age, almost loosened from this world, has bowed his hoary head in delighted approbation of that fraternal love, whose beauty and simplicity fling a radiance over the earth he is about to leave, and exhibit our fallen nature in near approximation to the glories of its ultimate destiny. The *Lament* possesses much of the tenderness and pathos of the *Prisoner of Chillon*. Lord Byron has not delivered himself unto any one wild and fearful vision of the imprisoned Tasso,—he has not dared to allow himself to rush forward with headlong passion into the horrors of his dungeon, and to describe, as he could fearfully have done, the conflict and agony of his uttermost despair,—but he shows us the poet sitting in his cell, and singing there—a low, melancholy, wailing lament, sometimes, indeed, bordering on utter wretchedness, but oftener partaking of a settled grief, occasionally subdued into mournful resignation, cheered by delightful remembrances, and elevated by the confident hope of an immortal fame. His is the gathered grief of many years, over which his soul has brooded, till she has in some measure lost the power of misery; and this soliloquy is one which we can believe he might have uttered to himself any morning, or noon, or night of his solitude, as he seemed to be half communing with own heart, and half addressing the ear of that human nature from which he was shut out, but of which he felt the continual and abiding presence within his imagination."—*Wilson*.—L. E.

(2) Tasso's biographer, the Abate Serassi, has left it without doubt, that the first cause of the poet's punishment was his desire to be occasionally, or altogether, free from his servitude at the court of Alfonso. In 1575, Tasso resolved to visit Rome, and enjoy the indulgence of the jubilee; "and this error," says the Abate, "increasing the suspicion already entertained, that he was in search of another service, was the origin of his misfortunes. On his return to Ferrara, the Duke refused to admit him to an audience, and he was repulsed from the houses of all the dependants of the court; and not one of the promises which the Cardinal Albano had obtained for him were carried into

THE LAMENT OF TASSO.

I.

Long years!—It tries the thrilling frame to bear,
And eagle-spirit of a Child of Song—
Long years of outrage, calumny, and wrong;
Imputed madness, prison'd solitude, (2)

And the mind's canker in its savage mood,
When the impatient thirst of light and air
Parches the heart; and the abhorred grate,
Marring the sunbeams with its hideous shade,
Works through the throbbing eyeball to the brain
With a hot sense of heaviness and pain;
And bare, at once, Captivity display'd
Stands scoffing through the never-open'd gate,
Which nothing through its bars admits, save day,
And tasteless food, which I have eat alone
Till its unsocial bitterness is gone;
And I can banquet like a beast of prey,
Sullen and lonely, couching in the cave
Which is my lair, and—it may be—my grave. (1)
All this hath somewhat worn me, and may wear,
But must be borne. I stoop not to despair;
For I have battled with mine agony,
And made me wings wherewith to overfly
The narrow circus of my dungeon wall,
And freed the Holy Sepulchre from thrall;
And revell'd among men and things divine,
And pour'd my spirit over Palestine,
In honour of the sacred war for Him,
The God who was on earth and is in heaven,
For he hath strengthen'd me in heart and limb.
That through this sufferance I might be forgiven,
I have employ'd my penance to record
How Salem's shrine was won, and how adored.

II.

But this is o'er—my pleasant task is done;—(2)
My long-sustaining friend of many years!
If I do blot thy final page with tears,
Know, that my sorrows have wrung from me none.
But thou, my young creation! my soul's child!
Which ever playing round me came and smiled,
And woo'd me from myself with thy sweet sight,
Thou too art gone—and so is my delight:
And therefore do I weep and inly bleed
With this last bruise upon a broken reed.
Thou too art ended—what is left me now?
For I have anguish yet to bear—and how?
I know not that—but in the innate force
Of my own spirit shall be found resource.
I have not sunk, for I had no remorse,
Nor cause for such: they call'd me mad—and why?
O Leonora! wilt not *thou* reply? (3)
I was indeed delirious in my heart
To lift my love so lofty as thou art;
But still my frenzy was not of the mind;
I knew my fault, and feel my punishment
Not less because I suffer it unbent.
That thou wert beautiful, and I not blind,
Hath been the sin which shuts me from mankind:
But let them go, or torture as they will,
My heart can multiply thine image still;
Successful love may sate itself away,
The wretched are the faithful; 'tis their fate
To have all feeling save the one decay,
And every passion into one dilate,
As rapid rivers into ocean pour;
But ours is fathomless, and hath no shore.

III.

Above me, hark! the long and maniac cry
Of minds and bodies in captivity.
And hark! the lash and the increasing howl,
And the half-inarticulate blasphemy!
There be some here with worse than frenzy foul,
Some who do still goad on the o'er-labour'd mind,
And dim the little light that 's left behind
With needless torture, as their tyrant will
Is wound up to the lust of doing ill: (4)
With these and with their victims am I class'd,
'Mid sounds and sights like these long years have pass'd;
'Mid sights and sounds like these my life may close:
So let it be—for then I shall repose.

effect. Then it was that Tasso—after having suffered these hardships for some time, seeing himself constantly discountenanced by the Duke and the Princesses, abandoned by his friends, and derided by his enemies—could no longer contain himself within the bounds of moderation, but, giving vent to his choler, publicly broke forth into the most injurious expressions imaginable, both against the Duke and all the house of Este, cursing his past service, and retracting all the praises he had ever given in his verses to those princes, or to any individual connected with them, declaring that they were all a gang of poltroons, ingrates, and scoundrels (poltroni, ingrati, e ribaldi). For this offence he was arrested, conducted to the hospital of St. Anna, and confined in a solitary cell as a madman." *Serassi, Vita del Tasso.*—L. E.

(1) "In the hospital of St. Anna, at Ferrara, they show a cell, over the door of which is the following inscription:—'Rispettate, O posteri, la celebrità di questa stanza, dove Torquato Tasso, infermo più di tristezza che delirio, ditenuto dimorò anni vii. mesi ii., scrisse verse e prose, e fu rimesso in libertà ad instanza della città di Bergamo, nel giorno vi. Luglio, 1586.'—The dungeon is below the ground-floor of the hospital, and the light penetrates through its grated window from a small yard, which seems to have been common to other cells. It is nine paces long, between five and six wide, and about seven feet high. The bedstead, so they tell, has been carried off piecemeal, and the door half cut away by the devotion of those whom 'the verse and prose' of the prisoner have brought to Ferrara. The poet was confined in this room from the middle of March 1579 to December 1580, when he was removed to a contiguous apartment much larger, in which, to use his own expressions, he could 'philosophise and walk about.' The inscription is incorrect as to the immediate cause of his enlargement, which was promised to the city of Bergamo, but was carried into effect at the intercession of Don Vincenzo Gonzago, Prince of Mantua." *Hobhouse.*—L. E.

(2) "The opening lines bring the poet before us at once, as if the door of the dungeon was thrown open. From this bitter complaint, how nobly the unconquered bard rises into calm, and serene, and dignified exultation over the beauty of 'that young creation, his soul's child,' the *Gerusalemme Liberata*. The exultation of conscious genius then dies away, and we behold him, 'bound between distraction and disease,' no longer in an inspired mood, but sunk into the lowest prostration of human misery. There is something terrible in this transition from divine rapture to degraded agony." *Wilson.*—L. E.

(3) In a letter to his friend Scipio Gonzaga, shortly after his confinement, Tasso exclaims,—"Ah, wretched me! I had designed to write, besides two epic poems of most noble argument, four tragedies, of which I had formed the plan. I had schemed, too, many works in prose, on subjects the most lofty, and most useful to human life; I had designed to write philosophy with eloquence, in such a manner that there might remain of me an eternal memory in the world. Alas! I had expected to close my life with glory and renown; but now, oppressed by the burden of so many calamities, I have lost every prospect of reputation and of honour. The fear of perpetual imprisonment increases my melancholy; the indignities which I suffer augment it; and the squalor of my beard, my hair, and habit, the sordidness and filth, exceedingly annoy me. Sure am I that, if she, who so little has corresponded to my attachment—if she saw me in such a state, and in such affliction—she would have some compassion on me." *Opere*, t. x. p. 287.—L. E.

(4) "For nearly the first year of his confinement Tasso endured all the horrors of a solitary cell, and was under the care of a gaoler whose chief virtue, although he was a poet and a man of letters, was a cruel obedience to the

IV.

I have been patient, let me be so yet,
I had forgotten half I would forget,
But it revives—Oh! would it were my lot
To be forgetful as I am forgot!—
Feel I not wroth with those who bade me dwell
In this vast lazar-house of many woes?
Where laughter is not mirth, nor thought the mind,
Nor words a language, nor even men mankind;
Where cries reply to curses, shrieks to blows,
And each is tortured in his separate hell—
For we are crowded in our solitudes—
Many, but each divided by the wall,
Which echoes Madness in her babbling moods;—
While all can hear, none heed his neighbour's call—
None! save that one, the veriest wretch of all, (1)
Who was not made to be the mate of these,
Nor bound between Distraction and Disease.
Feel I not wroth with those who placed me here?
Who have debased me in the minds of men,
Debarring me the usage of my own,
Blighting my life in best of its career,
Branding my thoughts as things to shun and fear?
Would I not pay them back these pangs again,
And teach them inward Sorrow's stifled groan?
The struggle to be calm, and cold distress,
Which undermines our stoical success?
No!—still too proud to be vindictive—I
Have pardon'd princes' insults, and would die.
Yes, sister of my sovereign! for thy sake
I weed all bitterness from out my breast,
It hath no business where *thou* art a guest;
Thy brother hates—but I can not detest; (2)
Thou pitiest not—but I can not forsake.

V.

Look on a love which knows not to despair, (3)
But all unquench'd is still my better part,
Dwelling deep in my shut and silent heart
As dwells the gather'd lightning in its cloud,
Encompass'd with its dark and rolling shroud,
Till struck,—forth flies the all-ethereal dart!
And thus, at the collision of thy name,
The vivid thought still flashes through my frame,
And for a moment all things as they were
Flit by me;—they are gone—I am the same.
And yet my love without ambition grew;
I knew thy state, my station, and I knew
A princess was no love-mate for a bard;
I told it not, I breathed it not, it was
Sufficient to itself, its own reward;
And if my eyes reveal'd it, they, alas!
Were punish'd by the silentness of thine,
And yet I did not venture to repine.
Thou wert to me a crystal-girded shrine,
Worshipp'd at holy distance, and around
Hallow'd and meekly kiss'd the saintly ground;
Not for thou wert a princess, but that Love
Had robed thee with a glory, and array'd
Thy lineaments in beauty that dismay'd—
Oh! not dismay'd—but awed, like one above;
And in that sweet severity there was
A something which all softness did surpass—
I know not how—thy genius master'd mine—
My star stood still before thee:—if it were
Presumptuous thus to love without design,
That sad fatality hath cost me dear;
But thou art dearest still, and I should be
Fit for this cell, which wrongs me—but for *thee*.
The very love which lock'd me to my chain
Hath lighten'd half its weight; and for the rest,
Though heavy, lent me vigour to sustain,
And look to thee with undivided breast,
And foil the ingenuity of Pain. (4)

VI.

It is no marvel—from my very birth
My soul was drunk with love,—which did pervade
And mingle with whate'er I saw on earth;
Of objects all inanimate I made
Idols, and out of wild and lonely flowers,
And rocks, whereby they grew, a paradise,
Where I did lay me down within the shade
Of waving trees, and dream'd uncounted hours, (5)
Though I was chid for wandering; and the wise
Shook their white aged heads o'er me, and said
Of such materials wretched men were made,
And such a truant boy would end in woe,
And that the only lesson was a blow;—
And then they smote me, and I did not weep,
But cursed them in my heart, and to my haunt
Return'd and wept alone, and dream'd again
The visions which arise without a sleep.

commands of his prince. His name was Agostino Mosti. Tasso says of him, in a letter to his sister, 'ed usa meco ogni sorte di rigore ed inumanità.'" *Hobhouse.*—L. E.

(1) "This fearful picture is finely contrasted with that which Tasso draws of himself in youth, when nature and meditation were forming his wild, romantic, and impassioned genius. Indeed, the great excellence of the *Lament* consists in the ebbing and flowing of the noble prisoner's soul;—his feelings often come suddenly from afar off,—sometimes gentle airs are breathing, and then all at once arise the storms and tempest,—the gloom, though black as night while it endures, gives way to frequent bursts of radiance,—and when the wild strain is closed, our pity and commiseration are blended with a sustaining and elevating sense of the grandeur and majesty of his character." *Wilson.*—L. E.

(2) Not long after his imprisonment, Tasso appealed to the mercy of Alfonso, in a canzone of great beauty, couched in terms so respectful and pathetic, as must have moved, it might be thought, the severest bosom to relent. The heart of Alfonso was, however, impregnable to the appeal; and Tasso, in another ode to the princesses, whose pity he invoked in the name of their own mother, who had herself known, if not the like horrors, the like solitude of imprisonment, and bitterness of soul. "Considered merely as poems," says Black, "these canzoni are extremely beautiful; but, if we contemplate them as the productions of a mind diseased, they form important documents in the history of man." *Life of Tasso*, vol. ii. p. 408.—L. E.

(3) "As to the indifference which the Princess is said to have exhibited for the misfortunes of Tasso, and the little effort she made to obtain his liberty, this is one of the negative arguments founded on an hypothesis, that may be easily destroyed by a thousand others equally plausible. Was not the Princess anxious to avoid her own ruin? In taking too warm an interest for the poet, did she not risk destroying herself, without saving him?" *Foscolo.*—L. E.

(4) "Tasso's profound and unconquerable love for Leonora, sustaining itself without hope throughout years of darkness and solitude, breathes a moral dignity over all his sentiments, and we feel the strength and power of his noble spirit in the un-upbraiding devotedness of his passion." *Wilson.*—L. E.

(5) It has been remarked by an anonymous author of *Memoirs of Lord Byron*, that "this is so far from being in character, that it is the very reverse; for, whether Tasso was in his senses or not, if his love was sincere he would have made the object of his affection the sole theme of his meditation, instead of generalizing his passion, and talking about the original sympathies of his nature."—P. E.

And with my years my soul began to pant
With feelings of strange tumult and soft pain;
And the whole heart exhaled into one want,
But undefined and wandering, till the day
I found the thing I sought—and that was thee;
And then I lost my being, all to be
Absorb'd in thine—the world was past away—
Thou didst annihilate the earth to me!

VII.

I loved all solitude—but little thought
To spend I know not what of life, remote
From all communion with existence, save
The maniac and his tyrant;—had I been
Their fellow, many years ere this had seen
My mind like theirs corrupted to its grave, (1)
But who hath seen me writhe, or heard me rave?
Perchance in such a cell we suffer more
Than the wreck'd sailor on his desert shore;
The world is all before him—*mine* is *here*,
Scarce twice the space they must accord my bier.
What though *he* perish, he may lift his eye
And with a dying glance upbraid the sky—
I will not raise my own in such reproof,
Although 't is clouded by my dungeon roof.

VIII.

Yet do I feel at times my mind decline, (2)
But with a sense of its decay:—I see
Unwonted lights along my prison shine,
And a strange demon, who is vexing me
With pilfering pranks and petty pains, below
The feeling of the healthful and the free;
But much to one, who long hath suffer'd so,
Sickness of heart, and narrowness of place,
And all that may be borne, or can debase.
I thought mine enemies had been but man,
But spirits may be leagued with them—all Earth
Abandons—Heaven forgets me;—in the dearth
Of such defence the Powers of Evil can,
It may be, tempt me further,—and prevail
Against the outworn creature they assail.

Why in this furnace is my spirit proved
Like steel in tempering fire? because I loved?
Because I loved what not to love, and see,
Was more or less than mortal, and than me.

IX.

I once was quick in feeling—that is o'er;—
My scars are callous, or I should have dash'd
My brain against these bars, as the sun flash'd
In mockery through them;—if I bear and bore
The much I have recounted, and the more
Which hath no words,—'t is that I would not die,
And sanction with self-slaughter the dull lie
Which snared me here, and with the brand of shame
Stamp Madness deep into my memory,
And woo Compassion to a blighted name,
Sealing the sentence which my foes proclaim.
No—it shall be immortal!—and I make
A future temple of my present cell,
Which nations yet shall visit for my sake. (3)
While thou, Ferrara! when no longer dwell
The ducal chiefs within thee, shalt fall down,
And crumbling piecemeal view thy hearthless halls,
A poet's wreath shall be thine only crown,—
A poet's dungeon thy most far renown,
While strangers wonder o'er thy unpeopled walls! (4)
And thou, Leonora!—thou—who wert ashamed
That such as I could love—who blush'd to hear
To less than monarchs that thou couldst be dear,
Go! tell thy brother, that my heart, untamed
By grief, years, weariness—and it may be
A taint of that he would impute to me—
From long infection of a den like this,
Where the mind rots congenial with the abyss,
Adores thee still:—and add—that when the towers
And battlements which guard his joyous hours
Of banquet, dance, and revel, are forgot,
Or left untended in a dull repose,
This—this—shall be a consecrated spot!
But thou—when all that Birth and Beauty throws
Of magic round thee is extinct—shalt have
One half the laurel which o'ershades my grave. (5)

(1) In the MS.—

"My mind like theirs { corrupted / or / adapted } to its grave."—L. E.

(2) "Nor do I lament," wrote Tasso, shortly after his confinement, "that my heart is deluged with almost constant misery, that my head is always heavy and often painful, that my sight and hearing are much impaired, and that all my frame is become spare and meagre; but passing all this with a short sigh, what I would bewail is the infirmity of my mind. My mind sleeps, not thinks; my fancy is chill, and forms no pictures; my negligent senses will no longer furnish the images of things; my hand is sluggish in writing, and my pen seems as if it shrunk from the office. I feel as if I were chained in all my operations, and as if I were overcome by an unwonted numbness and oppressive stupor."—*Opere*, t. viii. p. 258.—L. E.

(3) In the MS.—

"Which { nations yet / after-days } shall visit for my sake."—L. E.

(4) "Those who indulge in the dreams of earthly retribution will observe, that the cruelty of Alfonso was not left without its recompense, even in his own person. He survived the affection of his subjects and of his dependants, who deserted him at his death; and suffered his body to be interred without princely or decent honours. His last wishes were neglected; his testament cancelled. His kinsman, Don Cæsar, shrank from the excommunication of the Vatican, and, after a short struggle, or rather suspense, Ferrara passed away for ever from the dominion of the house of Este." *Hobhouse*.—L. E.

(5) In July, 1586, after a confinement of more than seven years, Tasso was released from his dungeon. In the hope of receiving his mother's dowry, and of again beholding his sister Cornelia, he shortly after visited Naples, where his presence was welcomed with every demonstration of esteem and admiration. Being on a visit at Meda di Gaeta, he received the following remarkable tribute of respect. Mario di Sciarra, the notorious captain of a numerous troop of banditti, hearing where the great poet was, sent to compliment him, and offered him not only a free passage, but protection by the way, and assured him that he and his followers would be proud to execute his orders. See *Manso, Vita del Tasso*, p. 219. Mr. Rogers thus introduces the incident into his description of the life, "fearful and full of change," of the mountain-robber:—

"Time was, the trade was nobler, if not honest;
When they that robb'd were men of better faith
Than kings or pontiffs; when, such reverence
The poet drew among the woods and wilds,
A voice was heard, that never bade to spare,
Crying aloud, 'Hence to the distant hills!
Tasso approaches; he, whose song beguiles
The day of half its hours; whose sorcery
Dazzles the sense, turning our forest-glades
To lists that blaze with gorgeous armoury,
Our mountain-caves to regal palaces:
Hence, nor descend till he and his are gone.
Let him fear nothing!'"—L. E.

No power in death can tear our names apart,
As none in life could rend thee from my heart. (1)

Yes, Leonora! it shall be our fate
To be entwined for ever—but too late! (2)

(1) In the MS.—

"As none in life could { wring / wrench / rend } thee from my heart."—L. E.

(2) "The 'pleasures of imagination' have been explained and justified by Addison in prose, and by Akenside in verse, but there are moments of real life when its miseries and its necessities seem to overpower and destroy them. The history of mankind, however, furnishes proofs, that no bodily suffering, no adverse circumstances, operating on our material nature, will extinguish the spirit of imagination. Perhaps there is no instance of this so very affecting and so very sublime as the case of Tasso. They who have seen the dark, horror-striking dungeon-hole at Ferrara, in which he was confined seven years under the imputation of madness, will have had this truth impressed upon their hearts in a manner never to be erased. In this vault, of which the sight makes the hardest heart shudder, the poet employed himself in finishing and correcting his immortal epic poem. Lord Byron's *Lament* on this subject is as sublime and profound a lesson in morality, and in the pictures of the recesses of the human soul, as it is a production most eloquent, most pathetic, most vigorous, and most elevating among the gifts of the Muse. The bosom which is not touched with it—the fancy which is not warmed,—the understanding which is not enlightened and exalted by it, is not fit for human intercourse. If Lord Byron had written nothing but this, to deny him the praise of a grand poet would have been flagrant injustice or gross stupidity." *Sir E. Brydges.*—L. E.

Beppo;

A VENETIAN STORY. (1)

ROSALIND. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity; and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think that you have swam in a *Gondola*.—*As You Like It*, Act IV. Sc. I.

Annotation of the Commentators.

That is, been at *Venice*, which was much visited by the young English gentlemen of those times, and was then what *Paris* is *now*—the seat of all dissoluteness. S. A. (1)

I.

'Tis known, at least it should be, that throughout
All countries of the Catholic persuasion,
Some weeks before Shrove Tuesday comes about,
The people take their fill of recreation,
And buy repentance, ere they grow devout,
However high their rank, or low their station,
With fiddling, feasting, dancing, drinking, masquing,
And other things which may be had for asking.

II.

The moment night with dusky mantle covers
The skies (and the more duskily the better),
The time less liked by husbands than by lovers
Begins, and prudery flings aside her fetter;
And gaiety on restless tiptoe hovers,
Giggling with all the gallants who beset her;
And there are songs and quavers, roaring, humming,
Guitars, and every other sort of strumming.

(1) Roger Ascham, Queen Elizabeth's tutor, says, in his *Schoolmaster*—"Although I was only nine days at Venice, I saw, in that little time, more liberty to sin, than ever I heard tell of in the city of London in nine years."

Beppo was written at Venice, in October 1817, and acquired great popularity immediately on its publication in the May of the following year. Lord Byron's letters show that he attached very little importance to it at the time. He was not aware that he had opened a new vein, in which his genius was destined to work out some of its brightest triumphs. "I have written," he says to Mr. Murray, "a poem humorous, in or after the excellent manner of Mr. Whistlecraft," and founded on a Venetian anecdote which amused me. It is called *Beppo*—the short name for Giuseppo,—that is, the *Joe* of the Italian Joseph. It has politics and ferocity." Again—"Whistlecraft is my immediate model, but Berni is the father of that kind of writing; which, I think, suits our language, too, very well. We shall see by this experiment. It will, at any rate, show that I can write cheerfully, and repel the charge of monotony and mannerism." He wished Mr. Murray to accept of Beppo as a free gift, or, as he chose to express it, "as part of the contract for Canto Fourth of *Childe Harold*;" adding, however,—"if it pleases, you shall have more in the same mood; for I know the Italian *way of life*, and, as for the *verse* and the *passions*, I have them still in tolerable vigour."

The Right Honourable John Hookham Frere has, then, by Lord Byron's confession, the merit of having first introduced the *Bernesque* style into our language; but his performance, entitled "Prospectus and Specimen of an intended National Work, by William and Robert Whistlecraft, of Stowmarket, in Suffolk, Harness and Collar Makers, intended to comprise the most interesting Particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table," though it delighted all elegant and learned readers, obtained at the time little notice from the public at large, and is already almost forgotten. For the causes of this failure, about which Mr. Rose and others have written at some length, it appears needless to look further than the last sentence we have been quoting from the letters of the author of the more successful *Beppo*. Whistlecraft had the *verse*; it had also the humour, the wit, and even the poetry of the Italian model; but it wanted the life of actual manners, and the strength of stirring passions. Mr. Frere had forgot, or was, with all his genius, unfit to profit by remembering, that the poets, whose style he was adopting, always made their style *appear* a secondary matter. They never failed to embroider their merriment on the texture of a really interesting story. Lord Byron perceived this; and avoiding his immediate master's one fatal error, and at least equalling him in the excellences which he did display, engaged at once the sympathy of readers of every class, and became substantially the founder of a new species of English poetry.

In justice to Mr. Frere, however, whose "Specimen" has long been out of print, we must take this opportunity of showing how completely, as to style and versification, he had anticipated *Beppo* and *Don Juan*. In the introductions to his cantos, and in various detached passages of mere

* "He one day received by the mail a copy of Whistlecraft's prospectus and specimen of an intended national work, and, moved by its playfulness, immediately after receiving it began *Beppo*, which he finished at a sitting." *Galt.*—P. E.

III.

And there are dresses splendid, but fantastical,
Masks of all times and nations, Turks and Jews,
And harlequins and clowns, with feats gymnastical,
Greeks, Romans, Yankee-doodles, and Hindoos;
All kinds of dress, except the ecclesiastical,
All people, as their fancies hit, may choose,
But no one in these parts may quiz the clergy,—
Therefore take heed, ye freethinkers! I charge ye.

IV.

You'd better walk about begirt with briars,
Instead of coat and small-clothes, than put on
A single stitch reflecting upon friars,
Although you swore it only was in fun;
They'd haul you o'er the coals, and stir the fires
Of Phlegethon with every mother's son,
Nor say one mass to cool the caldron's bubble
That boil'd your bones, unless you paid them double.

description, he had produced precisely the sort of effect at which Lord Byron aimed in what we may call the secondary, or merely ornamental, parts of his Comic Epic. For example, this is the beginning of Whistlecraft's first canto:—

"I've often wish'd that I could write a book,
Such as all English people might peruse;
I never should regret the pains it took,
That's just the sort of fame that I should choose:
To sail about the world like Captain Cook,
I'd sling a cot up for my favourite Muse,
And we'd take verses out to Demarara,
To New South Wales, and up to Niagara.

"Poets consume excisable commodities,
They raise the nation's spirit when victorious,
They drive an export trade in whims and oddities,
Making our commerce and revenue glorious;
As an industrious and pains-taking body 'tis
That poets should be reckon'd meritorious:
And therefore I submissively propose
To erect one board for verse and one for prose.

"Princes protecting sciences and art
I've often seen, in copper-plate and print;
I never saw them elsewhere, for my part,
And therefore I conclude there's nothing in 't:
But every body knows the Regent's heart;
I trust he won't reject a well-meant hint;
Each board to have twelve members, with a seat
To bring them in per ann. five hundred neat:—

"From princes I descend to the nobility:
In former times all persons of high stations,
Lords, baronets, and persons of gentility,
Paid twenty guineas for the dedications:
This practice was attended with utility;
The patrons lived to future generations,
The poets lived by their industrious earning,—
So men alive and dead could live by learning.

"Then, twenty guineas was a little fortune;
Now, we must starve unless the times should mend:
Our poets now-a-days are deem'd importune
If their addresses are diffusely penn'd;
Most fashionable authors make a short one
To their own wife, or child, or private friend,
To show their independence, I suppose;
And that may do for gentlemen like those.

"Lastly, the common people I beseech—
Dear people! if you think my verses clever,
Preserve with care your noble parts of speech,
And take it as a maxim to endeavour
To talk as your good mothers used to teach,
And then these lines of mine may last for ever;
And don't confound the language of the nation
With long-tail'd words in *osity* and *ation*.

"I think that poets (whether Whig or Tory)
(Whether they go to meeting or to church)
Should study to promote their country's glory
With patriotic diligent research;
That children yet unborn may learn the story,
With grammars, dictionaries, canes, and birch:
It stands to reason—This was Homer's plan,
And we must do—like him—the best we can.

"*Madoc* and *Marmion*, and many more,
Are out in print, and most of them have sold:
Perhaps together they may make a score;
Richard the First has had his story told,
But there were lords and princes long before,
That had behaved themselves like warriors bold;
Among the rest there was the great KING ARTHUR,
What hero's fame was ever carried farther?"

The following description of King Arthur's Christmas at Carlisle is equally meritorious:—

"The Great King Arthur made a sumptuous feast,
And held his royal Christmas at Carlisle,
And thither came the vassals, most and least,
From every corner of this British Isle;
And all were entertain'd, both man and beast,
According to their rank, in proper style:
The steeds were fed and litter'd in the stable,
The ladies and the knights sat down to table.

"The bill of fare (as you may well suppose)
Was suited to those plentiful old times,
Before our modern luxuries arose,
With truffles and ragouts, and various crimes;
And therefore, from the original in prose,
I shall arrange the catalogue in rhymes:
They served up salmon, venison, and wild boars,
By hundreds, and by dozens, and by scores;

"Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
Muttons, and fatted beeves, and bacon swine;
Herons and bitterns, peacock, swan, and bustard,
Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and in fine
Plum-puddings, pancakes, apple-pies and custard:
And therewithal they drank good Gascon wine,
With mead, and ale, and cyder of our own;
For porter, punch, and negus were not known.

"The noise and uproar of the scullery tribe,
All pilfering and scrambling in their calling,
Was past all powers of language to describe—
The din of manful oaths and female squalling;
The sturdy porter, buddling up his bribe,
And then at random breaking heads and bawling,
Outcries, and cries of order, and confusions,
Made a confusion beyond all confusions;

"Beggars and vagabonds, blind, lame, and sturdy,
Minstrels and singers with their various airs,
The pipe, the tabor, and the hurdy-gurdy,
Jugglers and mountebanks with apes and bears,
Continued from the first day to the third day,
An uproar like ten thousand Smithfield fairs;
There were wild beasts and foreign birds and creatures,
And Jews and foreigners with foreign features.

"All sorts of people there were seen together,
All sorts of characters, all sorts of dresses;
The fool with fox's tail and peacock's feather,
Pilgrims, and penitents, and grave burgesses;
The country people with their coats of leather,
Vintners and victuallers with cans and messes;
Grooms, archers, varlets, falconers and yeomen,
Damsels and waiting-maids, and waiting-women.

"But the profane indelicate amours,
The vulgar unenlighten'd conversation
Of minstrels, menials, courtezans, and boors,
(Although appropriate to their meaner station)
Would certainly revolt a taste like yours;
Therefore I shall omit the calculation
Of all the curses, oaths, and cuts, and stabs,
Occasion'd by their dice, and drink, and drabs.

"We must take care in our poetic cruise,
And never hold a single tack too long;
Therefore my versatile ingenious Muse
Takes leave of this illiterate low-bred throng,
Intending to present superior views,
Which to genteeler company belong,
And show the higher orders of society
Behaving with politeness and propriety.

"And certainly, they say, for fine behaving
King Arthur's court has never had its match;
True point of honour, without pride or braving,
Strict etiquette, for ever on the watch:
Their manners were refined and perfect—saving
Some modern graces, which they could not catch;
As spitting through the teeth, and driving stages,
Accomplishments reserved for distant ages!

"They look'd a manly generous generation;
Beards, shoulders, eyebrows, broad, and square, and thick,
Their accents firm and loud in conversation,
Their eyes and gestures eager, sharp, and quick,
Showed them prepared, on proper provocation,
To give the lie, pull noses, stab, and kick;
And for that very reason, it is said,
They were so very courteous and well-bred.

"The ladies look'd of an heroic race—
At first a general likeness struck your eye,
Tall figures, open features, oval face,
Large eyes, with ample eyebrows arch'd and high;
Their manners had an odd peculiar grace,
Neither repulsive, affable, nor shy,
Majestical, reserved, and somewhat sullen;
Their dresses partly silk, and partly woollen."

V.

ut, saving this, you may put on whate'er
You like by way of doublet, cape, or cloak,
uch as in Monmouth-street, or in Rag Fair,
Would rig you out in seriousness or joke;
nd even in Italy such places are,
With prettier names in softer accents spoke,
or, bating Covent Garden, I can hit on
o place that's call'd "Piazza" in Great Britain. (1)

VI.

his feast is named the carnival, (2) which, being
Interpreted, implies "farewell to flesh:"
o call'd, because the name and thing agreeing,
Through Lent they live on fish both salt and fresh.
ut why they usher Lent with so much glee in,
Is more than I can tell, although I guess
is as we take a glass with friends at parting,
n the stage-coach or packet, just at starting.

VII.

And thus they bid farewell to carnal dishes,
And solid meats, and highly-spiced ragouts,
To live for forty days on ill-dress'd fishes,
Because they have no sauces to their stews,
A thing which causes many "poohs" and "pishes,"
And several oaths (which would not suit the Muse),
From travellers accustom'd from a boy
To eat their salmon, at the least, with soy;

VIII.

And therefore humbly I would recommend
"The curious in fish-sauce," before they cross
The sea, to bid their cook, or wife, or friend,
Walk or ride to the Strand, and buy in gross
(Or if set out beforehand, these may send
By any means least liable to loss)
Ketchup, Soy, Chili-vinegar, and Harvey,
Or, by the Lord! a Lent will well nigh starve ye;

The little snatches of critical *quizzing* introduced in Whistlecraft are perfect in their way. Take, for example, his good-humoured parody on one of the most magnificent passages in Wordsworth:—

"In castles and in courts Ambition dwells,
But not in castles or in courts alone;
She breathed a wish, throughout those sared cells,
For bells of larger size, and louder tone;
Giants abominate the sound of bells,
And soon the fierce antipathy was shown,
The tinkling and the jingling, and the clangor,
Roused their irrational gigantic anger.

"Unhappy mortals! ever blind to fate!
Unhappy monks! you see no danger nigh;
Exulting in their sound, and size, and weight,
From morn till noon the merry peal you ply:
The belfry rocks, your bosoms are elate,
Your spirits with the ropes and pulleys fly;
Tired, but transported, panting, pulling, hauling,
Ramping and stamping, overjoy'd and bawling.

"Meanwhile the solemn mountains that surrounded
The silent valley where the convent lay,
With tintinnabular uproar were astounded,
When the first peal burst forth at break of day:
Feeling their granite ears severely wounded,
They scarce knew what to think, or what to say;
And (though large mountains commonly conceal
Their sentiments, dissembling what they feel,

"Yet) *Cader-Gibbrish from his cloudy throne*
To huge Loblommon gave an intimation
Of this strange rumour, with an awful tone,
Thund'ring his deep surprise and indignation;
The lesser hills, in language of their own,
Discuss'd the topic by reverberation;
Discoursing with their echoes all day long,
Their only conversation was, 'ding-dong.'"

Mr. Rose has a very elegant essay on Whistlecraft, in is *Thoughts and Recollections by One of the last Century*, hich thus concludes:—

"*Beppo*, which had a story, and which pointed but one way, met ith signal and universal success; while *The Monks and the Giants* ave been little appreciated by the majority of readers. Yet those ho will only laugh upon a sufficient warrant may, on analysing is bravura-poem, find legitimate matter for their mirth. The want f meaning cannot certainly be objected to it, with reason; for it ontains a deep substratum of sense, and does not exhibit a character hich has not, or might not have, its parallel in nature. I remember the time this poem was published, (which was, when the French onarchy seemed endangered by the vacillating conduct of Louis VIII. who, under the guidance of successive ministers, was trimming between the loyalists and the liberals, apparently thinking that vility and conciliation was a remedy for all evils,) a friend dared e to prove my assertion; and, by way of a text, referred me to the aracter of the crippled abbot, under whose direction,

'The convent was all going to the devil,
While he, poor creature, thought himself beloved
For saying handsome things, and being civil,
Wheeling about as he was pull'd and shoved.'

"The obvious application of this was made by me to Louis XVIII.; d if it was not the intention of the author to designate him in particular, the applicability of the passage to the then state of France, d her ruler, shows, at least, the intrinsic truth of the description.

Take, in the same way, the character of Sir Tristram, and we shall find its elements, if not in one, in different living persons.

'Songs, music, languages, and many a lay
Asturian, or Armoric, Irish, Basque,
His ready memory seized and bore away;
And ever when the ladies chose to ask
Sir Tristram was prepared to sing and play,
Not like a minstrel, earnest at his task,
But with a sportive, careless, easy style,
As if he seem'd to mock himself the while.

'His ready wit, and rambling education,
With the congenial influence of his stars,
Had taught him all the arts of conversation,
All games of skill, and stratagems of wars;
His birth, it seems, by Merlin's calculation,
Was under Venus, Mercury, and Mars:
His mind with all their attributes was mix'd,
And, like those planets, wand'ring and unfix'd.'

"Who can read this description, without recognising in it the portraits (flattering portraits, perhaps) of two military characters well known in society?"

The reader will find a copious criticism on Whistlecraft, from the pen of Ugo Foscolo, in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. xxi.—L. E.

(1) In the original MS.—

"For, bating Covent Garden, I can't hit on
A place," etc.—L. E.

(2) "The carnival," says Mr. Rose, "though it is gayer or duller, according to the genius of the nations which celebrate it, is, in its general character, nearly the same all over the peninsula. The beginning is like any other season; towards the middle you begin to meet masques and mummers in sunshine: in the last fifteen days the plot thickens; and during *the three last* all is hurly-burly. But to paint these, which may be almost considered as a separate festival, I must avail myself of the words of Messrs. William and Thomas Whistlecraft, in whose 'Prospectus and Specimen of an intended National Work' I find the description ready made to my hand, observing that, besides the ordinary dramatis personæ,—

'Beggars and vagabonds, blind, lame, and sturdy,
Minstrels and singers, with their various airs,
The pipe, the tabor, and the hurdy-gurdy,
Jugglers and mountebanks, with apes and bears,
Continue, from the first day to the third day,
An uproar like ten thousand Smithfield fairs.'

The shops are shut, all business is at a stand, and the drunken cries heard at night afford a clear proof of the pleasures to which these days of leisure are dedicated. These holidays may surely be reckoned amongst the secondary causes which contribute to the indolence of the Italian, since they reconcile this to his conscience, as being of religious institution. Now there is, perhaps, no offence which is so unproportionably punished by conscience as that of indolence. With the wicked man, it is an intermittent disease; with the idle man, it is a chronic one." *Letters from the North of Italy*, vol. ii. p. 171.—L. E.

IX.

That is to say, if your religion 's Roman,
And you at Rome would do as Romans do,
According to the proverb,—although no man,
If foreign, is obliged to fast; and you,
If Protestant, or sickly, or a woman,
Would rather dine in sin on a ragout—
Dine and be d——d! I don't mean to be coarse,
But that's the penalty, to say no worse.

X.

Of all the places where the carnival
Was most facetious in the days of yore,
For dance, and song, and serenade, and ball,
And masque, and mime, and mystery, and more
Than I have time to tell now, or at all,
Venice the bell from every city bore,—
And at the moment when I fix my story,
That sea-born city was in all her glory.

XI.

They've pretty faces yet, those same Venetians,
Black eyes, arch'd brows, and sweet expressions still;
Such as of old were copied from the Grecians,
In ancient arts by moderns mimick'd ill;
And like so many Venuses of Titian's
(The best's at Florence (1)—see it, if ye will),
They look when leaning over the balcony,
Or stepp'd from out a picture by Giorgione, (2)

XII.

Whose tints are truth and beauty at their best;
And when you to Manfrini's palace go, (3)
That picture (howsoever fine the rest)
Is loveliest to my mind of all the show;
It may perhaps be also to *your* zest,
And that's the cause I rhyme upon it so:
'Tis but a portrait of his son, and wife,
And self; but *such* a woman! love in life! (4)

XIII.

Love in full life and length, not love ideal,
No, nor ideal beauty, that fine name,
But something better still, so very real,
That the sweet model must have been the same;
A thing that you would purchase, beg, or steal,
Were 't not impossible, besides a shame:
The face recalls some face, as 't were with pain,
You once have seen, but ne'er will see again;

XIV.

One of those forms which flit by us, when we
Are young, and fix our eyes on every face:
And, oh! the loveliness at times we see
In momentary gliding, the soft grace,
The youth, the bloom, the beauty which agree,
In many a nameless being we retrace,
Whose course and home we knew not, nor shall know,
Like the lost Pleiad (5) seen no more below.

XV.

I said that like a picture by Giorgione
Venetian women were, and so they *are*,
Particularly seen from a balcony
(For beauty's sometimes best set off afar),
And there, just like a heroine of Goldoni,
They peep from out the blind, or o'er the bar;
And, truth to say, they're mostly very pretty,
And rather like to show it, more's the pity!

XVI.

For glances beget ogles, ogles sighs,
Sighs wishes, wishes words, and words a letter,
Which flies on wings of light-heel'd Mercuries,
Who do such things because they know no better;
And then, God knows, what mischief may arise,
When love links two young people in one fetter,
Vile assignations, and adulterous beds,
Elopements, broken vows, and hearts, and heads.

XVII.

Shakspeare described the sex in Desdemona
As very fair, but yet suspect in fame, (6)
And to this day from Venice to Verona
Such matters may be probably the same,
Except that since those times was never known a
Husband whom mere suspicion could inflame
To suffocate a wife no more than twenty,
Because she had a "cavalier servente."

(1) "At Florence I remained but a day, having a hurry for Rome. However, I went to the two galleries, from which one returns drunk with beauty; but there are sculpture and painting, which, for the first time, gave me an idea of what people mean by their *cant*, about those two most artificial of the arts. What struck me most were,—the mistress of Raphael, a portrait; the mistress of Titian, a portrait; a Venus of Titian, in the Medici gallery—*the* Venus; Canova's Venus, also in the other gallery," etc. *B. Letters*, 1817. —L. E.

(2) "I know nothing of pictures myself, and care almost as little; but to me there are none like the Venetian—above all, Giorgione. I remember well his Judgment of Solomon, in the Marisealchi gallery in Bologna. The real mother is beautiful, exquisitely beautiful." *B. Letters*, 1820. —L. E.

(3) The following is Lord Byron's account of his visit to this palace, in April, 1817:—"To-day, I have been over the Manfrini palace, famous for its pictures. Amongst them, there is a portrait of Ariosto, by Titian, surpassing all my anticipation of the power of painting or human expression: it is the poetry of portrait, and the portrait of poetry. There was also one of some learned lady centuries old, whose name I forget, but whose features must always be remembered. I never saw greater beauty, or sweetness, or wisdom;—it is the kind of face to go mad for, because it cannot walk out of its frame. There is also a famous dead Christ and five Apostles, for which Bonaparte offered in vain five thousand louis; and of which, though it is a capo d'opera of Titian, as I am no connoisseur, I say little, and thought less, except of one figure in it. There are ten thousand others, and some very fine Giorgiones amongst them. There is an original Laura and Petrarch, very hideous both. Petrarch has not only the dress, but the features and air of an old woman; and Laura looks by no means like a young one, or a pretty one. What struck me most in the general collection, was the extreme resemblance of the style of the female faces in the mass of pictures, so many centuries or generations old, to those you see and meet every day among the existing Italians. The Queen of Cyprus and Giorgione's wife, particularly the latter, are Venetians as it were of yesterday; the same eyes and expression, and, to my mind, there is none finer. You must recollect, however, that I know nothing of painting, and that I detest it, unless it reminds me of something I have seen, or think it possible to see."—L. E.

(4) This appears to be an incorrect description of the picture; as, according to Vasari and others, Giorgione never was married, and died young.—L. E.

(5) "Quæ septem dici sex tamen esse solent."—Ovid.

(6) "Look to 't:——
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown."—Othello.
—L. E.

XVIII.

Their jealousy (if they are ever jealous)
Is of a fair complexion altogether,
Not like that sooty devil of Othello's
Which smothers women in a bed of feather,
But worthier of these much more jolly fellows,
When weary of the matrimonial tether,
His head for such a wife no mortal bothers,
But takes at once another, or another's. (1)

XIX.

Didst ever see a gondola? For fear
You should not, I'll describe it you exactly:
'Tis a long cover'd boat that's common here,
Carved at the prow, built lightly, but compactly,
Row'd by two rowers, each call'd "gondolier,"
It glides along the water looking blackly,
Just like a coffin clapt in a canoe,
Where none can make out what you say or do.

XX.

And up and down the long canals they go,
And under the Rialto (2) shoot along,
By night and day, all paces, swift or slow,
And round the theatres, a sable throng,
They wait in their dusk livery of woe,—
But not to them do woful things belong,
For sometimes they contain a deal of fun,
Like mourning-coaches when the funeral's done.

XXI.

But to my story.—'T was some years ago,
It may be thirty, forty, more or less,
The carnival was at its height, and so
Were all kinds of buffoonery and dress;
A certain lady went to see the show,
Her real name I know not, nor can guess,
And so we'll call her Laura, if you please,
Because it slips into my verse with ease.

XXII.

She was not old, nor young, nor at the years
Which certain people call a "*certain age*,"
Which yet the most uncertain age appears,
Because I never heard, nor could engage
A person yet by prayers, or bribes, or tears,
To name, define by speech, or write on page,
The period meant precisely by that word,—
Which surely is exceedingly absurd.

XXIII.

Laura was blooming still, had made the best
Of time, and time return'd the compliment,
And treated her genteelly, so that, dress'd,
She look'd extremely well where'er she went;
A pretty woman is a welcome guest,
And Laura's brow a frown had rarely bent,
Indeed she shone all smiles, and seem'd to flatter
Mankind with her black eyes for looking at her.

XXIV.

She was a married woman; 'tis convenient,
Because in Christian countries 'tis a rule
To view their little slips with eyes more lenient;
Whereas if single ladies play the fool
(Unless within the period intervenient
A well-timed wedding makes the scandal cool),
I don't know how they ever can get over it,
Except they manage never to discover it.

XXV.

Her husband sail'd upon the Adriatic,
And made some voyages, too, in other seas,
And when he lay in quarantine for pratique
(A forty days' precaution 'gainst disease),
His wife would mount, at times, her highest attic,
For thence she could discern the ship with ease:
He was a merchant trading to Aleppo,
His name Giuseppe, call'd more briefly Beppo.

XXVI.

He was a man as dusky as a Spaniard,
Sunburnt with travel, yet a portly figure;
Though colour'd, as it were, within a tanyard,
He was a person both of sense and vigour—
A better seaman never yet did man yard:
And *she*, although her manners show'd no rigour,
Was deem'd a woman of the strictest principle,
So much as to be thought almost invincible. (3)

XXVII.

But several years elapsed since they had met;
Some people thought the ship was lost, and some
That he had somehow blunder'd into debt,
And did not like the thought of steering home;
And there were several offer'd any bet,
Or that he would, or that he would not, come,
For most men (till by losing render'd sager)
Will back their own opinions with a wager.

XXVIII.

'Tis said that their last parting was pathetic,
As partings often are, or ought to be,
And their presentiment was quite prophetic
That they should never more each other see

(1) "Jealousy is not the order of the day in Venice, and daggers are out of fashion, while duels on love matters are unknown—at least, with the husbands." *B. Letters.*—L. E.

(2) "An English abbreviation. Rialto is the name, not of the bridge, but of the island from which it is called; and the Venetians say, il ponte di Rialto, as we say Westminster Bridge. In that island is the Exchange; and I have often walked there as on classic ground. In the days of Antonio and Bassanio it was second to none. "I sotto portichi," says Sansovino, writing in 1580, "sono ogni giorni frequentati da i mercatanti Fiorentini, Genovesi, Milanesi, Spagnuoli, Turchi, e d'altre nationi diverse del mondo, i quali vi concorrono in tanta copia, che questa piazza è annoverata fra le prime dell' universo." It was there that the Christian held discourse with the Jew; and Shylock refers to it when he says,

'Signor Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto, you have rated me.'

'Andiamo à Rialto'—'l'ora di Rialto'—were on every tongue; and continue so to the present day." *Rogers.*—L. E.

(3) "The general state of morals here is much the same as in the Doges' time: a woman is virtuous (according to the code) who limits herself to her husband and one lover; those who have two, three, or more, are a little wild; but it is only those who are indiscriminately diffuse, and form a low connection, who are considered as overstepping the modesty of marriage. There is no convincing a woman here, that she is in the smallest degree deviating from the rule of right or the fitness of things, in having an *amoroso*. The great sin seems to lie in concealing it, or having more than one; that is, unless such an extension of the prerogative is understood and approved of by the prior claimant." *B. Letters*, 1817.—L. E.

(A sort of morbid feeling, half poetic,
Which I have known occur in two or three),
When kneeling on the shore upon her sad knee,
He left this Adriatic Ariadne.

XXIX.

And Laura waited long, and wept a little,
And thought of wearing weeds, as well she might;
She almost lost all appetite for victual,
And could not sleep with ease alone at night;
She deem'd the window-frames and shutters brittle
Against a daring housebreaker or sprite,
And so she thought it prudent to connect her
With a vice-husband, *chiefly to protect her.*

XXX.

She chose, (and what is there they will not choose,
If only you will but oppose their choice?)
Till Beppo should return from his long cruise,
And bid once more her faithful heart rejoice,
A man some women like, and yet abuse—
A coxcomb was he by the public voice;
A Count of wealth, they said, as well as quality,
And in his pleasures of great liberality.(1)

XXXI.

And then he was a Count, and then he knew
Music, and dancing, fiddling, French and Tuscan;
The last not easy, be it known to you,
For few Italians speak the right Etruscan.
He was a critic upon operas, too,
And knew all niceties of the sock and buskin;
And no Venetian audience could endure a
Song, scene, or air, when he cried "seccatura!"

XXXII.

His "bravo" was decisive, for that sound
Hush'd "Academie" sigh'd in silent awe;
The fiddlers trembled as he look'd around,
For fear of some false note's detected flaw;
The "prima donna's" tuneful heart would bound,
Dreading the deep damnation of his "bah!"
Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto,
Wish'd him five fathom under the Rialto.

XXXIII.

He patronised the improvisatori,
Nay, could himself extemporise some stanzas,
Wrote rhymes, sang songs, could also tell a story,
Sold pictures, and was skilful in the dance as
Italians can be, though in this their glory [has;
Must surely yield the palm to that which France
In short, he was a perfect cavaliero,
And to his very valet seem'd a hero.

XXXIV.

Then he was faithful too, as well as amorous;
So that no sort of female could complain,
Although they're now and then a little clamorous,
He never put the pretty souls in pain;
His heart was one of those which most enamour us,
Wax to receive, and marble to retain.
He was a lover of the good old school,
Who still become more constant as they cool.

(1) In the MS.—

"A Count of wealth inferior to his quality,
Which somewhat limited his liberality."

—L. E.

XXXV.

No wonder such accomplishments should turn
A female head, however sage and steady—
With scarce a hope that Beppo could return,
In law he was almost as good as dead, he
Nor sent, nor wrote, nor show'd the least concern,
And she had waited several years already;
And really if a man won't let us know
That he's alive, he's *dead*, or should be so.

XXXVI.

Besides, within the Alps, to every woman
(Although, God knows, it is a grievous sin),
'Tis, I may say, permitted to have *two* men;
I can't tell who first brought the custom in,
But "Cavalier Serventes" are quite common,
And no one notices nor cares a pin;
And we may call this (not to say the worst)
A *second* marriage which corrupts the *first.*

XXXVII.

The word was formerly a "Cicisbeo,"
But *that* is now grown vulgar and indecent;
The Spaniards call the person a "*Cortejo,*" (2)
For the same mode subsists in Spain, though recent;
In short it reaches from the Po to Teio,
And may perhaps at last be o'er the sea sent:
But Heaven preserve Old England from such courses!
Or what becomes of damage and divorces?

XXXVIII.

However, I still think, with all due deference
To the fair *single* part of the creation,
That married ladies should preserve the preference
In *tête-à-tête* or general conversation—
And this I say without peculiar reference
To England, France, or any other nation—
Because they know the world, and are at ease,
And, being natural, naturally please.

XXXIX.

'Tis true, your budding miss is very charming,
But shy and awkward at first coming out,
So much alarm'd, that she is quite alarming,
All giggle, blush; half pertness, and half pout;
And glancing at *mamma*, for fear there's harm in
What you, she, it, or they, may be about,
The Nursery still lisps out in all they utter—
Besides, they always smell of bread and butter.

XL.

But "Cavalier Servente" is the phrase
Used in politest circles to express
This supernumerary slave, who stays
Close to the lady as a part of dress,
Her word the only law which he obeys.
His is no sinecure, as you may guess;
Coach, servants, gondola, he goes to call,
And carries fan and tippet, gloves and shawl.

XLI.

With all its sinful doings, I must say,
That Italy's a pleasant place to me,
Who love to see the sun shine every day,
And vines (not nail'd to walls) from tree to tree

(2) Cortejo is pronounced Corteho, with an aspirate, according to the Arabesque guttural. It means what there is as yet no precise name for in England, though the practice is as common as in any tramontane country whatever.

Festoon'd, much like the back scene of a play,
Or melodrame, which people flock to see,
When the first act is ended by a dance
In vineyards copied from the south of France.

XLII.

I like on autumn evenings to ride out,
Without being forced to bid my groom be sure
My cloak is round his middle strapp'd about,
Because the skies are not the most secure;
I know too that, if stopp'd upon my route,
Where the green alleys windingly allure,
Reeling with *grapes* red waggons choke the way,—
In England 'twould be dung, dust, or a dray.

XLIII.

I also like to dine on becaficas,
To see the sun set, sure he'll rise to-morrow,
Not through a misty morning twinkling weak as
A drunken man's dead eye in maudlin sorrow,
But with all heaven t'himself; that day will break as
Beauteous as cloudless, nor be forced to borrow
That sort of farthing candlelight which glimmers
Where reeking London's smoky caldron simmers.

XLIV.

I love the language, that soft bastard Latin,
Which melts like kisses from a female mouth,
And sounds as if it should be writ on satin,
With syllables which breathe of the sweet South,
And gentle liquids gliding all so pat in,
That not a single accent seems uncouth,
Like our harsh northern whistling grunting guttural,
Which we're obliged to hiss, and spit, and sputter all.

XLV.

I like the women too (forgive my folly),
From the rich peasant cheek of ruddy bronze, (1)
And large black eyes that flash on you a volley
Of rays that say a thousand things at once,
To the high dama's brow, more melancholy, (2)
But clear, and with a wild and liquid glance;
Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime, (3) and sunny as her skies. (4)

XLVI.

Eve of the land which still is paradise!
Italian beauty! didst thou not inspire
Raphael, (5) who died in thy embrace, and vies
With all we know of heaven, or can desire,
In what he hath bequeath'd us?—in what guise;
Though flashing from the fervour of the lyre,
Would *words* describe thy past and present glow,
While yet Canova can create below? (6)

XLVII.

"England! with all thy faults I love thee still,"
I said at Calais, and have not forgot it;
I like to speak and lucubrate my fill;
I like the government (but that is not *it*);
I like the freedom of the press and quill;
I like the Habeas Corpus (when we've got it);
I like a parliamentary debate,
Particularly when 'tis not too late;

XLVIII.

I like the taxes, when they're not too many;
I like a seacoal fire, when not too dear;
I like a beef-steak, too, as well as any;
Have no objection to a pot of beer;
I like the weather, when it is not rainy;
That is, I like two months of every year.
And so God save the Regent, Church, and King!
Which means that I like all and every thing.

XLIX.

Our standing army, and disbanded seamen,
Poor's rate, Reform, my own, the nation's debt,
Our little riots just to show we are free men,
Our trifling bankruptcies in the Gazette,
Our cloudy climate, and our chilly women,
All these I can forgive, and those forget,
And greatly venerate our recent glories,
And wish they were not owing to the Tories.

L.

But to my tale of Laura,—for I find
Digression is a sin, that by degrees
Becomes exceeding tedious to my mind,
And, therefore, may the reader too displease—
The gentle reader, who may wax unkind,
And, caring little for the author's ease,
Insist on knowing what he means—a hard
And hapless situation for a bard!

LI.

Oh that I had the art of easy writing
What should be easy reading! could I scale
Parnassus, where the Muses sit inditing
Those pretty poems never known to fail,
How quickly would I print (the world delighting)
A Grecian, Syrian, or Assyrian tale;
And sell you, mix'd with western sentimentalism,
Some samples of the finest Orientalism.

LII.

But I am but a nameless sort of person
(A broken Dandy (7) lately on my travels),

(1) In the MS.—
"From the tall peasant with her ruddy bronze."—L. E.

(2) In speaking of the Venetian women, Lord Byron in one of his letters remarks, that "the beauty for which they were once so celebrated is no longer now to be found among the 'dame' or higher orders, but all under the 'fazzioli' or kerchiefs of the lower."—P. E.

(3) In the MS.—
"Like her own clime, all sun, and bloom, and skies."—L. E.

(4) "In these lines the author rises above the usual and appropriate pitch of his composition, and is betrayed into something too like enthusiasm and deep feeling for the light and fantastic strain of his poetry. Neither does the fit go off, for he rises quite into rapture in the succeeding stanza. This is, however, the only slip of the kind in the whole work—the only passage in which the author betrays the secret (which might, however, have been suspected) of his own genius, and his affinity to a higher order of poets than those to whom he has here been pleased to hold out a model." *Jeffrey.*—L. E.

(5) For the received accounts of the cause of Raphael's death, see his lives.

(6) (In talking thus, the writer, more especially
Of women, would be understood to say,
He speaks as a spectator, not officially,
And always, reader, in a modest way;
Perhaps, too, in no very great degree shall he
Appear to have offended in this lay,
Since, as all know, without the sex, our sonnets
Would seem unfinish'd, like their untrimm'd bonnets.)
(Signed) *Printer's Devil.*

(7) "The expressions '*blue stocking*' and '*dandy*' may furnish matter for the learning of a commentator at some future period. At this moment every English reader will

And take for rhyme, to hook my rambling verse on,
The first that Walker's Lexicon unravels,
And when I can't find that, I put a worse on,
Not caring as I ought for critics' cavils;
I've half a mind to tumble down to prose,
But verse is more in fashion—so here goes.

LIII.

The Count and Laura made their new arrangement,
Which lasted, as arrangements sometimes do,
For half a dozen years without estrangement;
They had their little differences, too;
Those jealous whiffs, which never any change meant:
In such affairs there probably are few
Who have not had this pouting sort of squabble,
From sinners of high station to the rabble.

LIV.

But, on the whole, they were a happy pair,
As happy as unlawful love could make them;
The gentleman was fond, the lady fair,
Their chains so slight, 't was not worth while to break them:
The world beheld them with indulgent air;
The pious only wish'd "the devil take them!"
He took them not; he very often waits,
And leaves old sinners to be young ones' baits.

LV.

But they were young: Oh! what without our youth
Would love be! What would youth be without love!
Youth lends it joy, and sweetness, vigour, truth,
Heart, soul, and all that seems as from above;
But, languishing with years, it grows uncouth—
One of few things experience don't improve,
Which is, perhaps, the reason why old fellows
Are always so preposterously jealous.

LVI.

It was the carnival, as I have said
Some-six-and thirty stanzas back, and so
Laura the usual preparations made,
Which you do when your mind's made up to go
To-night to Mrs. Boehm's masquerade,
Spectator, or partaker in the show;
The only difference known between the cases
Is—*here*, we have six weeks of "varnish'd faces."

LVII.

Laura, when dress'd, was (as I sang before)
A pretty woman as was ever seen,
Fresh as the Angel o'er a new inn-door,
Or frontispiece of a new magazine,
With all the fashions which the last month wore,
Colour'd, and silver-paper leaved between
That and the title-page, for fear the press
Should soil with parts of speech the parts of dress.

LVIII.

They went to the Ridotto;—'tis a hall
Where people dance, and sup, and dance again;
Its proper name, perhaps, were a masqued ball,
But that 's of no importance to my strain;
'Tis (on a smaller scale) like our Vauxhall,
Excepting that it can't be spoilt by rain:
The company is "mix'd" (the phrase I quote is
As much as saying, they're below your notice);

LIX.

For a "mix'd company" implies that, save
Yourself and friends, and half a hundred more,
Whom you may bow to without looking grave,
The rest are but a vulgar set, the bore
Of public places, where they basely brave
The fashionable stare of twenty score
Of well-bred persons, call'd "*the world*;" but I,
Although I know them, really don't know why.

LX.

This is the case in England; at least was
During the dynasty of Dandies, (1) now
Perchance succeeded by some other class
Of imitated imitators:—how
Irreparably soon decline, alas!
The demagogues of fashion: all below
Is frail; how easily the world is lost
By love, or war, and now and then by frost!

LXI.

Crush'd was Napoleon by the northern Thor,
Who knock'd his army down with icy hammer,
Stopp'd by the *elements*, (2) like a whaler, or
A blundering novice in his new French grammar;
Good cause had he to doubt the chance of war,
And as for Fortune—but I dare not d——n her,
Because, were I to ponder to infinity,
The more I should believe in her divinity.(3)

LXII.

She rules the present, past, and all to be yet,
She gives us luck in lotteries, love, and marriage;(4)

understand them. Our present ephemeral dandy is akin to the macaroni of my earlier days. The first of those expressions has become classical, by Mrs. Hannah More's poem of *Bas-Bleu*, and the other by the use of it in one of Lord Byron's poems. Though now become familiar and trite, their day may not be long,

——'Cadentque
Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula.'"

Lord Glenbervie, Ricciardetto, 1822.—L. E.

(1) "I liked the Dandies: they were always very civil to me: though, in general, they disliked literary people, and persecuted and mystified Madame de Staël, Lewis, Horace Twiss, and the like. The truth is, that though I gave up the business early, I had a tinge of Dandyism in my minority, and probably retained enough of *it* to conciliate the great ones at four-and-twenty." *B. Diary*, 1821.—L. E.

(2) "When Brummell was obliged to retire to France, he knew no French, and having obtained a grammar for the purpose of study, our friend Scrope Davies was asked what progress Brummell had made in French: he responded, 'that Brummell had been stopped, like Bonaparte in Russia, by the *elements*.' I have put this pun into Beppo, which is 'a fair exchange and no robbery;' for Scrope made his fortune at several dinners (as he owned himself), by repeating occasionally, as his own, some of the buffooneries with which I had encountered him in the morning."—*B. Diary*, 1821.—L. E.

(3) "Like Sylla, I have always believed that all things depend upon Fortune, and nothing upon ourselves. I am not aware of any one thought or action, worthy of being called good to myself or others, which is not to be attributed to the good goddess—Fortune!"—*MS. Diary*, 1821.—L. E.

(4) From the following anecdote related by Moore in his *Life*, it would appear that, in the important concern of matrimony, the fickle goddess was the sole arbitress of Byron's destiny:—Having at the advice of a friend turned his thoughts towards the marriage state, "the next point

not say that she's done much for me yet:
ıt that I mean her bounties to disparage,
ve not yet closed accounts, and we shall see yet
ow much she'll make amends for past miscarriage;
time the goddess I'll no more importune,
s to thank her when she's made my fortune.

LXIII.

ırn,—and to return:—the devil take it!
is story slips for ever through my fingers,
use, just as the stanza likes to make it,
needs must be—and so it rather lingers;
form of verse begun, I can't well break it,
t must keep time and tune like public singers;
f I once get through my present measure,
ake another when I'm next at leisure.

LXIV.

went to the Ridotto ('tis a place
which I mean to go myself to-morrow, (1)
to divert my thoughts a little space,
cause I'm rather hippish, and may borrow
spirits, guessing at what kind of face
ay lurk beneath each mask; and as my sorrow
ens its pace sometimes, I'll make, or find,
thing shall leave it half an hour behind.)

LXV.

Laura moves along the joyous crowd,
iles in her eyes, and simpers on her lips;
ome she whispers, others speaks aloud;
some she curtsies, and to some she dips,
plains of warmth,—and, this complaint avow'd,
r lover brings the lemonade,—she sips;
hen surveys, condemns, but pities still
dearest friends for being dress'd so ill.

LXVI.

has false curls, another too much paint,
third—where did she buy that frightful turban?
ırth's so pale she fears she's going to faint,
fifth's look's vulgar, dowdyish, and suburban,
th's white silk has got a yellow taint,
seventh's thin muslin surely will be her bane,
lo! an eighth appears,—"I'll see no more!"
ear, like Banquo's kings, they reach a score.

LXVII.

time, while she was thus at others gazing,
hers were levelling their looks at her;
eard the men's half-whisper'd mode of praising,
d, till 'twas done, determined not to stir;
women only thought it quite amazing
at, at her time of life, so many were
Admirers still,—but men are so debased,
Those brazen creatures always suit their taste!

LXVIII.

For my part, now, I ne'er could understand
Why naughty women—but I won't discuss
A thing which is a scandal to the land,
I only don't see why it should be thus;
And if I were but in a gown and band,
Just to entitle me to make a fuss,
I'd preach on this till Wilberforce and Romilly
Should quote in their next speeches from my homily.

LXIX.

While Laura thus was seen and seeing, smiling,
Talking, she knew not why and cared not what,
So that her female friends, with envy broiling,
Beheld her airs and triumph, and all that;
And well-dress'd males still kept before her filing,
And passing bow'd and mingled with her chat;
More than the rest one person seem'd to stare
With pertinacity that's rather rare.

LXX.

He was a Turk, the colour of mahogany;
And Laura saw him, and at first was glad,
Because the Turks so much admire philogyny,
Although their usage of their wives is sad;
'Tis said they use no better than a dog any
Poor woman, whom they purchase like a pad:
They have a number, though they ne'er exhibit 'em,
Four wives by law, and concubines "ad libitum."

LXXI.

They lock them up, and veil, and guard them daily,
They scarcely can behold their male relations,
So that their moments do not pass so gaily
As is supposed the case with northern nations;
Confinement, too, must make them look quite palely:
And as the Turks abhor long conversations,
Their days are either pass'd in doing nothing,
Or bathing, nursing, making love, and clothing.

LXXII.

They cannot read, and so don't lisp in criticism;
Nor write, and so they don't affect the muse;
Were never caught in epigram or witticism,
Have no romances, sermons, plays, reviews,—
In harams learning soon would make a pretty schism!
But luckily these beauties are no "Blues,"
No bustling Botherbys have they to show 'em
"That charming passage in the last new poem." (2)

LXXIII.

No solemn, antique gentleman of rhyme,
Who having angled all his life for fame,

nsideration was—who was to be object of his choice; while his friend mentioned one lady, he himself named Milbanke. To this however his adviser strongly ob-, remarking to him that Miss Milbanke had at present tune, and that his embarrassed affairs would not him to marry without one; that she was moreover ned lady, which would not at all suit him. In con-ce of these representations, he agreed that his friend write a proposal for him to the other lady named, was accordingly done; and an answer containing al arrived as they were one morning sitting together. ee,' said Lord Byron, 'that after all, Miss Milbanke e the person;—I will write to her.' He accordingly on the moment, and as soon as he had finished, his remonstrating still strongly against his choice, took up the letter, but on reading it over observed, 'Well, really this is a very pretty letter; it is a pity it should not go. I never read a prettier one.' 'Then it *shall* go,' said Lord Byron; and in so saying sealed and sent off, on the instant, this fiat of his fate."—P. E.

(1) In the margin of the original MS. Lord Byron has written—"January 19th, 1818. To-morrow will be a Sunday, and full Ridotto."—L. E.

(2) In these lines, and in the commencement of the following stanza, allusion is made to Mr. Sotheby, who, while Lord Byron was at Venice, had, it seems, dunned him with anonymous letters, containing disagreeable news—"and, what was worse," says his Lordship, "and more nauseous and indigestible still, with his criticisms and advice." See *Medwin's Conversations*.—P. E.

And getting but a nibble at a time,
  Still fussily keeps fishing on, the same
Small "Triton of the minnows," the sublime
  Of mediocrity, the furious tame,
The echo's echo, usher of the school
Of female wits, boy bards—in short, a fool!

LXXIV.

A stalking oracle of awful phrase,
  The approving "*Good!*" (by no means good in law)
Humming like flies around the newest blaze,
  The bluest of bluebottles you e'er saw,
Teasing with blame, excruciating with praise,
  Gorging the little fame he gets all raw,
Translating tongues he knows not even by letter,
And sweating plays so middling, bad were better.

LXXV.

One hates an author that's *all author*, fellows
  In foolscap uniforms turn'd up with ink,
So very anxious, clever, fine, and jealous,
  One don't know what to say to them, or think,
Unless to puff them with a pair of bellows;
  Of coxcombry's worst coxcombs e'en the pink
Are preferable to these shreds of paper,
These unquench'd snuffings of the midnight taper.

LXXVI.

Of these same we see several,—and of others,
  Men of the world, who know the world like men,
Scott, Rogers, Moore, and all the better brothers,
  Who think of something else besides the pen;
But for the children of the "mighty mothers,"
  The would-be wits and can't-be gentlemen,
I leave them to their daily "tea is ready,"
Smug coterie, and literary lady. (1)

LXXVII.

The poor dear Mussulwomen whom I mention
  Have none of these instructive pleasant people,
And *one* would seem to them a new invention,
  Unknown as bells within a Turkish steeple;
I think 't would almost be worth while to pension
  (Though best-sown projects very often reap ill)
A missionary author, just to preach
Our Christian usage of the parts of speech.

LXXVIII.

No chemistry for them unfolds her gasses,
  No metaphysics are let loose in lectures,
No circulating library amasses
  Religious novels, moral tales, and strictures
Upon the living manners, as they pass us;
  No exhibition glares with annual pictures;
They stare not on the stars from out their attics,
Nor deal (thank God for that!) in mathematics.

LXXIX.

Why I thank God for that is no great matter,
  I have my reasons, you no doubt suppose,
And as, perhaps, they would not highly flatter,
  I'll keep them for my life (to come) in prose;
I fear I have a little turn for satire,
  And yet methinks the older that one grows
Inclines us more to laugh than scold, though laughter
Leaves us so doubly serious shortly after.

(1) "Nothing can be cleverer than this caustic little diatribe, introduced *à propos* of the life of Turkish ladies in their harams." *Jeffrey.*—L. E.

LXXX.

Oh, mirth and innocence! Oh, milk and water!
  Ye happy mixtures of more happy days!
In these sad centuries of sin and slaughter,
  Abominable man no more allays
His thirst with such pure beverage. No matter,
  I love you both, and both shall have my praise:
Oh, for old Saturn's reign of sugar-candy!—
Meantime I drink to your return in brandy.

LXXXI.

Our Laura's Turk still kept his eyes upon her,
  Less in the Mussulman than Christian way,
Which seems to say, "Madam, I do you honour,
  "And while I please to stare, you'll please to stay:"
Could staring win a woman, this had won her,
  But Laura could not thus be led astray;
She had stood fire too long and well, to boggle
Even at this stranger's most outlandish ogle.

LXXXII.

The morning now was on the point of breaking,
  A turn of time at which I would advise
Ladies who have been dancing, or partaking
  In any other kind of exercise,
To make their preparations for forsaking
  The ball-room ere the sun begins to rise,
Because when once the lamps and candles fail,
His blushes make them look a little pale.

LXXXIII.

I've seen some balls and revels in my time,
  And stay'd them over for some silly reason,
And then I look'd (I hope it was no crime)
  To see what lady best stood out the season;
And though I've seen some thousands in their prime,
  Lovely and pleasing, and who still may please on,
I never saw but one (the stars withdrawn),
Whose bloom could after dancing dare the dawn.

LXXXIV.

The name of this Aurora I'll not mention,
  Although I might, for she was nought to me
More than that patent work of God's invention,
  A charming woman, whom we like to see;
But writing names would merit reprehension,
  Yet if you like to find out this fair *she*,
At the next London or Parisian ball
You still may mark her cheek, out-blooming all.

LXXXV.

Laura, who knew it would not do at all
  To meet the daylight after seven hours sitting
Among three thousand people at a ball,
  To make her curtsy thought it right and fitting;
The Count was at her elbow with her shawl,
  And they the room were on the point of quitting,
When lo! those cursed gondoliers had got
Just in the very place where they *should not.*

LXXXVI.

In this they're like our coachmen, and the cause
  Is much the same—they crowd, and pulling, hauling,
With blasphemies enough to break their jaws,
  They make a never-intermitting bawling.
At home, our Bow-street gemmen keep the laws,
  And here a sentry stands within your calling:
But for all that, there is a deal of swearing,
And nauseous words past mentioning or bearing.

LXXXVII.

The Count and Laura found their boat at last,
And homeward floated o'er the silent tide,
Discussing all the dances gone and past;
The dancers and their dresses, too, beside;
Some little scandals eke: but all aghast
(As to their palace stairs the rowers glide)
Sate Laura by the side of her adorer, (1)
When lo! the Mussulman was there before her.

LXXXVIII.

"Sir," said the Count, with brow exceeding grave,
"Your unexpected presence here will make
It necessary for myself to crave
Its import? But perhaps 'tis a mistake;
I hope it is so; and, at once to wave
All compliment, I hope so for *your* sake;
You understand my meaning, or you *shall*."
"Sir," (quoth the Turk) "'t is no mistake at all:

LXXXIX.

"That lady is *my wife!*" Much wonder paints
The lady's changing cheek, as well it might;
But where an Englishwoman sometimes faints,
Italian females don't do so outright;
They only call a little on their saints,
And then come to themselves, almost or quite;
Which saves much hartshorn, salts, and sprinkling faces,
And cutting stays, as usual in such cases.

XC.

She said,—what could she say? Why, not a word:
But the Count courteously invited in
The stranger, much appeased by what he heard:
"Such things, perhaps, we'd best discuss within,"
Said he; "don't let us make ourselves absurd
In public, by a scene, nor raise a din,
For then the chief and only satisfaction
Will be much quizzing on the whole transaction."

XCI.

They enter'd, and for coffee call'd—it came,
A beverage for Turks and Christians both,
Although the way they make it's not the same.
Now Laura, much recover'd, or less loth
To speak, cries "Beppo! what's your pagan name?
Bless me! your beard is of amazing growth!
And how came you to keep away so long?
Are you not sensible 't was very wrong?

XCII.

"And ars you *really*, *truly*, now a Turk?
With any other women did you wive?
Is't true they use their fingers for a fork?
Well, that's the prettiest shawl—as I'm alive!
You'll give it me? They say you eat no pork.
And how so many years did you contrive
To—Bless me! did I ever? No, I never
Saw a man grown so yellow! How's your liver?

XCIII.

"Beppo! that beard of yours becomes you not;
It shall be shaved before you're a day older:
Why do you wear it? Oh! I had forgot—
Pray don't you think the weather here is colder?
How do I look? You shan't stir from this spot
In that queer dress, for fear that some beholder
Should find you out, and make the story known.
How short your hair is! Lord! how grey it's grown!"

XCIV.

What answer Beppo made to these demands
Is more than I know. He was cast away
About where Troy stood once, and nothing stands;
Became a slave of course, and for his pay
Had bread and bastinadoes, till some bands
Of pirates landing in a neighbouring bay,
He join'd the rogues and prosper'd, and became
A renegado of indifferent fame.

XCV.

But he grew rich, and with his riches grew so
Keen the desire to see his home again,
He thought himself in duty bound to do so,
And not be always thieving on the main;
Lonely he felt, at times, as Robin Crusoe,
And so he hired a vessel come from Spain,
Bound for Corfu: she was a fine polacco,
Mann'd with twelve hands, and laden with tobacco.

XCVI.

Himself, and much (Heaven knows how gotten!) cash,
He then embark'd with risk of life and limb,
And got clear off, although the attempt was rash;
He said that *Providence* protected him—
For my part, I say nothing—lest we clash
In our opinions:—well, the ship was trim,
Set sail, and kept her reckoning fairly on,
Except three days of calm when off Cape Bonn.

XCVII.

They reach'd the island, he transferr'd his lading,
And self and live stock, to another bottom,
And pass'd for a true Turkey-merchant, trading
With goods of various names, but I've forgot 'em.
However he got off by this evading,
Or else the people would perhaps have shot him;
And thus at Venice (2) landed, to reclaim
His wife, religion, house, and Christian name.

(1) In the MS.—
"Sate Laura with a kind of comic horror."—L. E.

(2) "You ask me," says Lord Byron, in a letter written in 1820, "for a volume of Manners, etc. on Italy. Perhaps I am in the case to know more of them than most Englishmen, because I have lived among the natives, and in parts of the country where Englishmen never resided before (I speak of Romagna and this place particularly); but there are many reasons why I do not choose to treat in print on such a subject. Their moral is not your moral; their life is not your life; you would not understand it: it is not English, nor French, nor German, which you would all understand. The conventual education, the cavalier servitude, the habits of thought and living, are so entirely different, and the difference becomes so much more striking the more you live intimately with them, that I know not how to make you comprehend a people who are at once temperate and profligate, serious in their characters and buffoons in their amusements, capable of impressions and passions, which are at once *sudden* and *durable* (what you find in no other nation), and who actually have no society (what we would call so), as you may see by their comedies; they have no real comedy, not even in Goldoni, and that is because they have no society to draw it from. Their conversazioni are not society at all. They go to the theatre to talk, and into company to hold their tongues. The women sit in a circle, and the men gather into groups, or they play at dreary faro, or 'lotto reale,' for small sums. Their academie are concerts like our own, with better music and more form. Their best things are the carnival balls and masquerades,

XCVIII.

His wife received, the patriarch re-baptized him
(He made the church a present, by the way);
He then threw off the garments which disguised him,
And borrow'd the Count's smallclothes for a day:
His friends the more for his long absence prized him,
Finding he'd wherewithal to make them gay
With dinners, where he oft became the laugh of them
For stories—but *I* don't believe the half of them.

when every body runs mad for six weeks. After their dinners and suppers, they make extempore verses and buffoon one another; but it is in a humour which you would not enter into, ye of the north."—"In their houses it is better. As for the women, from the fisherman's wife up to the nobil dama, their system has its rules, and its fitnesses, and its decorums, so as to be reduced to a kind of discipline or game at hearts, which admits few deviations, unless you wish to lose it. They are extremely tenacious, and jealous as furies, not permitting their lovers even to marry if they can help it, and keeping them always close to them in public as in private, whenever they can. In short, they transfer marriage to adultery, and strike the *not* out of that commandment. The reason is, that they marry for their parents, and love for themselves. They exact fidelity from a lover as a debt of honour, while they pay the husband as a tradesman, that is, not at all. You hear a person's character, male or female, canvassed, not as depending on their conduct to their husbands or wives, but to their mistress or lover. If I wrote a quarto, I don't know that I could do more than amplify what I have here noted."—L. E.

"The author of *Sketches Descriptive of Italy*, etc., one of the hundred tours lately published, is extremely anxious to disclaim a possible charge of plagiarism from *Childe Harold* and *Beppo*. He adds, that still less could this presumed coincidence arise from 'my conversation,' as he had *repeatedly declined an introduction to me while in Italy*.

"Who this person may be I know not, but he must have been deceived by all or any of those who 'repeatedly offered to introduce' him, as I have invariably refused to receive any English with whom I was not previously acquainted, even when they had letters from England. If the whole assertion is not an invention, I request this person not to sit down with the notion that he COULD have been introduced, since there has been nothing I have so carefully avoided as any kind of intercourse with his countrymen, excepting the very few who were a considerable time resident in Venice, or had been of my previous acquaintance. Whoever made him any such offer was possessed of impudence equal to that of making such an assertion without having had it. The fact is, that I hold in utter abhorrence any contact with the travelling English, as my friend the Consul General Hoppner, and the Countess Benzoni (in whose house the conversazione mostly frequented by them is held), could amply testify, were it worth while. I was persecuted by these tourists even to my riding-ground at Lido, and reduced to the most disagreeable circuits to avoid them. At Madame Benzoni's I repeatedly refused to be introduced to them;—of a thousand such presentations pressed upon me, I accepted two, and both were to Irish women.

XCIX.

Whate'er his youth had suffer'd, his old age
With wealth and talking made him some amends;
Though Laura sometimes put him in a rage,
I've heard the Count and he were always friends.
My pen is at the bottom of a page,
Which being finish'd, here the story ends;
'T is to be wish'd it had been sooner done,
But stories somehow lengthen when begun. (1)

"I should hardly have descended to speak of such trifles publicly, if the impudence of this 'sketcher' had not forced me to a refutation of a disingenuous and gratuitously impertinent assertion;—so meant to be, for what could it import to the reader to be told that the author 'had repeatedly declined an introduction,' even had it been true, which, for the reasons I have above given, is scarcely possible? Except Lords Lansdowne, Jersey, and Lauderdale; Messrs. Scott, Hammond, Sir Humphry Davy, the late M. Lewis, W. Bankes, Mr. Hoppner, Thomas Moore, Lord Kinnaird, his brother, Mr. Joy, and Mr. Hobhouse, I do not recollect to have exchanged a word with another Englishman since I left their country; and almost all these I had known before. The others—and God knows there were some hundreds—who bored me with letters or visits, I refused to have any communication with, and shall be proud and happy when that wish becomes mutual." *Byron.*—P.E.

(1) "This extremely clever and amusing performance affords a very curious and complete specimen of a kind of diction and composition of which our English literature has hitherto presented very few examples. It is, in itself, absolutely a thing of nothing—without story, characters, sentiments, or intelligible object;—a mere piece of lively and loquacious prattling, in short, upon all kinds of frivolous subjects,—a sort of gay and desultory babbling about Italy and England, Turks, balls, literature, and fish-sauces. But still there is something very engaging in the uniform gaiety, politeness, and good humour of the author, and something still more striking and admirable in the matchless facility with which he has cast into regular, and even difficult, versification, the unmingled, unconstrained, and unselected language of the most light, familiar, and ordinary conversation. With great skill and felicity, he has furnished us with an example of about one hundred stanzas of good verse, entirely composed of common words, in their common places; never presenting us with one sprig of what is called poetical diction, or even making use of a single inversion, either to raise the style or assist the rhyme—but running on in an inexhaustible series of good easy colloquial phrases, and finding them fall into verse by some unaccountable and happy fatality. In this great and characteristic quality it is almost invariably excellent. In some other respects, it is more unequal. About one half is as good as possible, in the style to which it belongs; the other half bears, perhaps, too many marks of that haste with which such a work must necessarily be written. Some passages are rather too snappish, and some run too much on the cheap, and rather plebeian, humour of out-of-the-way rhymes, and strange-sounding words and epithets. But the greater part is extremely pleasant, amiable, and gentlemanlike." *Jeffrey.*—L. E.

Mazeppa. (1)

ADVERTISEMENT.

"CELUI qui remplissait alors cette place était un gentilhomme polonais, nommé Mazeppa, né dans le palatinat de Padolie: il avait été élevé page de Jean Casimir, et avait pris à sa cour quelque teinture des belles-lettres. Une intrigue qu'il eut dans sa jeunesse avec la femme d'un gentilhomme polonais ayant été découverte, le mari le fit lier tout nu sur un cheval farouche, et le laissa aller en cet état. Le cheval, qui était du pays de l'Ukraine, y retourna, et y porta Mazeppa, demi-mort de fatigue et de faim. Quelques paysans le secoururent: il resta longtems parmi eux, et se signala dans plusieurs courses contre les Tartares. La supériorité de ses lumières lui donna une

(1) The following "lively, spirited, and pleasant tale," as Mr. Gifford calls it, on the margin of the MS., was written in the autumn of 1818, at Ravenna. We extract the following from a reviewal, of the time:—"*Mazeppa* is

grande considération parmi les Cosaques: sa réputation s'augmentant de jour en jour, obligea le Czar à le faire Prince de l'Ukraine."—VOLTAIRE, *Hist. de Charles XII.* p. 196.

"Le roi fuyant, et poursuivi, eut son cheval tué sous lui; le Colonel Gieta, blessé, et perdant tout son sang, lui donna le sien. Ainsi on remit deux fois à cheval, dans la fuite, ce conquérant qui n'avait pu y monter pendant la bataille."—p. 216.

"Le roi alla par un autre chemin avec quelques cavaliers. Le carrosse où il était rompit dans la marche; on le remit à cheval. Pour comble de disgrace, il s'égara pendant la nuit dans un bois; là, son courage ne pouvant plus suppléer à ses forces épuisées, les douleurs de sa blessure devenues plus insupportables par la fatigue, son cheval étant tombé de lassitude, il se coucha quelques heures au pied d'un arbre, en danger d'être surpris à tout moment par les vainqueurs, qui le cherchaient de tous côtés."—p. 218. (1)

MAZEPPA.

I.

'Twas after dread Pultowa's day,
When fortune left the royal Swede,
Around a slaughter'd army lay,
No more to combat and to bleed;
The power and glory of the war,
Faithless as their vain votaries, men,
Had pass'd to the triumphant Czar,
And Moscow's walls were safe again,—
Until a day more dark and drear,
And a more memorable year,
Should give to slaughter and to shame
A mightier host and haughtier name;
A greater wreck, a deeper fall,
A shock to one—a thunderbolt to all.

II.

Such was the hazard of the die;
The wounded Charles was taught to fly
By day and night through field and flood,
Stain'd with his own and subjects' blood;
For thousands fell that flight to aid:
And not a voice was heard to upbraid
Ambition in his humbled hour,
When truth had nought to dread from power.
His horse was slain, and Gieta gave
His own—and died the Russians' slave.
This too sinks, after many a league
Of well-sustain'd but vain fatigue;
And in the depth of forests, darkling
The watch-fires in the distance sparkling—
The beacons of surrounding foes—
A king must lay his limbs at length.
Are these the laurels and repose
For which the nations strain their strength?
They laid him by a savage tree,
In outworn nature's agony;
His wounds were stiff—his limbs were stark—
The heavy hour was chill and dark;
The fever in his blood forbade
A transient slumber's fitful aid:
And thus it was; but yet through all,
Kinglike the monarch bore his fall,
And made, in this extreme of ill,
His pangs the vassals of his will:
All silent and subdued were they,
As once the nations round him lay.

III.

A band of chiefs!—alas! how few,
Since but the fleeting of a day
Had thinn'd it; but this wreck was true
And chivalrous: upon the clay
Each sate him down, all sad and mute,
Beside his monarch and his steed,
For danger levels man and brute,
And all are fellows in their need.
Among the rest, Mazeppa made
His pillow in an old oak's shade—
Himself as rough, and scarce less old,
The Ukraine's hetman, calm and bold;
But first, outspent with this long course,
The Cossack prince rubb'd down his horse,
And made for him a leafy bed,
And smooth'd his fetlocks and his mane,
And slack'd his girth, and stripp'd his rein,
And joy'd to see how well he fed;
For until now he had the dread
His wearied courser might refuse
To browse beneath the midnight dews:
But he was hardy as his lord,
And little cared for bed and board;
But, spirited and docile too,
Whate'er was to be done would do.
Shaggy and swift, and strong of limb,
All Tartar-like he carried him;
Obey'd his voice, and came to call,
And knew him in the midst of all:
Though thousands were around,—and Night,
Without a star, pursued her flight,—
That steed from sunset until dawn
His chief would follow like a fawn.

IV.

This done, Mazeppa spread his cloak,
And laid his lance beneath his oak,

a very fine and spirited sketch of a very noble story, and is every way worthy of its author. The story is a well-known one; namely, that of the young Pole, who, being bound naked on the back of a wild horse, on account of an intrigue with the lady of a certain great noble of his country, was carried by his steed into the heart of the Ukraine, and being there picked up by some Cossacks, in a state apparently of utter hopelessness and exhaustion, recovered, and lived to be long after the prince and leader of the nation among whom he had arrived in this extraordinary manner. Lord Byron has represented the strange and wild incidents of this adventure, as being related in a half serious, half sportive way, by Mazeppa himself, to no less a person than Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, in some of whose last campaigns the Cossack Hetman took a distinguished part. He tells it during the desolate bivouack of Charles and the few friends who fled with him towards Turkey, after the bloody overthrow of Pultowa. There is not a little of beauty and gracefulness in this way of setting the picture;—the age of Mazeppa—the calm practised indifference with which he now submits to the worst of fortune's deeds—the heroic unthinking coldness of the royal madman to whom he speaks—the dreary and perilous accompaniments of the scene around the speaker and the audience,—all contribute to throw a very striking charm both of preparation and of contrast over the wild story of the Hetman. Nothing can be more beautiful, in like manner, than the account of the love—the guilty love—the fruits of which had been so miraculous."—L. E.

(1) For some authentic and interesting particulars concerning the Hetman *Mazeppa*, see Mr. Barrow's delightful *Life of Peter the Great. Family Library*, Vol. XXXV.—L. E.

Felt if his arms, in order good,
The long day's march had well withstood—
If still the powder fill'd the pan,
And flints unloosen'd kept their lock—
His sabre's hilt and scabbard felt,
And whether they had chafed his belt—
And next the venerable man,
From out his havresack and can,
Prepared and spread his slender stock;
And to the monarch and his men
The whole or portion offer'd then,
With far less of inquietude
Than courtiers at a banquet would.
And Charles of this his slender share
With smiles partook a moment there,
To force of cheer a greater show,
And seem above both wounds and woe;—
And then he said—"Of all our band,
Though firm of heart and strong of hand,
In skirmish, march, or forage, none
Can less have said or more have done
Than thee, Mazeppa! On the earth
So fit a pair had never birth,
Since Alexander's days till now,
As thy Bucephalus and thou:
All Scythia's fame to thine should yield
For pricking on o'er flood and field."
Mazeppa answer'd—"Ill betide
The school wherein I learn'd to ride!"
Quoth Charles—"Old Hetman, wherefore so,
Since thou hast learn'd the art so well?"
Mazeppa said—"'Twere long to tell;
And we have many a league to go,
With every now and then a blow,
And ten to one at least the foe,
Before our steeds may graze at ease,
Beyond the swift Borysthenes:
And, sire, your limbs have need of rest,
And I will be the sentinel
Of this your troop."—"But I request,"
Said Sweden's monarch, "thou wilt tell
This tale of thine, and I may reap,
Perchance, from this the boon of sleep;
For at this moment from my eyes
The hope of present slumber flies."

"Well, sire, with such a hope, I'll track
My seventy years of memory back:
I think 'twas in my twentieth spring,—
Ay, 'twas—when Casimir was king,—
John Casimir,—I was his page
Six summers, in my earlier age:
A learned monarch, faith! was he,
And most unlike your majesty:
He made no wars, and did not gain
New realms to lose them back again;
And (save debates in Warsaw's diet)
He reign'd in most unseemly quiet;
Not that he had no cares to vex,
He loved the muses and the sex;
And sometimes these so froward are,
They made him wish himself at war;
But soon his wrath being o'er, he took
Another mistress, or new book;
And then he gave prodigious fêtes—
All Warsaw gather'd round his gates
To gaze upon his splendid court,
And dames, and chiefs, of princely port:
He was the Polish Solomon,—
So sung his poets, all but one,
Who, being unpension'd, made a satire,
And boasted that he could not flatter.
It was a court of jousts and mimes,
Where every courtier tried at rhymes;
Even I for once produced some verses,
And sign'd my odes 'Despairing Thyrsis.'
There was a certain Palatine,
A Count of far and high descent,
Rich as a salt or silver mine;(1)
And he was proud, ye may divine,
As if from heaven he had been sent:
He had such wealth in blood and ore
As few could match beneath the throne;
And he would gaze upon his store,
And o'er his pedigree would pore,
Until by some confusion led,
Which almost look'd like want of head,
He thought their merits were his own.
His wife was not of his opinion—
His junior she by thirty years—
Grew daily tired of his dominion;
And, after wishes, hopes, and fears,
To virtue a few farewell tears,
A restless dream or two, some glances
At Warsaw's youth, some songs, and dances,
Awaited but the usual chances,
Those happy accidents which render
The coldest dames so very tender,
To deck her Count with titles given,
'Tis said, as passports into heaven;
But, strange to say, they rarely boast
Of these, who have deserved them most.

V.

"I was a goodly stripling then;
At seventy years I so may say,
That there were few, or boys or men,
Who, in my dawning time of day,
Of vassal or of knight's degree,
Could vie in vanities with me;
For I had strength, youth, gaiety,
A port, not like to this ye see,
But smooth, as all is rugged now;
For time, and care, and war, have ploughed
My very soul from out my brow;
And thus I should be disavow'd
By all my kind and kin, could they
Compare my day and yesterday;
This change was wrought, too, long ere age
Had ta'en my features for his page:
With years, ye know, have not declined
My strength, my courage, or my mind,
Or at this hour I should not be
Telling old tales beneath a tree,
With starless skies my canopy.
But let me on: Theresa's form—
Methinks it glides before me now,
Between me and yon chestnut's bough,
The memory is so quick and warm;
And yet I find no words to tell
The shape of her I loved so well:
She had the Asiatic eye,
Such as our Turkish neighbourhood
Hath mingled with our Polish blood,

(1) This comparison of a "*salt* mine" may, perhaps, be permitted to a Pole, as the wealth of the country consists greatly in the salt mines.

Dark as above us is the sky;
But through it stole a tender light,
Like the first moonrise of midnight;
Large, dark, and swimming in the stream,
Which seem'd to melt to its own beam;
All love, half languor, and half fire,
Like saints that at the stake expire,
And lift their raptured looks on high,
As though it were a joy to die. (1)
A brow like a midsummer lake,
  Transparent with the sun therein,
When waves no murmur dare to make,
  And heaven beholds her face within.
A cheek and lip—but why proceed?
  I loved her then—I love her still;
And such as I am love indeed
  In fierce extremes—in good and ill.
But still we love even in our rage,
And haunted to our very age
With the vain shadow of the past,
As is Mazeppa to the last.

VI.

"We met—we gazed—I saw, and sigh'd,
She did not speak, and yet replied;
There are ten thousand tones and signs
We hear and see, but none defines—
Involuntary sparks of thought,
Which strike from out the heart o'erwrought,
And form a strange intelligence,
Alike mysterious and intense,
Which link the burning chain that binds,
Without their will, young hearts and minds;
Conveying, as the electric wire,
We know not how, the absorbing fire.—
I saw, and sigh'd—in silence wept,
And still reluctant distance kept,
Until I was made known to her,
And we might then and there confer
Without suspicion—then, even then,
  I long'd, and was resolved to speak;
But on my lips they died again,
  The accents tremulous and weak,
Until one hour.—There is a game,
  A frivolous and foolish play,
  Wherewith we while away the day;
It is—I have forgot the name—
And we to this, it seems, were set,
By some strange chance, which I forget:
I reck'd not if I won or lost,
  It was enough for me to be
  So near to hear, and oh! to see
The being whom I loved the most.—
I watch'd her as a sentinel,
(May ours this dark night watch as well!)
  Until I saw, and thus it was,
That she was pensive, nor perceived
Her occupation, nor was grieved
Nor glad to lose or gain; but still
Play'd on for hours, as if her will
Yet bound her to the place, though not
That hers might be the winning lot. (2)
  Then through my brain the thought did pass
Even as a flash of lightning there,
That there was something in her air
Which would not doom me to despair;
  And on the thought my words broke forth,
All incoherent as they were—
  Their eloquence was little worth,
But yet she listen'd—'tis enough—
  Who listens once will listen twice;
  Her heart, be sure, is not of ice,
And one refusal no rebuff.

VII.

"I loved, and was beloved again—
  They tell me, sire, you never knew
  Those gentle frailties; if 'tis true,
I shorten all my joy or pain;
To you 'twould seem absurd as vain:
But all men are not born to reign,
Or o'er their passions, or as you,
Thus o'er themselves and nations too.
I am—or rather *was*—a prince,
  A chief of thousands, and could lead
  Them on where each would foremost bleed;
But could not o'er myself evince
The like control—But to resume:
  I loved, and was beloved again;
In sooth, it is a happy doom,
  But yet where happiest ends in pain.—
We met in secret, and the hour
Which led me to that lady's bower
Was fiery Expectation's dower.
My days and nights were nothing—all
Except that hour which doth recall
In the long lapse from youth to age
  No other like itself—I'd give
  The Ukraine back again to live
It o'er once more—and be a page,
The happy page, who was the lord
Of one soft heart, and his own sword,
And had no other gem nor wealth
Save nature's gift of youth and health.
We met in secret—doubly sweet,
Some say, they find it so to meet;
I know not that—I would have given
  My life but to have call'd her mine
In the full view of earth and heaven;
  For I did oft and long repine
That we could only meet by stealth.

VIII.

"For lovers there are many eyes,
  And such there were on us;—the devil
  On such occasions should be civil—
The devil!—I 'm loth to do him wrong,
  It might be some untoward saint,
Who would not be at rest too long,
  But to his pious bile gave vent—
But one fair night, some lurking spies
Surprised and seized us both.
The Count was something more than wroth—
I was unarm'd; but if in steel,
All cap-à-pie from head to heel,
What 'gainst their numbers could I do?—
'Twas near his castle, far away
  From city or from succour near,
And almost on the break of day;
I did not think to see another,

(1) In the MS.—
"Until it proves a joy to die."—L. E.

(2) In the MS.—
——— "but not
For that which we had both forgot."—L. E.

My moments seem'd reduced to few;
And with one prayer to Mary Mother,
And, it may be, a saint or two,
As I resign'd me to my fate,
They led me to the castle-gate:
Theresa's doom I never knew,
Our lot was henceforth separate.
An angry man, ye may opine,
Was he, the proud Count Palatine;
And he had reason good to be,
But he was most enraged lest such
An accident should chance to touch
Upon his future pedigree;
Nor less amazed, that such a blot
His noble 'scutcheon should have got,
While he was highest of his line;
Because unto himself he seem'd
The first of men, nor less he deem'd
In others' eyes, and most in mine.
'Sdeath! with a *page*—perchance a king
Had reconciled him to the thing;
But with a stripling of a page—
I felt—but cannot paint his rage.

IX.

"'Bring forth the horse!'—the horse was brought;
In truth, he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
Who look'd as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs; but he was wild,
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
With spur and bridle undefiled—
'T was but a day he had been caught
And snorting, with erected mane,
And struggling fiercely, but in vain,
In the full foam of wrath and dread
To me the desert-born was led:
They bound me on, that menial throng,
Upon his back with many a thong;
Then loosed him with a sudden lash—
Away!—away!—and on we dash!—
Torrents less rapid and less rash.

X.

"Away!—away!—My breath was gone—
I saw not where he hurried on:
'T was scarcely yet the break of day,
And on he foam'd—away!—away!—
The last of human sounds which rose,
As I was darted from my foes,
Was the wild shout of savage laughter,
Which on the wind came roaring after
A moment from that rabble rout:
With sudden wrath I wrench'd my head,
And snapp'd the cord, which to the mane
Had bound my neck in lieu of rein,
And, writhing half my form about,
Howl'd back my curse; but 'midst the tread,
The thunder of my courser's speed,
Perchance they did not hear nor heed:
It vexes me—for I would fain
Have paid their insult back again.
I paid it well in after days:
There is not of that castle-gate,
Its drawbridge and portcullis' weight,
Stone, bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left;
Nor of its fields a blade of grass,
Save what grows on a ridge of wall,
Where stood the hearth-stone of the hall;
And many a time ye there might pass,
Nor dream that e'er that fortress was:
I saw its turrets in a blaze,
Their crackling battlements all cleft,
And the hot lead pour down like rain
From off the scorch'd and blackening roof,
Whose thickness was not vengeance-proof.
They little thought that day of pain,
When launch'd, as on the lightning's flash
They bade me to destruction dash,
That one day I should come again,
With twice five thousand horse, to thank
The Count for his uncourteous ride.
They play'd me then a bitter prank,
When, with the wild horse for my guide,
They bound me to his foaming flank:
At length I play'd them one as frank—
For time at last sets all things even—
And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

XI.

"Away! away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind,
All human dwellings left behind;
We sped like meteors through the sky,
When with its crackling sound the night
Is checker'd with the northern light:
Town—village—none were on our track,
But a wild plain of far extent,
And bounded by a forest black;
And, save the scarce-seen battlement
On distant heights of some strong hold,
Against the Tartars built of old,
No trace of man. The year before
A Turkish army had march'd o'er;
And where the Spahi's hoof hath trod,
The verdure flies the bloody sod:—
The sky was dull, and dim, and grey,
And a low breeze crept moaning by—
I could have answer'd with a sigh—
But fast we fled, away, away—
And I could neither sigh nor pray;
And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain
Upon the courser's bristling mane;
But, snorting still with rage and fear,
He flew upon his far career:
At times I almost thought, indeed,
He must have slacken'd in his speed;
But no—my bound and slender frame
Was nothing to his angry might,
And merely like a spur became:
Each motion which I made to free
My swoln limbs from their agony
Increased his fury and affright:
I tried my voice,—'t was faint and low,
But yet he swerved as from a blow;
And, starting to each accent, sprang
As from a sudden trumpet's clang:
Meantime my cords were wet with gore,
Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er;
And in my tongue the thirst became
A something fierier far than flame.

XII.

"We near'd the wild wood—'twas so wide,
I saw no bounds on either side;
'T was studded with old sturdy trees,
That bent not to the roughest breeze
Which howls down from Siberia's waste,
And strips the forest in its haste,—
But these were few, and far between,
Set thick with shrubs more young and green,
Luxuriant with their annual leaves,
Ere strown by those autumnal eves
That nip the forest's foliage dead,
Discolour'd with a lifeless red,
Which stands thereon like stiffen'd gore
Upon the slain when battle's o'er,
And some long winter's night hath shed
Its frost o'er every tombless head,
So cold and stark the raven's beak
May peck unpierced each frozen cheek:
'T was a wild waste of underwood,
And here and there a chestnut stood,
The strong oak, and the hardy pine;
But far apart—and well it were,
Or else a different lot were mine—
The boughs gave way, and did not tear
My limbs; and I found strength to bear
My wounds, already scarr'd with cold—
My bonds forbade to loose my hold.
We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind;
By night I heard them on the track,
Their troop came hard upon our back,
With their long gallop, which can tire
The hound's deep hate and hunter's fire:
Where'er we flew they follow'd on,
Nor left us with the morning sun;
Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,
At day-break winding through the wood,
And through the night had heard their feet
Their stealing rustling step repeat.
Oh! how I wish'd for spear or sword,
At least to die amidst the horde,
And perish—if it must be so—
At bay, destroying many a foe.
When first my courser's race begun,
I wish'd the goal already won,
But now I doubted strength and speed:
Vain doubt! his swift and savage breed
Had nerved him like the mountain-roe;
Nor faster falls the blinding snow
Which whelms the peasant near the door
Whose threshold he shall cross no more,
Bewilder'd with the dazzling blast,
Than through the forest-paths he pass'd—
Untired, untamed, and worse than wild;
All-furious as a favour'd child
Balk'd of its wish; or, fiercer still,
A woman piqued—who has her will.

XIII.

"The wood was pass'd; 'twas more than noon,
But chill the air, although in June;
Or, it might be, my veins ran cold—
Prolong'd endurance tames the bold;
And I was then not what I seem,
But headlong as a wintry stream,
And wore my feelings out before
I well could count their causes o'er:
And what with fury, fear, and wrath,
The tortures which beset my path,
Cold, hunger, sorrow, shame, distress,
Thus bound in nature's nakedness;
Sprung from a race whose rising blood
When stirr'd beyond its calmer mood,
And trodden hard upon, is like
The rattle-snake's, in act to strike,—
What marvel if this worn-out trunk
Beneath its woes a moment sunk?
The earth gave way, the skies roll'd round,
I seem'd to sink upon the ground;
But err'd, for I was fastly bound.
My heart turn'd sick, my brain grew sore,
And throbb'd awhile, then beat no more:
The skies spun like a mighty wheel;
I saw the trees like drunkards reel,
And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,
Which saw no farther: he who dies
Can die no more than then I died.
O'ertortured by that ghastly ride,
I felt the blackness come and go,
And strove to wake; but could not make
My senses climb up from below:
I felt as on a plank at sea,
When all the waves that dash o'er thee,
At the same time upheave and whelm,
And hurl thee towards a desert realm.
My undulating life was as
The fancied lights that flitting pass
Our shut eyes in deep midnight, when
Fever begins upon the brain;
But soon it pass'd, with little pain,
But a confusion worse than such:
I own that I should deem it much,
Dying, to feel the same again;
And yet I do suppose we must
Feel far more ere we turn to dust:
No matter; I have bared my brow
Full in Death's face—before—and now. (1)

XIV.

"My thoughts came back; where was I? Cold,
And numb, and giddy: pulse by pulse
Life reassumed its lingering hold,
And throb by throb: till grown a pang
Which for a moment would convulse,
My blood reflow'd, though thick and chill;
My ear with uncouth noises rang,
My heart began once more to thrill;
My sight return'd, though dim; alas!
And thicken'd, as it were, with glass.
Methought the dash of waves was nigh;
There was a gleam too of the sky,
Studded with stars;—it is no dream;
The wild horse swims the wilder stream!

(1) The reviewer already quoted says,—"As the Hetman proceeds, it strikes us there is a much closer resemblance to the fiery flow of Walter Scott's chivalrous narrative, than in any of Lord Byron's previous pieces. Nothing can be grander than the sweep and torrent of the horse's speed, and the slow, unwearied, inflexible pursuit of the wolves." —L. E.

The bright broad river's gushing tide
Sweeps, winding onward, far and wide,
And we are half-way, struggling o'er
To yon unknown and silent shore.
The waters broke my hollow trance,
And with a temporary strength
My stiffen'd limbs were rebaptized.
My courser's broad breast proudly braves
And dashes off the ascending waves,
And onward we advance!
We reach the slippery shore at length,
A haven I but little prized,
For all behind was dark and drear,
And all before was night and fear.
How many hours of night or day
In those suspended pangs I lay,
I could not tell; I scarcely knew
If this were human breath I drew.

XV.

"With glossy skin, and dripping mane,
And reeling limbs, and reeking flank,
The wild steed's sinewy nerves still strain
Up the repelling bank.
We gain the top: a boundless plain
Spreads through the shadow of the night,
And onward, onward, onward, seems,
Like precipices in our dreams,
To stretch beyond the sight;
And here and there a speck of white,
Or scatter'd spot of dusky green,
In masses broke into the light,
As rose the moon upon my sight.
But nought distinctly seen
In the dim waste would indicate
The omen of a cottage gate;
No twinkling taper from afar
Stood like a hospitable star;
Not even an ignis-fatuus rose
To make him merry with my woes:
That very cheat had cheer'd me then!
Although detected, welcome still,
Reminding me, through every ill,
Of the abodes of men.

XVI.

"Onward we went—but slack and slow;
His savage force at length o'erspent,
The drooping courser, faint and low,
All feebly foaming went.
A sickly infant had had power
To guide him forward in that hour;
But useless all to me.
His new-born tameness nought avail'd,
My limbs were bound; my force had fail'd,
Perchance, had they been free.
With feeble effort still I tried
To rend the bonds so starkly tied—
But still it was in vain;
My limbs were only wrung the more,
And soon the idle strife gave o'er,
Which but prolong'd their pain:
The dizzy race seem'd almost done,
Although no goal was nearly won:
Some streaks announced the coming sun—
How slow, alas! he came!
Methought that mist of dawning grey
Would never dapple into day;
How heavily it roll'd away—
Before the eastern flame
Rose crimson, and deposed the stars,
And call'd the radiance from their cars,(1)
And fill'd the earth, from his deep throne,
With lonely lustre, all his own.

XVII.

"Up rose the sun; the mists were curl'd
Back from the solitary world
Which lay around—behind—before;
What booted it to traverse o'er
Plain, forest, river? Man nor brute
Nor dint of hoof, nor print of foot,
Lay in the wild luxuriant soil;
No sign of travel—none of toil;
The very air was mute;
And not an insect's shrill small horn,
Nor matin bird's new voice was borne
From herb nor thicket. Many a werst,
Panting as if his heart would burst,
The weary brute still stagger'd on;
And still we were—or seem'd—alone:
At length, while reeling on our way,
Methought I heard a courser neigh,
From out yon tuft of blackening firs,
Is it the wind those branches stirs?
No, no! from out the forest prance
A trampling troop; I see them come!
In one vast squadron they advance!
I strove to cry—my lips were dumb.
The steeds rush on, in plunging pride;
But where are they the reins to guide?
A thousand horse—and none to ride!
With flowing tail, and flying mane,
Wide nostrils—never stretch'd by pain,
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
And feet that iron never shod,
And flanks unscarr'd by spur or rod,
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,
Came thickly thundering on,
As if our faint approach to meet;
The sight re-nerved my courser's feet,
A moment staggering, feebly fleet,
A moment, with a faint low neigh,
He answer'd, and then fell;
With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,
And reeking limbs immoveable,
His first and last career is done!
On came the troop—they saw him stoop,
They saw me strangely bound along
His back with many a bloody thong:
They stop—they start—they snuff the air,
Gallop a moment here and there,
Approach, retire, wheel round and round,—
Then plunging back with sudden bound,
Headed by one black mighty steed,
Who seem'd the patriarch of his breed,
Without a single speck or hair
Of white upon his shaggy hide;
They snort—they foam—neigh—swerve aside,
And backward to the forest fly,
By instinct, from a human eye.—
They left me there to my despair,

(1) In the MS.—
"Rose crimson, and forbad the stars
To sparkle in their radiant cars."—L. E.

Link'd to the dead and stiffening wretch,
Whose lifeless limbs beneath me stretch,
Relieved from that unwonted weight,
From whence I could not extricate
Nor him nor me—and there we lay
The dying on the dead!
I little deem'd another day
Would see my houseless helpless head.

"And there from morn till twilight bound,
I felt the heavy hours toil round,
With just enough of life to see
My last of suns go down on me,
In hopeless certainty of mind,
That makes us feel at length resign'd
To that which our foreboding years
Presents the worst and last of fears
Inevitable—even a boon,
Nor more unkind for coming soon;
Yet shunn'd and dreaded with such care,
As if it only were a snare
That prudence might escape:
At times both wish'd for and implored,
At times sought with self-pointed sword,
Yet still a dark and hideous close
To even intolerable woes,
And welcome in no shape.
And, strange to say, the sons of pleasure,
They who have revell'd beyond measure
In beauty, wassail, wine, and treasure,
Die calm, or calmer, oft than he
Whose heritage was misery:
For he who hath in turn run through
All that was beautiful and new
Hath nought to hope, and nought to leave;
And, save the future (which is view'd
Not quite as men are base or good,
But as their nerves may be endued),
With nought perhaps to grieve:—
The wretch still hopes his woes must end,
And Death, whom he should deem his friend,
Appears, to his distemper'd eyes,
Arrived to rob him of his prize,
The tree of his new paradise.
To-morrow would have given him all,
Repaid his pangs, repair'd his fall;
To-morrow would have been the first
Of days no more deplored or curst,
But bright, and long, and beckoning years,
Seen dazzling through the mist of tears,
Guerdon of many a painful hour;
To-morrow would have given him power
To rule, to shine, to smite, to save—
And must it dawn upon his grave?

XVIII.

"The sun was sinking—still I lay
Chain'd to the chill and stiffening steed,
I thought to mingle there our clay;
And my dim eyes of death had need,
No hope arose of being freed:
I cast my last looks up the sky,
And there between me and the sun
I saw the expecting raven fly,
Who scarce would wait till both should die,
Ere his repast begun;
He flew and perch'd, then flew once more,
And each time nearer than before;
I saw his wing through twilight flit,
And once so near me he alit
I could have smote, but lack'd the strength:
But the slight motion of my hand,
And feeble scratching of the sand,
The exerted throat's faint struggling noise,
Which scarcely could be call'd a voice,
Together scared him off at length.—
I know no more—my latest dream
Is something of a lovely star
Which fix'd my dull eyes from afar,
And went and came with wandering beam,
And of the cold, dull, swimming, dense
Sensation of recurring sense,
And then subsiding back to death,
And then again a little breath,
A little thrill, a short suspense,
An icy sickness curdling o'er
My heart, and sparks that cross'd my brain—
A gasp, a throb, a start of pain,
A sigh, and nothing more.

XIX.

"I woke—Where was I?—Do I see
A human face look down on me?
And doth a roof above me close?
Do these limbs on a couch repose?
Is this a chamber where I lie?
And is it mortal yon bright eye,
That watches me with gentle glance?
I closed my own again once more,
As doubtful that the former trance
Could not as yet be o'er.
A slender girl, long-hair'd and tall,
Sate watching by the cottage wall;
The sparkle of her eye I caught,
Even with my first return of thought;
For ever and anon she threw
A prying pitying glance on me
With her black eyes so wild and free:
I gazed, and gazed, until I knew
No vision it could be,—
But that I lived, and was released
From adding to the vulture's feast:
And when the Cossack maid beheld
My heavy eyes at length unseal'd,
She smiled—and I essay'd to speak,
But fail'd—and she approach'd and made,
With lip and finger, signs that said
I must not strive as yet to break
The silence, till my strength should be
Enough to leave my accents free;
And then her hand on mine she laid,
And smooth'd the pillow for my head,
And stole along on tiptoe tread,
And gently oped the door, and spake
In whispers—ne'er was voice so sweet!
Even music follow'd her light feet;—
But those she call'd were not awake,
And she went forth; but, ere she pass'd,
Another look on me she cast,
Another sign she made, to say,
That I had nought to fear, that all
Were near, at my command or call,
And she would not delay
Her due return:—while she was gone,
Methought I felt too much alone.

XX.

"She came, with mother and with sire—
What need of more?—I will not tire
With long recital of the rest,
Since I became the Cossack's guest:
They found me senseless on the plain—
They bore me to the nearest hut—
They brought me into life again—
Me—one day o'er their realm to reign!
Thus the vain fool who strove to glut
His rage, refining on my pain,
Sent me forth to the wilderness,
Bound, naked, bleeding, and alone,
To pass the desert to a throne,—
What mortal his own doom may guess?—
Let none despond, let none despair!
To-morrow the Borysthenes
May see our coursers graze at ease
Upon his Turkish bank,—and never
Had I such welcome for a river
As I shall yield when safely there. (1)
Comrades, good night!"—The Hetman threw
His length beneath the oak-tree shade,
With leafy couch already made,
A bed nor comfortless nor new
To him, who took his rest whene'er
The hour arrived, no matter where:
His eyes the hastening slumbers steep.
And if ye marvel Charles forgot
To thank his tale, *he* wonder'd not,—
The king had been an hour asleep. (2)

(1) "Charles, having perceived that the day was lost, and that his only chance of safety was to retire with the utmost precipitation, suffered himself to be mounted on horseback, and with the remains of his army fled to a place called Perewolochna, situated in the angle formed by the junction of the Vorskla and the Borysthenes. Here, accompanied by Mazeppa, and a few hundreds of his followers, Charles swam over the latter great river, and proceeding over a desolate country, in danger of perishing with hunger, at length reached the Bog, where he was kindly received by the Turkish pacha. The Russian envoy at the Sublime Porte demanded that Mazeppa should be delivered up to Peter, but the old Hetman of the Cossacks escaped this fate by taking a disease which hastened his death." *Barrow's Peter the Great*, pp. 196—203.—L. E.

(2) The copy of *Mazeppa* sent to this country by Lord Byron is in the handwriting of Theresa, Countess Guiccioli; and it is impossible not to suspect that the Poet had some circumstances of his own personal history in his mind, when he portrayed the fair Polish *Theresa*, her youthful lover, and the jealous rage of the old Count Palatine.—L. E.

Morgante Maggiore.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF PULCI. (1)

ADVERTISEMENT.

The *Morgante Maggiore*, of the first canto of which this translation is offered, divides with the *Orlando Innamorato* the honour of having formed and suggested the style and story of Ariosto. The great defects of Boiardo were his treating too seriously the narratives of chivalry, and his harsh style. Ariosto, in his continuation, by a judicious mixture of the gaiety of Pulci, has avoided the one; and Berni, in his reformation of Boiardo's poem, has corrected the other. Pulci may be considered as the precursor and model of Berni altogether, as he has partly been to Ariosto, however inferior to both his copyists. He is no less the founder of a new style of poetry very

(1) This translation was executed at Ravenna, in February, 1820, and first saw the light in the pages of the unfortunate journal called *The Liberal*. The merit of it, as Lord Byron over and over states in his letters, consists in the wonderful *verbum pro verbo* closeness of the version. It was, in fact, an exercise of skill in this art; and cannot be fairly estimated, without reference to the original Italian. Those who want full information, and clear philosophical views, as to the origin of the Romantic Poetry of the Italians, will do well to read at length an article on that subject, from the pen of the late Ugo Foscolo, in No. XLII. of the *Quarterly Review*. We extract from it the passage in which that learned writer applies himself more particularly to the *Morgante* of Pulci. After showing that all the poets of this class adopted, as the groundwork of their fictions, the old wild materials which had for ages formed the stock in trade of the professed story-tellers,—in those days a class of persons holding the same place in Christendom, and more especially in Italy, which their brothers still maintain all over the East,—Foscolo thus proceeds:—

"The customary forms of the narrative all find a place in romantic poetry: such are,—the sententious reflections suggested by the matters which he has just related, or arising in anticipation of those which he is about to relate, and which the story-teller always opens when he resumes his recitations; his defence of his own merits against the attacks of rivals in trade; and his formal leave-taking when he parts from his audience, and invites them to meet him again on the morrow. This method of winding up each portion of the poem is a favourite among the romantic poets; who constantly finish their cantos with a distich, of which the words may vary, but the sense is uniform:

'All' altro canto vi farò sentire,
Se all' altro canto mi verrete a udire.'—*Ariosto.*

Or at the end of another canto, according to Harrington's translation:

'I now cut off abruptly here my rhyme,
And keep my tale unto another time.'

"The forms and materials of these popular stories were adopted by writers of a superior class, who considered the vulgar tales of their predecessors as blocks of marble finely tinted and variegated by the hand of nature, but which might afford a master-piece when carefully worked and polished. The romantic poets treated the traditionary fictions just as Dante did the legends invented by the monks to maintain their mastery over weak minds. He formed them into a poem which became the admiration of every age and nation: but Dante and Petrarca were poets who, though universally celebrated, were not universally understood. The learned found employment in writing comments upon their poems; but the nation, without even excepting the higher ranks, knew them only by name. At the beginning of the fifteenth century, a few obscure authors began to write romances in prose and in rhyme, taking for their subject the wars of Charlemagne and Orlando, or sometimes the adventures of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. These works were so pleasing, that they were rapidly multiplied: but the bards of romance cared little about style or versification,—they sought for adventures, and enchantments, and miracles. We here obtain at least a partial explanation of the rapid decline of Italian poetry, and the amazing corruption of the Italian language, which took place immediately after the death of Petrarca, and which proceeded from bad to worse until the era of Lorenzo de Medici.

"It was then that Pulci composed his *Morgante* for the amusement

lately sprung up in England. I allude to that of the ingenious Whistlecraft. The serious poems on Roncesvalles in the same language, and more particularly the excellent one of Mr. Merivale, are to be traced to the same source. It has never yet been decided entirely whether Pulci's intention was or was not to deride the religion which is one of his favourite topics. It appears to me, that such an intention would have been no less hazardous to the poet than to the priest, particularly in that age and country; and the permission to publish the poem, and its reception among the classics of Italy, prove that it neither was nor is so interpreted. That he intended to ridicule the monastic life, and suffered his imagination to play with the simple dulness of his converted giant, seems evident enough; but surely it were as unjust to accuse him of irreligion on this account, as to denounce Fielding for his Parson Adams, Barnabas, Thwackum, Supple, and the Ordinary in *Jonathan Wild*,—or Scott, for the exquisite use of his Covenanters in the *Tales of my Landlord*.

In the following translation I have used the liberty of the original with the proper names; as Pulci uses Gan, Ganellon, or Ganellone; Carlo, Carlomagno, or

of Madonna Lucrezia, the mother of Lorenzo; and he used to recite it at table to Ficino, and Politian, and Lorenzo, and the other illustrious characters who then flourished at Florence: yet Pulci adhered strictly to the original plan of the popular story-tellers; and if his successors have embellished them so that they can scarcely be recognised, it is certain that in no other poem can they be found so genuine and native as in the *Morgante*. Pulci accommodated himself, though sportively, to the genius of his age: classical taste and sound criticism began to prevail, and great endeavours were making by the learned to separate historical truth from the chaos of fable and tradition: so that, though Pulci introduced the most extravagant fables, he affected to complain of the errors of his predecessors. 'I grieve,' he said, 'for my Emperor Charlemagne; for I see that his history has been badly written and worse understood.'

'E del mio Carlo imperador m'increbbe;
E stata questa istoria, a quel ch'io veggio,
Di Carlo, male intesa e scritta peggio.'

And whilst he quotes the great historian Leonardo Aretino with respect, he professes to believe the authority of the holy Archbishop Turpin, who is also one of the heroes of the poem. In another passage, where he imitates the apologies of the story-tellers, he makes a neat allusion to the taste of his audience. 'I know,' he says, 'that I must proceed straight-forward, and not tell a single lie in the course of my tale. This is not a story of mere invention: and if I go one step out of the right road, one chastises, another criticises, a third scolds—they try to drive me mad—but in fact they are out of their senses.'

"Pulci's versification is remarkably fluent. Yet he is deficient in melody; his language is pure, and his expressions flow naturally; but his phrases are abrupt and unconnected, and he frequently writes ungrammatically. His vigour degenerates into harshness; and his love of brevity prevents the developement of his poetical imagery. He bears all the marks of rude genius; he was capable of delicate pleasantry, yet his smiles are usually bitter and severe. His humour never arises from points, but from unexpected situations strongly contrasted. The Emperor Charlemagne sentences King Marsilius of Spain to be hanged for high treason; and Archbishop Turpin kindly offers his services on the occasion.

'E' disse: Io vo', Marsilio, che tu muoja
Dove tu ordinasti il tradimento.
Disse Turpino: Io voglio fare il boja.
Carlo rispose: Ed io son ben contento
Che sia trattata di questi due cani
L'opera santa con le sante mani.'

"Here we have an emperor superintending the execution of a king, who is hanged in the presence of a vast multitude, all of whom are greatly edified at beholding an archbishop officiating in the character of a finisher of the law. Before this adventure took place, Caradoro had despatched an ambassador to the emperor, complaining of the shameful conduct of a wicked Paladin, who had seduced the princess his daughter. The orator does not present himself with modern diplomatic courtesy—

'Macon t'abbatta come traditore,
O disleale e ingiusto imperadore!
A Caradoro e stato scritto, O Carlo,
O Carlo! O Carlo! (e crollava la testa)
De la tua corte, che non puoi negarlo,
De la sua figlia cosa disonesta.'

"'O Charles,' he cried, 'Charles, Charles!'—and as he cried
He shook his head—'a sad complaint I bring
Of shameful acts which cannot be denied:
King Caradore has ascertain'd the thing,
Which comes moreover proved and verified
By letters from your own side of the water
Respecting the behaviour of his daughter.'

"Such scenes may appear somewhat strange; but Caradoro's embassy, and the execution of King Marsilius, are told in strict conformity to the notions of the common people, and as they must still be described, if we wished to imitate the popular story-tellers. If Pulci be occasionally refined and delicate, his snatches of amenity resulted from the national character of the Florentines, and the revival of letters. But, at the same time, we must trace to national character, and to the influence of his daily companions, the buffoonery which, in the opinion of foreigners, frequently disgraces the poem. M. Ginguene has criticised Pulci in the usual style of his countrymen. He attributes modern manners to ancient times, and takes it for granted that the individuals of every other nation think and act like modern Frenchmen. On these principles, he concludes that Pulci, both with respect to his subject and to his mode of treating it, intended only to write burlesque poetry; because, as he says, such buffoonery could not have been introduced into a composition recited to Lorenzo de' Medici and his enlightened guests, if the author had intended to be in earnest. In the fine portrait of Lorenzo given by Machiavelli at the end of his Florentine history, the historian complains that he took more pleasure in the company of jesters and buffoons than beseemed such a man. It is a little singular that Benedetto Varchi, a contemporary historian, makes the same complaint of Machiavelli himself. Indeed, many known anecdotes of Machiavelli, no less than his fugitive pieces, prove that it was only when he was acting the statesman that he wished to be grave; and that he could laugh like other men when he laid aside his dignity. We do not think he was in the wrong. But, whatever opinion may be formed on the subject, we shall yet be forced to conclude that great men may be compelled to blame the manners of their times, without being able to withstand their influence. In other respects, the poem of Pulci is serious, both in subject and in tone. And here we shall repeat a general observation, which we advise our readers to apply to all the romantic poems of the Italians—*That their comic humour arises from the contrast between the constant endeavours of the writers to adhere to the forms and subjects of the popular story-tellers, and the efforts made at the same time by the genius of these writers to render such materials interesting and sublime.*

"This simple elucidation of the causes of the poetical character of the *Morgante* has been overlooked by the critics; and they have therefore disputed with great earnestness during the last two centuries, whether the *Morgante* is written in jest or earnest; and whether Pulci is not an atheist, who wrote in verse for the express purpose of scoffing at all religion. Mr. Merivale inclines, in his *Orlando in Roncesvalles*, to the opinion of M. Ginguené, that the *Morgante* is decidedly to be considered as a burlesque poem, and a satire against the Christian religion. Yet Mr. Merivale himself acknowledges that it is wound up with a tragical effect, and dignified by religious sentiment; and is therefore forced to 'leave the question amongst the unexplained, and perhaps inexplicable, phenomena of the human mind.' If a similar question had not been already decided, both in regard to Shakspeare and to Ariosto, it might be still a subject of dispute whether the former intended to write tragedies, and whether the other did not mean to burlesque his heroes. It is a happy thing that, with regard to those two great writers, the war has ended by the fortunate intervention of the general body of readers, who, on such occasions, form their judgment with less erudition and with less prejudice than the critics. But Pulci is little read, and his age is little known. We are told by Mr. Merivale, that 'the points of abstruse theology are discussed in the *Morgante* with a degree of sceptical freedom which we should imagine to be altogether remote from the spirit of the fifteenth century.' Mr. Merivale follows M. Ginguene, who follows Voltaire. And the philosopher of Ferney, who was always beating up in all quarters for allies against Christianity, collected all the scriptural passages of Pulci, upon which he commented in his own way. But it is only since the Council of Trent, that any doubt which might be raised on a religious dogma exposed an author to the charge of impiety; whilst, in the fifteenth century, a Catholic might be sincerely devout and yet allow himself a certain degree of latitude in theological doubt. At one and the same time the Florentines might well believe in the Gospel and laugh at a doctor of divinity: for it was exactly at this era that they had been spectators of the memorable controversies between the representatives of the eastern and western churches. Greek and Latin bishops from every corner of Christendom had assembled at Florence, for the purpose of trying whether they could possibly understand each other, and when they separated, they hated each other worse than before. At the very time when Pulci was composing his *Morgante*, the clergy of Florence protested against the excommunications pronounced by Sixtus IV., and with expressions by which his holiness was anathematised in his turn. During these proceedings, an archbishop, convicted of being a papal emissary, was hanged from one of the windows of the government palace at Florence: this event may have suggested to Pulci the idea of converting another archbishop into a hangman. The romantic poets substituted literary and scientific observations for the trivial digressions of the story-tellers. This was a great improvement: and although it was not well managed by Pulci, yet he presents us with much curious incidental matter. In quoting his philosophical friend and contemporary Matteo Palmieri, he explains the instinct of brutes by a bold hypothesis—he supposes that they are animated by evil spirits. This idea gave no offence to the theologians of the fifteenth century; but it excited much orthodox indignation when Father Bougeant, a French monk, brought it forward as a new theory of his own. Mr. Merivale, after observing that Pulci died before the discovery of America by Columbus, quotes a passage 'which will become a very interesting document for the philosophical historian.' We give it in his prose translation:—'The water is level through its

Carlomano; Rondel, or Rondello, etc. as it suits his convenience; so has the translator. In other respects the version is faithful, to the best of the translator's ability, in combining his interpretation of the one language with the not very easy task of reducing it to the same versification in the other. The reader, on comparing it with the original, is requested to remember that the antiquated language of Pulci, however pure, is not easy to the generality of Italians themselves, from its great mixture of Tuscan proverbs; and he may therefore be more indulgent to the present attempt. How far the translator has succeeded, and whether or no he shall continue the work, are questions which the public will decide. He was induced to make the experiment partly by his love for, and partial intercourse with, the Italian language, of which it is so easy to acquire a slight knowledge, and with which it is so nearly impossible for a foreigner to become accurately conversant. The Italian language is like a capricious beauty, who accords her smiles to all, her favours to few, and sometimes least to those who have courted her longest. The translator wished also to present in an English dress a part at least of a poem never yet rendered into a northern language; at the same time that it has been the original of some of the most celebrated productions on this side of the Alps, as well as of those recent experiments in poetry in England which have been already mentioned. (1)

whole extent, although, like the earth, it has the form of a globe. Mankind in those ages were much more ignorant than now. Hercules would blush at this day for having fixed his columns. Vessels will soon pass far beyond them. They may soon reach another hemisphere, because every thing tends to its centre; in like manner, as by a divine mystery, the earth is suspended in the midst of the stars; here below are cities and empires, which were ancient. The inhabitants of those regions were called Antipodes. They have plants and animals as well as you, and wage wars as well as you.'—*Morgante*, c. xxv. st. 229, etc.

"The more we consider the traces of ancient science, which break in transient flashes through the darkness of the middle ages, and which gradually re-illuminated the horizon, the more shall we be disposed to adopt the hypothesis suggested by Bailly, and supported by him with seductive eloquence. He maintained that all the acquirements of the Greeks and Romans had been transmitted to them as the wrecks and fragments of the knowledge once possessed by primæval nations, by empires of sages and philosophers, who were afterwards swept from the face of the globe by some overwhelming catastrophe. His theory may be considered as extravagant; but if the literary productions of the Romans were not yet extant, it would seem incredible that, after the lapse of a few centuries, the civilisation of the Augustan age could have been succeeded in Italy by such barbarity. The Italians were so ignorant, that they forgot their family names; and before the eleventh century individuals were known only by their Christian names. They had an indistinct idea, in the middle ages, of the existence of the antipodes; but it was a reminiscence of ancient knowledge. Dante has indicated the number and position of the stars composing the polar constellation of the Austral hemisphere. At the same time he tells us, that when Lucifer was hurled from the celestial regions, the arch-devil transfixed the globe; half his body remained on our side of the centre of the earth, and half on the other side. The shock given to the earth by his fall drove a great portion of the waters of the ocean to the southern hemisphere, and only one high mountain remained uncovered, upon which Dante places his purgatory. As the fall of Lucifer happened before the creation of Adam, it is evident that Dante did not admit that the southern hemisphere had ever been inhabited; but, about thirty years afterwards, Petrarch, who was better versed in the ancient writers, ventured to hint that the sun shone upon mortals who were unknown to us:—

'Nella stagion che il ciel rapido inchina
Vers' occidente, e che il dì nostro vola
A gente che di là forse l' aspetta.'

"In the course of half a century after Petrarch, another step was gained. The existence of the antipodes was fully demonstrated. Pulci raises a devil to announce the fact; but it had been taught to him by his fellow-citizen Paolo Toscanelli, an excellent astronomer and mathematician, who wrote in his old age to Christopher Columbus, exhorting him to undertake his expedition. A few stanzas have been translated by Mr. Merivale, with some slight variations, which do not wrong the original. They may be considered as a specimen of Pulci's poetry, when he writes with imagination and feeling. Orlando bids farewell to his dying horse:—

'His faithful steed, that long had served him well
In peace and war, now closed his languid eye,
Kneel'd at his feet, and seem'd to say "Farewell!
I've brought thee to the destined port, and die."
Orlando felt anew his sorrows swell
When he beheld his Brigliadoro lie
Stretch'd on the field, that crystal fount beside,
Stiffen'd his limbs, and cold his warlike pride:
And, "O my much-loved steed, my generous friend,
Companion of my better years!" he said;
"And have I lived to see so sad an end
Of all thy toils, and thy brave spirit fled?
O pardon me, if e'er I did offend
With hasty wrong that mild and faithful head!"—
Just then, his eyes a momentary light
Flash'd quick;—then closed again in endless night.'

"When Orlando is expiring on the field of battle, an angel descends to him, and promises that Alda his wife shall join him in paradise,

'Bright with eternal youth and fadeless bloom,
Thine Aldabella thou shalt behold once more,
Partaker of a bliss beyond the tomb
With her whom Sinai's holy hills adore,
Crown'd with fresh flowers, whose colour and perfume
Surpass what Spring's rich bosom ever bore—
Thy mourning widow here she will remain,
And be in heaven thy joyful spouse again.'

"Whilst the soul of Orlando was soaring to heaven, a soft and plaintive strain was heard, and angelic voices joined in celestial harmony. They sang the psalm, 'When Israel went out of Egypt;' and the singers were known to be angels from the trembling of their wings.

'Poi si sentì con un suon dolce e fioco
Certa armonia con sì soavi accenti
Che ben parea d' angelici stromenti.
* * * * * *
'*In exitu Israel*, cantar, *de Ægypto*,
Sentito fu degli angeli solenne
Che si conobbe al tremolar le penne.'

"Dante has inserted passages from the Vulgate in his *Divina Commedia;* and Petrarch, the most religious of poets, quotes Scripture even when he is courting. Yet they were not accused of impiety. Neither did Pulci incur the danger of a posthumous excommunication until after the Reformation, when Pius V. (a Dominican, who was turned into a saint by a subsequent pope) promoted the welfare of holy mother church by burning a few wicked books, and hanging a few troublesome authors. The notion that Pulci was in the odour of heresy influenced the opinion of Milton, who only speaks of the *Morgante* as a 'sportful romance.' Milton was anxious to prove that Catholic writers had ridiculed popish divines, and that the Bible had been subjected to private judgment, notwithstanding the popes had prohibited the reading of it. His ardour did not allow him to stop and examine whether this prohibition might not be posterior to the death of Pulci. Milton had studied Pulci to advantage. The knowledge which he ascribes to his devils, their despairing repentance, the lofty sentiments which he bestows upon some of them, and, above all, the principle that, notwithstanding their crime and its punishment, they retain the grandeur and perfection of angelic nature, are all to be found in the *Morgante* as well as in *Paradise Lost*. Ariosto and Tasso have imitated other passages. When great poets borrow from their inferiors in genius, they turn their acquisitions to such advantage that it is difficult to detect their thefts, and still more difficult to blame them.

"The poem is filled with kings, knights, giants, and devils. There are many battles and many duels. Wars rise out of wars, and empires are conquered in a day. Pulci treats us with plenty of magic and enchantment. His love-adventures are not peculiarly interesting; and, with the exception of four or five leading personages, his characters are of no moment. The fable turns wholly upon the hatred which Ganellon, the felon knight of Maganza, bears towards Orlando and the rest of the Christian Paladins. Charlemagne is easily practised upon by Ganellon, his prime confidant and man of business. So he treats Orlando and his friends in the most scurvy manner imaginable, and sends them out to hard service in the wars against France. Ganellon is despatched to Spain to treat with King Marsilius, being also instructed to obtain the cession of a kingdom for Orlando; but he concerts a treacherous device with the Spaniards, and Orlando is killed at the battle of Roncesvalles. The intrigues of Ganellon, his spite, his patience, his obstinacy, his dissimulation, his affected humility, and his inexhaustible powers of intrigue, are admirably depicted: and his character constitutes the chief and finest feature in the poem. Charlemagne is a worthy monarch, but easily gulled. Orlando is a real hero, chaste and disinterested, and who fights in good earnest for the propagation of the faith. He baptizes the giant Morgante, who afterwards serves him like a faithful squire. There is another giant, whose name is Margutte. Morgante falls in with Margutte, and they become sworn brothers. Margutte is a very infidel giant, ready to confess his failings, and full of drollery. He sets all a-laughing, readers, giants, devils, and heroes, and he finishes his career by laughing till he bursts."

The reader is referred to *Moore's Life of Lord Byron*, for his letters written when he was engaged on his version of the *Morgante*. Great part of them is occupied with anxious endeavours to ascertain whether *usbergo* means a *helmet* or a *cuirass;* a point on which the slightest knowledge of German would have been sufficient to make him easy. *Usbergo* is only another form of our own *hauberk*, and both are manifest corruptions of the German *halsberg*, i. e. covering of the neck.—L. E.

(1) "About the *Morgante Maggiore*, I won't have a line

MORGANTE MAGGIORE.

CANTO I.

I.

In the beginning was the word next God;
God was the Word, the Word no less was he:
This was in the beginning, to my mode
Of thinking, and without him nought could be:
Therefore, just Lord! from out thy high abode,
Benign and pious, bid an angel flee,
One only, to be my companion, who
Shall help my famous, worthy, old song through.

II.

And thou, O Virgin! daughter, mother, bride,
Of the same Lord, who gave to you each key
Of heaven, and hell, and every thing beside,
The day thy Gabriel said "All hail!" to thee,
Since to thy servants pity's ne'er denied,
With flowing rhymes, a pleasant style and free,
Be to my verses then benignly kind,
And to the end illuminate my mind.

III.

'Twas in the season when sad Philomel
Weeps with her sister, who remembers and
Deplores the ancient woes which both befell,
And makes the nymphs enamour'd, to the hand
Of Phaëton, by Phœbus loved so well,
His car (but temper'd by his sire's command)
Was given, and on the horizon's verge just now
Appear'd, so that Tithonus scratch'd his brow:

IV.

When I prepared my bark first to obey,
As it should still obey, the helm, my mind,
And carry prose or rhyme, and this my lay
Of Charles the Emperor, whom you will find
By several pens already praised; but they
Who to diffuse his glory were inclined,
For all that I can see in prose or verse,
Have understood Charles badly, and wrote worse.

V.

Leonardo Aretino said already,
That if, like Pepin, Charles had had a writer
Of genius quick, and diligently steady,
No hero would in history look brighter;
He in the cabinet being always ready,
And in the field a most victorious fighter,
Who for the church and Christian faith had wrought,
Certes, far more than yet is said or thought.

VI.

You still may see at Saint Liberatore
The abbey, no great way from Manopell,
Erected in the Abruzzi to his glory,
Because of the great battle in which fell
A pagan king, according to the story,
And felon people whom Charles sent to hell:
And there are bones so many, and so many,
Near them Giusaffa's would seem few, if any.

VII.

But the world, blind and ignorant, don't prize
His virtues as I wish to see them: thou,
Florence, by his great bounty don't arise,
And hast, and may have, if thou wilt allow,
All proper customs and true courtesies:
Whate'er thou hast acquired from then till now,
With knightly courage, treasure, or the lance,
Is sprung from out the noble blood of France.

VIII.

Twelve paladins had Charles in court, of whom
The wisest and most famous was Orlando;
Him traitor Gan conducted to the tomb
In Roncesvalles, as the villain plann'd too,
While the horn rang so loud, and knell'd the doom
Of their sad rout, though he did all knight can do;
And Dante in his comedy has given
To him a happy seat with Charles in heaven.

IX.

'Twas Christmas-day; in Paris all his court
Charles held; the chief, I say, Orlando was,
The Dane; Astolfo there too did resort,
Also Ansuigi, the gay time to pass
In festival and in triumphal sport,
The much-renown'd St. Dennis being the cause;
Angiolin of Bayonne, and Oliver,
And gentle Belinghieri too came there:

X.

Avolio, and Arino, and Othone
Of Normandy, and Richard Paladin,
Wise Hamo, and the ancient Salemone,
Walter of Lion's Mount and Baldovin,
Who was the son of the sad Ganellone,
Were there, exciting too much gladness in
The son of Pepin:—when his knights came hither,
He groan'd with joy to see them altogether.

XI.

But watchful Fortune, lurking, takes good heed
Ever some bar 'gainst our intents to bring.
While Charles reposed him thus, in word and deed,
Orlando ruled court, Charles, and every thing;
Curst Gan, with envy bursting, had such need
To vent his spite, that thus with Charles the king
One day he openly began to say,
"Orlando must we always then obey?

omitted. It may circulate or it may not, but all the criticism on earth sha'nt touch a line, unless it be because it is badly translated. Now you say, and I say, and others say, that the translation is a good one, and so it shall go to press as it is. Pulci must answer for his own irreligion: I answer for the translation only." *Lord B. to Mr. Murray*, Ravenna, 1820.

"The *Morgante* is the best translation that ever was or will be made."—*Lord B. to Mr. Moore*. Pisa, 1822.

"The self-will of Lord Byron was in no point more conspicuous than in the determination with which he thus persisted in giving the preference to one or two works of his own which, in the eyes of all other persons, were most decided failures. Of this class was the translation from Pulci so frequently mentioned by him, which appeared afterwards in *The Liberal*, and which, though thus rescued from the fate of remaining unpublished, must for ever, I fear, submit to the doom of being unread." *Moore*.—P. E.

XII.

"A thousand times I've been about to say,
Orlando too presumptuously goes on;
Here are we, counts, kings, dukes, to own thy sway,
Hamo, and Otho, Ogier, Solomon,
Each have to honour thee and to obey;
But he has too much credit near the throne,
Which we won't suffer, but are quite decided
By such a boy to be no longer guided.

XIII.

"And even at Aspramont thou didst begin
To let him know he was a gallant knight,
And by the fount did much the day to win;
But I know *who* that day had won the fight
If it had not for good Gherardo been:
The victory was Almonte's else; his sight
He kept upon the standard, and the laurels
In fact and fairness are his earning, Charles.

XIV.

"If thou remember'st being in Gascony,
When there advanced the nations out of Spain,
The Christian cause had suffer'd shamefully,
Had not his valour driven them back again.
Best speak the truth when there's a reason why:
Know then, O emperor! that all complain:
As for myself, I shall repass the mounts
O'er which I cross'd with two and sixty counts.

XV.

"'Tis fit thy grandeur should dispense relief,
So that each here may have his proper part,
For the whole court is more or less in grief:
Perhaps thou deem'st this lad a Mars in heart?"
Orlando one day heard this speech in brief,
As by himself it chanced he sate apart:
Displeased he was with Gan because he said it,
But much more still that Charles should give him credit.

XVI.

And with the sword he would have murder'd Gan,
But Oliver thrust in between the pair,
And from his hand extracted Durlindan,
And thus at length they separated were.
Orlando, angry too with Carloman,
Wanted but little to have slain him there;
Then forth alone from Paris went the chief,
And burst and madden'd with disdain and grief.

XVII.

From Ermellina, consort of the Dane,
He took Cortana, and then took Rondell,
And on towards Brara prick'd him o'er the plain;
And when she saw him coming, Aldabelle
Stretch'd forth her arms to clasp her lord again:
Orlando, in whose brain all was not well,
As "Welcome, my Orlando, home," she said,
Raised up his sword to smite her on the head.

XVIII.

Like him a fury counsels; his revenge
On Gan in that rash act he seem'd to take,
Which Aldabella thought extremely strange:
But soon Orlando found himself awake;
And his spouse took his bridle on this change,
And he dismounted from his horse, and spake
Of every thing which pass'd without demur,
And then reposed himself some days with her.

XIX.

Then full of wrath departed from the place,
And far as pagan countries roam'd astray,
And while he rode, yet still at every pace
The traitor Gan remember'd by the way;
And wandering on in error a long space,
An abbey which in a lone desert lay,
'Midst glens obscure, and distant lands, he found,
Which form'd the Christian's and the pagan's bound.

XX.

The abbot was call'd Clermont, and by blood
Descended from Angrante: under cover
Of a great mountain's brow the abbey stood,
But certain savage giants look'd him over;
One Passamont was foremost of the brood,
And Alabaster and Morgante hover
Second and third, with certain slings, and throw
In daily jeopardy the place below.

XXI.

The monks could pass the convent gate no more,
Nor leave their cells for water or for wood;
Orlando knock'd, but none would ope, before
Unto the prior it at length seem'd good;
Enter'd, he said that he was taught to adore
Him who was born of Mary's holiest blood,
And was baptized a Christian; and then shew'd
How to the abbey he had found his road.

XXII.

Said the abbot, "You are welcome; what is mine
We give you freely, since that you believe
With us in Mary Mother's Son divine;
And that you may not, cavalier, conceive
The cause of our delay to let you in
To be rusticity, you shall receive
The reason why our gate was barr'd to you:
Thus those who in suspicion live must do.

XXIII.

"When hither to inhabit first we came
These mountains, albeit that they are obscure,
As you perceive, yet without fear or blame
They seem'd to promise an asylum sure:
From savage brutes alone, too fierce to tame,
'T was fit our quiet dwelling to secure;
But now, if here we'd stay, we needs must guard
Against domestic beasts with watch and ward.

XXIV.

"These make us stand, in fact, upon the watch;
For late there have appear'd three giants rough;
What nation or what kingdom bore the batch
I know not, but they are all of savage stuff;
When force and malice with some genius match,
You know, they can do all—*we* are not enough:
And these so much our orisons derange,
I know not what to do, till matters change.

XXV.

"Our ancient fathers living the desert in,
For just and holy works were daly fed;
Think not they lived on locusts sole, 'tis certain
That manna was rain'd down from heaven instead;
But here 'tis fit we keep on the alert in [bread,
Our bounds, or taste the stones shower'd down for
From off yon mountain daily raining faster,
And flung by Passamont and Alabaster.

XXVI.

third, Morgante, 's savagest by far; he
cks up pines, beeches, poplar-trees, and oaks,
lings them, our community to bury;
d all that I can do but more provokes."
thus they parley in the cemetery,
stone from one of their gigantic strokes,
h nearly crush'd Rondell, came tumbling over,
at he took a long leap under cover.

XXVII.

God-sake, cavalier, come in with speed;
e manna 's falling now," the abbot cried.
fellow does not wish my horse should feed,
ar abbot," Roland unto him replied.
restiveness he'd cure him had he need;
at stone seems with good-will and aim applied."
oly father said, "I don't deceive;
'll one day fling the mountain, I believe."

XXVIII.

do bade them take care of Rondello,
d also made a breakfast of his own:
bot," he said, "I want to find that fellow
ho flung at my good horse yon corner-stone."
the abbot, "Let not my advice seem shallow;
to a brother dear I speak alone;
ld dissuade you, baron, from this strife,
nowing sure that you will lose your life.

XXIX.

t Passamont has in his hand three darts—
ch slings, clubs, ballast-stones, that yield you must;
know that giants have much stouter hearts
an us, with reason, in proportion just:
you will, guard well against their arts,
t these are very barbarous and robust."
do answer'd, "This I'll see, be sure,
walk the wild on foot, to be secure."

XXX.

abbot sign'd the great cross on his front,
Then go you with God's benison and mine:"
do, after he had scaled the mount,
the abbot had directed, kept the line
t to the usual haunt of Passamont;
ho, seeing him alone in this design,
ey'd him fore and aft with eyes observant,
ask'd him, "If he wish'd to stay as servant?"

XXXI.

promised him an office of great ease,
t, said Orlando, "Saracen insane!
ne to kill you, if it shall so please
d, not to serve as footboy in your train;
with his monks so oft have broke the peace—
le dog! 't is past his patience to sustain."
giant ran to fetch his arms, quite furious,
n he received an answer so injurious.

XXXII.

being return'd to where Orlando stood,
ho had not moved him from the spot, and swinging
cord, he hurl'd a stone with strength so rude,
show'd a sample of his skill in slinging;
ll'd on Count Orlando's helmet good
d head, and set both head and helmet ringing,
at he swoon'd with pain as if he died,
more than dead, he seem'd so stupified.

XXXIII.

Then Passamont, who thought him slain outright,
Said, "I will go, and, while he lies along,
Disarm me: why such craven did I fight?"
But Christ his servants ne'er abandons long,
Especially Orlando, such a knight,
As to desert would almost be a wrong.
While the giant goes to put off his defences,
Orlando has recall'd his force and senses:

XXXIV.

And loud he shouted, "Giant, where dost go?
Thou thought'st me doubtless for the bier outlaid:
To the right about—without wings thou 'rt too slow
To fly my vengeance—currish renegade!
'T was but by treachery thou laid'st me low."
The giant his astonishment betray'd,
And turn'd about, and stopp'd his journey on,
And then he stoop'd to pick up a great stone.

XXXV.

Orlando had Cortana bare in hand;
To split the head in twain was what he schemed:—
Cortana clave the skull like a true brand,
And pagan Passamont died unredeem'd,
Yet harsh and haughty, as he lay he bann'd,
And most devoutly Macon still blasphemed;
But, while his crude rude blasphemies he heard,
Orlando thank'd the Father and the Word,—

XXXVI.

Saying, "What grace to me thou 'st this day given!
And I to thee, O Lord! am ever bound;
I know my life was saved by thee from heaven,
Since by the giant I was fairly down'd.
All things by thee are measured just and even;
Our power without thine aid would nought be found:
I pray thee take heed of me, till I can
At least return once more to Carloman."

XXXVII.

And, having said thus much, he went his way;
And Alabaster he found out below,
Doing the very best that in him lay
To root from out a bank a rock or two.
Orlando, when he reach'd him, loud 'gan say,
"How think'st thou, glutton, such a stone to throw?"
When Alabaster heard his deep voice ring,
He suddenly betook him to his sling,

XXXVIII.

And hurl'd a fragment of a size so large,
That if it had in fact fulfill'd its mission,
And Roland not avail'd him of his targe,
There would have been no need of a physician.
Orlando set himself in turn to charge,
And in his bulky bosom made incision
With all his sword. The lout fell; but o'erthrown, he
However by no means forgot Macone.

XXXIX.

Morgante had a palace in his mode,
Composed of branches, logs of wood, and earth,
And stretch'd himself at ease in this abode,
And shut himself at night within his birth.
Orlando knock'd, and knock'd again, to goad
The giant from his sleep; and he came forth,
The door to open, like a crazy thing,
For a rough dream had shook him slumbering.

XL.

He thought that a fierce serpent had attack'd him;
And Mahomet he call'd; but Mahomet
Is nothing worth, and not an instant back'd him;
But praying blessed Jesu, he was set
At liberty from all the fears which rack'd him;
And to the gate he came with great regret—
"Who knocks here?" grumbling all the while, said he.
"That," said Orlando, "you will quickly see.

XLI.

"I come to preach to you, as to your brothers,
Sent by the miserable monks—repentance;
For Providence divine, in you and others,
Condemns the evil done by new acquaintance.
'T is writ on high—your wrong must pay another's;
From heaven itself is issued out this sentence.
Know then, that colder now than a pilaster
I left your Passamont and Alabaster."

XLII.

Morgante said, "O gentle cavalier!
Now by thy God say me no villany;
The favour of your name I fain would hear,
And, if a Christian, speak for courtesy."
Replied Orlando, "So much to your ear
I by my faith disclose contentedly;
Christ I adore, who is the genuine Lord,
And, if you please, by you may be adored."

XLIII.

The Saracen rejoin'd, in humble tone,
"I have had an extraordinary vision;
A savage serpent fell on me alone,
And Macon would not pity my condition;
Hence to thy God, who for ye did atone
Upon the cross, preferr'd I my petition;
His timely succour set me safe and free,
And I a Christian am disposed to be."

XLIV.

Orlando answer'd, "Baron just and pious,
If this good wish your heart can really move
To the true God, who will not then deny us
Eternal honour, you will go above,
And, if you please, as friends we will ally us,
And I will love you with a perfect love.
Your idols are vain liars, full of fraud:
The only true God is the Christian's God.

XLV.

"The Lord descended to the virgin breast
Of Mary Mother, sinless and divine;
If you acknowledge the Redeemer blest,
Without whom neither sun nor star can shine,
Abjure bad Macon's false and felon test,
Your renegado god, and worship mine,—
Baptize yourself with zeal, since you repent."
To which Morgante answer'd, "I'm content."

XLVI.

And then Orlando to embrace him flew,
And made much of his convert, as he cried,
"To the abbey I will gladly marshal you."
To whom Morgante, "Let us go," replied;
"I to the friars have for peace to sue."
Which thing Orlando heard with inward pride,
Saying, "My brother, so devout and good,
Ask the abbot pardon, as I wish you would:

XLVII.

"Since God has granted your illumination,
Accepting you in mercy for his own,
Humility should be your first oblation."
Morgante said, "For goodness' sake, make known—
Since that your God is to be mine—your station,
And let your name in verity be shown;
Then will I every thing at your command do."
On which the other said, he was Orlando.

XLVIII.

"Then," quoth the giant, "blessed be Jesu
A thousand times with gratitude and praise!
Oft, perfect baron! have I heard of you
Through all the different periods of my days:
And, as I said, to be your vassal too
I wish, for your great gallantry, always."
Thus reasoning, they continued much to say,
And onwards to the abbey went their way.

XLIX.

And, by the way, about the giants dead
Orlando with Morgante reason'd: "Be,
For their decease, I pray you, comforted,
And, since it is God's pleasure, pardon me;
A thousand wrongs unto the monks they bred,
And our true Scripture soundeth openly,
Good is rewarded, and chastised the ill,
Which the Lord never faileth to fulfil:

L.

"Because his love of justice unto all
Is such, he wills his judgment should devour
All who have sin, however great or small;
But good he well remembers to restore.
Nor without justice holy could we call
Him, whom I now require you to adore.
All men must make his will their wishes sway,
And quickly and spontaneously obey.

LI.

"And here our doctors are of one accord,
Coming on this point to the same conclusion,—
That in their thoughts who praise in heaven the Lord
If pity e'er was guilty of intrusion,
For their unfortunate relations stored
In hell below, and damn'd in great confusion,—
Their happiness would be reduced to nought,
And thus unjust the Almighty's self be thought.

LII.

"But they in Christ have firmest hope, and all
Which seems to him, to them too must appear
Well done; nor could it otherwise befall:
He never can in any purpose err.
If sire or mother suffer endless thrall,
They don't disturb themselves for him or her;
What pleases God to them must joy inspire;—
Such is the observance of the eternal choir."

LIII.

"A word unto the wise," Morgante said,
"Is wont to be enough, and you shall see
How much I grieve about my brethren dead;
And if the will of God seem good to me,
Just, as you tell me, 'tis in heaven obey'd—
Ashes to ashes,—merry let us be!
I will cut off the hands from both their trunks,
And carry them unto the holy monks:

LIV.

"So that all persons may be sure and certain
That they are dead, and have no further fear
To wander solitary this desert in,
And that they may perceive my spirit clear
By the Lord's grace, who hath withdrawn the curtain
Of darkness, making his bright realm appear."
He cut his brethren's hands off at these words,
And left them to the savage beasts and birds.

LV.

Then to the abbey they went on together,
Where waited them the abbot in great doubt.
The monks, who knew not yet the fact, ran thither
To their superior, all in breathless rout,
Saying with tremor, "Please to tell us whether
You wish to have this person in or out?"
The abbot, looking through upon the giant,
Too greatly fear'd, at first, to be compliant.

LVI.

Orlando, seeing him thus agitated,
Said quickly, "Abbot, be thou of good cheer;
He Christ believes, as Christian must be rated,
And hath renounced his Macon false;" which here
Morgante with the hands corroborated,
A proof of both the giants' fate quite clear:
Thence, with due thanks, the abbot God adored,
Saying, "Thou hast contented me, O Lord!"

LVII.

He gazed; Morgante's height he calculated,
And more than once contemplated his size;
And then he said, "O giant celebrated!
Know, that no more my wonder will arise
How you could tear and fling the trees you late did,
When I behold your form with my own eyes.
You now a true and perfect friend will show
Yourself to Christ, as once you were a foe.

LVIII.

"And one of our apostles, Saul once named,
Long persecuted sore the faith of Christ,
Till, one day, by the Spirit being inflamed,
'Why dost thou persecute me thus?' said Christ,
And then from his offence he was reclaim'd,
And went for ever after preaching Christ,
And of the faith became a trump, whose sounding
O'er the whole earth is echoing and rebounding.

LIX.

"So, my Morgante, you may do likewise;
He who repents—thus writes the Evangelist—
Occasions more rejoicing in the skies
Than ninety-nine of the celestial list.
You may be sure, should each desire arise
With just zeal for the Lord, that you'll exist
Among the happy saints for evermore;
But you were lost and damn'd to hell before!"

LX.

And thus great honour to Morgante paid
The abbot: many days they did repose.
One day, as with Orlando they both stray'd,
And saunter'd here and there, where'er they chose,
The abbot show'd a chamber, where array'd
Much armour was, and hung up certain bows;
And one of these Morgante for a whim
Girt on, though useless, he believed, to him.

LXI.

There being a want of water in the place,
Orlando, like a worthy brother, said,
"Morgante, I could wish you in this case
To go for water." "You shall be obey'd
In all commands," was the reply, "straightways."
Upon his shoulder a great tub he laid,
And went out on his way unto a fountain,
Where he was wont to drink, below the mountain.

LXII.

Arrived there, a prodigious noise he hears,
Which suddenly along the forest spread;
Whereat from out his quiver he prepares
An arrow for his bow, and lifts his head;
And lo! a monstrous herd of swine appears,
And onward rushes with tempestuous tread,
And to the fountain's brink precisely pours;
So that the giant's join'd by all the boars.

LXIII.

Morgante at a venture shot an arrow,
Which pierced a pig precisely in the ear,
And pass'd unto the other side quite thorough;
So that the boar, defunct, lay tripp'd up near.
Another, to revenge his fellow-farrow,
Against the giant rush'd in fierce career,
And reach'd the passage with so swift a foot,
Morgante was not now in time to shoot.

LXIV.

Perceiving that the pig was on him close,
He gave him such a punch upon the head (1)
As floor'd him, so that he no more arose,
Smashing the very bone; and he fell dead
Next to the other. Having seen such blows,
The other pigs along the valley fled;
Morgante on his neck the bucket took,
Full from the spring, which neither swerved nor shook.

LXV.

The tun was on one shoulder, and there were
The hogs on t'other, and he brush'd apace
On to the abbey, though by no means near,
Nor spilt one drop of water in his race.
Orlando, seeing him so soon appear
With the dead boars, and with that brimful vase,
Marvell'd to see his strength so very great;
So did the abbot, and set wide the gate.

LXVI.

The monks, who saw the water fresh and good,
Rejoiced, but much more to perceive the pork;—
All animals are glad at sight of food;
They lay their breviaries to sleep, and work
With greedy pleasure, and in such a mood,
That the flesh needs no salt beneath their fork,
Of rankness and of rot there is no fear,
For all the fasts are now left in arrear.

LXVII.

As though they wish'd to burst at once, they ate;
And gorged so that, as if the bones had been
In water, sorely grieved the dog and cat,
Perceiving that they all were pick'd too clean.
The abbot, who to all did honour great,
A few days after this convivial scene,
Gave to Morgante a fine horse, well train'd,
Which he long time had for himself maintain'd.

(1) "Gli dette in su la testa un gran punzone." It is strange that Pulci should have literally anticipated the technical terms of my old friend and master, Jackson, and the art which he has carried to its highest pitch. "

LXVIII.

The horse Morgante to a meadow led,
  To gallop, and to put him to the proof,
Thinking that he a back of iron had,
  Or to skim eggs unbroke was light enough;
But the horse, sinking with the pain, fell dead,
  And burst, while cold on earth lay head and hoof.
Morgante said, "Get up, thou sulky cur!"
And still continued pricking with the spur.

LXIX.

But finally he thought fit to dismount,
  And said, "I am as light as any feather,
And he has burst;—to this what say you, count?"
  Orlando answer'd, "Like a ship's mast rather
You seem to me, and with the trunk for front:—
  Let him go; Fortune wills that we together
Should march, but you on foot Morgante still."
To which the giant answer'd, "So I will.

LXX.

"When there shall be occasion, you will see
  How I approve my courage in the fight."
Orlando said, "I really think you'll be,
  If it should prove God's will, a goodly knight;
Nor will you napping there discover me.
  But never mind your horse, though out of sight
'T were best to carry him into some wood,
If but the means or way I understood."

LXXI.

The giant said, "Then carry him I will,
  Since that to carry me he was so slack—
To render, as the gods do, good for ill;
  But lend a hand to place him on my back."
Orlando answer'd, "If my counsel still
  May weigh, Morgante, do not undertake
To lift or carry this dead courser, who,
As you have done to him, will do to you.

LXXII.

"Take care he don't revenge himself, though dead,
  As Nessus did of old beyond all cure.
I don't know if the fact you've heard or read;
  But he will make you burst, you may be sure."
"But help him on my back," Morgante said,
  "And you shall see what weight I can endure.
In place, my gentle Roland, of this palfrey,
With all the bells, I'd carry yonder belfry."

LXXIII.

The abbot said, "The steeple may do well,
  But, for the bells, you've broken them, I wot."
Morgante answer'd, "Let them pay in hell
  The penalty who lie dead in yon grot;"
And hoisting up the horse from where he fell,
  He said, "Now look if I the gout have got,
Orlando, in the legs—or if I have force;"—
And then he made two gambols with the horse.

LXXIV.

Morgante was like any mountain framed;
  So if he did this, 't is no prodigy;
But secretly himself Orlando blamed,
  Because he was one of his family;
And fearing that he might be hurt or maim'd,
  Once more he bade him lay his burden by:
"Put down, nor bear him further the desert in."
Morgante said, "I'll carry him for certain."

LXXV.

He did; and stow'd him in some nook away,
  And to the abbey then return'd with speed.
Orlando said, "Why longer do we stay?
  "Morgante, here is nought to do indeed."
The abbot by the hand he took one day,
  And said, with great respect, he had agreed
To leave his reverence; but for this decision
He wish'd to have his pardon and permission.

LXXVI.

The honours they continued to receive
  Perhaps exceeded what his merits claim'd:
He said, "I mean, and quickly, to retrieve
  The lost days of time past, which may be blamed;
Some days ago I should have ask'd your leave,
  Kind father, but I really was ashamed,
And know not how to show my sentiment,
So much I see you with our stay content.

LXXVII.

"But in my heart I bear through every clime
  The abbot, abbey, and this solitude—
So much I love you in so short a time;
  For me, from heaven reward you with all good
The God so true, the eternal Lord sublime!
  Whose kingdom at the last hath open stood
Meantime we stand expectant of your blessing,
And recommend us to your prayers with pressing."

LXXVIII.

Now when the abbot Count Orlando heard,
  His heart grew soft with inner tenderness,
Such fervour in his bosom bred each word;
  And, "Cavalier," he said, "if I have less
Courteous and kind to your great worth appear'd,
  Than fits me for such gentle blood to express,
I know I have done too little in this case;
But blame our ignorance, and this poor place.

LXXIX.

"We can indeed but honour you with masses,
  And sermons, thanksgivings, and pater-nosters,
Hot suppers, dinners (fitting other places
  In verity much rather than the cloisters);
But such a love for you my heart embraces,
  For thousand virtues which your bosom fosters,
That wheresoe'er you go I too shall be,
And, on the other part, you rest with me.

LXXX.

"This may involve a seeming contradiction;
  But you I know are sage, and feel, and taste,
And understand my speech with full conviction.
  For your just pious deeds may you be graced
With the Lord's great reward and benediction,
  By whom you were directed to this waste:
To his high mercy is our freedom due,
For which we render thanks to him and you.

LXXXI.

"You saved at once our life and soul: such fear
  The giants caused us, that the way was lost
By which we could pursue a fit career
  In search of Jesus and the saintly host;
And your departure breeds such sorrow here,
  That comfortless we all are to our cost;
But months and years you would not stay in sloth,
Nor are you form'd to wear our sober cloth;

punch on the head," or "*a punch in the head,*"—an punzone in su la testa,"—is the exact and frequent phrase of our best pugilists, who little dream that they are talking the purest Tuscan.

LXXXII.

"But to bear arms, and wield the lance; indeed,
With these as much is done as with this cowl;
In proof of which the Scripture you may read.
This giant up to heaven may bear his soul
By your compassion: now in peace proceed.
Your state and name I seek not to unroll;
But, if I'm ask'd, this answer shall be given,
That here an angel was sent down from heaven.

LXXXIII.

"If you want armour or aught else, go in,
Look o'er the wardrobe, and take what you choose,
And cover with it o'er this giant's skin."
Orlando answer'd, "If there should lie loose
Some armour, ere our journey we begin,
Which might be turn'd to my companion's use,
The gift would be acceptable to me."
The abbot said to him, "Come in and see."

LXXXIV.

And in a certain closet, where the wall
Was cover'd with old armour like a crust,
The abbot said to them, "I give you all."
Morgante rummaged piecemeal from the dust
The whole, which, save one cuirass, (1) was too small,
And that too had the mail inlaid with rust.
They wonder'd how it fitted him exactly,
Which ne'er had suited others so compactly.

LXXXV.

'Twas an immeasurable giant's, who
By the great Milo of Agrante fell
Before the abbey many years ago—
The story on the wall was figured well,
In the last moment of the abbey's foe,
Who long had waged a war implacable:
Precisely as the war occurr'd they drew him,
And there was Milo as he overthrew him.

LXXXVI.

Seeing this history, Count Orlando said
In his own heart, "O God, who in the sky
Know'st all things! how was Milo hither led?
Who caused the giant in this place to die?"
And certain letters, weeping, then he read,
So that he could not keep his visage dry,—
As I will tell in the ensuing story.
From evil keep you the high King of glory!

(1) "It is strange that here nobody understands the real precise meaning of 'sbergo' or usbergo; an old Tuscan word which I have rendered *cuirass*, but am not sure it is not helmet." (*Lord B. to Mr. Murray.*) See also *antè*, page 326, *note*.—P. E.

The Prophecy of Dante.(1)

"'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before."—*Campbell.*

DEDICATION.

LADY! (2) if for the cold and cloudy clime
Where I was born, but where I would not die,
Of the great Poet-Sire of Italy
I dare to build the imitative rhyme,
Harsh Runic copy of the South's sublime,
THOU art the cause; and howsoever I
Fall short of his immortal harmony,
Thy gentle heart will pardon me the crime.
Thou, in the pride of Beauty and of Youth,
Spakest; and for thee to speak and be obey'd
Are one; but only in the sunny South
Such sounds are utter'd, and such charms display'd,
So sweet a language from so fair a mouth—
Ah! to what effort would it not persuade? (3)

Ravenna, June 21, 1819.

(1) This poem, which Lord Byron, in sending it to Mr. Murray, called "the best thing he had ever done, if not *unintelligible*," was written, in the summer of 1819, at

—"that place
Of old renown, once in the Adrian sea,
Ravenna!—where from Dante's sacred tomb
He had so oft, as many a verse declares,
Drawn inspiration."—*Rogers.*

The *Prophecy*, however, was first published in May, 1821. It is dedicated to the Countess Guiccioli, who thus describes the origin of its composition:—"On my departure from Venice, Lord Byron had promised to come and see me at Ravenna. Dante's tomb, the classical pine-wood,* the relics of antiquity which are to be found in that place, afforded a sufficient pretext for me to invite him to come, and for him to accept my invitation. He came in the month of June, 1819, arriving at Ravenna on the day of the festival of the Corpus Domini. Being deprived at this time of his books, his horses, and all that occupied him at Venice, I begged him to gratify me by writing something on the subject of Dante; and, with his usual facility and rapidity, he composed his *Prophecy*."—L. E.

"There were in this poem originally three lines of remarkable strength and severity, which, as the Italian poet against whom they were directed was then living, were omitted in the publication. I shall here give them from memory:—

'The prostitution of his muse and wife,
Both beautiful, and both by him debased,
Shall salt his bread and give him means of life.'" *Moore.*—P. E.

(2) "Prettily but inharmoniously turned." *Galt.*—P. E.

(3) The Countess Guiccioli was the daughter of Count Gamba, a nobleman of Ravenna. She was taken, at an

* "'T was in a grove of spreading pines he stray'd," etc.
Dryden's Theodore and Honoria.

PREFACE.

IN the course of a visit to the city of Ravenna in the summer of 1819, it was suggested to the author that, having composed something on the subject of Tasso's confinement, he should do the same on Dante's exile,—the tomb of the poet forming one of the principal objects of interest in that city, both to the native and to the stranger.

"On this hint I spake," and the result has been the following four cantos, in terza rima, now offered to the reader. If they are understood and approved, it is my purpose to continue the poem, in various other cantos, to its natural conclusion in the present age. The reader is requested to suppose that Dante addresses him in the interval between the conclusion of the *Divina Commedia* and his death, and shortly

before the latter event, foretelling the fortunes of Italy in general in the ensuing centuries. In adopting this plan I have had in my mind the *Cassandra* of Lycophron, and the *Prophecy of Nereus* by Horace, as well as the Prophecies of Holy Writ. The measure adopted is the terza rima of Dante, which I am not aware to have seen hitherto tried in our language, except it may be by Mr. Hayley, of whose translation I never saw but one extract, quoted in the notes to *Caliph Vathek;* so that—if I do not err—this poem may be considered as a metrical experiment. The cantos are short, and about the same length of those of the poet, whose name I have borrowed, and most probably taken in vain.

Amongst the inconveniences of authors in the present day, it is difficult for any who have a name, good or bad, to escape translation. I have had the fortune to see the fourth canto of *Childe Harold* translated into Italian versi sciolti,—that is, a poem written in the *Spenserean stanza* into *blank verse*, without regard to the natural divisions of the stanza or of the sense. If the present poem, being on a national topic, should chance to undergo the same fate, I would request the Italian reader to remember that when I have failed in the imitation of his great "Padre Alighier," I have failed in imitating that which all study and few understand, since to this very day it is not yet settled what was the meaning of the allegory in the first canto of the *Inferno*, unless Count Marchetti's ingenious and probable conjecture may be considered as having decided the question.

He may also pardon my failure the more, as I am not quite sure that he would be pleased with my success, since the Italians, with a pardonable nationality, are particularly jealous of all that is left them as a nation—their literature; and, in the present bitterness of the classic and romantic war, are but ill disposed to permit a foreigner even to approve or imitate them, without finding some fault with his ultramontane presumption. I can easily enter into all this, knowing what would be thought in England of an Italian imitator of Milton, or if a translation of Monti, or Pindemonte, or Arici, should be held up to the rising generation as a model for their future poetical essays. But I perceive that I am deviating into an address to the Italian reader, when my business is with the English one; and, be they few or many, I must take my leave of both. (1)

THE PROPHECY OF DANTE.(2)

CANTO I.

Once more in man's frail world! which I had left
So long that 'twas forgotten; and I feel
The weight of clay again,—too soon bereft
Of the immortal vision which could heal
My earthly sorrows, and to God's own skies
Lift me from that deep gulf without repeal,
Where late my ears rung with the damned cries
Of souls in hopeless bale; and from that place
Of lesser torment, whence men may arise
Pure from the fire to join the angelic race;
'Midst whom my own bright Beatrice bless'd(3)
My spirit with her light; and to the base
Of the eternal Triad! first, last, best,
Mysterious three, sole, infinite, great God!
Soul universal! led the mortal guest,
Unblasted by the glory, though he trod
From star to star to reach the almighty throne.
O Beatrice! whose sweet limbs the sod
So long hath press'd, and the cold marble stone,
Thou sole pure seraph of my earliest love,
Love so ineffable, and so alone,
That nought on earth could more my bosom move,
And meeting thee in heaven was but to meet
That without which my soul, like the arkless dove,
Had wander'd still in search of, nor her feet
Relieved her wing till found; without thy light
My paradise had still been incomplete. (4)

early age, from a convent, to become the wife of Count Guiccioli, a widower, old enough to be her grandfather, and rich enough to buy the consent of the parents of any young lady of family in the states of the Church, in spite of a character not distinguished for its worthiness. This marriage of custom instead of affection had not taken place long before her visit to Venice in the spring of 1819, where her acquaintance with Lord Byron commenced, which continued to his death. He met her in society at the Countess Benzoni's. Moore, in his *Life of Lord Byron*, has detailed their introduction to each other, their early acquaintance, and continued attachment, and has given numerous characteristic extracts from his correspondence. It is acknowledged by the friends of Byron, that the affection of the Guiccioli brought him back, from a state of low and degrading dissipation, to health and to all the tranquillity of which his temperament was susceptible, and that his heart, seared by domestic abandonment, could receive. In the winter of 1832-3 this lady came to England with her brother. The object of her journey was to visit all the scenes associated with Byron, and to make a pilgrimage to his grave." See *Finden's Illustrations*.—P. E.

(1) "The *Prophecy of Dante* contains unquestionably stanzas of resounding energy, but the general verse of the poem is as harsh and abrupt as the clink and clang of the cymbal: moreover, even for a prophecy, it is too obscure; and though it possesses abstractedly too many fine thoughts, and too much of the combustion of heroic passion, to be regarded as a failure, yet it will never be popular. It is a quarry, however, of very precious poetical expression." *Galt*.—P. E.

(2) Dante Alighieri was born in Florence in May, 1265, of an ancient and honourable family. In the early part of his life he gained some credit in a military character, and distinguished himself by his bravery in an action where the Florentines obtained a signal victory over the citizens of Arezzo. He became still more eminent by the acquisition of court honours; and at the age of thirty-five he rose to be one of the chief magistrates of Florence, when that dignity was conferred by the suffrages of the people. From this exaltation the poet himself dated his principal misfortunes. Italy was at that time distracted by the contending factions of the Ghibelines and Guelphs,—among the former Dante took an active part. In one of the proscriptions he was banished, his possessions confiscated, and he died in exile in 1321. Boccaccio thus describes his person and manners:—"He was of the middle stature, of a mild disposition, and, from the time he arrived at manhood, grave in his manner and deportment. His clothes were plain, and his dress always conformable to his years: his face was long; his nose aquiline; his eyes rather large than otherwise. His complexion was dark, melancholy, and pensive. In his meals he was extremely moderate; in his manners most courteous and civil; and, both in public and private life, he was admirably decorous."—L. E.

(3) The reader is requested to adopt the Italian pronunciation of Beatrice, sounding all the syllables.

(4) Canzone, in which Dante describes the person of Beatrice, Strophe third:—

"Che sol per le belle opre
Che fanno in Cielo il sole e l' altre stelle
Dentro di lui' si crede il Paradiso,
Così se guardi fiso
Pensar ben dei ch' ogni terren' piacere."

Since my tenth sun gave summer to my sight
  Thou wert my life, the essence of my thought,
  Loved ere I knew the name of love,(1) and bright
Still in these dim old eyes, now overwrought
  With the world's war, and years, and banishment,
  And tears for thee, by other woes untaught:
For mine is not a nature to be bent
  By tyrannous faction, and the brawling crowd;
  And though the long long conflict hath been spent
In vain, and never more, save when the cloud
  Which overhangs the Apennine, my mind's eye
  Pierces to fancy Florence, once so proud
Of me, can I return, though but to die,
  Unto my native soil, they have not yet
  Quench'd the old exile's spirit, stern and high.
But the sun, though not overcast, must set,
  And the night cometh; I am old in days,
  And deeds, and contemplation, and have met
Destruction face to face in all his ways.
  The world hath left me, what it found me, pure,
  And if I have not gather'd yet its praise,
I sought it not by any baser lure;
  Man wrongs, and Time avenges, and my name
  May form a monument not all obscure,
Though such was not my ambition's end or aim,
  To add to the vain-glorious list of those
  Who dabble in the pettiness of fame,
And make men's fickle breath the wind that blows
  Their sail, and deem it glory to be class'd
  With conquerors, and virtue's other foes,
In bloody chronicles of ages past.
  I would have had my Florence great and free:(2)
  O Florence! Florence! unto me thou wast
Like that Jerusalem which the Almighty He
  Wept over, "but thou wouldst not;" as the bird
  Gathers its young, I would have gather'd thee
Beneath a parent pinion, hadst thou heard
  My voice; but as the adder, deaf and fierce,
  Against the breast that cherish'd thee was stirr'd
Thy venom, and my state thou didst amerce,
  And doom this body forfeit to the fire.
  Alas! how bitter is his country's curse
To him who *for* that country would expire,
  But did not merit to expire *by* her,
  And loves her, loves her even in her ire.
The day may come when she will cease to err,
  The day may come she would be proud to have
  The dust she dooms to scatter, and transfer(3)
Of him, whom she denied a home, the grave.
  But this shall not be granted; let my dust
  Lie where it falls; nor shall the soil which gave
Me breath, but in her sudden fury thrust
  Me forth to breathe elsewhere, so reassume
  My indignant bones, because her angry gust
Forsooth is over, and repeal'd her doom;
  No,—she denied me what was mine—my roof,
  And shall not have what is not hers—my tomb.
Too long her armed wrath hath kept aloof
  The breast which would have bled for her, the heart
  That beat, the mind that was temptation-proof,
The man who fought, toil'd, travell'd, and each part
  Of a true citizen fulfill'd, and saw
  For his reward the Guelf's ascendant art
Pass his destruction even into a law.
  These things are not made for forgetfulness,
  Florence shall be forgotten first; too raw
The wound, too deep the wrong, and the distress
  Of such endurance too prolong'd, to make
  My pardon greater, her injustice less,
Though late repented; yet—yet for her sake
  I feel some fonder yearnings, and for thine,
  My own Beatrice, I would hardly take
Vengeance upon the land which once was mine,
  And still is hallow'd by thy dust's return,
  Which would protect the murderess like a shrine,
And save ten thousand foes by thy sole urn.
  Though, like old Marius(4) from Minturnæ's marsh
  And Carthage ruins, my lone breast may burn
At times with evil feelings hot and harsh,
  And sometimes the last pangs of a vile foe
  Writhe in a dream before me, and o'erarch
My brow with hopes of triumph,—let them go!
  Such are the last infirmities of those
  Who long have suffer'd more than mortal woe,
And yet, being mortal still, have no repose
  But on the pillow of Revenge—Revenge,
  Who sleeps to dream of blood, and waking glows
With the oft-baffled slakeless thirst of change,
  When we shall mount again, and they that trod
  Be trampled on, while Death and Até range
O'er humbled heads and sever'd necks——Great God!
  Take these thoughts from me—to thy hands I yield
  My many wrongs, and thine almighty rod
Will fall on those who smote me,—be my shield!
  As thou hast been in peril, and in pain,
  In turbulent cities, and the tented field—
In toil, and many troubles borne in vain
  For Florence.(5)—I appeal from her to Thee!

(1) "According to Boccaccio, Dante was a lover long before he was a soldier, and his passion for the Beatrice whom he has immortalised commenced while he was in his ninth year, and she in her eighth year. It is said that their first meeting was at a banquet in the house of Folco Portinaro, her father; and certain it is, that the impression then made on the susceptible and constant heart of Dante was not obliterated by her death, which happened after an interval of sixteen years." *Cary.*—L. E.

(2) "L'esilio che m' è dato onor mi tegno.
* * * * *
Cadè tra' buoni è pur di lode degno."
Sonnet of Dante,
in which he represents Right, Generosity, and Temperance as banished from among men, and seeking refuge from Love, who inhabits his bosom.

(3) "Ut si quis predictorum ullo tempore in fortiam dicti communis pervenerit, *talis perveniens igne comburatur, sic quod moriatur.*" Second sentence of Florence against Dante, and the fourteen accused with him. The Latin is worthy of the sentence.—[On the 27th of January, 1302, Dante was mulcted eight thousand lire, and condemned to two years' banishment; and in case the fine was not paid, his goods were to be confiscated. On the eleventh of March, the same year, he was sentenced to a punishment due only to the most desperate of malefactors. The decree, that he and his associates in exile should be burned, if they fell into the hands of their enemies, was first discovered, in 1772, by the Conte Ludovico Savioli. See *Tiraboschi*, where the sentence is given at length.—L. E.]

(4) Proconsul of Africa.—After the expiration of his government, he was prosecuted by the province for extortion and cruelty, convicted on the clearest evidence, fined, and banished from Italy. Yet, reserving the greater part of his former spoils, he lived in a wanton exile; while the Africans returned home with the wretched consolation of having defrayed their own expenses, and seen the money levied on their oppressor carried to the Roman treasury.—L. E.

(5) "In one so highly endowed by nature, and so consummate by instruction, we may well sympathise with a resentment which exile and poverty rendered perpetually fresh. But the heart of Dante was naturally *sensible*, and *even tender*: his poetry is full of comparisons from rural

BODLEIAN

Thee, whom I late saw in thy loftiest reign,
Even in that glorious vision, which to see
And live was never granted until now,
And yet thou hast permitted this to me.
Alas! with what a weight upon my brow
The sense of earth and earthly things comes back,
Corrosive passions, feelings dull and low,
The heart's quick throb upon the mental rack,
Long day, and dreary night; the retrospect
Of half a century bloody and black,
And the frail few years I may yet expect
Hoary and hopeless, but less hard to bear,
For I have been too long and deeply wreck'd
On the lone rock of desolate Despair
To lift my eyes more to the passing sail
Which shuns that reef so horrible and bare;
Nor raise my voice—for who would heed my wail?
I am not of this people, nor this age,
And yet my harpings will unfold a tale
Which shall preserve these times when not a page
Of their perturbed annals could attract
An eye to gaze upon their civil rage,
Did not my verse embalm full many an act
Worthless as they who wrought it: 'tis the doom
Of spirits of my order to be rack'd
In life, to wear their hearts out, and consume
Their days in endless strife, and die alone;
Then future thousands crowd around their tomb,
And pilgrims come from climes where they have known
The name of him—who now is but a name,
And, wasting homage o'er the sullen stone,
Spread his—by him unheard, unheeded—fame;
And mine at least hath cost me dear: to die
Is nothing; but to wither thus—to tame
My mind down from its own infinity—
To live in narrow ways with little men,
A common sight to every common eye,
A wanderer, while even wolves can find a den,
Ripp'd from all kindred, from all home, all things
That make communion sweet, and soften pain—
To feel me in the solitude of kings
Without the power that makes them bear a crown—
To envy every dove his nest and wings
Which waft him where the Apennine looks down
On Arno, till he perches, it may be,
Within my all-inexorable town,
Where yet my boys are, and that fatal she,(1)
Their mother, the cold partner who hath brought
Destruction for a dowry(2)—this to see—
And feel, and know without repair, hath taught
A bitter lesson; but it leaves me free:
I have not vilely found, nor basely sought,
They made an exile—not a slave of me.

CANTO II.

The Spirit of the fervent days of old,
When words were things that came to pass, and thought
Flash'd o'er the future, bidding men behold
Their children's children's doom already brought
Forth from the abyss of time which is to be,
The chaos of events, where lie half-wrought
Shapes that must undergo mortality;
What the great seers of Israel wore within,
That spirit was on them, and is on me,
And if, Cassandra-like, amidst the din
Of conflict none will hear, or hearing heed
This voice from out the wilderness, the sin
Be theirs, and my own feelings be my meed,
The only guerdon I have ever known.
Hast thou not bled? and hast thou still to bleed,
Italia? Ah! to me such things, foreshown
With dim sepulchral light, bid me forget
In thine irreparable wrongs my own;
We can have but one country, and even yet
Thou 'rt mine—my bones shall be within thy breast,
My soul within thy language, which once set
With our old Roman sway in the wide West;
But I will make another tongue arise
As lofty and more sweet, in which express'd
The hero's ardour, or the lover's sighs,
Shall find alike such sounds for every theme
That every word, as brilliant as thy skies,
Shall realise a poet's proudest dream,
And make thee Europe's nightingale of song;
So that all present speech to thine shall seem
The note of meaner birds, and every tongue
Confess its barbarism when compared with thine.
This shalt thou owe to him thou didst so wrong,
Thy Tuscan bard, the banish'd Ghibelline.
Woe! woe! the veil of coming centuries
Is rent,—a thousand years, which yet supine
Lie like the ocean waves ere winds arise,
Heaving in dark and sullen undulation,
Float from eternity into these eyes;
The storms yet sleep, the clouds still keep their station,
The unborn earthquake yet is in the womb,

life; and the sincerity of his early passion for Beatrice pierces through the veil of allegory that surrounds her. But the memory of his injuries pursued him into the immensity of eternal light; and, in the company of saints and angels, his unforgiving spirit darkens at the name of Florence." *Hallam.*—L. E.

(1) This lady, whose name was *Gemma*, sprung from one of the most powerful Guelf families, named Donati. Corso Donati was the principal adversary of the Ghibellines. She is described as being "*Admodum morosa, ut de Xantippe Socratis philosophi conjuge scriptum esse legimus,*" according to Giannozzo Manetti. But Lionardo Aretino is scandalised with Boccace, in his life of Dante, for saying that literary men should not marry: "Qui il Boccaccio non ha pazienza, e dice, le mogli esser contrarie agli studj; e non si ricorda che Socrate, il più nobile filosofo che mai fosse, ebbe moglie e figliuoli e uffici della Repubblica nella sua Città; e Aristotele che, etc. etc. ebbe due mogli in varj tempi, ed ebbe figliuoli, e ricchezze assai.—E Marco Tullio—e Catone—e Varrone—e Seneca—ebbero moglie," etc. etc. It is odd that honest Lionardo's examples, with the exception of Seneca, and, for any thing I know, of Aristotle, are not the most felicitous. Tully's Terentia, and Socrates' Xantippe, by no means contributed to their husbands' happiness, whatever they might do to their philosophy. Cato gave away his wife—of Varro's we know nothing—and of Seneca's, only that she was disposed to die with him, but recovered, and lived several years afterwards. But, says Lionardo, "L'uomo è *animale civile*, secondo piace a tutti i filosofi," and thence concludes that the greatest proof of the *animal's civism* is "la prima congiunzione, dalla quale multiplicata nasce la città."

(2) "The violence of Gemma's temper proved a source of the bitterest suffering to Dante; and in that passage of the *Inferno*, where one of the characters says—

'La fiera moglie più ch' alwo, mi nuoce,
——'me, my wife,
Of savage temper, more than aught beside,
Hath to this evil brought,'

his own conjugal unhappiness must have recurred forcibly and painfully to his mind." *Cary.*—L. E.

The bloody chaos yet expects creation,
But all things are disposing for thy doom;
The elements await but for the word,
"Let there be darkness!" and thou grow'st a tomb!
Yes! thou, so beautiful, shalt feel the sword,
Thou, Italy! so fair that Paradise,
Revived in thee, blooms forth to man restored:
Ah! must the sons of Adam lose it twice?
Thou, Italy! whose ever-golden fields,
Plough'd by the sunbeams solely, would suffice
For the world's granary: thou, whose sky heaven gilds
With brighter stars, and robes with deeper blue;
Thou, in whose pleasant places Summer builds
Her palace, in whose cradle Empire grew,
And form'd the Eternal City's ornaments
From spoils of kings whom freemen overthrew;
Birthplace of heroes, sanctuary of saints,
Where earthly first, then heavenly glory made
Her home; thou, all which fondest fancy paints,
And finds her prior vision but portray'd
In feeble colours, when the eye—from the Alp
Of horrid snow, and rock, and shaggy shade
Of desert-loving pine, whose emerald scalp
Nods to the storm—dilates and dotes o'er thee,
And wistfully implores, as 'twere, for help
To see thy sunny fields, my Italy,
Nearer and nearer yet, and dearer still
The more approach'd, and dearest were they free.
Thou—thou must wither to each tyrant's will:
The Goth hath been,—the German, Frank, and Hun
Are yet to come,—and on the imperial hill
Ruin, already proud of the deeds done
By the old barbarians, there awaits the new,
Throned on the Palatine, while lost and won
Rome at her feet lies bleeding; and the hue
Of human sacrifice and Roman slaughter
Troubles the clotted air, of late so blue,
And deepens into red the saffron water
Of Tiber, thick with dead; the helpless priest,
And still more helpless nor less holy daughter,
Vow'd to their God, have shrieking fled, and ceased
Their ministry: the nations take their prey,
Iberian, Almain, Lombard, and the beast
And bird, wolf, vulture, more humane than they
Are; these but gorge the flesh and lap the gore
Of the departed, and then go their way;
But those, the human savages, explore
All paths of torture, and, insatiate yet,
With Ugolino-hunger prowl for more.
Nine moons shall rise o'er scenes like this and set;(1)
The chiefless army of the dead, which late
Beneath the traitor Prince's banner met,
Hath left its leader's ashes at the gate;
Had but the royal Rebel lived, perchance
Thou hadst been spared, but his involved thy fate.
O Rome, the spoiler or the spoil of France,
From Brennus to the Bourbon, never, never
Shall foreign standard to thy walls advance
But Tiber shall become a mournful river.
Oh! when the strangers pass the Alps and Po,
Crush them, ye rocks! floods, whelm them! and for [ever:
Why sleep the idle avalanches so,
To topple on the lonely pilgrim's head?
Why doth Eridanus but overflow
The peasant's harvest from his turbid bed?
Were not each barbarous horde a nobler prey?
Over Cambyses' host the desert spread
Her sandy ocean, and the sea waves' sway
Roll'd over Pharaoh and his thousands,—why,
Mountains and waters, do ye not as they?
And you, ye men! Romans, who dare not die,
Sons of the conquerors who overthrew
Those who o'erthrew proud Xerxes, where yet lie
The dead whose tomb Oblivion never knew,
Are the Alps weaker than Thermopylæ?
Their passes more alluring to the view
Of an invader? is it they, or ye,
That to each host the mountain-gate unbar,
And leave the march in peace, the passage free?
Why, Nature's self detains the victor's car,
And makes your land impregnable, if earth
Could be so; but alone she will not war,
Yet aids the warrior worthy of his birth
In a soil where the mothers bring forth men:
Not so with those whose souls are little worth;
For them no fortress can avail,—the den
Of the poor reptile which preserves its sting
Is more secure than walls of adamant, when
The hearts of those within are quivering.
Are ye not brave? Yes, yet the Ausonian soil
Hath hearts, and hands, and arms, and hosts to [bring
Against Oppression; but how vain the toil,
While still Division sows the seeds of woe
And weakness, till the stranger reaps the spoil.
Oh! my own beauteous land! so long laid low,
So long the grave of thy own children's hopes,
When there is but required a single blow
To break the chain, yet—yet the Avenger stops,
And Doubt and Discord step 'twixt thine and thee,
And join their strength to that which with thee copes;
What is there wanting then to set thee free;
And show thy beauty in its fullest light?
To make the Alps impassable; and we,
Her sons, may do this with *one* deed——Unite.

CANTO III.

From out the mass of never-dying ill,
The Plague, the Prince, the Stranger, and the Sword,
Vials of wrath but emptied to refill
And flow again, I cannot all record
That crowds on my prophetic eye: the earth
And ocean written o'er would not afford
Space for the annal, yet it shall go forth;
Yes, all, though not by human pen, is graven,
There where the farthest suns and stars have birth,
Spread like a banner at the gate of heaven,
The bloody scroll of our millennial wrongs
Waves, and the echo of our groans is driven
Athwart the sound of archangelic songs,
And Italy, the martyr'd nation's gore,
Will not in vain arise to where belongs
Omnipotence and mercy evermore:
Like to a harp-string stricken by the wind,

(1) See "Sacco di Roma," generally attributed to Guicciardini. There is another, written by a Jacopo *Buonaparte*.—[The original MS. of the latter work is preserved in the Royal Library at Paris. It is entitled, "Ragguaglio Storico di tutto l'occorso, giorno per giorno, nel Sacco di Roma dell anno MDXXVII, scritto da Jacopo Buonaparte, gentiluomo Samminiatese, che vi si trovò presente." An edition of it was printed at Cologne in 1756, to which is prefixed a genealogy of the Buonaparte family.—L. E.]

The sound of her lament shall, rising o'er
The seraph voices, touch the Almighty Mind.
Meantime I, humblest of thy sons, and of
Earth's dust by immortality refined
To sense and suffering, though the vain may scoff,
And tyrants threat, and meeker victims bow
Before the storm, because its breath is rough,
To thee, my country! whom before, as now,
I loved and love, devote the mournful lyre
And melancholy gift high powers allow
To read the future; and if now my fire
Is not as once it shone o'er thee, forgive!
I but foretell thy fortunes—then expire;
Think not that I would look on them and live.
A spirit forces me to see and speak,
And for my guerdon grants *not* to survive;
My heart shall be pour'd over thee and break:
Yet for a moment, ere I must resume
Thy sable web of sorrow, let me take
Over the gleams that flash athwart thy gloom
A softer glimpse; some stars shine through thy night,
And many meteors, and above thy tomb
Leans sculptured Beauty, which Death cannot blight;
And from thine ashes boundless spirits rise
To give thee honour, and the earth delight;
Thy soil shall still be pregnant with the wise,
The gay, the learn'd, the generous, and the brave,
Native to thee as summer to thy skies,
Conquerors on foreign shores, and the far wave, (1)
Discoverers of new worlds, which take their name; (2)
For *thee* alone they have no arm to save,
And all thy recompense is in their fame,
A noble one to them, but not to thee—
Shall they be glorious, and thou still the same?
Oh! more than these illustrious far shall be
The being—and even yet he may be born—
The mortal saviour who shall set thee free,
And see thy diadem, so changed and worn
By fresh barbarians, on thy brow replaced;
And the sweet sun replenishing thy morn,
Thy moral morn, too long with clouds defaced
And noxious vapours from Avernus risen,
Such as all they must breathe who are debased
By servitude, and have the mind in prison.
Yet through this centuried eclipse of woe
Some voices shall be heard, and earth shall listen;
Poets shall follow in the path I show,
And make it broader; the same brilliant sky
Which cheers the birds to song shall bid them glow,
And raise their notes as natural and high;
Tuneful shall be their numbers; they shall sing
Many of love, and some of liberty,
But few shall soar upon that eagle's wing,
And look in the sun's face with eagle's gaze,
All free and fearless as the feather'd king,
But fly more near the earth; how many a phrase
Sublime shall lavish'd be on some small prince
In all the prodigality of praise!
And language, eloquently false, evince
The harlotry of genius, which, like beauty,
Too oft forgets its own self-reverence,
And looks on prostitution as a duty.
He who once enters in a tyrant's hall (3)
As guest is slave, his thoughts become a booty,
And the first day which sees the chain enthral
A captive, sees his half of manhood gone—(4)
The soul's emasculation saddens all
His spirit; thus the bard too near the throne
Quails from his inspiration, bound to *please*,—
How servile is the task to please alone!
To smooth the verse to suit his sovereign's ease
And royal leisure, nor too much prolong
Aught save his eulogy, and find, and seize,
Or force, or forge fit argument of song! [trebles,
Thus trammell'd, thus condemn'd to Flattery's
He toils through all, still trembling to be wrong:
For fear some noble thoughts, like heavenly rebels,
Should rise up in high-treason to his brain,
He sings, as the Athenian spoke, with pebbles
In's mouth, lest truth should stammer through his
But out of the long file of sonneteers [strain.
There shall be some who will not sing in vain,
And he, their prince, shall rank among my peers, (5)
And love shall be his torment; but his grief
Shall make an immortality of tears,
And Italy shall hail him as the chief
Of poet-lovers, and his higher song
Of Freedom wreathe him with as green a leaf.
But in a farther age shall rise, along
The banks of Po, two greater still than he;
The world which smiled on him shall do them wrong
Till they are ashes, and repose with me.
The first will make an epoch with his lyre,
And fill the earth with feats of chivalry:
His fancy like a rainbow, and his fire,
Like that of Heaven, immortal, and his thought
Borne onward with a wing that cannot tire:
Pleasure shall, like a butterfly new caught,
Flutter her lovely pinions o'er his theme,
And Art itself seem into Nature wrought
By the transparency of his bright dream.—
The second, of a tenderer, sadder mood,
Shall pour his soul out o'er Jerusalem;
He, too, shall sing of arms and Christian blood
Shed where Christ bled for man; and his high harp
Shall, by the willow over Jordan's flood,
Revive a song of Sion, and the sharp
Conflict, and final triumph of the brave
And pious, and the strife of hell to warp
Their hearts from their great purpose, until wave
The red-cross banners where the first red cross
Was crimson'd from his veins who died to save,
Shall be his sacred argument; the loss
Of years, of favour, freedom, even of fame
Contested for a time, while the smooth gloss
Of courts would slide o'er his forgotten name,
And call captivity a kindness, meant
To shield him from insanity or shame:
Such shall be his meet guerdon! who was sent
To be Christ's laureate—they reward him well!
Florence dooms me but death or banishment,
Ferrara him a pittance and a cell:
Harder to bear and less deserved, for I
Had stung the factions which I strove to quell;
But this meek man, who with a lover's eye
Will look on earth and heaven, and who will deign

(1) Alexander of Parma, Spinola, Pescara, Eugene of Savoy, Montecuccoli.
(2) Columbus, Americus Vesputius, Sebastian Cabot.
(3) A verse from the Greek tragedians, with which Pompey took leave of Cornelia on entering the boat in which he was slain.
(4) The verse and sentiment are taken from Homer.
(5) Petrarch.

To embalm with his celestial flattery
As poor a thing as e'er was spawn'd to reign,
What will *he* do to merit such a doom?
Perhaps he'll *love*,—and is not love in vain
Torture enough, without a living tomb?
Yet it will be so—he and his compeer,
The Bard of Chivalry, will both consume
In penury and pain too many a year,
And, dying in despondency, bequeath
To the kind world, which scarce will yield a tear,
A heritage enriching all who breathe
With the wealth of a genuine poet's soul,
And to their country a redoubled wreath
Unmatch'd by time; not Hellas can unroll
Through her Olympiads two such names, though one
Of hers be mighty;—and is this the whole
Of such men's destiny beneath the sun? (1)
Must all the finer thoughts, the thrilling sense,
The electric blood with which their arteries run,
Their body's self-tuned soul with the intense
Feeling of that which is, and fancy of
That which should be, to such a recompense
Conduct? shall their bright plumage on the rough
Storm be still scatter'd? Yes, and it must be,
For, form'd of far too penetrable stuff,
These birds of paradise but long to flee
Back to their native mansion, soon they find
Earth's mist with their pure pinions not agree,
And die or are degraded, for the mind
Succumbs to long infection, and despair,
And vulture passions flying close behind,
Await the moment to assail and tear;
And when at length the winged wanderers stoop,
Then is the prey-birds' triumph, then they share
The spoil, o'erpower'd at length by one fell swoop.
Yet some have been untouch'd who learn'd to bear,
Some whom no power could ever force to droop,
Who could resist themselves even, hardest care!
And task most hopeless; but some such have been,
And if my name amongst the number were,
That destiny austere, and yet serene,
Were prouder than more dazzling fame unbless'd;
The Alp's snow summit nearer heaven is seen
Than the volcano's fierce eruptive crest,
Whose splendour from the black abyss is flung,
While the scorch'd mountain, from whose burning breast
A temporary torturing flame is wrung,
Shines for a night of terror, then repels
Its fire back to the hell from whence it sprung,
The hell which in its entrails ever dwells.

CANTO IV.

Many are poets who have never penn'd
Their inspiration, and perchance the best:
They felt, and loved, and died, but would not lend
Their thoughts to meaner beings; they compress'd
The god within them, and rejoin'd the stars
Unlaurell'd upon earth, but far more blest
Than those who are degraded by the jars
Of passion, and their frailties link'd to fame,
Conquerors of high renown, but full of scars.
Many are poets, but without the name;
For what is poesy but to create
From overfeeling good or ill; and aim
At an external life beyond our fate,
And be the new Prometheus of new men,
Bestowing fire from heaven, and then, too late,
Finding the pleasure given repaid with pain,
And vultures to the heart of the bestower,
Who, having lavish'd his high gift in vain,
Lies chain'd to his lone rock by the sea-shore?
So be it: we can bear.—But thus all they
Whose intellect is an o'ermastering power,
Which still recoils from its encumbering clay
Or lightens it to spirit, whatsoe'er
The form which their creations may essay,
Are bards; the kindled marble's bust may wear
More poesy upon its speaking brow
Than aught less than the Homeric page may bear;
One noble stroke with a whole life may glow,
Or deify the canvass till it shine
With beauty so surpassing all below,
That they who kneel to idols so divine
Break no commandment, for high heaven is there
Transfused, transfigurated: and the line
Of poesy, which peoples but the air
With thought and beings of our thought reflected,
Can do no more: then let the artist share
The palm,—he shares the peril, and dejected
Faints o'er the labour unapproved—Alas!
Despair and Genius are too oft connected.
Within the ages which before me pass
Art shall resume and equal even the sway
Which with Apelles and old Phidias
She held in Hellas' unforgotten day.
Ye shall be taught by Ruin to revive
The Grecian forms at least from their decay,
And Roman souls at last again shall live
In Roman works wrought by Italian hands,
And temples, loftier than the old temples, give
New wonders to the world; and while still stands
The austere Pantheon, into heaven shall soar
A dome, (2) its image, while the base expands
Into a fane surpassing all before,
Such as all flesh shall flock to kneel in: ne'er
Such sight hath been unfolded by a door
As this, to which all nations shall repair,
And lay their sins at this huge gate of heaven.
And the bold Architect unto whose care
The daring charge to raise it shall be given,
Whom all arts shall acknowledge as their lord, (3)
Whether into the marble chaos driven

(1) "Why is it necessary to adopt the invidious and too common practice of weighing the transcendent talents of Ariosto and Tasso in opposite, and as it were contending, scales? Reader! if you have already had the delight of perusing the last production of Lord Byron's muse, how must you have admired those exquisitely beautiful and affecting portraitures of the two matchless poets which conclude the third canto of the *Prophecy of Dante!* We there see them contrasted without such invidious comparison, or depreciation of the one to exalt the other; and characterised in numbers, style, and sentiment, so wonderfully *Dantesque*, that—mastering our uncongenial language, and habitual modes of thought as well as expression—they seem to have been inspired by the very genius of the *inarrivabile* Dante himself." *Glenbervie, Ricciardetto*, p. 106.—L. E.

(2) The cupola of St. Peter's.

(3) "If," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "the high admiration and esteem in which Michael Angelo has been held by all nations, and in all ages, should be put to the account of prejudice, it must still be granted that those prejudices could not have been entertained without a cause: the ground of our prejudice then becomes the source of our admiration. But from whatever it proceeds, or whatever it is called, it will not, I hope, be thought presumptuous in me to appear

His chisel bid the Hebrew, (1) at whose word
  Israel left Egypt, stop the waves in stone,
  Or hues of hell be by his pencil pour'd
Over the damn'd before the Judgment-throne, (2)
  Such as I saw them, such as all shall see,
  Or fanes be built of grandeur yet unknown,
The stream of his great thoughts shall spring from me, (3)
  The Ghibelline, who traversed the three realms
  Which form the empire of eternity.
Amidst the clash of swords, and clang of helms,
  The age which I anticipate, no less
  Shall be the Age of Beauty, and while whelms
Calamity the nations with distress,
  The genius of my country shall arise,
  A cedar towering o'er the wilderness,
Lovely in all its branches to all eyes,
  Fragrant as fair, and recognised afar,
  Wafting its native incense through the skies.
Sovereigns shall pause amidst their sport of war,
  Wean'd for an hour from blood, to turn and gaze
  On canvass or on stone; and they who mar
All beauty upon earth, compell'd to praise,
  Shall feel the power of that which they destroy;
And Art's mistaken gratitude shall raise
To tyrants who but take her for a toy
  Emblems and monuments, and prostitute
  Her charms to pontiffs proud, (4) who but employ
The man of genius as the meanest brute
  To bear a burthen, and to serve a need,
  To sell his labours, and his soul to boot.
Who toils for nations may be poor indeed,
  But free; who sweats for monarchs is no more
  Than the gilt chamberlain, who, clothed and fee'd,
Stands sleek and slavish, bowing at his door.
  Oh, Power, that rulest and inspirest! how
  Is it that they on earth, whose earthly power
Is likest thine in heaven in outward show,
  Least like to thee in attributes divine,
  Tread on the universal necks that bow,
And then assure us that their rights are thine?
  And how is it that they, the sons of fame,
  Whose inspiration seems to them to shine
From high, they whom the nations oftest name,
  Must pass their days in penury or pain,
  Or step to grandeur through the paths of shame,
And wear a deeper brand and gaudier chain?
  Or if their destiny be born aloof

in the train, I cannot say of his imitators, but of his admirers. I have taken another course, one more suited to my abilities, and to the taste of the times in which I live. Yet, however unequal I feel myself to that attempt, were I now to begin the world again, I would tread in the steps of that great master. To kiss the hem of his garment, to catch the slightest of his perfections, would be glory and distinction enough for an ambitious man." *Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses*, vol ii., p. 216.—L. E.

(1) The statue of Moses, on the monument of Julius II.

SONETTO

Di Giovanni Battista Zappi.

Chi è costui, che in dura pietra scolto,
  Siede gigante; e le più illustri, e conte
  Opre dell'arte avvanza, e ha vive, e pronte
  Le labbra sì, che le parole ascolto?
Quest' è Mosè; ben me 'l diceva il folto
  Onor del mento, e 'l doppio raggio in fronte,
  Quest è Mosè, quando scendea dal monte,
  E gran parte del Nume avea nel volto.
Tal era allor, che le sonanti, e vaste
  Acque ei sospese a se d' intorno, e tale
  Quando il mar chiuse, e ne fè tomba altrui.
E voi sue turbe un rio vitello alzaste?
  Alzata aveste imago a questa eguale!
  Ch' era men fallo l' adorar costui.

"And who is he that, shaped in sculptured stone,
  Sits giant-like? stern monument of art
  Unparallel'd, while language seems to start
From his prompt lips, and we his precepts own?
—'T is Moses; by his beard's thick honours known,
  And the twin-beams that from his temples dart;
  'T is Moses; seated on the mount apart,
Whilst yet the Godhead o'er his features shone.
Such once he look'd, when ocean's sounding wave
  Suspended hung, and such amidst the storm,
  When o'er his foes the refluent waters roar'd.
An idol calf his followers did engrave;
  But had they raised this awe-commanding form,
  Then had they with less guilt their work adored."

Rogers.—L. E.

(2) The Last Judgment, in the Sistine Chapel.—["It is obvious, throughout Michael Angelo's works, that the poetical mind of Dante influenced his feelings. The demons in the Last Judgment, with all their mixed and various passions, may find a prototype in *La Divina Commedia*. The figures rising from the grave mark his study of *L'Inferno e il Purgatorio;* and the subject of the Brazen Serpent, in the Sistine Chapel, must remind every reader of canto xxv. dell' *Inferno*, where the flying serpents, the writhings and contortions of the human body from envenomed wounds, are described with pathos and horror; and the execution of Haman, in the opposite angle of the same ceiling, is doubtless designed from these lines,—

'Poi piovve dentro all' alta fantasia
  Un crocifisso dispettoso e fero
  Nella sua vista, e cotal si moria.
Intorno ed esso era 'l grande Assuero
  Ester sua sposa, e 'l giusto Mardoccheo,
  Che fu al dire ed al far così 'ntero.' " *Duppa.*—L. E.]

(3) I have read somewhere (if I do not err, for I cannot recollect where,) that Dante was so great a favourite of Michael Angelo's, that he had designed the whole of the *Divina Commedia;* but that the volume containing these studies was lost by sea.—["Michael Angelo's copy of Dante," says Duppa, "was a large folio, with Landino's commentary; and upon the broad margin of the leaves he designed, with a pen and ink, all the interesting subjects. This book was possessed by Antonio Montauti, a sculptor and architect of Florence, who, being appointed architect to St. Peter's, removed to Rome, and shipped his effects at Leghorn for Civita Vecchia, among which was this edition of Dante; in the voyage the vessel foundered at sea, and it was unfortunately lost in the wreck."—L. E.]

(4) See the treatment of Michael Angelo by Julius II., and his neglect by Leo X.—[Julius II. was no sooner seated on the papal throne than he was surrounded by men of genius, and Michael Angelo was among the first invited to his court. The Pope had a personal attachment to him, and conversed with him upon every subject, as well as sculpture, with familiarity and friendship; and, that he might visit him frequently, and with perfect convenience, caused a covered bridge to be made from the Vatican palace to his study, to enable him to pass at all times without being observed. On paying his visit one morning, Michael Angelo was rudely interrupted by the person in waiting, who said, "I have an order not to let you enter." Michael felt with indignation this unmerited disgrace, and, in the warmth of resentment, desired him to tell the Pope, "from that time forward, if his Holiness should want him, he should have to seek him in another place." On his return home, he ordered his servants to sell the furniture in his house to the Jews, and to follow him to Florence. Himself, the same evening, took post, and arrived at Poggibonzi castle, in Tuscany, before he rested. The Pope despatched five couriers, with orders to conduct him back: but he was not overtaken until he was in a foreign state." A reconciliation was, however, a few months after, effected at Bologna, through the mediation of the gonfaloniere. As Michael Angelo entered the presence chamber, the Pope gave him an askance look of displeasure, and after a short pause addressed him, "In the stead of your coming to us, you seem to have expected that we should wait upon you." Michael Angelo replied, with submission, that his error arose from too hastily feeling a disgrace that he was unconscious of merited, and hoped his Holiness would pardon what was past. The Pope thereupon gave him his benediction, and restored him to his friendship. The whole reign of Leo X. was a blank in the life of Michael Angelo. *Duppa.*—L. E.]

From lowliness, or tempted thence in vain,
In their own souls sustain a harder proof,
The inner war of passions deep and fierce?
Florence! when thy harsh sentence razed my roof,
I loved thee; but the vengeance of my verse,
The hate of injuries which every year
Makes greater, and accumulates my curse,
Shall live, outliving all thou holdest dear,
Thy pride, thy wealth, thy freedom, and even *that*,
The most infernal of all evils here,
The sway of petty tyrants in a state;
For such sway is not limited to kings,
And demagogues yield to them but in date,
As swept off sooner; in all deadly things
Which make men hate themselves, and one another,
In discord, cowardice, cruelty, all that springs
From Death the Sin-born's incest with his mother,
In rank oppression in its rudest shape,
The faction chief is but the sultan's brother,
And the worst despot's far less human ape:
Florence! when this lone spirit, which so long
Yearn'd, as the captive toiling at escape,
To fly back to thee in despite of wrong,
An exile, saddest of all prisoners, (1)
Who has the whole world for a dungeon strong,
Seas, mountains, and the horizon's verge for bars,
Which shut him from the sole small spot of earth
Where—whatsoe'er his fate—he still were hers,
His country's, and might die where he had birth—
Florence! when this lone spirit shall return
To kindred spirits, thou wilt feel my worth,
And seek to honour with an empty urn
The ashes thou shalt ne'er obtain (2)—Alas!
"What have I done to thee, my people?" (3) Stern
Are all thy dealings, but in this they pass
The limits of man's common malice, for
All that a citizen could be I was;
Raised by thy will, all thine in peace or war,
And for this thou hast warr'd with me.—'Tis done:
I may not overleap the eternal bar
Built up between us, and will die alone,
Beholding with the dark eye of a seer
The evil days to gifted souls foreshown,
Foretelling them to those who will not hear,
As in the old time, till the hour be come
When Truth shall strike their eyes through many a tear,
And make them own the Prophet in his tomb. (4)

(1) In his *Convito*, Dante speaks of his banishment, and the poverty and distress which attended it, in very affecting terms:—"Alas!" said he, "had it pleased the Dispenser of the Universe that the occasion of this excuse had never existed; that neither others had committed wrong against me, nor I suffered unjustly; suffered, I say, the punishment of exile and of poverty; since it was the pleasure of the citizens of that fairest and most renowned daughter of Rome, Florence, to cast me forth out of her sweet bosom, in which I had my birth and nourishment, even to the ripeness of my age, and in which, with her good-will, I desire, with all my heart, to rest this wearied spirit of mine, and to terminate the time allotted to me on earth. Wandering over almost every part, to which this our language extends, I have gone about like a mendicant, showing against my will the wound with which fortune has smitten me, and which is often imputed to his ill-deserving on whom it is inflicted. I have, indeed, been a vessel without sail and without steerage, carried about to divers ports, and roads, and shores, by the dry wind that springs out of sad poverty, and have appeared before the eyes of many who, perhaps, from some report that had reached them, had imagined me of a different form; in whose sight not only my person was disparaged, but every action of mine became of less value, as well those already performed, as those which yet remained for me to attempt."—L. E.

(2) About the year 1316, the friends of Dante succeeded in obtaining his restoration to his country and his possessions, on condition that he should pay a certain sum of money, and, entering a church, there avow himself guilty, and ask pardon of the republic. The following was his answer, on this occasion, to one of his kinsmen:—"From your letter, which I received with due respect and affection, I observe how much you have at heart my restoration to my country. I am bound to you the more gratefully, that an exile rarely finds a friend. But, after mature consideration, I must, by my answer, disappoint the wishes of some little minds; and I confide in the judgment to which your impartiality and prudence will lead you. Your nephew and mine has written to me, what indeed had been mentioned by many other friends, that, by a decree concerning the exiles, I am allowed to return to Florence, provided I pay a certain sum of money, and submit to the humiliation of asking and receiving absolution: wherein, my father, I see two propositions that are ridiculous and impertinent. I speak of the impertinence of those who mention such conditions to me: for in your letter, dictated by judgment and discretion, there is no such thing. Is such an invitation to return to his country glorious for Dante, after suffering in exile almost fifteen years? Is it thus, then, they would recompense innocence which all the world knows, and the labour and fatigue of unremitting study? Far from the man who is familiar with philosophy be the senseless baseness of a heart of earth, that could do like a little sciolist, and imitate the infamy of some others, by offering himself up as it were in chains. Far from the man who cries aloud for justice this compromise, by his money, with his persecutors! No, my father, this is not the way that shall lead me back to my country. But I shall return with hasty steps, if you or any other can open to me a way that shall not derogate from the fame and honour of Dante; but if by no such way Florence can be entered, then Florence I shall never enter. What! shall I not every where enjoy the sight of the sun and stars? and may I not seek and contemplate, in every corner of the earth under the canopy of heaven, consoling and delightful truth, without first rendering myself inglorious, nay infamous, to the people and republic of Florence? Bread, I hope, will not fail me." Yet he continued to experience

"How salt the savour is of others' bread,
How hard the passage to descend and climb
By others' stairs!"

His countrymen persecuted even his memory: he was excommunicated after death by the Pope.—L. E.

(3) "E scrisse più volte non solamente a particolari cittadini del reggimento, ma ancora al popolo, e intra l' altre una epistola assai lunga che comincia:—'*Populo mi, quid feci tibi?*'"—*Vita di Dante, scritta da Lionardo Aretino.*

(4) Dante died at Ravenna in 1321, in the palace of his patron, Guido Novello da Polenta, who testified his sorrow and respect by the sumptuousness of his obsequies, and by giving orders to erect a monument, which he did not live to complete. His countrymen showed, too late, that they knew the value of what they had lost. At the beginning of the next century, they entreated that the mortal remains of their illustrious citizen might be restored to them, and deposited among the tombs of their fathers. But the people of Ravenna were unwilling to part with the sad and honourable memorial of their own hospitality. No better success attended the subsequent negotiations of the Florentines for the same purpose, though renewed under the auspices of Leo X., and conducted through the powerful mediation of Michael Angelo.

Never did any poem rise so suddenly into notice, after the death of its author, as the *Divina Commedia*. About the year 1350, Giovanni Visconti, Archbishop of Milan, selected six of the most learned men in Italy,—two divines, two philosophers, and two Florentines,—and gave them in charge to contribute their joint endeavours towards the compilation of an ample comment, a copy of which is preserved in the Laurentian library. At Florence, a public lecture was founded for the purpose of explaining a poem, which was at the same time the boast and the disgrace of the city. The decree for this institution was passed in 1373; and in that year Boccaccio was appointed, with a salary of a hundred florins, to deliver lectures in one of the churches

The Blues;

A LITERARY ECLOGUE. (1)

"Nimium ne crede colori."—*Virgil.*

O trust not, ye beautiful creatures, to hue,
Though your *hair* were as *red* as your *stockings* are *blue*.

ECLOGUE FIRST.

London—Before the Door of a Lecture Room.

Enter TRACY, *meeting* INKEL.

Ink. You're too late.
Tra. Is it over?
Ink. Nor will be this hour.
But the benches are cramm'd, like a garden in flower,
With the pride of our belles, who have made it the fashion;
So, instead of "beaux arts," we may say "la belle passion"
For learning, which lately has taken the lead in
The world, and set all the fine gentlemen reading.
Tra. I know it too well, and have worn out my patience
With studying to study your new publications.
There's Vamp, Scamp, and Mouthy, and Wordswords and Co. (2)
With their damnable—
Ink. Hold, my good friend, do you know
Whom you speak to?
Tra. Right well, boy, and so does "the Row:"(3)
You're an author—a poet—
Ink. And think you that I
Can stand tamely in silence, to hear you decry
The Muses?
Tra. Excuse me: I meant no offence
To the Nine; though the number who make some pretence
To their favours is such——But, the subject to drop,
I am just piping hot from a publisher's shop
(Next door to the pastry-cook's; so that when I
Cannot find the new volume I wanted to buy
On the bibliopole's shelves, it is only two paces,
As one finds every author in one of those places);
Where I just had been skimming a charming critique,
So studded with wit, and so sprinkled with Greek!
Where your friend—you know who—has just got such a threshing,
That it is, as the phrase goes, extremely "*refreshing*."
What a beautiful word! (4)
Ink. Very true; 'tis so soft
And so cooling—they use it a little too oft;
And the papers have got it at last—but no matter.
So they've cut up our friend then?
Tra. Not left him a tatter—
Not a rag of his present or past reputation,

on the first of their poets. The example of Florence was speedily followed by Bologna, Pisa, Piacenza, and Venice. It is only within a few years, that the merits of this great and original poet were attended to and made known in this country. And this seems to be owing to a translation of the very pathetic story of Count Ugolino; to the judicious and spirited summary given of this poem in the 31st section of the *History of English Poetry;* and to Mr. Hayley's translations of the three cantos of the *Inferno*. "Dante believed," says Ugo Foscolo, "that, by his sufferings on earth, he atoned for the errors of humanity—

'Ma la bontà divina ha si gran braccia,
Che prende ciò che si rivolge a lei.'

'So wide arms
Hath goodness infinite, that it receives
All who turn to it.'—

And he seems to address Heaven in the attitude of a worshipper, rather than a suppliant. Being convinced 'that Man is then truly happy when he freely exercises all his energies,' he walked through the world with an assured step, 'keeping his vigils'—

'So that nor night nor slumber with close stealth
Conveyed from him a single step in all
The goings on of time.'

He collected the opinions, the follies, the vicissitudes, the miseries, and the passions that agitate mankind; and left behind him a monument which, while it humbles us by the representation of our own wretchedness, should make us glory that we partake of the same nature with such a man, and encourage us to make the best use of our fleeting existence."—L. E.

(1) This trifle, which Lord Byron has himself designated as "a mere buffoonery, never meant for publication," was written in 1820, and first appeared in *The Liberal*. The personal allusions in which it abounds are, for the most part, sufficiently intelligible; and, with a few exceptions so good-humoured, that the parties concerned may be expected to join in the laugh.

"About the year 1781, it was much the fashion for several ladies to have evening assemblies, where the fair sex might participate in conversation with literary and ingenious men, animated by a desire to please. These societies were denominated *Blue-stocking Clubs;* the origin of which title being little known, it may be worth while to relate it. One of the most eminent members of those societies, when they first commenced, was Mr. Stillingfleet, whose dress was remarkably grave, and in particular it was observed that he wore blue stockings. Such was the excellence of his conversation, and his absence was felt as so great a loss, that it used to be said, 'We can do nothing without the *blue-stockings;*' and thus by degrees the title was established." *Croker's Boswell*, vol. iv. p. 483. Sir William Forbes, in his *Life of Dr. Beattie*, says, that "a foreigner of distinction hearing the expression, translated it literally '*Bas Bleu*,' by which these meetings came to be distinguished. Miss Hannah More, who was herself a member, has written a poem with the title of *Bas Bleu*, in allusion to this mistake of the foreigner, in which she has characterised most of the eminent personages of which it was composed."—L. E.

(2) See the stanzas on Messrs. Wordsworth and Southey in *Don Juan*.—L. E.

(3) Paternoster-row—long and still celebrated as a very bazaar of booksellers. Sir Walter Scott "hitches into rhyme" one of the most important firms—that

"Of Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown,
Our fathers of the Row."—L. E.

(4) This cant phrase was first used in the *Edinburgh Review*—probably by Mr. Jeffrey.—L. E.

Which they call a disgrace to the age and the nation.
Ink. I'm sorry to hear this! for friendship, you know——
Our poor friend!—but I thought it would terminate so.
Our friendship is such, I'll read nothing to shock it.
You don't happen to have the Review in your pocket?
Tra. No; I left a round dozen of authors and others
(Very sorry, no doubt, since the cause is a brother's)
All scrambling and jostling, like so many imps,
And on fire with impatience to get the next glimpse.
Ink. Let us join them.
Tra. What! won't you return to the lecture?
Ink. Why, the place is so cramm'd, there's not room for a spectre.
Besides, our friend Scamp is to-day so absurd—
Tra. How can you know that till your hear him?
Ink. I heard
Quite enough; and, to tell you the truth, my retreat
Was from his vile nonsense, no less than the heat.
Tra. I have had no great loss then?
Ink. Loss!—such a palaver!
I'd inoculate sooner my wife with the slaver
Of a dog when gone rabid, than listen two hours
To the torrent of trash which around him he pours,
Pump'd up with such effort, disgorged with such labour,
That——come—do not make me speak ill of one's neighbour.
Tra. *I* make you!
Ink. Yes, you! I said nothing until
You compell'd me, by speaking the truth——
Tra. *To speak ill?*
Is that your deduction?
Ink. When speaking of Scamp ill,
I certainly *follow*, *not set*, an example.
The fellow's a fool, an impostor, a zany.
Tra. And the crowd of to-day shows that one fool makes many.
But we two will be wise.
Ink. Pray, then, let us retire.
Tra. I would, but——
Ink. There must be attraction much higher
Than Scamp, or the Jew's-harp he nicknames his lyre,
To call *you* to this hot-bed.
Tra. I own it—'tis true—
A fair lady——
Ink. A spinster?
Tra. Miss Lilac!
Ink. The Blue!
The heiress?
Tra The angel!
Ink. The devil! why, man!
Pray get out of this hobble as fast as you can.
You wed with Miss Lilac! 'twould be your perdition:
She's a poet, a chemist, a mathematician.
Tra. I say she's an angel.
Ink. Say rather an *angle*.
If you and she marry, you'll certainly wrangle. (1)
I say she's a Blue, man, as blue as the ether.
Tra. And is that any cause for not coming together?
Ink. Humph! I can't say I know any happy alliance
Which has lately sprung up from a wedlock with science.
She's so learned in all things, and fond of concerning
Herself in all matters connected with learning,
That——
Tra. What?
Ink. I perhaps may as well hold my tongue;
But there's five hundred people can tell you you're wrong.
Tra. You forget Lady Lilac's as rich as a Jew.
Ink. Is it miss or the cash of mamma you pursue?
Tra. Why, Jack, I'll be frank with you—something of both.
The girl's a fine girl.
Ink. And you feel nothing loth
To her good lady-mother's reversion; and yet
Her life is as good as your own, I will bet.
Tra. Let her live, and as long as she likes; I demand
Nothing more than the heart of her daughter and hand.
Ink. Why, that heart's in the inkstand—that hand on the pen.
Tra. Apropos—Will you write me a song now and then?
Ink. To what purpose?
Tra. You know, my dear friend, that in prose
My talent is decent, as far as it goes;
But in rhyme——
Ink. You're a terrible stick, to be sure.
Tra. I own it: and yet, in these times, there's no lure
For the heart of the fair like a stanza or two;
And so, as I can't, will you furnish a few?
Ink. In your name?
Tra. In my name. I will copy them out,
To slip into her hand at the very next rout.
Ink. Are you so far advanced as to hazard this?
Tra. Why,
Do you think me subdued by a Blue-stocking's eye,
So far as to tremble to tell her in rhyme
What I've told her in prose, at the least, as sublime?
Ink. *As sublime!* If it be so, no need of my Muse.
Tra. But consider, dear Inkel, she's one of the "Blues."
Ink. As sublime!—Mr. Tracy—I've nothing to say.
Stick to prose—As sublime!!—but I wish you good day.
Tra. Nay, stay, my dear fellow—consider—I'm wrong;
I own it; but, prithee, compose me the song.
Ink. *As* sublime!!
Tra. I but used the expression in haste.
Ink. That may be, Mr. Tracy, but shows damn'd bad taste.
Tra. I own it—I know it—acknowledge it—what use.
Can I say to you more?
Ink. I see what you'd be at:
You disparage my parts with insidious abuse,
Till you think you can turn them best to your own
Tra. And is that not a sign I respect them?
Ink. Why that,
To be sure, makes a difference.
Tra. I know what is what:
And you, who're a man of the gay world, no less
Than a poet of 't other, may easily guess
That I never could mean, by a word, to offend
A genius like you, and moreover my friend.
Ink. No doubt; you by this time should know what is due
To a man of——But come—let us shake hands.
Tra. You knew,

(1) "Her favourite science was the mathematical—
In short, she was a walking calculation,
Miss Edgeworth's novels stepping from their covers,
Morality's prim personification——
But—oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, have they not hen-peck'd you all?"
Don Juan, Canto I.

And you *know*, my dear fellow, how heartily I,
Whatever you publish, am ready to buy. [for sale;
Ink. That's my bookseller's business; I care not
Indeed the best poems at first rather fail.
There were Renegade's epics, and Botherby's plays,(1)
And my own grand romance——
Tra. Had its full share of praise.
I myself saw it puff'd in the "Old Girl's Review."(2)
Ink. What Review?
Tra. 'Tis the English "Journal de
A clerical work of our jesuits at home. [Trévoux;"(3)
Have you never yet seen it?
Ink. That pleasure's to come.
Tra. Make haste then.
Ink. Why so?
Tra. I have heard people say
That it threaten'd to give up the *ghost* 'tother day.
Ink. Well, that is a sign of some *spirit*.
Tra. No doubt.
Shall you be at the Countess of Fiddlecome's rout?
Ink. I've a card, and shall go: but at present, as soon [the moon
As friend Scamp shall be pleased to step down from
(Where he seems to be soaring in search of his wits),
And an interval grants from his lecturing fits,
I'm engaged to the Lady Bluebottle's collation,
To partake of a luncheon and learn'd conversation:
'Tis a sort of re-union for Scamp, on the days
Of his lecture, to treat him with cold tongue and praise.
And I own, for my own part, that 't is not unpleasant.
Will you go? There's Miss Lilac will also be present.
Tra. That "metal's attractive."
Ink. No doubt—to the pocket.
Tra. You should rather encourage my passion than shock it.
But let us proceed; for I think, by the hum——
Ink. Very true; let us go, then, before they can come,
Or else we'll be kept here an hour at their levy,
On the rack of cross-questions, by all the blue bevy.
Hark! zounds, they 'll be on us; I know by the drone
Of old Botherby's spouting ex-cathedrâ tone.
Ay! there he is at it. Poor Scamp! better join
Your friends, or he 'll pay you back in your own coin.
Tra. All fair; 't is but lecture for lecture.
Ink. That 's clear.
But for God's sake let 's go, or the bore will be here.
Come, come: nay, I'm off. [*Exit* Inkel.
Tra. You are right, and I 'll follow;
'Tis high time for a "*Sic me servavit Apollo.*" (4)
And yet we shall have the whole crew on our kibes,
Blues, dandies, and dowagers, and second-hand scribes,
All flocking to moisten their exquisite throttles
With a glass of madeira at Lady Bluebottle's.
[*Exit* Tracy.

(1) Messrs. Southey and Sotheby.—L. E.

(2) "My Grandmother's Review, the British." See Moore's *Life of Lord Byron*. This heavy journal has since been gathered to its grandmothers.—L. E.

(3) The *Journal de Trévoux* (in fifty-six volumes) is one of the most curious collections of literary gossip in the world, and the Poet paid the *British Review* an extravagant compliment when he made this comparison.—L. E.

(4) "Sotheby is a good man—rhymes well (if not wisely); but is a bore. He seizes you by the button. One night at a rout at Mrs. Hope's, he had fastened upon me—(something about *Agamemnon*, or *Orestes*, or some of his plays) —notwithstanding my symptoms of manifest distress—(for I was in love, and just picked a minute when neither mothers, nor husbands, nor rivals, nor gossips were near my then idol, who was beautiful as the statues of the gallery where we stood at the time). Sotheby, I say, had seized upon me by the button and the heart-strings, and spared neither. William Spencer, who likes fun, and don't dislike mischief, saw my case, and, coming up to us both, took me by the hand, and pathetically bade me farewell; 'for,' said he, 'I see it is all over with you.' Sotheby then went away: '*sic me servavit Apollo.*'" *B. Diary*, 1821.—L. E.

ECLOGUE SECOND.

An Apartment in the House of Lady Bluebottle. —*A Table prepared.*

Sir Richard Bluebottle *solus.*

Sir Rich. Was there ever a man who was married so sorry?
Like a fool, I must needs do the thing in a hurry.
My life is reversed, and my quiet destroy'd;
My days, which once pass'd in so gentle a void,
Must now, every hour of the twelve, be employ'd:
The twelve, do I say?—of the whole twenty-four,
Is there one which I dare call my own any more?
What with driving and visiting, dancing and dining,
What with learning, and teaching, and scribbling, and shining,
In science and art, I'll be cursed if I know
Myself from my wife; for although we are two,
Yet she somehow contrives that all things shall be done
In a style which proclaims us eternally one.
But the thing of all things which distresses me more
Than the bills of the week (though they trouble me sore)
Is the numerous, humorous, backbiting crew
Of scribblers, wits, lecturers, white, black, and blue,
Who are brought to my house as an inn, to my cost
—For the bill here, it seems, is defray'd by the host—
No pleasure! no leisure! no thought for my pains,
But to hear a vile jargon which addles my brains;
A smatter and chatter, glean'd out of reviews,
By the rag, tag, and bobtail of those they call "Blues;"
A rabble who know not——But soft, here they come!
Would to God I were deaf! as I'm not, I'll be dumb.

Enter Lady Bluebottle, Miss Lilac, Lady Bluemount, Mr. Botherby, Inkel, Tracy, Miss Mazarine, *and others, with* Scamp *the Lecturer, etc. etc.*

Lady Blueb. Ah! Sir Richard, good morning; I've brought you some friends.
Sir Rich. (*bows, and afterwards aside.*) If friends, they 're the first.
Lady Blueb. But the luncheon attends.
I pray ye be seated, "*sans cérémonie.*"
Mr. Scamp, you 're fatigued; take your chair there, next me. [*They all sit.*
Sir Rich. (*aside.*) If he does, his fatigue is to come.
Lady Blueb. Mr. Tracy—
Lady Bluemount—Miss Lilac—be pleased, pray, to place ye;
And you, Mr. Botherby—
Both. Oh, my dear Lady,
I obey.
Lady Blueb. Mr. Inkel, I ought to upbraid ye:
You were not at the lecture.
Ink. Excuse me, I was;
But the heat forced me out in the best part—alas!

And when——
Lady Blueb. To be sure it was broiling; but then
You have lost such a lecture!
Both. The best of the ten.
Tra. How can you know that? there are two more.
Both. Because
I defy him to beat this day's wondrous applause.
The very walls shook.
Ink. Oh, if that be the test,
I allow our friend Scamp has this day done his best.
Miss Lilac, permit me to help you;—a wing?
Miss Lil. No more, sir, I thank you. Who lectures next spring?
Both. Dick Dunder.
Ink. That is, if he lives.
Miss Lil. And why not?
Ink. No reason whatever, save that he 's a sot.
Lady Bluemount! a glass of madeira?
Lady Bluem. With pleasure.
Ink. How does your friend Wordswords, that Windermere treasure?
Does he stick to his lakes, like the leeches he sings,
And their gatherers, as Homer sung warriors and kings?
Lady Blueb. He has just got a place.
Ink. As a footman?
Lady Bluem. For shame!
Nor profane with your sneers so poetic a name.
Ink. Nay, I meant him no evil, but pitied his master;
For the poet of pedlars 't were, sure, no disaster
To wear a new livery; the more, as 't is not
The first time he has turn'd both his creed and his coat.
Lady Bluem. For shame! I repeat. If Sir George could but hear——
Lady Blueb. Never mind our friend Inkel; we all know, my dear,
'T is his way.
Sir Rich. But this place——
Ink. Is perhaps like friend Scamp's,
A lecturer's.
Lady B. Excuse me—'t is one in "the Stamps:"
He is made a collector. (1)
Tra. Collector!
Sir Rich. How?
Miss Lil. What?
Ink. I shall think of him oft when I buy a new hat:
There his works will appear——
Lady Bluem. Sir, they reach to the Ganges.
Ink. I sha'nt go so far—I can have them at Grange's. (2)
Lady Blueb. Oh fie!
Miss Lil. And for shame!
Lady Bluem. You 're too bad.
Both. Very good!
Lady Bluem. How good?
Lady Blueb. He means nought—'t is his phrase.
Lady Bluem. He grows rude.
Lady Blueb. He means nothing; nay, ask him.
Lady Bluem. Pray, sir! did you mean
What you say?
Ink. Never mind if he did; 't will be seen
That whatever he means won't alloy what he says.
Both. Sir!
Ink. Pray be content with your portion of praise;
'T was in your defence.
Both. If you please, with submission,
I can make out my own.
Ink. It would be your perdition.
While you live, my dear Botherby, never defend
Yourself or your works; but leave both to a friend.
Apropos—Is your play then accepted at last?
Both. At last?
Ink. Why I thought—that 's to say—there had pass'd
A few green-room whispers, which hinted—you know
That the taste of the actors at best is so so. (3)
Both. Sir, the green-room 's in rapture, and so 's the committee.
Ink. Ay—yours are the plays for exciting our "pity
And fear," as the Greek says: "for purging the mind,"
I doubt if you 'll leave us an equal behind.
Both. I have written the prologue, and meant to have pray'd
For a spice of your wit in an epilogue's aid.
Ink. Well, time enough yet, when the play 's to be play'd.
Is it cast yet?
Both. The actors are fighting for parts,
As is usual in that most litigious of arts.
Lady Blueb. We 'll all make a party, and go the *first* night.
Tra. And you promised the epilogue, Inkel.
Ink. Not quite.
However, to save my friend Botherby trouble,
I 'll do what I can, though my pains must be double.
Tra. Why so?
Ink. To do justice to what goes before.
Both. Sir, I 'm happy to say, I've no fears on that score.
Your parts, Mr. Inkel, are——
Ink. Never mind *mine*;
Stick to those of your play, which is quite your own line.
Lady Bluem. You're a fugitive writer, I think, sir, of rhymes?
Ink. Yes, ma'am; and a fugitive reader sometimes.
On Wordswords, for instance, I seldom alight,
Or on Mouthey, his friend, without taking to flight.
Lady Bluem. Sir, your taste is too common; but time and posterity
Will right these great men, and this age's severity
Become its reproach.
Ink. I've no sort of objection,
So I 'm not of the party to take the infection.
Lady Blueb. Perhaps you have doubts that they ever will *take?*
Ink. Not at all; on the contrary, those of the lake

(1) Mr. Wordsworth is collector of stamps for Cumberland and Westmoreland.—L. E.

(2) Grange is or was a famous pastry-cook and fruiterer in Piccadilly.

(3) When I belonged to the Drury Lane Committee, the number of plays upon the shelves were about five hundred. Mr. Sotheby obligingly offered us ALL his tragedies, and I pledged myself, and—notwithstanding many squabbles with my committee brethren—did get *Ivan* accepted, read, and the parts distributed. But lo! in the very heart of the matter, upon some *tepid*-ness on the part of Kean, or warmth on that of the author, Sotheby withdrew his play." *B. Diary*, 1821.—L. E.

Have taken already, and still will continue
To take—what they can, from a groat to a guinea,
Of pension or place;—but the subject 's a bore.
Lady Bluem. Well, sir, the time 's coming.
Ink. Scamp! don't you feel sore?
What say you to this?
Scamp. They have merit, I own;
Though their system's absurdity keeps it unknown.
Ink. Then why not unearth it in one of your lectures?
Scamp. It is only time past which comes under my strictures.
Lady Blueb. Come, a truce with all tartness:—the joy of my heart
Is to see Nature's triumph o'er all that is art.
Wild Nature!—Grand Shakspeare!
Both. And down Aristotle!
Lady Bluem. Sir George (1) thinks exactly with Lady Bluebottle;
And my Lord Seventy-four, (2) who protects our dear Bard,
And who gave him his place, has the greatest regard
For the poet, who, singing of pedlars and asses, (3)
Has found out the way to dispense with Parnassus.
Tra. And you, Scamp!—
Scamp. I needs must confess I 'm embarrass'd.
Ink. Don't call upon Scamp, who's already so harass'd
With old *schools*, and new *schools*, and no *schools*, and all *schools*.
Tra. Well, one thing is certain, that some must be fools.
I should like to know who.
Ink. And I should not be sorry
To know who are *not*:—it would save us *some* worry.
Lady Blueb. A truce with remark, and let nothing control
This "feast of our reason, and flow of the soul."
Oh! my dear Mr. Botherby! sympathise!—I
Now feel such a rapture, I'm ready to fly,
I feel so elastic—"*so buoyant—so buoyant!*" (4)
Ink. Tracy! open the window.
Tra. I wish her much joy on 't.
Both. For God's sake, my Lady Bluebottle, check
This gentle emotion, so seldom our lot
Upon earth. Give it way; 'tis an impulse which lifts
Our spirits from earth; the sublimest of gifts;
For which poor Prometheus was chain'd to his mountain.
'T is the source of all sentiment—feeling's true fountain:
'T is the vision of heaven upon earth: 't is the gas
Of the soul: 't is the seizing of shades as they pass,
And making them substance! 't is something divine:—
Ink. Shall I help you, my friend, to a little more wine?
Both. I thank you; not any more, sir, till I dine.
Ink. Apropos—Do you dine with Sir Humphry (5) to-day?
Tra. I should think with *Duke* Humphry was more in your way.
Ink. It might be of yore; but we authors now look
To the knight, as a landlord, much more than the duke.
The truth is, each writer now quite at his ease is,
And (except with his publisher) dines where he pleases.
But 't is now nearly five, and I must to the Park.
Tra. And I'll take a turn with you there till 't is dark.
And you, Scamp?—
Scamp. Excuse me; I must to my notes,
For my lecture next week.
Ink. He must mind whom he quotes
Out of *Elegant Extracts*.
Lady Blueb. Well, now we break up;
But remember, Miss Diddle (6) invites us to sup.
Ink. Then at two hours past midnight we all meet again,
For the sciences, sandwiches, hock, and champaigne!
Tra. And the sweet lobster-salad!
Both. I honour that meal;
For 't is then that our feelings most genuinely—feel.
Ink. True; feeling is truest *then*, far beyond question:
I wish to the gods 't was the same with digestion!
Lady Blueb. Pshaw!—never mind that; for one moment of feeling
Is worth—God knows what.
Ink. 'T is at least worth concealing
For itself, or what follows——But here comes your carriage.
Sir Rich. (*aside.*) I wish all these people were d——d with *my* marriage! [*Exeunt.*

(1) The late Sir George Beaumont—a constant friend of Mr. Wordsworth.—L. E.

(2) The venerable Earl of Lonsdale. This nobleman on one occasion liberally offered to build, and completely furnish and man, a ship of seventy-four guns, towards the close of the American war, for the service of his country, at his own expense;—hence the *sobriquet* in the text.—L. E.

(3) "Pedlars," and "boats," and "waggons!" O ye shades
Of Pope and Dryden! are we come to this?
That trash of such sort not alone evades
Contempt, but from the bathos' vast abyss
Floats scumlike uppermost, and these Jack Cades
Of sense and song above your graves may hiss—
The "little boatman" and his "Peter Bell"
Can sneer at him who drew "Achitophel!"
Don Juan, Canto III.—L. E.

(4) Fact from life, with the *words*.

(5) The late Sir Humphry Davy, President of the Royal Society.—L. E.

(6) The late Miss Lydia White, whose hospitable festivitions have not yet been supplied to the circle of London artists and literati—an accomplished, clever, and truly amiable, but very eccentric lady. The name in the text *could* only have been suggested by the jingling resemblance it bears to *Lydia*.—L. E.

Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice;

AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY.

IN FIVE ACTS.(1)

"Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ."—*Horace.*

PREFACE.

The conspiracy of the Doge Marino Faliero is one of the most remarkable events in the annals of the most singular government, city, and people of modern history. It occurred in the year 1355. Every thing about Venice is, or was, extraordinary—her aspect is like a dream, and her history is like a romance. The story of this Doge is to be found in all her chronicles, and particularly detailed in the *Lives of the Doges*, by Marin Sanuto, which is given in the Appendix. It is simply and clearly related, and is perhaps more dramatic in itself than any scenes which can be founded upon the subject.

Marino Faliero appears to have been a man of talents and of courage. I find him commander-in-chief of the land forces at the siege of Zara, where he beat the King of Hungary and his army of eighty thousand men, killing eight thousand men, and keeping the besieged at the same time in check; an exploit to which I know none similar in history, except that of Cæsar at Alesia, and of Prince Eugene at Belgrade. He was afterwards commander of the fleet in the same war. He took Capo d'Istria. He was ambassador at Genoa and Rome,—at which last he received the news of his election to the dukedom; his absence being a proof that he sought it by no intrigue, since he was apprised of his predecessor's death and his own succession at the same moment. But he appears to have been of an ungovernable temper. A story is told by Sanuto, of his having, many years before,

(1) Lord Byron finished the composition of this tragedy on the 16th July, 1820.* He at the time intended to keep it by him for six years before sending it to the press; but resolutions of this kind are, in modern days, very seldom adhered to. It was published in the end of the same year; and, to the poet's great disgust, and in spite of his urgent and repeated remonstrances, was produced on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre early in 1821. The extracts from his letters given by Mr. Moore in his *Life*, sufficiently explain his feelings on this occasion.

Marino Faliero was, greatly to his satisfaction, commended warmly for the truth of its adhesion to Venetian history and manners, as well as the antique severity of its structure and language, by that eminent master of Italian and classical literature, the late Ugo Foscolo. Mr. Gifford also delighted him by pronouncing it "English—genuine English." It was, however, little favoured by the contemporary critics. There was, indeed, only one who spoke of it as quite worthy of Lord Byron's reputation. "Nothing," said he, "has for a long time afforded us so much pleasure, as the rich promise of dramatic excellence unfolded in this production of Lord Byron. Without question, no such tragedy as *Marino Faliero* has appeared in English, since the day when Otway also was inspired to his masterpiece by the interests of a Venetian story and a Venetian conspiracy. The story of which Lord Byron has possessed himself is, we think, by far the finer of the two,—and we say *possessed*, because we believe he has adhered almost to the letter of the transactions as they really took place."—The language of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* Reviewers, Mr. Jeffrey and Bishop Heber, was in a far different strain. The former says—

"*Marino Faliero* has undoubtedly considerable beauties, both dramatic and poetical; and might have made the fortune of any young aspirant for fame; but the name of Byron raises expectations which are not so easily satisfied; and judging of it by the lofty standard which he himself has established, we are compelled to say, that we cannot but regard it as a failure, both as a poem and a play. This may be partly accounted for from the inherent difficulty of uniting these two sorts of excellence—of confining the daring and digressive genius of poetry within the forms and limits of a regular drama, and, at the same time, imparting its warm and vivifying spirit to the practical preparation and necessary details of a complete theatrical action. These, however, are difficulties with which dramatic adventurers have long had to struggle; and over which, though they are incomparably most formidable to the most powerful spirits, there is no reason to doubt that the powers of Lord Byron would have triumphed. The true history of his failure, therefore, we conceive, and the actual cause of his miscarriage on the present occasion, is to be found in the bad choice of his subject—his selection of a story which not only gives no scope to the peculiar and commanding graces of his genius, but runs continually counter to the master currents of his fancy. His great gifts are exquisite tenderness, and demoniacal sublimity; the power of conjuring up at pleasure those delicious visions of love and beauty, and pity and purity, which melt our hearts within us with a thrilling and etherial softness—and of wielding, at the same time, that infernal fire which blasts and overthrows all things with the dark and capricious fulminations of its scorn, rancour, and revenge. With the consciousness of these great powers, and as if in wilful perversity to their suggestions, he has here chosen a story which, in a great measure, excludes the agency of either; and resolutely conducted it, so as to secure himself against their intrusion;—a story without love or hatred—misanthropy or pity—containing nothing voluptuous and nothing terrific—but depending, for its grandeur, on the anger of a very old and irritable man; and, for its attraction, on the elaborate representations of conjugal dignity and domestic honour,—the sober and austere triumphs of cold and untempted chastity, and the noble propriety of a pure and disciplined understanding. These, we think, are not the most promising themes for any writer whose business is to raise powerful emotions; nor very likely, in any hands, to redeem the modern drama from the imputation of want of spirit, interest, and excitement. But, for Lord Byron to select them for a grand dramatic effort, is as if a swift-footed racer were to tie his feet together at the starting, or a valiant knight to enter the lists without his arms. No mortal prowess could succeed under such disadvantages. The story, in so far as it is original in our drama, is extremely improbable, though, like most other very improbable stories, derived from authentic sources; but, in the main, it is original; being, indeed, merely another *Venice Preserved*, and continually recalling, though certainly without eclipsing, the memory of the first. Except that Jaffier is driven to join the conspirators by the natural impulse of love and misery, and the Doge by a resentment so outrageous as to exclude all sympathy,—and that the disclosure, which is produced by love in the old play, is here ascribed to mere friendship,—the general action and catastrophe of the two pieces are almost identical; while, with regard to the writing and management, it must be owned that, if Lord Byron has most sense and vigour, Otway has by far the most passion and pathos; and that though his conspirators are better orators and reasoners than the gang of Pierre and Reymault, the tenderness of Belvidera is as much more touching, as it is more natural, than the stoical and self-satisfied decorum of Angiolina."

After an elaborate disquisition on the *Unities*, (a valuable one, undoubtedly, but too long to be extracted here,) Bishop Heber thus concludes:—

"We cannot conceive a greater instance of the efficacy of system

* On the original MS. sent from Ravenna, Lord Byron has written:—"Begun April 4th, 1820—completed July 16th, 1820—finished copying August 16th-17th, 1820; the which copying makes ten times the toil of composing, considering the weather—thermometer 90 in the shade—and my domestic duties."—L. E.

"It was planned at Venice, and as far back as 1817." *Gall.*—P. E.

when podesta and captain at Treviso, boxed the ears of the bishop, who was somewhat tardy in bringing the Host. For this, honest Sanuto "saddles him with a judgment," as Thwackum did Square; but he does not tell us whether he was punished or rebuked by the Senate for this outrage at the time of its commission. He seems, indeed, to have been afterwards at peace with the church, for we find him ambassador at Rome, and invested with the fief of Val di Marino, in the march of Treviso, and with the title of Count, by Lorenzo, Count-bishop of Ceneda. For these facts my authorities are Sanuto, Vettor Sandi, Andrea Navagero, and the account of the siege of Zara, first published by the indefatigable Abate Morelli, in his *Monumenti Veneziani di varia Letteratura*, printed in 1796, all of which I have looked over in the original language. The moderns, Darù, Sismondi, and Laugier, nearly agree with the ancient chroniclers. Sismondi attributes the conspiracy to his *jealousy*, but I find this nowhere asserted by the national historians.

to blind the most acute perception, than the fact that Lord Byron, in works avowedly and exclusively intended for the closet, has piqued himself on the observance of rules, which (be their advantage on the stage what it may) are evidently, off the stage, a matter of perfect indifference. The only object of adhering to the unities is to preserve the illusion of the scene. To the reader they are obviously useless. It is true, that, in the closet, not only are their supposed advantages destroyed, but their inconveniences are also, in a great measure, neutralised: and it is true also, that poetry so splendid has often accompanied them, as to make us wholly overlook, in the blaze of greater excellences, whatever inconveniences result from them, either in the closet or the theatre. But even diminished difficulties are not to be needlessly courted, and though, in the strength and dexterity of the combatant, we soon lose sight of the cumbrous trappings by which he has chosen to distinguish himself; yet, if those trappings are at once cumbersome and pedantic, not only will his difficulty of success be increased, but his failure, if he fails, will be rendered the more signal and ridiculous.

"*Marino Faliero* has, we believe, been pretty generally pronounced a failure by the public voice, and we see no reason to call for a revision of their sentence. It contains, beyond all doubt, many passages of commanding eloquence, and some of genuine poetry; and the scenes, more particularly, in which Lord Byron has neglected the absurd creed of his pseudo-Hellenic writers, are conceived and elaborated with great tragic effect and dexterity. But the subject is decidedly ill-chosen. In the main tissue of the plot, and in all the busiest and most interesting parts of it, it is, in fact, no more than another *Venice Preserved*, in which the author has had to contend (nor has he contended successfully) with our recollections of a former and deservedly popular play on the same subject. And the only respect in which it differs is, that the Jaffier of Lord Byron's plot is drawn in to join the conspirators, not by the natural and intelligible motives of poverty, aggravated by the sufferings of a beloved wife, and a deep and well-grounded resentment of oppression, but by his outrageous anger for a private wrong of no very atrocious nature. The Doge of Venice, to chastise the vulgar libel of a foolish boy, attempts to overturn that republic of which he is the first and most trusted servant; to massacre all his ancient friends and fellow-soldiers, the magistracy and nobility of the land. With such a resentment as this, thus simply stated and taken singly, who ever sympathised, or who but Lord Byron would have expected in such a cause to be able to awaken sympathy? It is little to the purpose to say that this is all historically true. A thing may be true without being probable; and such a case of idiosyncrasy as is implied in a resentment so sudden and extravagant, is no more a fitting subject for the poet, than an animal with two heads would be for an artist of a different description.

"It is true that, when a long course of mutual bickering had preceded, when the mind of the prince had been prepared, by due degrees, to hate the oligarchy with which he was surrounded and over-ruled, and to feel or suspect, in every act of the senate, a studied and persevering design to wound and degrade him, a very slight addition of injury might make the cup of anger overflow; and the insufficient punishment of Steno (though to most men this punishment seems not unequal to the offence) might have opened the last flood-gate to that torrent which had been long gathering strength from innumerable petty insults and aggressions.

"It is also possible that an old man, doatingly fond of a young and beautiful wife, yet not insensible to the ridicule of such an unequal alliance, might for months or years have been tormenting himself with the suspected suspicions of his countrymen; have smarted, though convinced of his consort's purity, under the idea that others were not equally candid, and have attached, at length, the greater importance to Steno's ribaldry, from apprehending this last to be no more than an overt demonstration of the secret thoughts of half the little world of Venice.

"And we cannot but believe that, if the story of Faliero (unpromising as we regard it in every way of telling) had fallen into the hands of the barbarian Shakspeare, the commencement of the play would have been placed considerably earlier; that time would have been given for the gradual developement of those strong lines of character which were to decide the fate of the hero, and for the working of those subtle but not instantaneous poisons which were to destroy the peace, and embitter the feelings, and confuse the understanding, of a brave and high-minded but proud and irritable veteran.

"But the misfortune is (and it is, in a great measure, as we conceive, to be ascribed to Lord Byron's passion for the unities) that, instead of placing this accumulation of painful feelings before our eyes, even our ears are made very imperfectly acquainted with them. Of the previous encroachments of the oligarchy on the ducal power we see nothing. Nay, we only hear a very little of it, and that in general terms, and at the conclusion of the piece; in the form of an apology for the Doge's past conduct, not as the constant and painful feeling which we ought to have shared with him in the first instance, if we were to sympathise in his views and wish success to his enterprise. The fear that his wife might be an object of suspicion to his countrymen is, in like manner, scarcely hinted at; and no other reason for such a fear is named than that which, simply taken, could never have produced it—a libel scribbled on the back of a chair. We are, therefore, through the whole tragedy, under feelings of surprise rather than of pity or sympathy, as persons witnessing portentous events from causes apparently inadequate. We see a man become a traitor for no other visible cause (however other causes are incidentally insinuated) than a single vulgar insult, which was more likely to recoil on the perpetrator than to wound the object; and we cannot pity a death incurred in such a quarrel."*

The following extract from a letter of January, 1821, will show the author's own estimate of the piece thus criticised. After repeating his hope, that no manager would be so audacious as to trample on his feelings by producing it on the stage, he thus proceeds:—

"It is too regular—the time, twenty-four hours—the change of place not frequent—nothing *meta*-dramatic—no surprises—no starts, nor trap-doors, nor opportunities 'for tossing their heads and kicking their heels'—and no *love*, the grand ingredient of a modern play. I am persuaded that a great tragedy is not to be produced by following the old dramatists—who are full of gross faults, pardoned only for the beauty of their language,—but by writing naturally and regularly, and producing regular tragedies, like the Greeks; but not in imitation,—merely the outline of their conduct, adapted to our own times and circumstances, and of course *no* chorus. You will laugh, and say, 'Why don't you do so?' I have, you see, tried a sketch in *Marino Faliero*; but many people think my talent 'exactly undramatic,' and I am not at all clear that they are not right.† If *Marino Faliero* don't fail—in the perusal—I shall, perhaps, try again (but not for the stage); and as I think that *love* is not the principal passion for tragedy (and yet most of ours turn upon it), you will not find me a popular writer. Unless it is love *furious*, *criminal* and *baffled*, it ought not to make a tragic subject. When it is melting and maudlin, it *does*, but it ought not to do; it is then for the gallery and second-price boxes. If you want to have a notion of what I am trying, take up a *translation* of any of the Greek tragedians. If I said the original, it would be an impudent presumption of mine; but the translations are so inferior to the originals, that I think I may risk it. Then judge of the 'simplicity of plot,' and do not judge me by your old mad dramatists; which is like drinking nauseabaugh, and then proving a fountain. Yet, after all, I suppose you do not mean that spirits is a nobler element than a clear spring bubbling up in the sun? and this I take to be the difference between the Greeks and those turbid mountebanks—always excepting Ben Jonson, who was a scholar and a classic. Or, take up a translation of Alfieri, and try the interest, etc. of these my new attempts in the old line, by him in English; and then tell me fairly your opinion. But don't measure me by your own *old* or *new* tailor's yard. Nothing so easy as intricate confusion of plot and rant. Mrs. Centlivre, in comedy, has no

* On the subject of *Marino Faliero* Mr. Galt observes:—"This drama, to be properly appreciated, both in its taste and feeling, should be considered as addressed to the Italians of the epoch at which it was written. Had it been written in the Italian instead of the English language, and could it have come out in any city of Italy, the effect would have been prodigious. It is indeed a work not to be estimated by the delineations of character, nor the force of passion expressed in it, but altogether by the apt and searching tartness of the political allusions. Viewed with reference to the time and place in which it was composed, it would probably deserve to be ranked as a high and bold effort: simply as a drama, it may not be entitled to rank above tragedies of the second or third class. It is perhaps, as it stands, not fit to succeed in representation, but it is so rich in matter that it would not be a difficult task to make out of little more than the third part a tragedy which would not dishonour the English stage."—P. E.

† That such is not the opinion now entertained by the practical men of Drury Lane is evident, from the fact that two of Byron's tragedies have since his death been produced on the stage; and that, during his life-time, the same judges entertained a more favourable estimate of his dramatic powers than his critics were pleased to express, will perhaps be inferred from the following anecdote, which we quote from Galt:—"When Lord Byron was a member of the managing (query—mis-managing?) committee of Drury Lane Theatre, Bartley was speaking with him on the decay of the drama, and took occasion to urge his Lordship to write a tragedy for the stage. 'I cannot,' was the reply: 'I don't know how to make the people go on and off in the scenes, and know not where to find a fit character.' 'Take your own,' said Bartley, meaning, in the honesty of his heart, one of his Laras or Childe Harolds. 'Much obliged to you,' was the reply—and exit in a huff. Byron thought he spoke literally of his own real character."—P. E.

Vettor Sandi, indeed, says, that "Altri scrissero che . . . . . dalla gelosa suspizion di esso Doge siasi fatto (Michel Steno) staccar con violenza," etc. etc.; but this appears to have been by no means the general opinion, nor is it alluded to by Sanuto or by Navagero; and Sandi himself adds, a moment after, that "per altre Veneziane memorie traspiri, che non il *solo* desiderio di vendetta lo dispose alla congiura, ma anche la innata abituale ambizion sua, per cui anelava a farsi principe indipendente." The first motive appears to have been excited by the gross affront of the words written by Michel Steno on the ducal chair, and by the light and inadequate sentence of the Forty on the offender, who was one of their "tre Capi." The attentions of Steno himself appear to have been directed towards one of her damsels, and not to the "Dogaressa" herself, against whose fame not the slightest insinuation appears, while she is praised for her

times the bustle of Congreve; but are they to be compared? and yet she drove Congreve from the theatre."

Again, February 16, he thus writes:—

"You say the Doge will not be popular: did I ever write for popularity? I defy you to show a work of mine (except a tale or two) of a popular style or complexion. It appears to me that there is room for a different style of the drama; neither a servile following of the old drama, which is a grossly erroneous one, nor yet *too* French, like those who succeeded the older writers. It appears to me that good English, and a severer approach to the rules, might combine something not dishonourable to our literature. I have also attempted to make a play without love; and there are neither rings, nor mistakes, nor starts, nor outrageous canting villains, nor melodrama in it. All this will prevent its popularity, but does not persuade me that it is *therefore* faulty. Whatever fault it has will arise from deficiency in the conduct, rather than in the conception, which is simple and severe.

"Reproach is useless always, and irritating—but my feelings were very much hurt, to be dragged like a gladiator to the fate of a gladiator by that '*retiarius*,' Mr. Elliston. As to his defence and offers of compensation, what is all this to the purpose? It is like Louis XIV. who insisted upon buying at any price Algernon Sydney's horse, and, on his refusal, on taking it by force, Sydney shot his horse. I could not shoot my tragedy, but I would have flung it into the fire rather than have had it represented."

[In another letter his Lordship says:—

"The play may be good or bad, but I flatter myself that it is original, as a picture of that kind of passion, which to my mind is so natural, that I am convinced that I should have done precisely what the Doge did on those provocations."—P. E.]

The poet originally designed to inscribe this tragedy to his friend, the late Mr. Douglas Kinnaird; but the dedication, then drawn up, has remained till now in MS. It is in these words:—

To the Honourable Douglas Kinnaird.

"My dear Douglas,

"I dedicate to you the following tragedy, rather on account of your good opinion of it, than from any notion of my own that it may be worthy of your acceptance. But if its merits were ten times greater than they possibly can be, this offering would still be a very inadequate acknowledgment of the active and steady friendship with which, for a series of years, you have honoured

"Your obliged
"and affectionate friend,
"BYRON."

At another moment, the poet resolved to dedicate this tragedy to Goethe, whose praises of *Manfred* had highly delighted him; but this dedication shared the fate of that to Mr. Kinnaird:—it did not reach the hands of Goethe till 1831, when it was presented to him at Weimar, by Mr. Murray, jun.; nor was it printed at all, until Mr. Moore included it in his Memoirs of Lord Byron. It is to be regretted that Mr. Moore, in doing so, omitted some passages, which, the MS. having since been lost, we cannot now restore. "It is written," he says, "in the poet's most whimsical and mocking mood; and the unmeasured severity poured out in it upon the two favourite objects of his wrath and ridicule, compels me to deprive the reader of some of its most amusing passages." The world are in possession of so much of Lord Byron's sarcastic criticisms on his contemporaries, and the utter recklessness with which he threw them off is so generally appreciated, that one is at a loss to understand what purpose could be served by suppressing the fragments thus characterised.

"To Baron Goethe," etc. etc. etc.

"Sir,

"In the Appendix to an English work lately translated into German and published at Leipsic, a judgment of yours upon English poetry is quoted as follows: 'That in English poetry, great genius, universal power, a feeling of profundity, with sufficient tenderness and force, are to be found; but that *altogether these do not constitute poets*, etc. etc.

"I regret to see a great man falling into a great mistake. This opinion of yours only proves that the *Dictionary of ten thousand living English Authors* has not been translated into German. You will have read, in your friend Schlegel's version, the dialogue in *Macbeth*—

——'There are *ten thousand!*
Macbeth. *Geese*, villain?
Answer. *Authors*, sir.'

Now, of these 'ten thousand authors,' there are actually nineteen hundred and eighty-seven poets, all alive at this moment, whatever their works may be, as their booksellers well know: and amongst these there are several who possess a far greater reputation than mine, although considerably less than yours. It is owing to this neglect on the part of your German translators that you are not aware of the works of * * * * * * *
* * * * * *

"There is also another, named * * * *
* * * * * * *

"I mention these poets by way of sample to enlighten you. They form but two bricks of our Babel (Windsor bricks, by the way), but may serve for a specimen of the building.

"It is, moreover, asserted that 'the predominant character of the whole body of the present English poetry is a *disgust* and *contempt* for life.' But I rather suspect, that by one single work of *prose*, you yourself have excited a greater contempt for life, than all the English volumes of poesy that ever were written. Madame de Staël says, that '*Werther* has occasioned more suicides than the most beautiful woman;' and I really believe that he has put more individuals out of this world than Napoleon himself,—except in the way of his profession. Perhaps, Illustrious Sir, the acrimonious judgment passed by a celebrated northern journal upon you in particular, and the Germans in general, has rather indisposed you towards English poetry as well as criticism. But you must not regard our critics, who are at bottom good-natured fellows, considering their two professions,—taking up the law in court, and laying it down out of it. No one can more lament their hasty and unfair judgment, in your particular, than I do; and I so expressed myself to your friend Schlegel, in 1816, at Coppet.

"In behalf of my 'ten thousand' living brethren, and of myself, I have thus far taken notice of an opinion expressed with regard to 'English poetry' in general, and which merited notice because it was yours.

"My principal object in addressing you was to testify my sincere respect and admiration of a man who, for half a century, has led the literature of a great nation, and will go down to posterity as the first literary character of his age.

"You have been fortunate, Sir, not only in the writings which have illustrated your name, but in the name itself, as being sufficiently musical for the articulation of posterity. In this you have the advantage of some of your countrymen, whose names would perhaps be immortal also—if any body could pronounce them.

"It may, perhaps, be supposed, by this apparent tone of levity, that I am wanting in intentional respect towards you; but this will be a mistake: I am always flippant in prose. Considering you, as I really and warmly do, in common with all your own, and with most other nations, to be by far the first literary character which has existed in Europe since the death of Voltaire, I felt, and feel, desirous to inscribe to you the following work—*not* as being either a tragedy or a *poem* (for I cannot pronounce upon its pretensions to be either one or the other, or both, or neither), but as a mark of esteem and admiration from a foreigner to the man who has been hailed in Germany 'the great Goethe.'

"I have the honour to be,
"with the truest respect,
"your most obedient
"and very humble servant,
"Ravenna, Nov. 14th, 1820. "BYRON.

"P. S.—I perceive that in Germany, as well as in Italy, there is a great struggle about what they call '*Classical*' and '*Romantic*,'—terms which were not subjects of classification in England, at least when I left it four or five years ago. Some of the English scribblers, it is true, abused Pope and Swift, but the reason was that they themselves did not know how to write either prose or verse; but nobody thought them worth making a sect of. Perhaps there may be something of the kind sprung up lately, but I have not heard much about it, and it would be such bad taste that I shall be very sorry to believe it."

The illustrious Goethe was much gratified with this token of Lord Byron's admiration. He died at Weimar early in the year 1832—a year which swept away so many of the great men of the European world—among others, Cuvier and Scott.—L. E.

* Goethe was ennobled, having the *Von* prefixed to his name, but never received the title of Baron.—L. E.

beauty, and remarked for her youth. Neither do I find it asserted (unless the hint of Sandi be an assertion), that the Doge was actuated by jealousy of his wife; but rather by respect for her, and for his own honour, warranted by his past services and present dignity.

I know not that the historical facts are alluded to in English, unless by Dr. Moore in his *View of Italy*. His account is false and flippant, full of stale jests about old men and young wives, and wondering at so great an effect from so slight a cause. How so acute and severe an observer of mankind as the author of *Zeluco* could wonder at this is inconceivable. He knew that a basin of water spilt on Mrs. Masham's gown deprived the Duke of Marlborough of his command, and led to the inglorious peace of Utrecht—that Louis XIV. was plunged in the most desolating wars, because his minister was nettled at his finding fault with a window, and wished to give him another occupation—that Helen lost Troy—that Lucretia expelled the Tarquins from Rome—and that Cava brought the Moors to Spain—that an insulted husband led the Gauls to Clusium, and thence to Rome—that a single verse of Frederick II. of Prussia on the Abbé de Bernis, and a jest on Madame de Pompadour, led to the battle of Rosbach (1)—that the elopement of Dearbhorgil with Mac Murchad conducted the English to the slavery of Ireland—that a personal pique between Marie Antoinette and the Duke of Orleans precipitated the first expulsion of the Bourbons—and, not to multiply instances, that Commodus, Domitian, and Caligula fell victims not to their public tyranny, but to private vengeance—and that an order to make Cromwell disembark from the ship in which he would have sailed to America destroyed both king and commonwealth. After these instances, on the least reflection, it is indeed extraordinary in Dr. Moore to seem surprised that a man used to command, who had served and swayed in the most important offices, should fiercely resent, in a fierce age, an unpunished affront, the grossest that can be offered to a man, be he prince or peasant. The age of Faliero is little to the purpose, unless to favour it—

> "The young man's wrath is like straw on fire,
> *But like red-hot steel is the old man's ire.*"
>
> "Young men soon give and soon forget affronts,
> Old age is slow at both."

Laugier's reflections are more philosophical:—"Tale fù il fine ignominioso di un' uomo, che la sua nascita, la sua età, il suo carattere dovevano tener lontano dalle passioni produttrici di grandi delitti. I suoi *talenti* per lungo tempo esercitati ne' maggiori impieghi, la sua capacità sperimentata ne' governi e nelle ambasciate, gli avevano acquistato la stima e la fiducia de' cittadini, ed avevano uniti i suffragi per collocarlo alla testa della republica. Innalzato ad un grado che terminava gloriosamente la sua vita, il risentimento di un' ingiuria leggiera insinuò nel suo cuore tal veleno che bastò a corrompere le antiche sue qualità, e a condurlo al termine degli scellerati; serio esempio, che prova *non esservi età, in cui la prudenza umana sia sicura, e che nell' uomo restano sempre passioni capaci a disonorarlo, quando non invigili sopra se stesso.*" (2)

Where did Dr. Moore find that Marino Faliero begged his life? I have searched the chroniclers, and find nothing of the kind; it is true that he avowed all. He was conducted to the place of torture, but there is no mention made of any application for mercy on his part; and the very circumstance of their having taken him to the rack seems to argue any thing but his having shown a want of firmness, which would doubtless have been also mentioned by those minute historians, who by no means favour him: such, indeed, would be contrary to his character as a soldier, to the age in which he lived, and *at* which he died, as it is to the truth of history. I know no justification, at any distance of time, for calumniating an historical character: surely truth belongs to the dead and to the unfortunate; and they who have died upon a scaffold have generally had faults enough of their own, without attributing to them that which the very incurring of the perils which conducted them to their violent death renders, of all others, the most improbable. The black veil which is painted over the place of Marino Faliero amongst the Doges, and the Giant's Staircase where he was crowned, and discrowned, and decapitated, struck forcibly upon my imagination; as did his fiery character and strange story. I went, in 1819, in search of his tomb more than once to the church San Giovanni e San Paolo; and, as I was standing before the monument of another family, a priest came up to me and said, "I can show you finer monuments than that." I told him that I was in search of that of the Faliero family, and particularly of the Doge Marino's. "Oh," said he, "I will show it you;" and, conducting me to the outside, pointed out a sarcophagus in the wall with an illegible inscription. He said that it had been in a convent adjoining, but was removed after the French came, and placed in its present situation; that he had seen the tomb opened at its removal; there were still some bones remaining, but no positive vestige of the decapitation. The equestrian statue of which I have made mention in the third act as before that church is not, however, of a Faliero, but of some other now obsolete warrior, although of a later date. There were two other Doges of this family, prior to Marino; Ordelafo, who fell in battle at Zara in 1117 (where his descendant afterwards conquered the Huns), and Vital Faliero, who reigned in 1082. The family, originally from Fano, was of the most illustrious in blood and wealth in the city of once the most wealthy and still the most ancient families in Europe. The length I have gone into on this subject will show the interest I have taken in it. Whether I have succeeded or not in the tragedy, I have at least transferred into our language an historical fact worthy of commemoration.

(1) The Abbé's biographer denies the correctness of this statement.—"Quelques écrivains," he says, "qui trouvaient sans doute piquant d'attribuer de grands effets à des petites causes, ont prétendu que l'Abbé avait insisté dans le conseil pour faire déclarer la guerre à la Prusse, par ressentiment contre Frédéric, et pour venger sa vanité poétique, humiliée par le vers du monarque bel-esprit et poète—

'Evitez de Bernis la stérile abondance.'

Je ne m'amuserai point à réfuter cette opinion ridicule; elle tombe par le fait, si l'Abbé, comme dit Duclos, se déclara au contraire, dans le conseil, constamment pour l'affiance avec la Prusse, contre le sentiment même de Louis XV. et de Madame de Pompadour." *Bib. Univ.*—L. E.

(2) Laugier, *Hist. de la Repub. de Venise*, Italian translation, vol. iv. pp. 30, 31.

It is now four years that I have meditated this work; and before I had sufficiently examined the records, I was rather disposed to have made it turn on a jealousy in Faliero. (1) But, perceiving no foundation for this in historical truth, and aware that jealousy is an exhausted passion in the drama, I have given it a more historical form. I was, besides, well advised by the late Matthew Lewis (2) on that point, in talking with him of my intention at Venice in 1817. "If you make him jealous," said he, "recollect that you have to contend with established writers, to say nothing of Shakspeare, and an exhausted subject;—stick to the old fiery Doge's natural character, which will bear you out, if properly drawn; and make your plot as regular as you can." Sir William Drummond gave me nearly the same counsel. How far I have followed these instructions, or whether they have availed me, is not for me to decide. I have had no view to the stage; in its present state it is, perhaps, not a very exalted object of ambition; besides, I have been too much behind the scenes to have thought it so at any time. (3) And I cannot conceive any man of irritable feeling putting himself at the mercies of an audience. The sneering reader, and the loud critic, and the tart review, are scattered and distant calamities; but the trampling of an intelligent or of an ignorant audience on a production which, be it good or bad, has been a mental labour to the writer, is a palpable and immediate grievance, heightened by a man's doubt of their competency to judge, and his certainty of his own imprudence in electing them his judges. Were I capable of writing a play which could be deemed stage-worthy, success would give me no pleasure, and failure great pain. It is for this reason that, even during the time of being one of the committee of one of the theatres, I never made the attempt, and never will. (4) But surely there is dramatic power somewhere, where Joanna Baillie, (5) and Millman, (6) and John Wilson (7) exist. The *City of the Plague* and the *Fall of Jerusalem* are full of the best "*matériel*" for tragedy that has been seen since Horace Walpole, except passages of *Ethwald* and *De Montfort*. It is the fashion to underrate Horace Walpole; firstly, because he was a nobleman, and secondly, because he was a gentleman; but, to say nothing of the composition of his incomparable letters, and of the *Castle of Otranto*, he is the "ultimus Romanorum," the author of the *Mysterious Mother*, a tragedy of the highest order, and not a puling love-play He is the father of the first romance and of the last tragedy in our language, and surely worthy of a higher place than any living writer, be he who he may. (8)

In speaking of the drama of *Marino Faliero*, I for-

(1) In February, 1817, Lord Byron writes to Mr. Murray —"Look into Dr. Moore's *View of Italy* for me: in one of the volumes you will find an account of the Doge Valiero (it ought to be Falieri) and his conspiracy, or the motives of it. Get it transcribed for me, and send it in a letter to me soon. I want it, and cannot find so good an account of that business here; though the veiled portrait, and the place where he was crowned, and afterwards decapitated, still exist and are shown. I have searched all their histories; but the policy of the old aristocracy made their writers silent on his motives, which were a private grievance against one of the patricians. I mean to write a tragedy on the subject, which appears to me very dramatic; an old man, jealous, and conspiring against the state, of which he was actually reigning chief. The last circumstance makes it the most remarkable and only fact of the kind, in all history of all nations."—L. E.

(2) See *ante*, p. 53, note.—P. E.

(3) MS. "It is like being at the whole process of a woman's toilet—it disenchants."—L. E.

(4) While I was in the sub-committee of Drury Lane Theatre, I can vouch for my colleagues and I hope, for myself, that we did our best to bring back the legitimate drama. I tried what I could to get *De Montfort* revived, but in vain, and equally in vain in favour of Sotheby's *Ivan*, which was thought an acting play; and I endeavoured also to wake Mr. Coleridge to write a tragedy. Those who are not in the secret will hardly believe that the *School for Scandal* is the play which has brought *least money*, averaging the number of times it has been acted since its production; so Manager Dibdin assured me. Of what has occurred since Maturin's* *Bertram* I am not aware; so that I may be traducing, through ignorance, some excellent new writers: if so, I beg their pardon. I have been absent from England nearly five years, and, till last year, I never read an English newspaper since my departure, and am now only aware of theatrical matters through the medium of the Parisian Gazette of Galignani, and only for the last twelve months. Let me then deprecate all offence to tragic or comic writers, to whom I wish well, and of whom I know nothing. The long complaints of the actual state of the drama arise, however, from no fault of the performers. I can conceive nothing better than Kemble, Cooke, and Kean, in their very different manners, or than Elliston in *gentleman's* comedy, and in some parts of tragedy. Miss O'Neil I never saw, having made and kept a determination to see nothing which should divide or disturb my recollection of Siddons. Siddons and Kemble were the *ideal* of tragic action; I never saw any thing at all resembling them even in *person*; for this reason, we shall never see again Coriolanus or Macbeth. When Kean is blamed for want of dignity, we should remember that it is a grace, and not an art, and not to be attained by study. In all, *not* SUPER-natural parts, he is perfect; even his very defects belong, or seem to belong, to the parts themselves, and appear truer to nature. But of Kemble we may say, with reference to his acting, what the Cardinal de Retz said of the Marquess of Montrose, "that he was the only man he ever saw who reminded him of the heroes of Plutarch."

(5) Miss Baillie's *Family Legend* is the only one of her dramas that ever had any success on the stage.—L. E.

(6) The Rev. Henry Hart Millman, of Brazen Nose College, Oxford, for some time Professor of Poetry in that University, and now rector of St. Mary's, Reading. *Fazio*, which he wrote before taking his first degree at Oxford, is the only one of his plays that has done well on the stage.—L. E.

(7) John Wilson, of Magdalen College, Oxford, now Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, —the well known author of the *Isle of Palms*, *Margaret Lyndsay*, *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*, etc. etc., and the principal critic as well as humourist of *Blackwood's Magazine*.—L. E.

(8) "Horace Walpole was born with talents to have distinguished himself in the higher departments of literature, of which the *Mysterious Mother*, however disgusting the

* The Rev. Charles Maturin (a curate in Dublin) died in 1824. His first production, the *House of Montorio*, a romance, is the only one of his works that has survived him. When he wished his family to be aware that *the fit* was on him, this fantastical gentleman used to stick a wafer on his forehead.—"Maturin," says Lord byron, "sent his *Bertram* and a letter to the Drury Lane Committee, without his address; so that at first I could give him no answer: when I at length hit upon his residence, I sent him a favourable one, and something more substantial."—L. E.

Mr. Maturin's death, though generally attributed to a malignant fever, was, we believe, really occasioned by an unfortunate accident He was under medical treatment, for some malady, probably for the fever above-mentioned, and at night his medicine was usually placed on a small table by his bed-side, along with a lotion prescribed for a local eruption of the face with which he was at the time afflicted. On awaking suddenly one night, he judged it time to take a draught which was to be given to him at stated hours, and, as there was no light in his chamber, he unfortunately swallowed the lotion instead. The mistake proved fatal. Mr. Maturin, though not without some foibles of a harmless character, was a highly-gifted gentleman of considerable literary attainments; and the fact that such a man was left, with a large family, to starve upon the stipend of a paltry curacy, no doubt speaks volumes for the discernment of the church and state patrons of jovial fox-hunting parsons!—P. E.

got to mention, that the desire of preserving, though still too remote, a nearer approach to unity than the irregularity, which is the reproach of the English theatrical compositions, permits, has induced me to represent the conspiracy as already formed, and the Doge acceding to it; whereas, in fact, it was of his own preparation and that of Israel Bertuccio. The other characters (except that of the Duchess), incidents, and almost the time, which was wonderfully short for such a design in real life, are strictly historical, except that all the consultations took place in the palace. Had I followed this, the unity would have been better preserved; but I wished to produce the Doge in the full assembly of the conspirators, instead of monotonously placing him always in dialogue with the same individuals. For the real facts, I refer to the Appendix.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

MARINO FALIERO, *Doge of Venice.*
BERTUCCIO FALIERO, *Nephew of the Doge.*
LIONI, *a Patrician and Senator.*
BENINTENDE, *Chief of the Council of Ten.*
MICHEL STENO, *one of the three Capi of the Forty.*
ISRAEL BERTUCCIO, *Chief of the Arsenal,*
PHILIP CALENDARO,
DAGOLINO,
BERTRAM,
} *Conspirators.*
Signor of the Night, { *"Signore di Notte," one of the Officers belonging to the Republic.*
First Citizen.
Second Citizen.
Third Citizen.
VINCENZO,
PIETRO,
BATTISTA,
} *Officers belonging to the Ducal Palace.*
Secretary of the Council of Ten.
Guards, Conspirators, Citizens, The Council of Ten, The Giunta, etc. etc.

WOMEN.

ANGIOLINA, *Wife to the Doge.*
MARIANNA, *her Friend.*
Female Attendants, etc.

Scene VENICE—in the year 1355.

subject, must always be a splendid monument. It is true, to use one of his own expressions, that when choosing a topic so dreadful, it seemed as if he had loved melancholy till it had palled on his taste, and was obliged to dream with horror. But the good old English blank verse, the force of character expressed in the wretched mother, and in several of the inferior persons, argue a strength of conception and vigour of expression, capable of great things, and which involuntarily carry us back to the earlier æra of the English Drama, 'when there were giants in the land.'" *Croker.*—L. E.

(1) See *Appendix*, Note [A.]—L. E.

MARINO FALIERO.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

An Antechamber in the Ducal Palace.

PIETRO *speaks, in entering, to* BATTISTA.

Pie. Is not the messenger return'd?
Bat. Not yet;
I have sent frequently, as you commanded,
But still the Signory is deep in council,
And long debate on Steno's accusation. (1)
Pie. Too long—at least so thinks the Doge.
Bat. How bears he
These moments of suspense?
Pie. With struggling patience. (2)
Placed at the ducal table, cover'd o'er
With all the apparel of the state; petitions,
Despatches, judgments, acts, reprieves, reports,
He sits as rapt in duty; (3) but whene'er
He hears the jarring of a distant door,
Or aught that intimates a coming step,
Or murmur of a voice, his quick eye wanders,
And he will start up from his chair, then pause,
And seat himself again, and fix his gaze
Upon some edict; but I have observed
For the last hour he has not turn'd a leaf.
Bat. 'T is said he is much moved,—and doubtless
Foul scorn in Steno to offend so grossly. [t'was
Pie. Ay, if a poor man: Steno's a patrician,
Young, galliard, gay, and haughty. (4)
Bat. Then you think
He will not be judged hardly?
Pie. 'Twere enough
He be judged justly; but 'tis not for us
To anticipate the sentence of the Forty.
Bat. And here it comes.—What news, Vincenzo?

Enter VINCENZO.

Vin. 'Tis
Decided; but as yet his doom's unknown:
I saw the president in act to seal
The parchment which will bear the Forty's judgment
Unto the Doge, and hasten to inform him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Ducal Chamber.

MARINO FALIERO, *Doge; and his Nephew,* BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

Ber. F. It cannot be but they will do you justice.
Doge. Ay, such as the Avogadori (5) did.

(2) Original MS.—
"With seeming patience."—L. E.

(3) In the MS.—
"He sits as deep in duty."—L. E.

(4) In the MS.—
"Young, { galliard / gallant } gay, and haughty."—L. E.

(5) The Avogadori were three in number: they were the conductors of criminal prosecutions on the part of the state; and no act of the councils was valid, unless sanctioned by the presence of one of them.—L. E.

Who sent up my appeal unto the Forty
To try him by his peers, his own tribunal.
Ber. F. His peers will scarce protect him; such an
Would bring contempt on all authority. [act
Doge. Know you not Venice? Know you not the
But we shall see anon. [Forty?
Ber. F. (*addressing* VINCENZO, *then entering.*)
How now—what tidings?
Vin. I am charged to tell his highness that the court
Has pass'd its resolution, and that, soon
As the due forms of judgment are gone through,
The sentence will be sent up to the Doge;
In the mean time the Forty doth salute
The Prince of the Republic, and entreat
His acceptation of their duty.
Doge. Yes—
They are wondrous dutiful, and ever humble.
Sentence is pass'd, you say?
Vin. It is, your highness:
The president was sealing it, when I
Was call'd in, that no moment might be lost
In forwarding the intimation due
Not only to the Chief of the Republic,
But the complainant, both in one united.
Ber. F. Are you aware, from aught you have per-
Of their decision? [ceived
Vin. No, my lord; you know
The secret custom of the courts in Venice.
Ber. F. True; but there still is something given to guess,
Which a shrewd gleaner and quick eye would catch
A whisper, or a murmur, or an air [at;
More or less solemn spread o'er the tribunal.
The Forty are but men—most worthy men,
And wise, and just, and cautious—this I grant—
And secret as the grave to which they doom
The guilty; but with all this, in their aspects—
At least in some, the juniors of the number—
A searching eye, an eye like yours, Vincenzo,
Would read the sentence ere it was pronounced.
Vin. My lord, I came away upon the moment,
And had no leisure to take note of that
Which pass'd among the judges, even in seeming;
My station near the accused too, Michel Steno,
Made me——
Doge (*abruptly*). And how look'd *he?* deliver that.
Vin. Calm, but not overcast, he stood resign'd
To the decree, whate'er it were;—but lo!
It comes, for the perusal of his highness.

Enter the SECRETARY *of the Forty.*

Sec. The high tribunal of the Forty sends
Health and respect to the Doge Faliero,
Chief magistrate of Venice, and requests
His highness to peruse and to approve
The sentence pass'd on Michel Steno, born
Patrician, and arraign'd upon the charge
Contain'd, together with its penalty,
Within the rescript which I now present.
Doge. Retire, and wait without.
[*Exeunt* SECRETARY *and* VINCENZO.
Take thou this paper:
The misty letters vanish from my eyes;
I cannot fix them.
Ber. F. Patience, my dear uncle:
Why do you tremble thus?—nay, doubt not, all
Will be as could be wish'd.
Doge. Say on.
Ber. F. (*reading.*) "Decreed
In council, without one dissenting voice,
That Michel Steno, by his own confession,
Guilty on the last night of carnival
Of having graven on the ducal throne
The following words——" (1)
Doge. Wouldst thou repeat them?
Wouldst *thou* repeat them—*thou*, a Faliero,
Harp on the deep dishonour of our house,
Dishonour'd in its chief—that chief the prince
Of Venice, first of cities?—To the sentence.
Ber. F. Forgive me, my good lord; I will obey—
(*Reads.*) "That Michel Steno be detain'd a month
In close arrest." (2)
Doge. Proceed.
Ber. F. My lord, 'tis finish'd.
Doge. How, say you?—finish'd! Do I dream?—
'tis false—
Give me the paper—(*Snatches the paper and reads*)
—"'Tis decreed in council
That Michel Steno"——Nephew, thine arm!
Ber. F. Nay,
Cheer up, be calm; this transport is uncall'd for—
Let me seek some assistance.
Doge. Stop, sir—Stir not—
'Tis past.
Ber. F. I cannot but agree with you
The sentence is too slight for the offence—
It is not honourable in the Forty
To affix so slight a penalty to that
Which was a foul affront to you, and even
To them, as being your subjects; but 'tis not
Yet without remedy: you can appeal
To them once more, or to the Avogadori,
Who, seeing that true justice is withheld,
Will now take up the cause they once declined,
And do you right upon the bold delinquent.
Think you not thus, good uncle? why do you stand
So fix'd? You heed me not:—I pray you, hear me! (3)
Doge (*dashing down the ducal bonnet, and offering to trample upon it, exclaims, as he is withheld by his nephew*).

(1) "Marino Faliero, dalla bella moglie—altri la gode, ed egli la mantiene." *Sanuto.*—L. E.

(2) "It is not in the plot only, curtailed and crippled as it is of what would have been its due proportions, that we think we can trace the injurious effects of Lord Byron's continental prejudices and his choice of injudicious models. We trace them in the abruptness of his verse, which has all the harshness, though not all the vigour, of Alfieri, and which, instead of that richness and variety of cadence which distinguishes even the most careless of our elder dramatists, is often only distinguishable from prose by the unrelenting uniformity with which it is divided into decasyllabic portions. The sentence of the College of Justice was likely, indeed, to be prosaic; and Shakspeare and our other elder tragedians would have given it as *bona fide* prose, without that affectation (for which, however, Lord Byron has many precedents in modern times) which condemns letters, proclamations, the speeches of the vulgar, and the outcries of the rabble and the soldiery, to strut in the same precise measure with the lofty musings and dignified resentment of the powerful and the wise:—but Bertuccio Faliero might as well have spoken poetry." *Heber.*—L. E.

(3) "The first scenes represent, rather tediously, the Doge waiting impatiently for the sentence of the senate, and raving very extravagantly at its lenity. We think all this part very heavily and even unskilfully executed; nor can it be at all surprising that ordinary readers should not enter into his highness's fury, when it appears that even his nephew

Oh! that the Saracen were in Saint Mark's!
Thus would I do him homage.
Ber. F. For the sake
Of Heaven and all its saints, my lord——
Doge. Away!
Oh that the Genoese were in the port!
Oh that the Huns, whom I o'erthrew at Zara,
Were ranged around the palace!
Ber. F. 'Tis not well
In Venice' Duke to say so.
Doge. Venice' Duke!
Who now is Duke in Venice? let me see him,
That he may do me right.
Ber. F. If you forget
Your office, and its dignity and duty,
Remember that of man, and curb this passion.
The Duke of Venice——
Doge (*interrupting him*). There is no such thing—
It is a word—nay, worse—a worthless by-word:
The most despised, wrong'd, outraged, helpless wretch,
Who begs his bread, if 'tis refused by one,
May win it from another kinder heart;
But he, who is denied his right by those
Whose place it is to do no wrong, is poorer
Than the rejected beggar—he's a slave—
And that am I, and thou, and all our house,
Even from this hour; the meanest artisan
Will point the finger, and the haughty noble
May spit upon us:—where is our redress?
Ber. F. The law, my prince——
Doge (*interrupting him*). You see what it has done—
I ask'd no remedy but from the law—
I sought no vengeance but redress by law—
I call'd no judges but those named by law—
As sovereign, I appeal'd unto my subjects,
The very subjects who had made me sovereign,
And gave me thus a double right to be so.
The rights of place and choice, of birth and service,
Honours and years, these scars, these hoary hairs,
The travel, toil, the perils, the fatigues,
The blood and sweat of almost eighty years,
Were weigh'd i' the balance, 'gainst the foulest stain,
The grossest insult, most contemptuous crime
Of a rank rash patrician—and found wanting!
And this is to be borne!
Ber. F. I say not that:—
In case your fresh appeal should be rejected,
We will find other means to make all even.
Doge. Appeal again! art thou my brother's son?
A scion of the house of Faliero?
The nephew of a Doge? and of that blood
Which hath already given three dukes to Venice?
But thou say'st well—we must be humble now.
Ber. F. My princely uncle! you are too much moved:—
I grant it was a gross offence, and grossly
Left without fitting punishment: but still
This fury doth exceed the provocation,
Or any provocation: if we are wrong'd,
We will ask justice; if it be denied,
We'll take it; but may do all this in calmness—
Deep Vengeance is the daughter of deep Silence.
I have yet scarce a third part of your years,
I love our house, I honour you, its chief,
The guardian of my youth, and its instructor—
But though I understand your grief, and enter
In part of your disdain, it doth appal me
To see your anger, like our Adrian waves,
O'ersweep all bounds, and foam itself to air.
Doge. I tell thee—*must* I tell thee—what thy father
Would have required no words to comprehend?
Hast thou no feeling save the external sense
Of torture from the touch? hast thou no soul—
No pride—no passion—no deep sense of honour?
Ber. F. 'Tis the first time that honour has been doubted,
And were the last, from any other sceptic.
Doge. You know the full offence of this born villain,
This creeping, coward, rank, acquitted felon,
Who threw his sting into a poisonous libel,(1)
And on the honour of—O God!—my wife,
The nearest, dearest part of all men's honour,
Left a base slur to pass from mouth to mouth
Of loose mechanics, with all coarse foul comments,
And villanous jests, and blasphemies obscene;
While sneering nobles, in more polish'd guise,
Whisper'd the tale, and smiled upon the lie
Which made me look like them—a courteous wittol,
Patient—ay, proud, it may be, of dishonour.
Ber. F. But still it was a lie—you knew it false,
And so did all men.
Doge. Nephew, the high Roman
Said, "Cæsar's wife must not even be suspected,"
And put her from him.
Ber. F. True—but in those days——
Doge. What is it that a Roman would not suffer,
That a Venetian prince must bear? Old Dandolo
Refused the diadem of all the Cæsars,
And wore the ducal cap I trample on,
Because 'tis now degraded.
Ber. F. 'Tis even so.
Doge. It is—it is;—I did not visit on
The innocent creature, thus most vilely slander'd
Because she took an old man for her lord,
For that he had been long her father's friend
And patron of her house, as if there were
No love in woman's heart but lust of youth
And beardless faces;—I did not for this
Visit the villain's infamy on her,
But craved my country's justice on his head,
The justice due unto the humblest being
Who hath a wife whose faith is sweet to him,
Who hath a home whose hearth is dear to him,
Who hath a name whose honour's all to him,
When these are tainted by the accursing breath
Of calumny and scorn.
Ber. F. And what redress
Did you expect as his fit punishment?
Doge. Death! Was I not the sovereign of the state—
Insulted on his very throne, and made
A mockery to the men who should obey me?

does not at first understand it. This dutiful person comments thus calmly on the matter, in a speech which, though set down by Lord Byron in lines of ten syllables, we shall take the liberty to print as prose—which it undoubtedly is—and very ordinary and homely prose too:—'*Ber. Fal.* I cannot but agree with you, the sentence is too slight for the offence. It is not honourable in the Forty to affix so slight a penalty to that which was a foul affront to you, and even to them, as being your subjects; but 'tis not yet without remedy: you can appeal to them once more, or to the Avogadori, who, seeing that true justice is withheld, will now take up the cause they once declined, and do you right upon the bold delinquent. Think you not that, good uncle? Why do you stand so fixed? You heed me not. I pray you, hear me.'" *Jeffrey.*—L. E.

(1) In the MS.—
"Who threw his sting into a poisonous rhyme."—L. E.

Was I not injured as a husband? scorn'd
As man? reviled, degraded, as a prince?
Was not offence like his a complication
Of insult and of treason?—and he lives!
Had he instead of on the Doge's throne
Stamp'd the same brand upon a peasant's stool,
His blood had gilt the threshold; for the carle
Had stabb'd him on the instant.

Ber. F. Do not doubt it,
He shall not live till sunset—leave to me
The means, and calm yourself.

Doge. Hold, nephew: this
Would have sufficed but yesterday; at present
I have no further wrath against this man.

Ber. F. What mean you? is not the offence redoubled
By this most rank—I will not say—acquittal;
For it is worse, being full acknowledgment
Of the offence, and leaving it unpunish'd?

Doge. It is *redoubled*, but not now by him:
The Forty hath decreed a month's arrest—
We must obey the Forty.

Ber. F. Obey *them!*
Who have forgot their duty to the sovereign?

Doge. Why yes;—boy, you perceive it then at last:
Whether as fellow-citizen who sues
For justice, or as sovereign who commands it,
They have defrauded me of both my rights
(For here the sovereign is a citizen);
But, notwithstanding, harm not thou a hair
Of Steno's head—he shall not wear it long.

Ber. F. Not twelve hours longer, had you left to me
The mode and means: if you had calmly heard me,
I never meant this miscreant should escape,
But wish'd you to suppress such gusts of passion,
That we more surely might devise together
His taking off.

Doge. No, nephew, he must live,
At least, just now—a life so vile as his
Were nothing at this hour; in the olden time
Some sacrifices ask'd a single victim,
Great expiations had a hecatomb.

Ber. F. Your wishes are my law: and yet I fain
Would prove to you how near unto my heart
The honour of our house must ever be.

Doge. Fear not; you shall have time and place of proof:
But be not thou too rash, as I have been.
I am ashamed of my own anger now;
I pray you, pardon me.

Ber. F. Why that's my uncle!
The leader, and the statesman, and the chief
Of commonwealths, and sovereign of himself!
I wonder'd to perceive you so forget
All prudence in your fury at these years,
Although the cause——

Doge. Ay, think upon the cause—
Forget it not:—When you lie down to rest,
Let it be black among your dreams; and when
The morn returns, so let it stand between
The sun and you, as an ill-omen'd cloud
Upon a summer-day of festival:
So will it stand to me;—but speak not, stir not,—
Leave all to me;—we shall have much to do,
And you shall have a part.—But now retire,
'Tis fit I were alone.

Ber. F. (*taking up and placing the ducal bonnet on the table.*) Ere I depart,
I pray you to resume what you have spurn'd,
Till you can change it, haply for a crown.
And now I take my leave, imploring you
In all things to rely upon my duty,
As doth become your near and faithful kinsman,
And not less loyal citizen and subject.

[*Exit* Bertuccio Faliero.

Doge (*solus*). Adieu, my worthy nephew.—(1)
Hollow bauble! [*Taking up the ducal cap.*
Beset with all the thorns that line a crown,
Without investing the insulted brow
With the all-swaying majesty of kings;
Thou idle, gilded, and degraded toy,
Let me resume thee as I would a vizor. [*Puts it on.*
How my brain aches beneath thee! and my temples
Throb feverish under thy dishonest weight.
Could I not turn thee to a diadem?
Could I not shatter the Briarean sceptre
Which in this hundred-handed senate rules,
Making the people nothing, and the prince
A pageant? In my life I have achieved
Tasks not less difficult—achieved for them,
Who thus repay me!—Can I not requite them?
Oh for one year! Oh! but for even a day
Of my full youth, while yet my body served
My soul as serves the generous steed his lord,
I would have dash'd amongst them, asking few
In aid to overthrow these swoln patricians;
But now I must look round for other hands
To serve this hoary head;—but it shall plan
In such a sort as will not leave the task
Herculean, though as yet 'tis but a chaos
Of darkly-brooding thoughts: my fancy is
In her first work, more nearly to the light
Holding the sleeping images of things
For the selection of the pausing judgment.
The troops are few in——

Enter Vincenzo.

Vin. There is one without
Craves audience of your highness.

Doge. I'm unwell—
I can see no one, not even a patrician—
Let him refer his business to the council.

Vin. My lord, I will deliver your reply;
It cannot much import—he's a plebeian,
The master of a galley, I believe.

Doge. How! did you say the patron of a galley?
That is—I mean—a servant of the state:
Admit him, he may be on public service.

[*Exit* Vincenzo.

Doge (*solus*). This patron may be sounded; I will try him.
I know the people to be discontented:
They have cause, since Sapienza's adverse day,
When Genoa conquer'd: they have further cause,
Since they are nothing in the state, and in
The city worse than nothing—mere machines,

(1) "The youth, being at last talked into a better sense of what their house's honour requires, leaves the Doge brooding over some terrible revenge. At this moment, the captain of a galley comes to complain of an insult he had just received from a senator; and when the Doge rails at the whole senate in terms of great bitterness, is encouraged to inform him, that a plot is on foot for its destruction, which he would do well to join; to which his highness, with marvellous little hesitation, assents, and agrees to come at midnight to this assemblage of plebeian desperadoes. If this were ever so authentically set down in history—which, however, it is not—it would still be a great deal too improbable for a modern tragedy." *Jeffrey.*—L. E.

To serve the nobles' most patrician pleasure.
The troops have long arrears of pay, oft promised,
And murmur deeply—any hope of change
Will draw them forward: they shall pay themselves
With plunder:—but the priests—I doubt the priest-
Will not be with us; they have hated me [hood
Since that rash hour, when, maddenʼd with the drone,
I smote the tardy bishop at Treviso, (1)
Quickening his holy march; yet, neʼertheless,
They may be won, at least their chief at Rome,
By some well-timed concessions; but, above
All things, I must be speedy: at my hour
Of twilight little light of life remains.
Could I free Venice, and avenge my wrongs,
I had lived too long, and willingly would sleep
Next moment with my sires; and, wanting this,
Better that sixty of my fourscore years
Had been already where—how soon, I care not—
The whole must be extinguishʼd;—better that
They neʼer had been, than drag me on to be
The thing these arch-oppressors fain would make me.
Let me consider—of efficient troops
There are three thousand posted at——

Enter VINCENZO *and* ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Vin. May it please
Your highness, the same patron whom I spake of
Is here to crave your patience.
Doge. Leave the chamber,
Vincenzo.— [*Exit* VINCENZO.
Sir, you may advance—what would you?
I. Ber. Redress.
Doge. Of whom?
I. Ber. Of God and of the Doge.
Doge. Alas! my friend, you seek it of the twain
Of least respect and interest in Venice.
You must address the council.
I. Ber. 'Twere in vain;
For he who injured me is one of them. [there?
Doge. There's blood upon thy face—how came it
I. Ber. 'Tis mine, and not the first I've shed for
But the first shed by a Venetian hand: [Venice,
A noble smote me.
Doge. Doth he live?
I. Ber. Not long—
But for the hope I had and have, that you,
My prince, yourself a soldier, will redress
Him, whom the laws of discipline and Venice
Permit not to protect himself;—if not—
I say no more.
Doge. But something you would do—
Is it not so?
I. Ber. I am a man, my lord.
Doge. Why so is he who smote you.
I. Ber. He is callʼd so;
Nay, more, a noble one—at least, in Venice:
But since he hath forgotten that I am one,
And treats me like a brute, the brute may turn—
'Tis said the worm will.
Doge. Say—his name and lineage?
I. Ber. Barbaro.
Doge. What was the cause? or the pretext?
I. Ber. I am the chief of the arsenal, (2) employʼd
At present in repairing certain galleys
But roughly used by the Genoese last year.
This morning comes the noble Barbaro
Full of reproof, because our artisans
Had left some frivolous order of his house,
To execute the state's decree; I dared
To justify the men—he raised his hand;—
Behold my blood! the first time it eʼer flowʼd
Dishonourably.
Doge. Have you long time served?
I. Ber. So long as to remember Zara's siege,
And fight beneath the chief who beat the Huns there,
Sometime my general, now the Doge Faliero.
Doge How! are we comrades?—the state's ducal
Sit newly on me, and you were appointed [robes
Chief of the arsenal ere I came from Rome;
So that I recognised you not. Who placed you?
I. Ber. The late Doge; keeping still my old com-
As patron of a galley: my new office [mand
Was given as the reward of certain scars
(So was your predecessor pleased to say):
I little thought his bounty would conduct me
To his successor as a helpless plaintiff;
At least, in such a cause.
Doge. Are you much hurt?
I. Ber. Irreparably, in my self-esteem.
Doge. Speak out; fear nothing: being stung at heart,
What would you do to be revenged on this man?
I. Ber. That which I dare not name, and yet will do.
Doge. Then wherefore came you here?
I. Ber. I come for justice,
Because my general is Doge, and will not
See his old soldier trampled on. Had any,
Save Faliero, fillʼd the ducal throne,
This blood had been washʼd out in other blood.
Doge. You come to me for justice—unto *me!*
The Doge of Venice, and I cannot give it;
I cannot even obtain it—'twas denied
To me most solemnly an hour ago.
I. Ber. How says your highness?
Doge. Steno is condemnʼd
To a month's confinement.
I. Ber. What! the same who dared
To stain the ducal throne with those foul words,
That have cried shame to every ear in Venice?
Doge. Ay, doubtless they have echoʼd oʼer the arsenal,
Keeping due time with every hammer's clink
As a good jest to jolly artisans;
Or making chorus to the creaking oar,
In the vile tune of every galley-slave,
Who, as he sung the merry stave, exulted
He was not a shamed dotard like the Doge.
I. Ber. Is't possible? a month's imprisonment!
No more for Steno?
Doge. You have heard the offence,
And now you know his punishment; and then
You ask redress of *me!* Go to the Forty,
Who passʼd the sentence upon Michel Steno;

(1) An historical fact. See Marin Sanuto's *Lives of the Doges.*—["Sanuto says that Heaven took away his senses for this buffet, and induced him to conspire:—'Però fu permesso che il Faleiro perdette l'intelletto,'" etc. *B. Letters.*—L. E.]

(2) This officer was chief of the artisans of the arsenal, and commanded the Bucentaur, for the safety of which, even if an accidental storm should arise, he was responsible with his life. He mounted guard at the ducal palace during an interregnum, and bore the red standard before the new Doge on his inauguration; for which service his perquisites were the ducal mantle, and the two silver basins from which the Doge scattered the regulated pittance which he was permitted to throw among the people. *Amelot de la Houssaye*, 79.—L. E.

They'll do as much by Barbaro, no doubt.
I. Ber. Ah! dared I speak my feelings!
Doge. Give them breath;
Mine have no further outrage to endure.
I. Ber. Then, in a word, it rests but on your word
To punish and avenge—I will not say
My petty wrong, for what is a mere blow,
However vile, to such a thing as I am?—
But the base insult done your state and person.
Doge. You overrate my power, which is a pageant.
This cap is not the monarch's crown; these robes
Might move compassion, like a beggar's rags;
Nay, more, a beggar's are his own, and these
But lent to the poor puppet, who must play
Its part with all its empire in this ermine.
I. Ber. Wouldst thou be king?
Doge. Yes—of a happy people.
I. Ber. Wouldst thou be sovereign lord of Venice? (1)
Doge. Ay,
If that the people shared that sovereignty,
So that nor they nor I were further slaves
To this o'ergrown aristocratic hydra,
The poisonous heads of whose envenom'd body
Have breathed a pestilence upon us all. [patrician.
I. Ber. Yet, thou wast born, and still hast lived,
Doge. In evil hour was I so born; my birth
Hath made me Doge to be insulted: but
I lived and toil'd a soldier and a servant
Of Venice and her people, not the senate;
Their good and my own honour were my guerdon.
I have fought and bled; commanded, ay, and conquer'd;
Have made and marr'd peace oft in embassies,
As it might chance to be our country's 'vantage;
Have traversed land and sea in constant duty,
Through almost sixty years, and still for Venice,
My fathers' and my birthplace, whose dear spires,
Rising at distance o'er the blue Lagoon,
It was reward enough for me to view
Once more; but not for any knot of men,
Nor sect, nor faction, did I bleed or sweat!
But would you know why I have done all this?
Ask of the bleeding pelican why she
Hath ripp'd her bosom? Had the bird a voice,
She'd tell thee 'twas for *all* her little ones.
I. Ber. And yet they made thee duke.
Doge. *They made* me so;
I sought it not, the flattering fetters met me
Returning from my Roman embassy,
And never having hitherto refused
Toil, charge, or duty for the state, I did not,
At these late years, decline what was the highest
Of all in seeming, but of all most base
In what we have to do and to endure:
Bear witness for me thou, my injured subject,
When I can neither right myself nor thee.
I. Ber. You shall do both, if you possess the will;
And many thousands more, not less oppress'd,
Who wait but for a signal—will you give it?
Doge. You speak in riddles.
I. Ber. Which shall soon be read,
At peril of my life; if you disdain not
To lend a patient ear.
Doge. Say on.
I. Ber. Not thou,
Nor I alone, are injured and abused,
Contemn'd and trampled on; but the whole people
Groan with the strong conception of their wrongs:
The foreign soldiers in the senate's pay
Are discontented for their long arrears;
The native mariners, and civic troops,
Feel with their friends; for who is he amongst them
Whose brethren, parents, children, wives, or sisters,
Have not partook oppression, or pollution,
From the patricians? And the hopeless war
Against the Genoese, which is still maintain'd
With the plebeian blood, and treasure wrung
From their hard earnings, has inflamed them further:
Even now—but, I forget that, speaking thus,
Perhaps I pass the sentence of my death!
Doge. And suffering what thou hast done—fear'st thou death?
Be silent then, and live on, to be beaten
By those for whom thou hast bled.
I. Ber. No, I will speak
At every hazard; and if Venice' Doge
Should turn delator, be the shame on him,
And sorrow too; for he will lose far more
Than I.
Doge. From me fear nothing; out with it!
I. Ber. Know then, that there are met and sworn in secret (2)
A band of brethren, valiant hearts and true;
Men who have proved all fortunes, and have long
Grieved over that of Venice, and have right
To do so; having served her in all climes,
And having rescued her from foreign foes,
Would do the same from those within her walls.
They are not numerous, nor yet too few
For their great purpose; they have arms, and means,
And hearts, and hopes, and faith, and patient courage.
Doge. For what then do they pause?
I. Ber. An hour to strike.
Doge (*aside*). Saint Mark's shall strike that hour! (3)
I. Ber. I now have placed
My life, my honour, all my earthly hopes
Within thy power, but in the firm belief
That injuries like ours, sprung from one cause,
Will generate one vengeance: should it be so,
Be our chief now—our sovereign hereafter.

(1) "Upon this the Admiral returned, 'My Lord Duke, if you would wish to make yourself a prince, and cut all those cuckoldy gentlemen to pieces, I have the heart, if you do but help me, to make you prince of all the state; and then you may punish them all.' Hearing this, the Duke said,—'How can such a matter be brought about?' and so they discoursed thereon." Such is Sanuto's narrative, and we have nothing more certain to offer. It is not easy to say whence he obtained his intelligence. If such a conversation as that which he relates really did occur, it must have taken place without the presence of witnesses, and therefore could be disclosed only by one of the parties. It is far more likely that the chronicler is relating that which he *supposed*, than that which he *knew*; and, as it must be admitted that the interview with the admiral of the arsenal occurred, and that immediately after it the Doge was found linked with the daring band of which that officer was chief, there is no violation of probability in granting that some such conversation took place; and that the train was ignited by this collision of two angry spirits." See *Sketches of Venetian History* (forming vols. xx. and xxi. of *The Family Library*), vol. i. p. 265.—L. E.

(2) Galt suggests that this description of the conspirators is applicable to, as it was probably derived from, the Carbonari, with whom Byron was himself disposed to take a part.—P. E.

(3) The bells of San Marco were never rung but by order of the Doge. One of the pretexts for ringing this alarm was to have been an announcement of the appearance of a Genoese fleet off the Lagune.

Doge. How many are ye?
I. Ber. I'll not answer that
Till I am answer'd.
Doge. How, sir! do you menace?
I. Ber. No; I affirm. I have betray'd myself;
But there's no torture in the mystic wells
Which undermine your palace, nor in those
Not less appalling cells, the "leaden roofs,"
To force a single name from me of others,
The Pozzi(1) and the Piombi were in vain;
They might wring blood from me, but treachery never.
And I would pass the fearful "Bridge of Sighs," (2)
Joyous that mine must be the last that e'er
Would echo o'er the Stygian wave which flows
Between the murderers and the murder'd, washing
The prison and the palace walls: there are
Those who would live to think on't, and avenge me.
Doge. If such your power and purpose, why come
To sue for justice, being in the course [here
To do yourself due right?
I. Ber. Because the man,
Who claims protection from authority,
Showing his confidence and his submission
To that authority, can hardly be
Suspected of combining to destroy it.
Had I sate down too humbly with this blow,
A moody brow and mutter'd threats had made me
A mark'd man to the Forty's inquisition;
But loud complaint, however angrily
It shapes its phrase, is little to be fear'd,
And less distrusted. But, besides all this,
I had another reason.
Doge. What was that?
I. Ber. Some rumours that the Doge was greatly moved
By the reference of the Avogadori
Of Michael Steno's sentence to the Forty
Had reach'd me. I had served you, honour'd you,
And felt that you were dangerously insulted,
Being of an order of such spirits, as
Requite tenfold both good and evil: 't was
My wish to prove and urge you to redress.
Now you know all; and that I speak the truth,
My peril be the proof.
Doge. You have deeply ventured;
But all must do so who would greatly win:
Thus far I'll answer you—your secret's safe.
I. Ber. And is this all?
Doge. Unless with all intrusted,
What would you have me answer?
I. Ber. I would have you
Trust him who leaves his life in trust with you.

(1) "The state dungeons, called Pozzi, or wells, were sunk in the thick walls of the palace; and the prisoner, when taken out to die, was conducted across the gallery to the other side, and being then led back into the other compartment, or cell, upon the bridge, was there strangled. The low portal through which the criminal was taken into this cell is now walled up; but the passage is open, and is still known by the name of the Bridge of Sighs." *Hobhouse.*—L. E.

(2) "That deep descent (thou canst not yet discern
Aught as it is) leads to the dripping vaults
Under the flood, where light and warmth were never;
Leads to a cover'd bridge—the Bridge of Sighs—
And to that fatal closet at the foot,
Lurking for prey, which, when a victim came,
Grew less and less, contracting to a span;—
An iron-door, urged onward by a screw,
Forcing out life." *Rogers.*—L. E.

Doge. But I must know your plan, your names, and numbers;
The last may then be doubled, and the former
Matured and strengthen'd.
I. Ber. We're enough already;
You are the sole ally we covet now.
Doge. But bring me to the knowledge of your chiefs.
I. Ber. That shall be done upon your formal pledge
To keep the faith that we will pledge to you.
Doge. When? where?
I. Ber. This night I'll bring to your apartment
Two of the principals: a greater number
Were hazardous.
Doge. Stay, I must think of this.
What if I were to trust myself amongst you,
And leave the palace?
I. Ber. You must come alone.
Doge. With but my nephew.
I. Ber. Not were he your son.
Doge. Wretch! darest thou name my son? He died in arms
At Sapienza, for this faithless state.
Oh! that he were alive, and I in ashes!
Or that he were alive ere I be ashes!
I should not need the dubious aid of strangers.
I. Ber. Not one of all those strangers whom thou [doubtest
But will regard thee with a filial feeling,
So that thou keep'st a father's faith with them.
Doge. The die is cast. Where is the place of meeting?
I. Ber. At midnight I will be alone and mask'd
Where'er your highness pleases to direct me,
To wait your coming, and conduct you where
You shall receive our homage, and pronounce
Upon our project.
Doge. At what hour arises
The moon?
I. Ber. Late, but the atmosphere is thick and dusky:
'Tis a sirocco.
Doge. At the midnight hour, then,
Near to the church where sleep my sires; the same,
Twin-named from the apostles John and Paul; (3)
A gondola (4), with one oar only, will
Lurk in the narrow channel which glides by.
Be there.
I. Ber. I will not fail.
Doge. And now retire——
I. Ber. In the full hope your highness will not falter
In your great purpose. Prince, I take my leave.
[*Exit* Israel Bertuccio.
Doge (solus). At midnight, by the church Saints John and Paul,

(3) "The Doges were all buried in St. Mark's, before Faliero. It is singular that when his predecessor, Andrea Dandolo, died, the Ten made a law that all the future Doges should be buried with their families in their own churches—one would think, by a kind of presentiment. So that all that is said of his *ancestral Doges*, as buried at St. John's and Paul's, is altered from the fact, they being in St. Mark's. Make a note of this, and put *Editor* as the subscription to it. As I make such pretensions to accuracy, I should not like to be twitted even with such trifles on that score. Of the play they may say what they please, but not so of my costume and *drama*, *perz.*—they having been real existences." *B. Letters*, Oct. 1820.—L. E.

(4) A gondola is not like a common boat, but is as easily rowed with one oar as with two (though, of course, not so swiftly), and often is so from motives of privacy, and, since the decay of Venice, of economy.

Where sleep my noble fathers, I repair—
To what? to hold a council in the dark
With common ruffians leagued to ruin states!
And will not my great sires leap from the vault,
Where lie two doges who preceded me,
And pluck me down amongst them? Would they could!
For I should rest in honour with the honour'd.
Alas! I must not think of them, but those
Who have made me thus unworthy of a name
Noble and brave as aught of consular
On Roman marbles; but I will redeem it
Back to its antique lustre in our annals,
By sweet revenge on all that's base in Venice,
And freedom to the rest, or leave it black
To all the growing calumnies of time,
Which never spare the fame of him who fails,
But try the Cæsar, or the Catiline,
By the true touchstone of desert—success. (1)

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Ducal Palace.

ANGIOLINA (*wife of the* DOGE) *and* MARIANNA.

Ang. What was the Doge's answer?
Mar. That he was
That moment summon'd to a conference;
But 'tis by this time ended. I perceived
Not long ago the senators embarking;
And the last gondola may now be seen
Gliding into the throng of barks which stud
The glittering waters.
Ang. Would he were return'd!
He has been much disquieted of late;
And Time, which has not tamed his fiery spirit,
Nor yet enfeebled even his mortal frame,
Which seems to be more nourish'd by a soul
So quick and restless that it would consume
Less hardy clay—Time has but little power
On his resentments or his griefs. Unlike
To other spirits of his order, who,
In the first burst of passion, pour away
Their wrath or sorrow, all things wear in him
An aspect of eternity: his thoughts,
His feelings, passions, good or evil, all
Have nothing of old age; and his bold brow
Bears but the scars of mind, the thoughts of years,
Not their decrepitude; and he of late
Has been more agitated than his wont.
Would he were come! for I alone have power
Upon his troubled spirit.
Mar. It is true,
His highness has of late been greatly moved
By the affront of Steno, and with cause:
But the offender doubtless even now
Is doom'd to expiate his rash insult with
Such chastisement as will enforce respect
To female virtue, and to noble blood.
Ang. 'T was a gross insult; but I heed it not
For the rash scorner's falsehood in itself,
But for the effect, the deadly deep impression
Which it has made upon Faliero's soul,
The proud, the fiery, the austere—austere
To all save me: I tremble when I think
To what it may conduct.
Mar. Assuredly
The Doge can not suspect you?
Ang. Suspect *me!*
Why Steno dared not: when he scrawl'd his lie,
Grovelling by stealth in the moon's glimmering light,
His own still conscience smote him for the act,
And every shadow on the walls frown'd shame
Upon his coward calumny.
Mar. 'T were fit
He should be punish'd grievously.
Ang. He is so.
Mar. What! is the sentence pass'd? is he condemn'd? (2)
Ang. I know not that, but he has been detected.
Mar. And deem you this enough for such foul scorn?
Ang. I would not be a judge in my own cause,
Nor do I know what sense of punishment
May reach the soul of ribalds such as Steno;
But if his insults sink no deeper in
The minds of the inquisitors than they
Have ruffled mine, he will, for all acquittance,
Be left to his own shamelessness or shame.
Mar. Some sacrifice is due to slander'd virtue.
Ang. Why, what is virtue if it needs a victim?
Or if it must depend upon men's words?
The dying Roman said, "'t was but a name:"
It were indeed no more, if human breath
Could make or mar it.
Mar. Yet full many a dame,
Stainless and faithful, would feel all the wrong
Of such a slander; and less rigid ladies,
Such as abound in Venice, would be loud
And all-inexorable in their cry
For justice.
Ang. This but proves it is the name,
And not the quality, they prize: the first
Have found it a hard task to hold their honour,
If they require it to be blazon'd forth;
And those who have not kept it, seek its seeming,
As they would look out for an ornament
Of which they feel the want, but not because
They think it so; they live in others' thoughts,
And would seem honest as they must seem fair.
Mar. You have strange thoughts for a patrician dame.
Ang. And yet they were my father's; with his name,
The sole inheritance he left.
Mar. You want none;
Wife to a prince, the chief of the republic.
Ang. I should have sought none though a peasant's bride,
But feel not less the love and gratitude
Due to my father, who bestow'd my hand
Upon his early, tried, and trusted friend,
The Count Val di Marino, now our Doge.
Mar. And with that hand did he bestow your heart?

(1) "What Gifford says of the first act is very consolatory. English—sterling *genuine English*, is a desideratum amongst you, and I am glad that I have got so much left; though Heaven knows how I retain it: I *hear* none but from my valet, and he is Nottinghamshire; and I *see* none but in your new publications, and theirs is no language at all, but jargon. Gifford says that it is good English, and Foscolo says that the characters are right Venetian—
'Here are in all *two* worthy voices gained.'"
B. Letters, Sept. 1820.—L. E.

(2) In the MS.—
"What! is the sentence pass'd? { is he condemn'd?"
{ has he been doom'd?"—L. E.

Ang. He did so, or it had not been bestow'd.
Mar. Yet this strange disproportion in your years,
And, let me add, disparity of tempers,
Might make the world doubt whether such a union
Could make you wisely permanently happy.
Ang. The world will think with worldlings; but my heart
Has still been in my duties, which are many,
But never difficult.
Mar. And do you love him?
Ang. I love all noble qualities which merit
Love, and I loved my father, who first taught me
To single out what we should love in others,
And to subdue all tendency to lend
The best and purest feelings of our nature
To baser passions. He bestow'd my hand
Upon Faliero: he had known him noble,
Brave, generous; rich in all the qualities
Of soldier, citizen, and friend; in all
Such have I found him as my father said.
His faults are those that dwell in the high bosoms
Of men who have commanded; too much pride,
And the deep passions fiercely foster'd by
The uses of patricians, and a life
Spent in the storms of state and war; and also
From the quick sense of honour, which becomes
A duty to a certain sign, a vice
When overstrain'd, and this I fear in him.
And then he has been rash from his youth upwards,
Yet temper'd by redeeming nobleness
In such sort, that the wariest of republics
Has lavish'd all its chief employs upon him,
From his first fight to his last embassy,
From which on his return the dukedom met him.
Mar. But previous to this marriage, had your heart
Ne'er beat for any of the noble youth,
Such as in years had been more meet to match
Beauty like yours? or since have you ne'er seen
One, who, if your fair hand were still to give,
Might now pretend to Loredano's daughter?
Ang. I answer'd your first question when I said I married.
Mar. And the second?
Ang. Needs no answer.
Mar. I pray you pardon, if I have offended.
Ang. I feel no wrath, but some surprise: I knew not
That wedded bosoms could permit themselves
To ponder upon what they *now* might choose,
Or aught save their past choice.
Mar. 'Tis their past choice
That, far too often, makes them deem they would
Now choose more wisely, could they cancel it.
Ang. It may be so. I knew not of such thoughts.
Mar. Here comes the Doge—shall I retire?
Ang. It may
Be better you should quit me; he seems rapt
In thought.—How pensively he takes his way!
[*Exit* Marianna.

Enter the Doge *and* Pietro.

Doge (*musing*). There is a certain Philip Calendaro
Now in the arsenal, who holds command
Of eighty men, and has great influence
Besides on all the spirits of his comrades:
This man, I hear, is bold and popular,
Sudden and daring, and yet secret; 'twould
Be well that he were won: I needs must hope
That Israel Bertuccio has secured him,
But fain would be——
Pie. My lord, pray pardon me
For breaking in upon your meditation;
The Senator Bertuccio, your kinsman,
Charged me to follow and inquire your pleasure
To fix an hour when he may speak with you.
Doge. At sunset.—Stay a moment—let me see—
Say in the second hour of night. [*Exit* Pietro.
Ang. My lord!
Doge. My dearest child, forgive me—why delay
So long approaching me?—I saw you not.
Ang. You were absorb'd in thought, and he who now
Has parted from you might have words of weight
To bear you from the senate.
Doge. From the senate? (1)
Ang. I would not interrupt him in his duty
And theirs.
Doge. The senate's duty! you mistake;
'Tis we who owe all service to the senate.
Ang. I thought the Duke had held command in Venice. [jocund.
Doge. He shall.—But let that pass.—We will be
How fares it with you? have you been abroad?
The day is overcast, but the calm wave
Favours the gondolier's light skimming oar;
Or have you held a levee of your friends?
Or has your music made you solitary?
Say—is there aught that you would will within
The little sway now left the Duke? or aught
Of fitting splendour, or of honest pleasure,
Social or lonely, that would glad your heart,
To compensate for many a dull hour, wasted
On an old man oft moved with many cares?
Speak, and 't is done.
Ang. You're ever kind to me.
I have nothing to desire, or to request,
Except to see you oftener and calmer.
Doge. Calmer?
Ang. Ay, calmer, my good lord.—Ah, why
Do you still keep apart, and walk alone,
And let such strong emotions stamp your brow,
As not betraying their full import, yet
Disclose too much?
Doge. Disclose too much!—of what!

(1) "This scene is, perhaps, the finest in the whole play. The character of the calm pure-spirited Angiolina is developed in it most admirably;—the great difference between her temper and that of her fiery husband is vividly portrayed;—but not less vividly touched is that strong bond of their union which exists in the common nobleness of their deeper natures. There is no spark of jealousy in the old man's thoughts.—he does not expect the fervours of youthful passion in his wife, nor does he find them: but he finds what is far better,—the fearless confidence of one, who, being to the heart's core innocent, can scarcely be a believer in the existence of such a thing as guilt. He finds every charm which gratitude, respect, anxious and deep-seated affection can give to the confidential language of a lovely, and a modest, and a pious woman. She has been extremely troubled by her observance of the countenance and gesture of the Doge, ever since the discovery of Steno's guilt; and she does all she can to soothe him from his proud irritation. Strong in her consciousness of purity, she has brought herself to regard without anger the insult offered to herself; and the yet uncorrected instinct of a noble heart makes her try to persuade her lord, as she is herself persuaded, that Steno, whatever be the sentence of his judges, must be punished—more even than they would wish him to be—by the secret suggestions of his own guilty conscience,—the deep blushes of his privacy." *Lockhart.*—L. E.

What is there to disclose?
Ang. A heart so ill
At ease.
Doge. 'Tis nothing, child.—But in the state
You know what daily cares oppress all those
Who govern this precarious commonwealth;
Now suffering from the Genoese without,
And malcontents within—'tis this which makes me
More pensive and less tranquil than my wont.
Ang. Yet this existed long before, and never
Till in these late days did I see you thus.
Forgive me; there is something at your heart
More than the mere discharge of public duties,
Which long use and a talent like to yours
Have render'd light, nay, a necessity,
To keep your mind from stagnating. 'Tis not
In hostile states, nor perils, thus to shake you;
You, who have stood all storms and never sunk,
And climb'd up to the pinnacle of power
And never fainted by the way, and stand
Upon it, and can look down steadily
Along the depth beneath, and ne'er feel dizzy.
Were Genoa's galleys riding in the port,
Were civil fury raging in Saint Mark's,
You are not to be wrought on, but would fall,
As you have risen, with an unalter'd brow—
Your feelings now are of a different kind;
Something has stung your pride, not patriotism.
Doge. Pride! Angiolina? Alas! none is left me.
Ang. Yes—the same sin that overthrew the angels,
And of all sins most easily besets
Mortals the nearest to the angelic nature:
The vile are only vain; the great are proud.
Doge. I *had* the pride of honour, of *your* honour,
Deep at my heart——But let us change the theme.
Ang. Ah no!—As I have ever shared your kindness
In all things else, let me not be shut out
From your distress; were it of public import,
You know I never sought, would never seek,
To win a word from you; but feeling now
Your grief is private, it belongs to me
To lighten or divide it. Since the day
When foolish Steno's ribaldry detected
Unfix'd your quiet, you are greatly changed,
And I would soothe you back to what you were.
Doge. To what I was!—Have you heard Steno's sentence?
Ang. No.
Doge. A month's arrest.
Ang. Is it not enough?
Doge. Enough!—yes, for a drunken galley-slave,
Who, stung by stripes, may murmur at his master;
But not for a deliberate, false, cool villain,
Who stains a lady's and a prince's honour
Even on the throne of his authority.
Ang. There seems to me enough in the conviction
Of a patrician guilty of a falsehood;
All other punishment were light unto
His loss of honour.
Doge. Such men have no honour;
They have but their vile lives—and these are spared.
Ang. You would not have him die for this offence?
Doge. Not *now*:—being still alive, I'd have him live
Long as *he* can; he has ceased to merit death;
The guilty saved hath damn'd his hundred judges,
And he is pure, for now his crime is theirs.
Ang. Oh! had this false and flippant libeller
Shed his young blood for his absurd lampoon,
Ne'er from that moment could this breast have known
A joyous hour, or dreamless slumber more.
Doge. Does not the law of Heaven say blood for blood?
And he who *taints* kills more than he who sheds it.
Is it the *pain* of blows, or *shame* of blows,
That make such deadly to the sense of man?
Do not the laws of man say blood for honour?
And, less than honour, for a little gold?
Say not the laws of nations blood for treason?
Is't nothing to have fill'd these veins with poison
For their once healthful current? is it nothing
To have stain'd your name and mine—the noblest
Is't nothing to have brought into contempt [names?
A prince before his people? to have fail'd
In the respect accorded by mankind
To youth in woman, and old age in man?
To virtue in your sex, and dignity [him. (1)
In ours?—But let them look to it who have saved
Ang. Heaven bids us to forgive our enemies.
Doge. Doth Heaven forgive her own? Is Satan saved
From wrath eternal? (2)
Ang. Do not speak thus wildly—
Heaven will alike forgive you and your foes.
Doge. Amen! May Heaven forgive them!
Ang. And will you?
Doge. Yes, when they are in heaven!
Ang. And not till then?
Doge. What matters my forgiveness? an old man's,
Worn out, scorn'd, spurn'd, abused? what matters then
My pardon more than my resentment, both
Being weak and worthless? I have lived too long.
But let us change the argument.—My child!
My injured wife, the child of Loredano,
The brave, the chivalrous, how little deem'd
Thy father, wedding thee unto his friend,
That he was linking thee to shame!—Alas!
Shame without sin, for thou art faultless. Hadst thou
But had a different husband, *any* husband
In Venice save the Doge, this blight, this brand,
This blasphemy had never fallen upon thee.
So young, so beautiful, so good, so pure,
To suffer this, and yet be unavenged!
Ang. I am too well avenged, for you still love me,
And trust, and honour me; and all men know
That you are just, and I am true: what more
Could I require, or you command?
Doge. 'Tis well,
And may be better; but whate'er betide,
Be thou at least kind to my memory.
Ang. Why speak you thus?
Doge. It is no matter why;
But I would still, whatever others think,
Have your respect both now and in my grave.

(1) "This scene between the Doge and Angiolina, though intolerably long, has more force and beauty than any thing that goes before it. She endeavours to soothe the furious mood of her aged partner; while he insists that nothing but the libeller's death could make fitting expiation for his offence. This speech of the Doge is an elaborate, and after all, ineffectual attempt, by rhetorical exaggerations, to give some colour to the insane and unmeasured resentment on which the piece hinges." *Jeffrey.*—L. E.

(2) In the MS.—

"Doth Heaven forgive her own? { is there not Hell? / is Satan saved.
{ But be it so."
{ From wrath eternal?"—L. E.

Ang. Why should you doubt it? has it ever fail'd?
Doge. Come hither, child; I would a word with you.
Your father was my friend; unequal fortune
Made him my debtor for some courtesies
Which bind the good more firmly: when, oppress'd
With his last malady, he will'd our union,
It was not to repay me, long repaid
Before by his great loyalty in friendship;
His object was to place your orphan beauty
In honourable safety from the perils,
Which, in this scorpion nest of vice, assail
A lonely and undower'd maid. I did not
Think with him, but would not oppose the thought
Which soothed his death-bed.
Ang. I have not forgotten
The nobleness with which you bade me speak,
If my young heart held any preference
Which would have made me happier; nor your offer
To make my dowry equal to the rank
Of aught in Venice, and forego all claim
My father's last injunction gave you.
Doge. Thus,
'T was not a foolish dotard's vile caprice,
Nor the false edge of aged appetite,
Which made me covetous of girlish beauty,
And a young bride: for in my fieriest youth
I sway'd such passions; nor was this my age
Infected with that leprosy of lust
Which taints the hoariest years of vicious men,
Making them ransack to the very last
The dregs of pleasure for their vanish'd joys:
Or buy in selfish marriage some young victim,
Too helpless to refuse a state that's honest,
Too feeling not to know herself a wretch.
Our wedlock was not of this sort; you had
Freedom from me to choose, and urged in answer
Your father's choice.
Ang. I did so; I would do so
In face of earth and heaven; for I have never
Repented for my sake; sometimes for yours,
In pondering o'er your late disquietudes. (1)
Doge. I knew my heart would never treat you harshly;
I knew my days could not disturb you long;
And then the daughter of my earliest friend,
His worthy daughter, free to choose again,
Wealthier and wiser, in the ripest bloom
Of womanhood, more skilful to select
By passing these probationary years,
Inheriting a prince's name and riches,
Secured, by the short penance of enduring
An old man for some summers, against all
That law's chicane or envious kinsmen might
Have urged against her right; my best friend's child
Would choose more fitly in respect of years,
And not less truly in a faithful heart.
Ang. My lord, I look'd but to my father's wishes,
Hallow'd by his last words, and to my heart
For doing all its duties, and replying
With faith to him with whom I was affianced.
Ambitious hopes ne'er cross'd my dreams; and should
The hour you speak of come, it will be seen so.
Doge. I do believe you; and I know you true:
For love, romantic love, which in my youth
I knew to be illusion, and ne'er saw
Lasting, but often fatal, it had been
No lure for me, in my most passionate days,
And could not be so now, did such exist.
But such respect, and mildly-paid regard
As a true feeling for your welfare, and
A free compliance with all honest wishes;
A kindness to your virtues, watchfulness
Not shown, but shadowing o'er such little failings
As youth is apt in, so as not to check
Rashly, but win you from them ere you knew
You had been won, but thought the change your choice;
A pride, not in your beauty, but your conduct,—
A trust in you—a patriarchal love,
And not a doting homage—friendship, faith—
Such estimation in your eyes as these
Might claim, I hoped for.
Ang. And have ever had.
Doge. I think so. For the difference in our years
You knew it, choosing me, and chose: I trusted
Not to my qualities, nor would have faith
In such, nor outward ornaments of nature,
Were I still in my five-and-twentieth spring;
I trusted to the blood of Loredano
Pure in your veins; I trusted to the soul
God gave you—to the truths your father taught you—
To your belief in Heaven—to your mild virtues—
To your own faith and honour, for my own.
Ang. You have done well.—I thank you for that trust,
Which I have never for one moment ceased
To honour you the more for.
Doge. Where is honour,
Innate and precept-strengthen'd, 't is the rock
Of faith connubial: where it is not—where
Light thoughts are lurking, or the vanities
Of worldly pleasure rankle in the heart,
Or sensual throbs convulse it, well I know
'Twere hopeless for humanity to dream
Of honesty in such infected blood,
Although 't were wed to him it covets most:
An incarnation of the poet's god
In all his marble-chisell'd beauty, or
The demi-deity, Alcides, in
His majesty of superhuman manhood,
Would not suffice to bind where virtue is not;
It is consistency which forms and proves it:
Vice cannot fix, and virtue cannot change.
The once-fall'n woman must for ever fall;
For vice must have variety, while virtue
Stands like the sun, and all which rolls around
Drinks life, and light, and glory from her aspect. (2)
Ang. And seeing, feeling thus this truth in others,
(I pray you pardon me;) but wherefore yield you
To the most fierce of fatal passions, and
Disquiet your great thoughts with restless hate
Of such a thing as Steno?
Doge. You mistake me.
It is not Steno who could move me thus;
Had it been so, he should——but let that pass.
Ang. What is 't you feel so deeply, then, even now?
Doge. The violated majesty of Venice,
At once insulted in her lord and laws.
Ang. Alas! why will you thus consider it? [back.
Doge. I have thought on 't till——but let me lead you

(1) In the MS.—

"In pondering o'er your late { disquietudes."
{ inquietudes."—L. E.

(2) "These passages, though not perfectly dramatic, have great sweetness and dignity, and remind us, in their rich verbosity, of the moral and mellifluous parts of Massinger." *Jeffrey.*—L. E.

To what I urged; all these things being noted,
I wedded you; the world then did me justice
Upon the motive, and my conduct proved
They did me right, while yours was all to praise:
You had all freedom—all respect—all trust
From me and mine; and, born of those who made
Princes at home, and swept kings from their thrones
On foreign shores, in all things you appear'd
Worthy to be our first of native dames.

Ang. To what does this conduct?

Doge. To thus much—that
A miscreant's angry breath may blast it all—
A villain, whom for his unbridled bearing,
Even in the midst of our great festival,
I caused to be conducted forth, and taught
How to demean himself in ducal chambers;
A wretch like this may leave upon the wall
The blighting venom of his sweltering heart,
And this shall spread itself in general poison;
And woman's innocence, man's honour, pass
Into a by-word; and the doubly felon
(Who first insulted virgin modesty
By a gross affront to your attendant damsels
Amidst the noblest of our dames in public)
Requite himself for his most just expulsion
By blackening publicly his sovereign's consort,
And be absolved by his upright compeers.

Ang. But he has been condemn'd into captivity.

Doge. For such as him a dungeon were acquittal;
And his brief term of mock-arrest will pass
Within a palace. But I've done with him;
The rest must be with you.

Ang. With me, my lord?

Doge. Yes, Angiolina. Do not marvel; I
Have let this prey upon me till I feel
My life cannot be long; and fain would have you
Regard the injunctions you will find within
This scroll (*giving her a paper*)——Fear not; they are for your advantage:
Read them hereafter at the fitting hour.

Ang. My lord, in life, and after life, you shall
Be honour'd still by me: but may your days
Be many yet—and happier than the present!
This passion will give way, and you will be
Serene, and what you should be—what you were.

Doge. I will be what I should be, or be nothing;
But never more—oh! never, never more,
O'er the few days or hours which yet await
The blighted old age of Faliero, shall
Sweet Quiet shed her sunset!(1) Never more
Those summer shadows rising from the past
Of a not ill-spent nor inglorious life,
Mellowing the last hours as the night approaches,
Shall soothe me to my moment of long rest.
I had but little more to ask, or hope,
Save the regards due to the blood and sweat,
And the soul's labour through which I had toil'd
To make my country honour'd. As her servant—
Her servant, though her chief—I would have gone
Down to my fathers with a name serene
And pure as theirs; but this has been denied me.—
Would I had died at Zara!

Ang. There you saved
The state; then live to save her still. A day,
Another day like that, would be the best
Reproof to them, and sole revenge for you.

Doge. But one such day occurs within an age;
My life is little less than one, and 't is
Enough for Fortune to have granted *once*,
That which scarce one more favour'd citizen
May win in many states and years. But why
Thus speak I? Venice has forgot that day—
Then why should I remember it?—Farewell,
Sweet Angiolina! I must to my cabinet;
There's much for me to do—and the hour hastens.

Ang. Remember what you were.

Doge. It were in vain!
Joy's recollection is no longer joy,
While Sorrow's memory is a sorrow still.

Ang. At least, whate'er may urge, let me implore
That you will take some little pause of rest:
Your sleep for many nights has been so turbid,
That it had been relief to have awaked you,
Had I not hoped that Nature would o'erpower
At length the thoughts which shook your slumbers thus.
An hour of rest will give you to your toils
With fitter thoughts and freshen'd strength.

Doge. I cannot—
I must not, if I could; for never was
Such reason to be watchful; yet a few—
Yet a few days and dream-perturbed nights,
And I shall slumber well—but where?—no matter.
Adieu, my Angiolina.

Ang. Let me be
An instant—yet an instant your companion!
I cannot bear to leave you thus.

Doge. Come then,
My gentle child—forgive me; thou wert made
For better fortunes than to share in mine,
Now darkling in their close toward the deep vale
Where Death sits robed in his all-sweeping shadow.(2)
When I am gone—it may be sooner than
Even these years warrant, for there is that stirring
Within—above—around, that in this city
Will make the cemeteries populous
As e'er they were by pestilence or war,—

(1) "The unpromising nature of the subject has imposed upon the poet two difficulties. The first is, that which is of the very essence of his plot,—the inadequacy of the supposed grievance to the storm of passion conjured up in his soul; a storm resembling

'ocean into tempest tos'd,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly:'—

the other is, the nature and character of the conspiracy itself, which excites no sympathy. With regard to the former difficulty, the poet is evidently conscious of it. The Doge is for ever dwelling on the affront, as if he were himself conscious that it stood in need of rhetorical heightening. How slight and inadequate is the cause of this emotion; or, as Sir Lucius O'Trigger would express it, 'What a pity that so much good passion should be wasted!' Othello labouring beneath the unutterable load of the most overwhelming conviction which can press upon the heart—writhing under the smart of an ardent affection, cankered and corroded by the death-taint of a feverish suspicion,—could scarcely have expressed himself with greater emphasis of mental agony. But, while Othello gives speech to the tortures that are rending him, it is nature whose unexaggerated and genuine voice is echoed from his bosom. No tumid phrase of passion, no forced and unnatural sorrows, burst from him in tones beyond the precise amount of the suffering. There is an equipoise (and Shakspeare never failed to adjust it by the nicest proportion) between the anguish of the soul and the phrase that gives it utterance: and it is from the total absence of this proportion, that we refuse our sympathies to Faliero." *Ecl. Rev.*—L. E.

(2) In the MS.—

"Where death sits { throned / *or* / robed } in his all-sweeping shadow."—L. E.

When I *am* nothing, let that which I *was*
Be still sometimes a name on thy sweet lips,
A shadow in thy fancy, of a thing
Which would not have thee mourn it, but remember.—
Let us be gone, my child—the time is pressing.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A retired spot, near the Arsenal.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO *and* PHILIP CALENDARO.

Cal. How sped you, Israel, in your late complaint?
I. Ber. Why, well.
Cal. Is't possible! will he be punish'd?
I. Ber. Yes.
Cal. With what? a mulct or an arrest?
I. Ber. With death!—
Cal. Now you rave, or must intend revenge,
Such as I counsell'd you, with your own hand.
I. Ber. Yes; and for one sole draught of hate, forego
The great redress we meditate for Venice,
And change a life of hope for one of exile;
Leaving one scorpion crush'd, and thousands stinging
My friends, my family, my countrymen!
No, Calendaro; these same drops of blood,
Shed shamefully, shall have the whole of his
For their requital——But not only his;
We will not strike for private wrongs alone;
Such are for selfish passions and rash men,
But are unworthy a tyrannicide.
Cal. You have more patience than I care to boast.
Had I been present when you bore this insult,
I must have slain him, or expired myself
In the vain effort to repress my wrath.
I. Ber. Thank Heaven, you were not—all had else been marr'd:
As 'tis, our cause looks prosperous still.
Cal. You saw
The Doge—what answer gave he?
I. Ber. That there was
No punishment for such as Barbaro.
Cal. I told you so before, and that 'twas idle
To think of justice from such hands.
I. Ber. At least,
It lull'd suspicion, showing confidence:
Had I been silent, not a sbirro but
Had kept me in his eye, as meditating
A silent, solitary, deep revenge.
Cal. But wherefore not address you to the Council?
The Doge is a mere puppet, who can scarce
Obtain right for himself. Why speak to him?
I. Ber. You shall know that hereafter.
Cal. Why not now?
I. Ber. Be patient but till midnight. Get your musters,
And bid our friends prepare their companies:—
Set all in readiness to strike the blow,
Perhaps in a few hours; we have long waited
For a fit time—that hour is on the dial,
It may be, of to-morrow's sun: delay
Beyond may breed us double danger. See
That all be punctual at our place of meeting,
And arm'd, excepting those of the Sixteen,
Who will remain among the troops to wait
The signal.
Cal. These brave words have breathed new life
Into my veins! I am sick of these protracted
And hesitating councils: day on day
Crawl'd on, and added but another link
To our long fetters, and some fresher wrong
Inflicted on our brethren or ourselves,
Helping to swell our tyrants' bloated strength.
Let us but deal upon them, and I care not
For the result, which must be death or freedom!
I'm weary to the heart of finding neither.
I. Ber. We will be free in life or death! the grave
Is chainless. Have you all the musters ready?
And are the sixteen companies completed
To sixty?
Cal. All save two, in which there are
Twenty-five wanting to make up the number.
I. Ber. No matter; we can do without. Whose are they?
Cal. Bertram's and old Soranzo's, both of whom
Appear less forward in the cause than we are.
I. Ber. Your fiery nature makes you deem all those
Who are not restless cold: but there exists
Oft in concentred spirits not less daring
Than in more loud avengers. Do not doubt them.
Cal. I do not doubt the elder; but in Bertram
There is a hesitating softness, fatal
To enterprise like ours: I've seen that man
Weep like an infant o'er the misery
Of others, heedless of his own, though greater;
And in a recent quarrel I beheld him
Turn sick at sight of blood, although a villain's.
I. Ber. The truly brave are soft of heart and eyes,
And feel for what their duty bids them do.
I have known Bertram long; there doth not breathe
A soul more full of honour.
Cal. It may be so:
I apprehend less treachery than weakness;
Yet as he has no mistress, and no wife
To work upon his milkiness of spirit,
He may go through the ordeal; it is well
He is an orphan, friendless save in us:
A woman or a child had made him less
Than either in resolve.
I. Ber. Such ties are not
For those who are call'd to the high destinies
Which purify corrupted commonwealths;
We must forget all feelings save the *one*—
We must resign all passions save our purpose—
We must behold no object save our country—
And only look on death as beautiful,
So that the sacrifice ascend to heaven,
And draw down freedom on her evermore.
Cal. But if we fail——
I. Ber. They never fail who die
In a great cause: the block may soak their gore;(1)
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city-gates and castle-walls—
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom: What were we,
If Brutus had not lived? He died in giving(2)

(1) In the MS.—
"In a great cause: { the block may soak their gore;" / their gore may soak the block;"—L. E.

(2) In the MS.—
"If Brutus had not lived? He { fail'd / died } in giving."—L. E.

Rome liberty, but left a deathless lesson—
A name which is a virtue, and a soul
Which multiplies itself throughout all time
When wicked men wax mighty, and a state
Turns servile: he and his high friend were styled
"The last of Romans!" Let us be the first
Of true Venetians, sprung from Roman sires.
Cal. Our fathers did not fly from Attila
Into these isles, where palaces have sprung
On banks redeem'd from the rude ocean's ooze,
To own a thousand despots in his place.
Better bow down before the Hun, and call
A Tartar lord, than these swoln silkworms masters!
The first at least was man, and used his sword
As sceptre: these unmanly creeping things
Command our swords, and rule us with a word
As with a spell.
I. Ber. It shall be broken soon.
You say that all things are in readiness:
To-day I have not been the usual round,
And why thou knowest; but thy vigilance
Will better have supplied my care: these orders
In recent council to redouble now
Our efforts to repair the galleys, have
Lent a fair colour to the introduction
Of many of our cause into the arsenal,
As new artificers for their equipment,
Or fresh recruits obtain'd in haste to man
The hoped-for fleet.—Are all supplied with arms?
Cal. All who were deem'd trust-worthy: there are
Whom it were well to keep in ignorance [some
Till it be time to strike, and then supply them;
When in the heat and hurry of the hour
They have no opportunity to pause,
But needs must on with those who will surround them.
I. Ber. You have said well. Have you remark'd all such?
Cal. I've noted most; and caused the other chiefs
To use like caution in their companies.
As far as I have seen, we are enough
To make the enterprise secure, if 'tis
Commenced to-morrow; but, till 'tis begun,
Each hour is pregnant with a thousand perils.
I. Ber. Let the Sixteen meet at the wonted hour.
Except Soranzo, Nicoletto Blondo,
And Marco Giuda, who will keep their watch
Within the arsenal, and hold all ready,
Expectant of the signal we will fix on.
Cal. We will not fail.
I. Ber. Let all the rest be there;
I have a stranger to present to them.
Cal. A stranger! doth he know the secret?
I. Ber. Yes.
Cal. And have you dared to peril your friends' lives
On a rash confidence in one we know not?
I. Ber. I have risk'd no man's life except my own—
Of that be certain: he is one who may
Make our assurance doubly sure, according
His aid; and if reluctant, he no less
Is in our power: he comes alone with me,
And cannot 'scape us; but he will not swerve.
Cal. I cannot judge of this until I know him:
Is he one of our order?
I. Ber. Ay, in spirit,
Although a child of greatness; he is one
Who would become a throne, or overthrow one—
One who has done great deeds, and seen great changes;
No tyrant, though bred up to tyranny;
Valiant in war, and sage in council; noble
In nature, although haughty; quick, yet wary:
Yet, for all this, so full of certain passions,
That if once stirr'd and baffled, as he has been
Upon the tenderest points, there is no Fury
In Grecian story like to that which wrings
His vitals with her burning hands, till he
Grows capable of all things for revenge;
And add, too, that his mind is liberal,
He sees and feels the people are oppress'd,
And shares their sufferings. Take him all in all,
We have need of such, and such have need of us.
Cal. And what part would you have him take with us?
I. Ber. It may be, that of chief.
Cal. What! and resign
Your own command as leader?
I. Ber. Even so.
My object is to make your cause end well,
And not to push myself to power. Experience,
Some skill, and your own choice, had mark'd me out
To act in trust as your commander, till
Some worthier should appear: if I have found such
As you yourselves shall own more worthy, think you
That I would hesitate from selfishness,
And, covetous of brief authority,
Stake our deep interest on my single thoughts,
Rather than yield to one above me in
All leading qualities? No, Calendaro,
Know your friend better; but you all shall judge.—
Away! and let us meet at the fix'd hour.
Be vigilant, and all will yet go well.
Cal. Worthy Bertuccio, I have known you ever
Trusty and brave, with head and heart to plan
What I have still been prompt to execute.
For my own part, I seek no other chief;
What the rest will decide I know not, but
I am with YOU, as I have ever been,
In all our undertakings. Now farewell,
Until the hour of midnight sees us meet. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Scene, the Space between the Canal and the Church of San Giovanni e San Paolo. An equestrian Statue before it.—A Gondola lies in the Canal at some distance.

Enter the DOGE *alone, disguised.*

Doge (*solus*). I am before the hour, the hour whose
Pealing into the arch of night, might strike [voice
These palaces with ominous tottering,
And rock their marbles to the corner-stone,
Waking the sleepers from some hideous dream
Of indistinct but awful augury
Of that which will befall them. Yes, proud city!
Thou must be cleansed of the black blood which makes
A lazar-house of tyranny: the task [thee
Is forced upon me, I have sought it not;
And therefore was I punish'd, seeing this
Patrician pestilence spread on and on,
Until at length it smote me in my slumbers,
And I am tainted, and must wash away
The plague-spots in the healing wave. Tall fane!
Where sleep my fathers, whose dim statues shadow

The floor which doth divide us from the dead,
Where all the pregnant hearts of our bold blood,
Moulder'd into a mite of ashes, hold
In one shrunk heap what once made many heroes,
When what is now a handful shook the earth—
Fane of the tutelar saints who guard our house!
Vault where two Doges rest—my sires! who died
The one of toil, the other in the field,
With a long race of other lineal chiefs
And sages, whose great labours, wounds, and state
I have inherited,—let the graves gape,
Till all thine aisles be peopled with the dead,
And pour them from thy portals to gaze on me!
I call them up, and them and thee to witness
What it hath been which put me to this task—
Their pure high blood, their blazon-roll of glories,
Their mighty name dishonour'd all *in* me,
Not *by* me, but by the ungrateful nobles
We fought to make our equals, not our lords:—(1)
And chiefly thou, Ordelafo the brave,
Who perish'd in the field, where I since conquer'd,
Battling at Zara, did the hecatombs
Of thine and Venice' foes, there offer'd up
By thy descendant, merit such acquittance?(2)
Spirits! smile down upon me; for my cause
Is yours, in all life now can be of yours,—
Your fame, your name, all mingled up in mine,
And in the future fortunes of our race!
Let me but prosper, and I make this city
Free and immortal, and our house's name
Worthier of what you were, now and hereafter!(3)

Enter Israel Bertuccio.

I. Ber. Who goes there?
Doge. A friend to Venice.
I. Ber. 'Tis he.
Welcome, my lord,—you are before the time.
Doge. I am ready to proceed to your assembly.
I. Ber. Have with you.—I am proud and pleased to
Such confident alacrity. Your doubts [see
Since our last meeting, then, are all dispell'd?
Doge. Not so—but I have set my little left
Of life upon this cast: the die was thrown
When I first listen'd to your treason—Start not!
That is the word; I cannot shape my tongue
To syllable black deeds into smooth names,
Though I be wrought on to commit them. When
I heard you tempt your sovereign, and forbore
To have you dragg'd to prison, I became
Your guiltiest accomplice: now you may,
If it so please you, do as much by me.
I. Ber. Strange words, my lord, and most unmerited;
I am no spy, and neither are we traitors.
Doge. *We—we!*—no matter—you have earn'd the
To talk of *us*.—But to the point.—If this [right
Attempt succeeds, and Venice, render'd free
And flourishing, when we are in our graves,
Conducts her generations to our tombs,
And makes her children with their little hands
Strew flowers o'er her deliverers' ashes, then
The consequence will sanctify the deed,
And we shall be like the two Bruti in
The annals of hereafter; but if not,
If we should fail, employing bloody means
And secret plot, although to a good end,
Still we are traitors, honest Israel;—thou
No less than he who was thy sovereign
Six hours ago, and now thy brother rebel.
I. Ber. 'Tis not the moment to consider thus,
Else I could answer.—Let us to the meeting,
Or we may be observed in lingering here.
Doge. We *are* observed, and have been.
I. Ber. We observed!
Let me discover—and this steel——
Doge. Put up;
Here are no human witnesses: look there—
What see you?
I. Ber. Only a tall warrior's statue
Bestriding a proud steed, in the dim light
Of the dull moon.
Doge. That warrior was the sire
Of my sire's fathers, and that statue was
Decreed to him by the twice-rescued city:—
Think you that he looks down on us or no?
I. Ber. My lord, these are mere fantasies; there are
No eyes in marble.
Doge. But there are in Death.
I tell thee, man, there is a spirit in
Such things that acts and sees, unseen, though felt;
And, if there be a spell to stir the dead,
'Tis in such deeds as we are now upon.
Deem'st thou the souls of such a race as mine
Can rest, when he, their last descendant chief,
Stands plotting on the brink of their pure graves
With stung plebeians?(4)
I. Ber. It had been as well
To have ponder'd this before,—ere you embark'd
In our great enterprise.—Do you repent?
Doge. No—but I *feel*, and shall do to the last.
I cannot quench a glorious life at once,
Nor dwindle to the thing I now must be,(5)
And take men's lives by stealth, without some pause:
Yet doubt me not; it is this very feeling,
And knowing *what* has wrung me to be thus,

(1) In the MS.—
"We fought to make our { equals, not our lords:"— / peers, and not our masters."—L. E.

(2) In the MS.—
"By thy descendant, merit such { acquittance?" / requital?"—L. E.

(3) "The Doge, true to his appointment, is waiting for his conductor before the church of San Paolo e Giovanni. There is great loftiness, both of feeling and diction, in this passage." *Jeffrey.*—L. E.

(4) "There is a great deal of natural struggle in the breast of the high-born and haughty Doge, between the resentment with which he burns on the one hand, and the reluctance with which he considers the meanness of the associates with whom he has leagued himself, on the other. The conspiring Doge is not, we think, meant to be ambitious for himself, but he is sternly, proudly, a Venetian noble; and it is impossible for him to tear from his bosom the scorn for every thing plebeian which has been implanted there by birth, education, and a long life of princely command. There are other thoughts, too, and of a gentler kind, which cross from time to time his perturbed spirit. He remembers—he cannot entirely forget—the days and nights of old companionship, by which he had long been bound to those whose sentence he has consented to seal. He has himself been declaiming against the folly of mercy, and arguing valiantly the necessity of total extirpation,—and that, too, in the teeth even of some of the plebeian conspirators themselves, yet the poet, with profound insight into the human heart, makes him shudder when his own impetuosity has brought himself, and all who hear him, to the brink. He cannot look upon the bloody resolution, no not even after he himself has been the chief instrument of its formation." *Lockhart.*—L. E.

(5) In the MS.—
"Nor dwindle to { the thing I now must be," / a cut-throat, without shuddering."—L. E.

Which is your best security. There's not
A roused mechanic in your busy plot (1)
So wrong'd as I, so fall'n, so loudly call'd
To his redress: the very means I am forced
By these fell tyrants to adopt is such,
That I abhor them doubly for the deeds
Which I must do to pay them back for theirs.
I. Ber. Let us away—hark—the hour strikes.
Doge. On—on—
It is our knell, or that of Venice—On.
I. Ber. Say rather, 'tis her freedom's rising peal
Of triumph——This way—we are near the place.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The House where the Conspirators meet.

DAGOLINO, DORO, BERTRAM, FEDELE TREVISANO, CALENDARO, ANTONIO DELLE BENDE, *etc. etc.*

Cal. (*entering.*) Are all here?
Dag. All with you; except the three
On duty, and our leader Israel,
Who is expected momently.
Cal. Where's Bertram?
Ber. Here!
Cal. Have you not been able to complete
The number wanting in your company?
Ber. I had mark'd out some: but I have not dared
To trust them with the secret, till assured
That they were worthy faith.
Cal. There is no need
Of trusting to their faith: *who*, save ourselves
And our more chosen comrades, is aware
Fully of our intent? they think themselves
Engaged in secret to the Signory, (2)
To punish some more dissolute young nobles
Who have defied the law in their excesses;
But once drawn up, and their new swords well-flesh'd
In the rank hearts of the more odious senators,
They will not hesitate to follow up
Their blow upon the others, when they see
The example of their chiefs, and I for one
Will set them such, that they for very shame
And safety will not pause till all have perish'd.
Ber. How say you? *all!*
Cal. Whom wouldst thou spare?
Ber. *I spare?*
I have no power to spare. I only question'd,
Thinking that even amongst these wicked men
There might be some, whose age and qualities
Might mark them out for pity.
Cal. Yes, such pity
As when the viper hath been cut to pieces,
The separate fragments quivering in the sun,
In the last energy of venomous life,
Deserve and have. Why, I should think as soon
Of pitying some particular fang which made
One in the jaw of the swoln serpent, as
Of saving one of these: they form but links
Of one long chain; one mass, one breath, one body;
They eat, and drink, and live, and breed together,
Revel, and lie, oppress, and kill in concert,—
So let them die as *one!* (3)

(1) In the MS.—
"A { scoundrel / roused } mechanic," etc.—L. E.
(2) An historical fact. See *Appendix*, Note [A].

Dag. Should *one* survive,
He would be dangerous as the whole; it is not
Their number, be it tens or thousands, but
The spirit of this aristocracy
Which must be rooted out; and if there were
A single shoot of the old tree in life,
'T would fasten in the soil, and spring again
To gloomy verdure and to bitter fruit.
Bertram, we must be firm!
Cal. Look to it well,
Bertram; I have an eye upon thee.
Ber. Who
Distrusts me?
Cal. Not I; for if I did so,
Thou wouldst not now be there to talk of trust:
It is thy softness, not thy want of faith,
Which makes thee to be doubted.
Ber. You should know
Who hear me, who and what I am; a man
Roused like yourselves to overthrow oppression;
A kind man, I am apt to think, as some
Of you have found me; and if brave or no,
You, Calendaro, can pronounce, who have seen me
Put to the proof; or, if you should have doubts,
I'll clear them on your person!
Cal. You are welcome,
When once our enterprise is o'er, which must not
Be interrupted by a private brawl.
Ber. I am no brawler; but can bear myself
As far among the foe as any he
Who hears me; else why have I been selected
To be of your chief comrades? but no less
I own my natural weakness; I have not
Yet learn'd to think of indiscriminate murder
Without some sense of shuddering; and the sight
Of blood which spouts through hoary scalps is not
To me a thing of triumph, nor the death
Of man surprised a glory. Well—too well
I know that we must do such things on those
Whose acts have raised up such avengers; but
If there were some of those who could be saved
From out this sweeping fate, for our own sakes
And for our honour, to take off some stain
Of massacre, which else pollutes it wholly,
I had been glad; and see no cause in this
For sneer, nor for suspicion!
Dag. Calm thee, Bertram;
For we suspect thee not, and take good heart.
It is the cause, and not our will, which asks
Such actions from our hands: we'll wash away
All stains in Freedom's fountain!

Enter ISRAEL BERTUCCIO, *and the* DOGE, *disguised.*

Dag. Welcome, Israel.
Consp. Most welcome.—Brave Bertuccio, thou art
Who is this stranger? [late—
Cal. It is time to name him.
Our comrades are even now prepared to greet him
In brotherhood, as I have made it known
That thou wouldst add a brother to our cause,
Approved by thee, and thus approved by all,
Such is our trust in all thine actions. Now
Let him unfold himself.

(3) In the MS.—
"So let them die { in / as } one."—L. E.

I. Ber. Stranger, step forth!
[*The* Doge *discovers himself.*
Consp. To arms!—we are betray'd—it is the Doge!
Down with them both! our traitorous captain, and
The tyrant he hath sold us to.
Cal. (*drawing his sword.*) Hold! hold!
Who moves a step against them dies. Hold! hear
Bertuccio—What! are you appall'd to see
A lone, unguarded, weaponless old man [mystery?
Amongst you?—Israel, speak! what means this
I. Ber. Let them advance and strike at their own
Ungrateful suicides! for on our lives [bosoms,
Depend their own, their fortunes, and their hopes.
Doge. Strike!—If I dreaded death, a death more
Than any your rash weapons can inflict, [fearful
I should not now be here:—Oh, noble Courage!
The eldest-born of Fear, which makes you brave
Against this solitary hoary head!
See the bold chiefs, who would reform a state
And shake down senates, mad with wrath and dread
At sight of one patrician!—Butcher me,
You can; I care not.—Israel, are these men
The mighty hearts you spoke of? look upon them!
Cal. Faith! he hath shamed us, and deservedly.
Was this your trust in your true chief Bertuccio,
To turn your swords against him and his guest?
Sheathe them, and hear him.
I. Ber. I disdain to speak.
They might and must have known a heart like mine
Incapable of treachery; and the power
They gave me to adopt all fitting means
To further their design was ne'er abused.
They might be certain that whoe'er was brought
By me into this council had been led
To take his choice—as brother, or as victim.
Doge. And which am I to be? your actions leave
Some cause to doubt the freedom of the choice.
I. Ber. My lord, we would have perish'd here together,
Had these rash men proceeded; but, behold,
They are ashamed of that mad moment's impulse,
And droop their heads; believe me, they are such
As I described them—Speak to them.
Cal. Ay, speak;
We are all listening in wonder. (1)
I. Ber. (*addressing the Conspirators.*) You are safe,
Nay, more, almost triumphant—listen then,
And know my words for truth.
Doge. You see me here,
As one of you hath said, an old, unarm'd,
Defenceless man; and yesterday you saw me
Presiding in the hall of ducal state,
Apparent sovereign of our hundred isles, (2)
Robed in official purple, dealing out
The edicts of a power which is not mine,
Nor yours, but of our masters—the patricians.
Why I was there you know, or think you know;
Why I am here, he who hath been most wrong'd,
He who among you hath been most insulted,
Outraged and trodden on, until he doubt
If he be worm or no, may answer for me,
Asking of his own heart what brought him here?
You know my recent story, all men know it,
And judge of it far differently from those
Who sate in judgment to heap scorn on scorn.
But spare me the recital—it is here,
Here at my heart the outrage—but my words,
Already spent in unavailing plaints,
Would only show my feebleness the more,
And I come here to strengthen even the strong,
And urge them on to deeds, and not to war
With woman's weapons; but I need not urge you.
Our private wrongs have sprung from public vices
In this—I cannot call it commonwealth
Nor kingdom, which hath neither prince nor people,
But all the sins of the old Spartan state (3)
Without its virtues—temperance and valour.
The lords of Lacedæmon were true soldiers,
But ours are Sybarites, while we are Helots,
Of whom I am the lowest, most enslaved;
Although dress'd out to head a pageant, as
The Greeks of yore made drunk their slaves to form
A pastime for their children. You are met
To overthrow this monster of a state,
This mockery of a government, this spectre,
Which must be exorcised with blood,—and then
We will renew the times of truth and justice,
Condensing in a fair free commonwealth
Not rash equality but equal rights,
Proportion'd like the columns to the temple,
Giving and taking strength reciprocal,
And making firm the whole with grace and beauty,
So that no part could be removed without
Infringement of the general symmetry.
In operating this great change, I claim
To be one of you—if you trust in me;
If not, strike home,—my life is compromised,
And I would rather fall by freemen's hands
Than live another day to act the tyrant
As delegate of tyrants: such I am not,
And never have been—read it in our annals;
I can appeal to my past government
In many lands and cities; they can tell you
If I were an oppressor, or a man
Feeling and thinking for my fellow-men.
Haply had I been what the senate sought,
A thing of robes and trinkets, dizen'd out
To sit in state as for a sovereign's picture;
A popular scourge, a ready sentence-signer,
A stickler for the Senate and "the Forty,"
A sceptic of all measures which had not
The sanction of "the Ten," a council-fawner,
A tool, a fool, a puppet,—they had ne'er
Foster'd the wretch who stung me. What I suffer
Has reach'd me through my pity for the people;
That many know, and they who know not yet
Will one day learn: meantime I do devote,
Whate'er the issue, my last days of life—
My present power such as it is, not that
Of Doge, but of a man who has been great
Before he was degraded to a Doge,
And still has individual means and mind;
I stake my fame (and I had fame)—my breath—
(The least of all, for its last hours are nigh)

(1) In the MS.—
"We are all { lost / listening } in wonder."—L. E.

(2) In the MS.—
"Apparent sovereign of our { hundred isles." / splendid city."—L. E.

(3) In the MS.—
"But all the { sins of the old Spartan state." / worst sins of the Spartan state."—L. E.

My heart—my hope—my soul—upon this cast!
Such as I am, I offer me to you
And to your chiefs, accept me or reject me,
A prince who fain would be a citizen
Or nothing, and who has left his throne to be so.
Cal. Long live Faliero!—Venice shall be free!
Consp. Long live Faliero!
I. Ber. Comrades! did I well?
Is not this man a host in such a cause?
Doge. This is no time for eulogies, nor place
For exultation. Am I one of you?
Cal. Ay, and the first amongst us, as thou hast been
Of Venice—be our general and chief.
Doge. Chief!—general!—I was general at Zara,
And chief in Rhodes and Cyprus, prince in Venice:
I cannot stoop——that is, I am not fit
To lead a band of——patriots: when I lay
Aside the dignities which I have borne,
'Tis not to put on others, but to be
Mate to my fellows—But now to the point:
Israel has stated to me your whole plan—
'Tis bold, but feasible if I assist it,
And must be set in motion instantly.
Cal. E'en when thou wilt. Is it not so, my friends?
I have disposed all for a sudden blow;
When shall it be then?
Doge. At sunrise.
Ber. So soon?
Doge. So soon?—so late—each hour accumulates
Peril on peril, and the more so now
Since I have mingled with you;—know you not
The Council, and "the Ten?" the spies, the eyes
Of the patricians, dubious of their slaves,
And now more dubious of the prince they have made
I tell you, you must strike, and suddenly, [one?
Full to the hydra's heart—its heads will follow.
Cal. With all my soul and sword, I yield assent;
Our companies are ready, sixty each,
And all now under arms by Israel's order;
Each at their different place of rendezvous,
And vigilant, expectant of some blow;
Let each repair for action to his post!
And now, my lord, the signal?
Doge. When you hear
The great bell of Saint Mark's, which may not be
Struck without special order of the Doge
(The last poor privilege they leave their prince),
March on Saint Mark's!
I. Ber. And there?—
Doge. By different routes
Let your march be directed, every sixty
Entering a separate avenue, and still
Upon the way let your cry be of war
And of the Genoese fleet, by the first dawn
Discern'd before the port; form round the palace,
Within whose court will be drawn out in arms
My nephew and the clients of our house,
Many and martial; while the bell tolls on,
Shout ye, "Saint Mark!—the foe is on our waters!"
Cal. I see it now—but on, my noble lord.
Doge. All the patricians, flocking to the council
(Which they dare not refuse, at the dread signal
Pealing from out their patron saint's proud tower),
Will then be gather'd in unto the harvest,
And we will reap them with the sword for sickle.
If some few should be tardy or absent them,
'Twill be but to be taken faint and single,
When the majority are put to rest.
Cal. Would that the hour were come! we will not
But kill. [scotch,
Ber. Once more, sir, with your pardon, I
Would now repeat the question which I ask'd
Before Bertuccio added to our cause
This great ally who renders it more sure,
And therefore safer, and as such admits
Some dawn of mercy to a portion of
Our victims—must all perish in this slaughter?
Cal. All who encounter me and mine, be sure,
The mercy they have shown, I show.
Consp. All! all!
Is this a time to talk of pity? when
Have they e'er shown, or felt, or feign'd it?
I. Ber. Bertram,
This false compassion is a folly, and
Injustice to thy comrades and thy cause!
Dost thou not see, that if we single out
Some for escape, they live but to avenge
The fallen? and how distinguish now the innocent
From out the guilty? all their acts are *one*—
A single emanation from one body,
Together knit for our oppression! 'Tis
Much that we let their children live; I doubt
If all of these even should be set apart:
The hunter may reserve some single cub
From out the tiger's litter, but who e'er
Would seek to save the spotted sire or dam,
Unless to perish by their fangs? however,
I will abide by Doge Faliero's counsel:
Let him decide if any should be saved.
Doge. Ask me not—tempt me not with such a
Decide yourselves. [question—
I. Ber. You know their private virtues
Far better than we can, to whom alone
Their public vices, and most foul oppression,
Have made them deadly; if there be amongst them
One who deserves to be reprieved, pronounce.
Doge. Dolfino's father was my friend, and Lando
Fought by my side, and Marc Cornaro shared (1)
My Genoese embassy; I saved the life
Of Veniero—shall I save it twice?
Would that I could save them and Venice also!
All these men, or their fathers, were my friends
Till they became my subjects; then fell from me
As faithless leaves drop from the o'erblown flower,
And left me a lone blighted thorny stalk,
Which, in its solitude, can shelter nothing;
So, as they let me wither, let them perish!
Cal. They cannot co-exist with Venice' freedom!
Doge. Ye, though you know and feel our mutual mass
Of many wrongs, even ye are ignorant (2)
What fatal poison to the springs of life,
To human ties, and all that's good and dear
Lurks in the present institutes of Venice:
All these men were my friends; I loved them, they

(1) In the MS.—
"Fought by my side, and { Marc Cornaro / John Grimani } shared.
"My { Genoese embassy; / mission to the Pope; } I saved the life," etc.—L. E.

(2) In the MS.—
"Bear witness with me! ye who hear and know,
And feel our mutual mass of many wrongs."—L. E.

Requited honourably my regards;
We served and fought; we smiled and wept in con-
We revell'd or we sorrow'd side by side; [cert;
We made alliances of blood and marriage;
We grew in years and honours fairly,—till
Their own desire, not my ambition, made
Them choose me for their prince, and then farewell!
Farewell all social memory! all thoughts [ships,
In common! and sweet bonds which link old friend-
When the survivors of long years and actions,
Which now belong to history, soothe the days
Which yet remain by treasuring each other,
And never meet, but each beholds the mirror
Of half a century on his brother's brow,
And sees a hundred beings, now in earth,
Flit round them whispering of the days gone by,
And seeming not all dead, as long as two
Of the brave, joyous, reckless, glorious band,
Which once were one and many, still retain
A breath to sigh for them, a tongue to speak
Of deeds that else were silent, save on marble—
Oime! Oime!—and must I do this deed?(1)

I. Ber. My lord, you are much moved: it is not now
That such things must be dwelt upon.

Doge. Your patience
A moment—I recede not: mark with me
The gloomy vices of this government.
From the hour that made me Doge, the *Doge* THEY *made* me—
Farewell the past! I died to all that had been,
Or rather they to me: no friends, no kindness,
No privacy of life—all were cut off:
They came not near me, such approach gave umbrage;
They could not love me, such was not the law;
They thwarted me, 'twas the state's policy;
They baffled me, 'twas a patrician's duty;
They wrong'd me, for such was to right the state;
They could not right me, that would give suspicion:
So that I was a slave to my own subjects;
So that I was a foe to my own friends;
Begirt with spies for guards—with robes for power—
With pomp for freedom—gaolers for a council—
Inquisitors for friends—and hell for life!
I had one only fount of quiet left,
And *that* they poison'd! My pure household gods(2)
Were shiver'd on my hearth, and o'er their shrine
Sate grinning Ribaldry and sneering Scorn.(3)

I. Ber. You have been deeply wrong'd, and now
Nobly avenged before another night. [shall be

Doge. I had borne all—it hurt me, but I bore it—
Till this last running over of the cup
Of bitterness—until this last loud insult,
Not only unredress'd, but sanction'd; then,
And thus, I cast all further feelings from me—
The feelings which they crush'd for me, long, long
Before, even in their oath of false allegiance!
Even in that very hour and vow, they abjured
Their friend and made a sovereign, as boys make
Playthings, to do their pleasure—and be broken!(4)
I from that hour have seen but senators
In dark suspicious conflict with the Doge,
Brooding with him in mutual hate and fear;
They dreading he should snatch the tyranny
From out their grasp, and he abhorring tyrants.
To me, then, these men have no *private* life,
Nor claim to ties they have cut off from others;
As senators for arbitrary acts
Amenable, I look on them—as such
Let them be dealt upon.(5)

Cal. And now to action!
Hence, brethren, to our posts, and may this be
The last night of mere words: I'd fain be doing!
Saint Mark's great bell at dawn shall find me wakeful!

I. Ber. Disperse, then, to your posts: be firm and vigilant;
Think on the wrongs we bear, the rights we claim.
This day and night shall be the last of peril!
Watch for the signal, and then march. I go
To join my band; let each be prompt to marshal
His separate charge: the Doge will now return
To the palace to prepare all for the blow.
We part, to meet in freedom and in glory!

Cal. Doge, when I greet you next, my homage to
Shall be the head of Steno on this sword! [you

Doge. No; let him be reserved unto the last,
Nor turn aside to strike at such a prey,(6)
Till nobler game is quarried: his offence
Was a mere ebullition of the vice,
The general corruption, generated
By the foul aristocracy: he could not—
He dared not, in more honourable days,
Have risk'd it. I have merged all private wrath
Against him in the thought of our great purpose.
A slave insults me—I require his punishment
From his proud master's hands; if he refuse it,
The offence grows his, and let him answer it.

Cal. Yet, as the immediate cause of the alliance
Which consecrates our undertaking more,
I owe him such deep gratitude, that fain
I would repay him as he merits; may I?

Doge. You would but lop the hand, and I the head;
You would but smite the scholar, I the master;

(1) "The Doge is at last ushered into the presence of the conspirators, who are at first disposed to sacrifice both him and his introducer; but are pacified and converted by a speech of three pages, which is not very good: and then they put it to him to say, whether any of the devoted senate shall be spared in the impending massacre. He says—

"Ah, no not—tempt me not with such a question—
Decide yourselves."—

But, on being farther pressed, he, in these passages, gives way to feelings most natural to his own condition, but by no means calculated to recommend him to his new associates: and afterwards, when he is left alone with the chief conspirator, the contrast of their situation is still more finely and forcibly elicited." *Jeffrey.*—L. E.

(2) "I could have forgiven the dagger or the bowl, any thing, but the deliberate desolation piled upon me, when I stood alone upon my hearth, with my household gods shivered around me. Do you suppose I have forgotten or forgiven?" [illegible] swallowed up in me every other feeling, and I am only a spectacle upon earth till a tenfold opportunity offers. It may come yet." *B. Letters*, 1819.—L. E.

(3) In the MS.—

"Sate grinning { ribaldry / mockery } and sneering scorn."—L. E.

(4) In the MS.—

"Playthings, to do their pleasure—and { then perish. / be broken."—L. E.

(5) "The struggle of feelings with which the Doge undertakes the conspiracy is admirably contrasted with the ferocious eagerness of his low-born associates; and only loses its effect because we cannot but be sensible that the man who felt thus could not have gone on with his guilty project, unless stimulated by some greater and more accumulated injuries than are, in the course of the tragedy, brought before the perception of the reader." *Jeffrey.*—L. E.

(6) In the MS.—

"Nor turn aside to strike at such a { creature. / wretch."—L. E.

You would but punish Steno, I the senate.
I cannot pause on individual hate,
In the absorbing, sweeping, whole revenge,
Which, like the sheeted fire from heaven, must blast
Without distinction, as it fell of yore,
Where the Dead Sea hath quench'd two cities' ashes.

I. Ber. Away, then, to your posts! I but remain
A moment to accompany the Doge
To our late place of tryst, to see no spies
Have been upon the scout, and thence I hasten
To where my allotted band is under arms.

Col. Farewell, then,—until dawn!

I. Ber. Success go with you!

Consp. We will not fail—Away! My lord, farewell!(1)

[*The Conspirators salute the* Doge *and* Israel Bertuccio, *and retire, headed by* Philip Calendaro. *The* Doge *and* Israel Bertuccio *remain.*

I. Ber. We have them in the toil—it cannot fail!
Now thou 'rt indeed a sovereign, and wilt make
A name immortal greater than the greatest:
Free citizens have struck at kings ere now;
Cæsars have fallen, and even patrician hands
Have crush'd dictators, as the popular steel
Has reach'd patricians: but, until this hour,
What prince has plotted for his people's freedom,
Or risk'd a life to liberate his subjects?
For ever, and for ever, they conspire
Against the people, to abuse their bands
To chains, but laid aside to carry weapons
Against the fellow-nations, so that yoke
On yoke, and slavery and death may whet,
Not glut, the never-gorged Leviathan!
Now, my lord, to our enterprise;—'tis great,
And greater the reward; why stand you rapt?
A moment back, and you were all impatience!

Doge. And is it then decided! must they die?

I. Ber. Who?

Doge. My own friends, by blood and courtesy,
And many deeds and days—the senators?

I. Ber. You pass'd their sentence, and it is a just one.

Doge. Ay, so it seems, and so it is, to *you;*
You are a patriot, a plebeian Gracchus—
The rebel's oracle, the people's tribune—
I blame you not—you act in your vocation;
They smote you, and oppress'd you, and despised you;
So they have *me:* but *you* ne'er spake with them;
You never broke their bread, nor shared their salt;
You never had their wine-cup at your lips;
You grew not up with them, nor laugh'd, nor wept,
Nor held a revel in their company;
Ne'er smiled to see them smile, nor claim'd their smile
In social interchange for yours, nor trusted
Nor wore them in your heart of hearts, as I have:
These hairs of mine are grey, and so are theirs,
The elders of the council: I remember
When all our locks were like the raven's wing,
As we went forth to take our prey around
The isles wrung from the false Mahometan;
And can I see them dabbled o'er with blood?
Each stab to them will seem my suicide.(2)

I. Ber. Doge! Doge! this vacillation is unworthy
A child; if you are not in second childhood,
Call back your nerves to your own purpose, nor
Thus shame yourself and me. By heavens! I'd rather
Forego even now, or fail in our intent,
Than see the man I venerate subside
From high resolves into such shallow weakness!
You have seen blood in battle, shed it, both
Your own and that of others; can you shrink then
From a few drops from veins of hoary vampires,
Who but give back what they have drain'd from millions?

Doge. Bear with me! Step by step, and blow on blow,
I will divide with you; think not I waver:
Ah! no; it is the *certainty* of all
Which I must do doth make me tremble thus.
But let these last and lingering thoughts have way,
To which you only and the night are conscious,
And both regardless; when the hour arrives,
'Tis mine to sound the knell, and strike the blow,
Which shall unpeople many palaces,
And hew the highest genealogic trees
Down to the earth, strew'd with their bleeding fruit,
And crush their blossoms into barrenness:
This will I—must I—have I sworn to do,
Nor aught can turn me from my destiny;
But still I quiver to behold what I
Must be, and think what I have been! Bear with me.

I. Ber. Re-man your breast; I feel no such remorse,
I understand it not: why should you change?
You acted, and you act, on your free will.

Doge. Ay, there it is—*you* feel not, nor do I,

(1) "The great defect of *Marino Faliero* is, that the nature and character of the conspiracy excite no interest. It matters little that Lord Byron has been faithful to history, if the event is destitute of a poetic character. Like Alfieri, to whom, in many points, his genius approximates, he is fettered by an intractable story, which is wholly remote from the instincts and feelings of mankind. How elevated soever may be his diction, how vivid soever his colouring, a moral truth is wanting,—that charm, so difficult to define, so easy to apprehend, which, diffused over the scene, excites in generous bosoms an exalted enthusiasm for the great interests of humanity. This is the poesy of history. It is the charm of the William Tell of Schiller; it is felt in the awful plot of Brutus, and, to a certain degree, in the conspiracy of Pierre and Jaffier; for the end and purpose of these conspiracies were, to redeem their country from insult and oppression. But in Marino Faliero's attempt against the state, we contemplate nothing but the project of a sanguinary ruffian, seeking to grasp unlimited authority, and making, after the established precedents of all usurpers, the wrongs and sufferings of the commonalty his pretence; while, in another aspect of his character, we see him goaded, by an imagined injury, into an enterprise which would have inundated Venice with her best blood. Is this a sublime spectacle, calculated to purge the mind, according to the aphorism of Aristotle, by means of terror or pity?" *Ecl. Rev.*—L. E.

(2) "The unmixed selfishness of the motives with which the Doge accedes to the plot perpetually escapes him. Not that he is wholly untouched by the compunctious visitings of nature. But the fearful unity of such a character is broken by assigning to it the throbbings and the pangs of human feelings, and by making him recoil with affright from slaughter and desolation. In the roar and whirlwind of the mighty passions which precede the acting of a dreadful plot, it is wholly unreasonable and out of keeping to put into his mouth the sentimental effusions of affectionate pity for his friends, whom he thinks of rather too late to give these touches of remorse and mercy any other character than that of hypocritical whining. The sentiments are certainly good, but lamentably out of time and place, and remind us of Scarron's remark upon the moralising Phlegyas in the infernal regions,—

'Cette sentence est vraie et belle,
Mais dans l'enfer de quoi sert-elle?'

Yet, though wholly repugnant to dramatic congruity, the passage has great poetic power." *Ecl. Rev.*—L. E.

Else I should stab thee on the spot, to save
A thousand lives, and, killing, do no murder;
You *feel* not—you go to this butcher-work
As if these high-born men were steers for shambles!
When all is over, you'll be free and merry,
And calmly wash those hands incarnadine;
But I, outgoing thee and all thy fellows
In this surpassing massacre, shall be,
Shall see and feel—oh God! oh God! 'tis true,
And thou dost well to answer that it was
"My own free will and act," and yet you err,
For I *will* do this! Doubt not—fear not; I
Will be your most unmerciful accomplice!
And yet I act no more on my free will,
Nor my own feelings—both compel me back;
But there is *hell* within me and around,
And, like the demon who believes and trembles,
Must I abhor and do. Away! away!
Get thee unto thy fellows, I will hie me
To gather the retainers of our house.
Doubt not, Saint Mark's great bell shall wake all Venice,
Except her slaughter'd senate: ere the sun
Be broad upon the Adriatic, there
Shall be a voice of weeping, which shall drown
The roar of waters in the cry of blood!
I am resolved—come on.

I. Ber. With all my soul!

Keep a firm rein upon these bursts of passion;
Remember what these men have dealt to thee,
And that this sacrifice will be succeeded
By ages of prosperity and freedom
To this unshackled city: a true tyrant(1)
Would have depopulated empires, nor
Have felt the strange compunction which hath wrung
To punish a few traitors to the people. [you
Trust me, such were a pity more misplaced
Than the late mercy of the state to Steno.

Doge. Man, thou hast struck upon the chord which jars
All nature from my heart. Hence to our task!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. (2)

Palazzo of the Patrician LIONI. LIONI *laying aside the mask and cloak which the Venetian Nobles wore in public, attended by a Domestic.*

Lioni. I will to rest, right weary of this revel,
The gayest we have held for many moons,
And yet, I know not why, it cheer'd me not;
There came a heaviness across my heart,
Which, in the lightest movement of the dance,
Though eye to eye, and hand in hand united
Even with the lady of my love, oppress'd me,
And through my spirit chill'd my blood, until
A damp like death rose o'er my brow; I strove
To laugh the thought away, but 't would not be:
Through all the music ringing in my ears
A knell was sounding, as distinct and clear,
Though low and far, as e'er the Adrian wave
Rose o'er the city's murmur in the night,
Dashing against the outward Lido's bulwark:
So that I left the festival before
It reach'd its zenith, and will woo my pillow
For thoughts more tranquil, or forgetfulness.
Antonio, take my mask and cloak, and light
The lamp within my chamber.

Ant. Yes, my lord:
Command you no refreshment?

Lioni. Nought, save sleep,
Which will not be commanded. Let me hope it,

[*Exit* ANTONIO.

Though my breast feels too anxious; I will try
Whether the air will calm my spirits: 'tis
A goodly night; the cloudy wind which blew
From the Levant hath crept into its cave,
And the broad moon has brighten'd. What a stillness! [*Goes to an open lattice.*
And what a contrast with the scene I left,
Where the tall torches' glare, and silver lamps'
More pallid gleam along the tapestried walls,
Spread over the reluctant gloom which haunts
Those vast and dimly-latticed galleries
A dazzling mass of artificial light,
Which show'd all things, but nothing as they were.
There Age, essaying to recall the past,
After long striving for the hues of youth
At the sad labour of the toilet, and
Full many a glance at the too faithful mirror,
Prank'd forth in all the pride of ornament,
Forgot itself, and trusting to the falsehood
Of the indulgent beams, which show, yet hide,
Believed itself forgotten, and was fool'd.
There Youth, which needed not, nor thought of such
Vain adjuncts, lavish'd its true bloom, and health,
And bridal beauty, in the unwholesome press
Of flush'd and crowded wassailers, and wasted
Its hours of rest in dreaming this was pleasure,
And so shall waste them till the sunrise streams
On sallow cheeks and sunken eyes, which should not
Have worn this aspect yet for many a year.
The music, and the banquet, and the wine—
The garlands, the rose-odours, and the flowers—
The sparkling eyes, and flashing ornaments—
The white arms and the raven hair—the braids
And bracelets; swanlike bosoms, and the necklace,
An India in itself, yet dazzling not
The eye like what it circled; the thin robes,
Floating like light clouds 'twixt our gaze and heaven;
The many-twinkling feet so small and sylph-like,
Suggesting the more secret symmetry
Of the fair forms which terminate so well—
All the delusion of the dizzy scene,
Its false and true enchantments—art and nature,

(1) In the MS.—

"To this { unshackled / now shackled } city," etc.—L. E.

(2) "The fourth act opens with the most poetical and brilliantly-written scene in the play—though it is a soliloquy, and altogether alien from the business of the piece. Lioni, a young nobleman, returns home from a splendid assembly, rather out of spirits; and, opening his palace window for air, contrasts the tranquillity of the night-scene which lies before him, with the feverish turbulence and glittering enchantments of that which he has just quitted. Nothing can be finer than this picture, in both its compartments. There is a truth and a luxuriance in the description of the rout, which mark at once the hand of a master, and raise it to a very high rank as a piece of poetical painting;—while the moonlight view from the window is equally grand and beautiful, and reminds us of those magnificent and enchanting lookings-forth in *Manfred*, which have left, we will confess, far deeper traces on our fancy than any thing in the more elaborate work before us." *Jeffrey.*—L. E.

Which swam before my giddy eyes, that drank
The sight of beauty as the parch'd pilgrim's
On Arab sands the false mirage, which offers
A lucid lake to his eluded thirst,
Are gone.—Around me are the stars and waters—
Worlds mirror'd in the ocean,—goodlier sight
Than torches glared back by a gaudy glass!
And the great element, which is to space
What ocean is to earth, spreads its blue depths,
Soften'd with the first breathings of the spring;
The high moon sails upon her beauteous way,
Serenely smoothing o'er the lofty walls
Of those tall piles and sea-girt palaces,
Whose porphyry pillars, and whose costly fronts,
Fraught with the orient spoil of many marbles,
Like altars ranged along the broad canal,
Seem each a trophy of some mighty deed
Rear'd up from out the waters, scarce less strangely
Than those more massy and mysterious giants
Of architecture, those Titanian fabrics,
Which point in Egypt's plains to times that have
No other record. All is gentle: nought
Stirs rudely; but, congenial with the night,
Whatever walks is gliding like a spirit.
The tinklings of some vigilant guitars
Of sleepless lovers to a wakeful mistress,
And cautious opening of the casement, showing
That he is not unheard; while her young hand,
Fair as the moonlight of which it seems part,
So delicately white, it trembles in
The act of opening the forbidden lattice,
To let in love through music, makes his heart
Thrill like his lyre-strings at the sight; the dash
Phosphoric of the oar, or rapid twinkle
Of the far lights of skimming gondolas,
And the responsive voices of the choir
Of boatmen answering back with verse for verse;
Some dusky shadow checkering the Rialto;
Some glimmering palace roof, or tapering spire,
Are all the sights and sounds which here pervade
The ocean-born and earth-commanding city—
How sweet and soothing is this hour of calm!
I thank thee, Night! for thou hast chased away
Those horrid bodements which, amidst the throng,
I could not dissipate: and with the blessing
Of thy benign and quiet influence.
Now will I to my couch, although to rest
Is almost wronging such a night as this——(1)
[*A knocking is heard from without.*
Hark! what is that? or who at such a moment?(2)

Enter Antonio.

Ant. My lord, a man without, on urgent business,
Implores to be admitted.
Lioni. Is he a stranger?
Ant. His face is muffled in his cloak, but both
His voice and gestures seem familiar to me;
I craved his name, but this he seem'd reluctant
To trust, save to yourself; most earnestly
He sues to be permitted to approach you.
Lioni. 'Tis a strange hour, and a suspicious bearing!
And yet there is slight peril: 't is not in
Their houses noble men are struck at; still,
Although I know not that I have a foe
In Venice, 't will be wise to use some caution.
Admit him, and retire; but call up quickly
Some of thy fellows, who may wait without.—
Who can this man be?—
[*Exit* Antonio, *and returns with* Bertram *muffled.*
Ber. My good lord Lioni,
I have no time to lose, nor thou—dismiss
This menial hence; I would be private with you.
Lioni. It seems the voice of Bertram—Go, Antonio. [*Exit* Antonio.
Now, stranger, what would you at such an hour?
Ber. (*discovering himself.*) A boon, my noble patron; you have granted
Many to your poor client, Bertram; add
This one, and make him happy.
Lioni. Thou hast known me
From boyhood, ever ready to assist thee
In all fair objects of advancement, which
Beseem one of thy station; I would promise
Ere thy request was heard, but that the hour,
Thy bearing, and this strange and hurried mode
Of suing, give me to suspect this visit
Hath some mysterious import—but say on—
What has occurred? some rash and sudden broil—
A cup too much, a scuffle, and a stab?—
Mere things of every day; so that thou hast not
Spilt noble blood, I guarantee thy safety;
But then thou must withdraw, for angry friends
And relatives, in the first burst of vengeance,
Are things in Venice deadlier than the laws.
Ber. My lord, I thank you; but——
Lioni. But what? You have not
Raised a rash hand against one of our order?
If so, withdraw and fly, and own it not; (3)
I would not slay—but then I must not save thee!
He who has shed patrician blood——
Ber. I come
To save patrician blood, and not to shed it!
And thereunto I must be speedy, for
Each minute lost may lose a life; since Time
Has changed his slow scythe for the two-edged sword,
And is about to take, instead of sand,
The dust from sepulchres to fill his hour-glass!—
Go not *thou* forth to-morrow!
Lioni. Wherefore not?—
What means this menace?
Ber. Do not seek its meaning,
But do as I implore thee;—stir not forth,
Whate'er be stirring; though the roar of crowds—
The cry of women, and the shrieks of babes—
The groans of men—the clash of arms—the sound
Of rolling drum, shrill trump, and hollow bell,
Peal in one wide alarum!—Go not forth
Until the tocsin 's silent, nor even then

(1) "This soliloquy is exquisite, and increases our regret that, with such powers of pleasing, Lord Byron should not always have condescended to please." *Heber.*—L. E.

(2) "The soliloquy of Lioni is a fine instance of repose, as the painters term it, amidst the horrors of the scene, and of that obscure but ruthless presentiment of evil, of which Shakspeare frequently made a use somewhat similar. Yet this splendid passage, with reference to the romantic character of the poem, is adventitious, and obviously transplanted from the mind of the poet. It is the habitual cast of thought, tinged with misanthropy, which is peculiar to Lord Byron, and does not adapt itself to the situation or feelings of the personages of his poem. It is the cool contemplation of a mind raised above the storms of human life and the perturbation of its passions, and viewing, 'as from a peculiar mount,' the strife and conflicts of a world in which it disdains to mix." *Ecl. Rev.*—L. E.

(3) In the MS.

"If so, withdraw and fly, and tell me not."—L. E.

Till I return!

Lioni. Again, what does this mean?

Ber. Again, I tell thee, ask not; but by all
Thou holdest dear on earth or heaven—by all
The souls of thy great fathers, and thy hope
To emulate them, and to leave behind
Descendants worthy both of them and thee—
By all thou hast of bless'd in hope or memory—
By all thou hast to fear here or hereafter—
By all the good deeds thou hast done to me,
Good I would now repay with greater good, (1)
Remain within—trust to thy household gods,
And to my word for safety, if thou dost
As I now counsel—but if not, thou art lost!

Lioni. I am indeed already lost in wonder;
Surely thou ravest! what have *I* to dread?
Who are my foes? or if there be such, *why*
Art *thou* leagued with them?—*thou!* or if so leagued,
Why comest thou to tell me at this hour,
And not before?

Ber. I cannot answer this.
Wilt thou go forth despite of this true warning?

Lioni. I was not born to shrink from idle threats,
The cause of which I know not: at the hour
Of council, be it soon or late, I shall not
Be found among the absent.

Ber. Say not so!
Once more, art thou determined to go forth?

Lioni. I am. Nor is there aught which shall impede me!

Ber. Then Heaven have mercy on thy soul!—
Farewell! [*Going.*

Lioni. Stay—there is more in this than my own safety,
Which makes me call thee back: we must not part thus:
Bertram, I have known thee long.

Ber. From childhood, signor,
You have been my protector: in the days
Of reckless infancy, when rank forgets,
Or, rather, is not yet taught to remember
Its cold prerogative, we play'd together;
Our sports, our smiles, our tears, were mingled oft:
My father was your father's client, I
His son's scarce less than foster-brother; years
Saw us together—happy, heart-full hours!
Oh God! the difference 'twixt those hours and this!

Lioni. Bertram, 'tis thou who hast forgotten them.

Ber. Nor now, nor ever; whatsoe'er betide,
I would have saved you: when to manhood's growth
We sprung, and you, devoted to the state,
As suits your station, the more humble Bertram
Was left unto the labours of the humble,
Still you forsook me not; and if my fortunes
Have not been towering, 'twas no fault of him
Who ofttimes rescued and supported me
When struggling with the tides of circumstance
Which bear away the weaker: noble blood
Ne'er mantled in a nobler heart than thine
Has proved to me, the poor plebeian Bertram.
Would that thy fellow senators were like thee!

Lioni. Why, what hast thou to say against the senate! (2)

Ber. Nothing.

Lioni. I know that there are angry spirits
And turbulent mutterers of stifled treason,
Who lurk in narrow places, and walk out
Muffled to whisper curses to the night;
Disbanded soldiers, discontented ruffians,
And desperate libertines who brawl in taverns;
Thou herdest not with such: 't is true, of late
I have lost sight of thee, but thou wert wont
To lead a temperate life, and break thy bread
With honest mates, and bear a cheerful aspect.
What hath come to thee? in thy hollow eye
And hueless cheek, and thine unquiet motions,
Sorrow and shame and conscience seem at war
To waste thee.

Ber. Rather shame and sorrow light
On the accursed tyranny which rides (3)
The very air in Venice, and makes men
Madden as in the last hours of the plague
Which sweeps the soul deliriously from life!

Lioni. Some villains have been tampering with thee, Bertram;
This is not thy old language, nor own thoughts;
Some wretch has made thee drunk with disaffection:
But thou must not be lost so; thou *wert* good
And kind, and art not fit for such base acts
As vice and villany would put thee to:
Confess—confide in me—thou know'st my nature—
What is it thou and thine are bound to do,
Which should prevent thy friend, the only son
Of him who was a friend unto thy father,
So that our good-will is a heritage
We should bequeath to our posterity
Such as ourselves received it, or augmented;
I say, what is it thou must do, that I
Should deem thee dangerous, and keep the house
Like a sick girl?

Ber. Nay, question me no further:
I must be gone——

Lioni. And I be murder'd!—say,
Was it not thus thou said'st, my gentle Bertram?

Ber. Who talks of murder? what said I of murder?—
'T is false! I did not utter such a word.

Lioni. Thou didst not; but from out thy wolfish eye,
So changed from what I knew it, there glares forth
The gladiator. If *my* life 's thine object,
Take it—I am unarm'd,—and then away!
I would not hold my breath on such a tenure (4)
As the capricious mercy of such things
As thou and those who have set thee to thy task-work.

Ber. Sooner than spill thy blood, I peril mine;
Sooner than harm a hair of thine, I place
In jeopardy a thousand heads, and some
As noble, nay, even nobler than thine own.

Lioni. Ay, is it even so? Excuse me, Bertram;
I am not worthy to be singled out
From such exalted hecatombs—who are they
That *are* in danger, and that *make* the danger?

Ber. Venice, and all that she inherits, are
Divided like a house against itself,
And so will perish ere to-morrow's twilight!

(1) In the MS.—
"Good I would now { repay / requite } with greater good."—L. E.

(2) In the MS.—
"Why, what hast thou to { gainsay / say against } the senate?"—L. E.

(3) In the MS.—
"On the accursed tyranny which { faints / rides."—L. E.

(4) In the MS.—
"I would not { draw / hold } my breath on such a tenure."—L. E.

Lioni. More mysteries, and awful ones! But now,
Or thou, or I, or both, it may be, are
Upon the verge of ruin: speak once out,
And thou art safe and glorious; for 't is more
Glorious to save than slay, and slay i' the dark too—
Fie, Bertram! that was not a craft for thee!
How would it look to see upon a spear
The head of him whose heart was open to thee,
Borne by thy hand before the shuddering people?
And such may be my doom; for here I swear,
Whate'er the peril or the penalty
Of thy denunciation, I go forth,
Unless thou dost detail the cause, and show
The consequence of all which led thee here!
Ber. Is there no way to save thee? minutes fly,
And thou art lost!—*thou!* my sole benefactor,
The only being who was constant to me
Through every change. Yet, make me not a traitor!
Let me save thee—but spare my honour!
Lioni. Where
Can lie the honour in a league of murder?
And who are traitors save unto the state?
Ber. A league is still a compact, and more binding
In honest hearts when words must stand for law;
And in my mind, there is no traitor like
He whose domestic treason plants the poniard
Within the breast which trusted to his truth.
Lioni. And *who* will strike the steel to mine?
Ber. Not I;
I could have wound my soul up to all things
Save this. *Thou* must not die! and think how dear
Thy life is, when I risk so many lives,
Nay, more, the life of lives, the liberty
Of future generations, *not* to be
The assassin thou miscall'st me;—once, once more
I do adjure thee, pass not o'er thy threshold!
Lioni. It is in vain—this moment I go forth.
Ber. Then perish Venice rather than my friend!
I will disclose—ensnare—betray—destroy—
Oh, what a villain I become for thee!
Lioni. Say, rather, thy friend's saviour and the state's!—
Speak—pause not—all rewards, all pledges for
Thy safety and thy welfare; wealth such as
The state accords her worthiest servants; nay,
Nobility itself I guarantee thee,
So that thou art sincere and penitent.
Ber. I have thought again: it must not be—I love thee—
Thou knowest it—that I stand here is the proof,
Not least though last; but having done my duty
By thee, I now must do it by my country!
Farewell—we meet no more in life!—farewell!
Lioni. What, ho!—Antonio—Pedro—to the door!
See that none pass—arrest this man!——

Enter Antonio *and other armed Domestics, who seize* Bertram.

Lioni (continues). Take care
He hath no harm; bring me my sword and cloak,
And man the gondola with four oars—quick—
[*Exit* Antonio.
We will unto Giovanni Gradenigo's,
And send for Marc Cornaro: fear not, Bertram;
This needful violence is for thy safety,
No less than for the general weal.
Ber. Where wouldst thou
Bear me a prisoner?
Lioni. Firstly, to "the Ten;"
Next, to the Doge.
Ber. To the Doge?
Lioni. Assuredly:
Is he not chief of the state?
Ber. Perhaps—at sunrise.
Lioni. What mean you?—but we 'll know anon.
Ber. Art sure?
Lioni. Sure as all gentle means can make; and if
They fail, you know "the Ten" and their tribunal,
And that St. Mark's has dungeons, and the dungeons
A rack.
Ber. Apply it then before the dawn,
Now hastening into heaven.—One more such word,
And you shall perish piecemeal, by the death
You think to doom to me.

Re-enter Antonio.

Ant. The bark is ready,
My lord, and all prepared.
Lioni. Look to the prisoner.
Bertram, I 'll reason with thee as we go
To the magnifico's, sage Gradenigo. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Ducal Palace.—The Doge's Apartment.

The Doge *and his nephew* Bertuccio Faliero.

Doge. Are all the people of our house in muster?
Ber. F. They are array'd, and eager for the signal,
Within our palace precincts at San Polo. (1)
I come for your last orders.
Doge. It had been
As well had there been time to have got together,
From my own fief, Val di Marino, more
Of our retainers—but it is too late.
Ber. F. Methinks, my lord, 'tis better as it is:
A sudden swelling of our retinue
Had waked suspicion; and, though fierce and trusty,
The vassals of that district are too rude
And quick in quarrel, to have long maintain'd
The secret discipline we need for such
A service, till our foes are dealt upon.
Doge. True; but when once the signal has been given,
These are the men for such an enterprise;
These city slaves have all their private bias,
Their prejudice *against* or *for* this noble,
Which may induce them to o'erdo or spare
Where mercy may be madness; the fierce peasants,
Serfs of my county of Val di Marino,
Would do the bidding of their lord without
Distinguishing for love or hate his foes;
Alike to them Marcello or Cornaro,
A Gradenigo or a Foscari;
They are not used to start at those vain names,
Nor bow the knee before a civic senate;
A chief in armour is their suzerain,
And not a thing in robes.
Ber. F. We are enough;
And for the dispositions of our clients
Against the senate I will answer.
Doge. Well,
The die is thrown; but for a warlike service,
Done in the field, commend me to my peasants:

(1) The Doge's family palace.

They made the sun shine through the host of Huns
When sallow burghers slunk back to their tents,
And cower'd to hear their own victorious trumpet.
If there be small resistance, you will find
These citizens all lions, like their standard;
But if there 's much to do you 'll wish, with me,
A band of iron rustics at our backs.

Ber. F. Thus thinking, I must marvel you resolve
To strike the blow so suddenly.

Doge. Such blows
Must be struck suddenly, or never. When
I had o'ermaster'd the weak false remorse
Which yearn'd about my heart, too fondly yielding
A moment to the feelings of old days,
I was most fain to strike: and, firstly, that
I might not yield again to such emotions;
And, secondly, because of all these men,
Save Israel and Philip Calendaro,
I know not well the courage or the faith:
To-day might find 'mongst them a traitor to us,
As yesterday a thousand to the senate;
But once in, with their hilts hot in their hands,
They must *on* for their own sakes; one stroke struck,
And the mere instinct of the first-born Cain,
Which ever lurks somewhere in human hearts,
Though circumstance may keep it in abeyance,
Will urge the rest on like to wolves: the sight
Of blood to crowds begets the thirst of more,
As the first wine-cup leads to the long revel;
And you will find a harder task to quell
Than urge them when they *have* commenced, but *till*
That moment, a mere voice, a straw, a shadow,
Are capable of turning them aside.—
How goes the night?

Ber. F. Almost upon the dawn.

Doge. Then it is time to strike upon the bell.
Are the men posted?

Ber. F. By this time they are;
But they have orders not to strike, until
They have command from you through me in person.

Doge. 'T is well.—Will the morn never put to rest
These stars which twinkle yet o'er all the heavens?
I am settled and bound up, and being so,
The very effort which it cost me to
Resolve to cleanse this commonwealth with fire,
Now leaves my mind more steady. I have wept,
And trembled at the thought of this dread duty;
But now I have put down all idle passion,
And look the growing tempest in the face,
As doth the pilot of an admiral galley:
Yet (wouldst thou think it, kinsman?) it hath been
A greater struggle to me, than when nations
Beheld their fate merged in the approaching fight,
Where I was leader of a phalanx, where
Thousands were sure to perish!—Yes, to spill
The rank polluted current from the veins
Of a few bloated despots needed more
To steel me to a purpose such as made
Timoleon immortal, than to face
The toils and dangers of a life of war.

Ber. F. It gladdens me to see your former wisdom
Subdue the furies which so wrung you ere
You were decided.

Doge. It was ever thus
With me; the hour of agitation came
In the first glimmerings of a purpose, when
Passion had too much room to sway; but in
The hour of action I have stood as calm
As were the dead who lay around me: this
They knew who made me what I am, and trusted
To the subduing power which I preserved
Over my mood, when its first burst was spent.
But they were not aware that there are things
Which make revenge a virtue by reflection,
And not an impulse of mere anger; though
The laws sleep, justice wakes, and injured souls
Oft do a public right with private wrong,
And justify their deeds unto themselves.—
Methinks the day breaks—is it not so? look,
Thine eyes are clear with youth;—the air puts on
A morning freshness, and, at least to me,
The sea looks greyer through the lattice.

Ber. F. True,
The morn is dappling in the sky. (1)

Doge. Away then!
See that they strike without delay, and with
The first toll from St. Mark's, march on the palace
With all our house's strength: here I will meet you—
The Sixteen and their companies will move
In separate columns at the self-same moment—
Be sure you post yourself at the great gate:
I would not trust "the Ten" except to us—
The rest, the rabble of patricians, may
Glut the more careless swords of those leagued with us.
Remember that the cry is still "Saint Mark!
The Genoese are come—ho! to the rescue!
Saint Mark and Liberty!"—Now—now to action!

Ber. F. Farewell then, noble uncle! we will meet
In freedom and true sovereignty, or never!

Doge. Come hither, my Bertuccio—one embrace—
Speed, for the day grows broader—Send me soon
A messenger to tell me how all goes
When you rejoin our troops, and then sound—sound
The storm-bell from Saint Mark's!

[*Exit* Bertuccio Faliero.

Doge (*solus*). He is gone. (2)
And on each footstep moves a life.—'T'is done.
Now the destroying angel hovers o'er
Venice, and pauses ere he pours the vial,
Even as the eagle overlooks his prey,
And for a moment, poised in middle air,
Suspends the motion of his mighty wings,
Then swoops with his unerring beak.—Thou day!
That slowly walk'st the waters! march—march on—
I would not smite i' the dark, but rather see
That no stroke errs. And you, ye blue sea-waves!
I have seen you dyed ere now, and deeply too,
With Genoese, Saracen, and Hunnish gore,
While that of Venice flow'd too, but victorious;
Now thou must wear an unmix'd crimson; no
Barbaric blood can reconcile us now
Unto that horrible incarnadine,
But friend or foe will roll in civic slaughter.
And have I lived to fourscore years for this?
I, who was named Preserver of the City?
I, at whose name the million's caps were flung

(1) In the MS.—
"The night is clearing from the sky."—L. E.

(2) "At last the moment arrives when the bell is to be sounded, and the whole of the conspiring bands are watching in impatience for the signal. The nephew of the Doge, and the heir of his house (for he is childless), leaves Faliero in his palace, and goes to strike with his own hand the fatal summons. The Doge is left alone; and English poetry, we think, contains few passages superior to that which follows." *Lockhart.*—L. E.

Into the air, and cries from tens of thousands
Rose up, imploring Heaven to send me blessings,
And fame, and length of days—to see this day?
But this day, black within the calendar,
Shall be succeeded by a bright millennium.
Doge Dandolo survived to ninety summers
To vanquish empires, and refuse their crown;
I will resign a crown, and make the state
Renew its freedom—but oh! by what means?
The noble end must justify them—What
Are a few drops of human blood? 'tis false,
The blood of tyrants is not human; they,
Like to incarnate Molochs, feed on ours,
Until 'tis time to give them to the tombs
Which they have made so populous.—O world!
O men! what are ye, and our best designs,
That we must work by crime to punish crime?
And slay as if Death had but this one gate,
When a few years would make the sword superfluous?
And I, upon the verge of the unknown realm,
Yet send so many heralds on before me?—
I must not ponder this. [*A pause.*
Hark! was there not
A murmur as of distant voices, and
The tramp of feet in martial unison?
What phantoms even of sound our wishes raise!
It cannot be—the signal hath not rung—
Why pauses it? My nephew's messenger
Should be upon his way to me, and he
Himself perhaps even now draws grating back
Upon its ponderous hinge the steep tower portal,
Where swings the sullen huge oracular bell, (1)
Which never knells but for a princely death,
Or for a state in peril, pealing forth
Tremendous bodements; let it do its office,
And be this peal its awfullest and last
Sound till the strong tower rock!—What! silent still?
I would go forth, but that my post is here,
To be the centre of re-union to
The oft-discordant elements which form
Leagues of this nature, (2) and to keep compact
The wavering or the weak, in case of conflict;
For if they should do battle, 'twill be here,
Within the palace, that the strife will thicken:
Then here must be my station, as becomes
The master-mover.——Hark! he comes—he comes,
My nephew, brave Bertuccio's messenger.—
What tidings? Is he marching? hath he sped?—
They here!—all 's lost—yet will I make an effort.(3)

Enter a Signor of the Night, (4) *with Guards, etc. etc.*

Sig. Doge, I arrest thee of high-treason!
Doge. Me!
Thy prince, of treason?—Who are they that dare
Cloak their own treason under such an order?
Sig. (*showing his order.*) Behold my order from the assembled Ten.
Doge. And *where* are they, and *why* assembled? no
Such council can be lawful, till the prince
Preside there, and that duty's mine: on thine
I charge thee, give me way, or marshal me
To the council-chamber.
Sig. Duke! it may not be:
Nor are they in the wonted Hall of Council,
But sitting in the convent of Saint Saviour's.
Doge. You dare to disobey me, then?
Sig. I serve
The state, and needs must serve it faithfully;
My warrant is the will of those who rule it.
Doge. And till that warrant has my signature
It is illegal, and, as *now* applied,
Rebellious—Hast thou weigh'd well thy life's worth,
That thus you dare assume a lawless function? (5)
Sig. 'Tis not my office to reply, but act—
I am placed here as guard upon thy person,
And not as judge to hear or to decide.
Doge (*aside*). I must gain time—So that the storm-bell sound
All may be well yet.—Kinsman, speed—speed—
Our fate is trembling in the balance, and [speed!
Woe to the vanquish'd! be they prince and people,
Or slaves and senate—
[*The great bell of Saint Mark's tolls.*
Lo! it sounds—it tolls!
Doge (*aloud*). Hark, Signor of the Night! and you, ye hirelings,
Who wield your mercenary staves in fear,

(1) In the MS.—

"Where swings the sullen { iron oracle. / huge oracular bell."—L. E.

(2) "Of rhetorical and highly-embellished sentiments, there is no scarcity. But, while they are spoken by the personages of the drama, the poet is their prompter. They seem to be wholly adventitious to the piece, neither arising out of its events, nor illustrating its moral. But, in truth, the play has no moral purpose to illustrate. In *Marino Faliero*, we are neither delighted with the image of virtue, nor warmed with its glowing and noble sentiments. If, according to the rules of poetic justice, severe penalties visit the criminal, it is intercepted, in no inconsiderable degree, by the sympathies which the poet attempts to excite for his downfall. Another, and an equally serious exception to the tragedy, is its total want of progress. The action languishes from the beginning to the end. The principal cause of this dramatic paralysis, if we may be allowed the phrase, is, that the poet substitutes himself for his characters. It is he who philosophises in a strain of cold metaphysical speculation, while the persons of the scene should be in action. So fundamental is this fault, that in that most anxious moment of the piece, whilst Faliero is waiting in breathless and horrid expectation for the tolling of the dreadful bell, which, at the hour appointed for the insurrection, was to be the alarum of assignation and treason—even in this awful moment, the Doge finds time for generalities and abstractions. How he could find leisure, in a crisis big with fate, to enter into an abstract reasoning upon the qualities and characters of '*leagues of this nature*,'—correct and philosophically true as that reasoning is,—really astonishes us. And when, upon the detection of the plot, the officer comes with the warrant to apprehend him, he does not think it either unseasonable on such an occasion, or a departure from the stern dignity and proud daring of his character, to reason astutely and almost technically on its legality:—

'till that warrant has my signature
It is illegal, and, as *now* applied,
Rebellious.'

There is much good sense in the answer of the officer, which, in substance, is this—'Sir, I cannot enter into these subtleties: the warrant was put into my hand, and, acting under the authority of my superiors, I shall be borne harmless. So, Sir, be pleased to come along with me.'" *Ecl. Rev.*—L. E.

(3) "A relenting conspirator, whom the contemplative Lioni had formerly befriended, calls to warn him of his danger; and is gradually led to betray his associates. The plot is crushed in the moment of its development, and the Doge arrested in his palace. The scene immediately preceding this catastrophe is noble and thrilling." *Jeffrey.*—L. E.

(4) "I Signori di Notte" held an important charge in the old republic.

(5) In the MS.—

"That thus you dare assume a { lawless function. / brigand's power."—L. E.

It is your knell—Swell on, thou lusty peel!
Now, knaves, what ransom for your lives?
Sig. Confusion!
Stand to your arms, and guard the door—all's lost
Unless that fearful bell be silenced soon.
The officer hath miss'd his path or purpose,
Or met some unforeseen and hideous obstacle. (1)
Anselmo, with thy company proceed
Straight to the tower; the rest remain with me.
[*Exit a part of the Guard.*
Doge. Wretch! if thou wouldst have thy vile life,
It is not now a lease of sixty seconds. [implore it;
Ay, send thy miserable ruffians forth;
They never shall return.
Sig. So let it be!
They die then in their duty, as will I.
Doge. Fool! the high eagle flies at nobler game
Than thou and thy base myrmidons,—live on,
So thou provok'st not peril by resistance,
And learn (if souls so much obscured can bear
To gaze upon the sunbeams) to be free.
Sig. And learn thou to be captive—It hath ceased,
[*The bell ceases to toll.*
The traitorous signal, which was to have set
The bloodhound mob on their patrician prey—
The knell hath rung, but it is not the senate's!
Doge (*after a pause*). All's silent, and all's lost!
Sig. Now, Doge, denounce me
As rebel slave of a revolted council!
Have I not done my duty?
Doge. Peace, thou thing!
Thou hast done a worthy deed, and earn'd the price
Of blood, and they who use thee will reward thee.
But thou wert sent to watch, and not to prate,
As thou said'st even now—then do thine office,
But let it be in silence, as behoves thee,
Since, though thy prisoner, I am thy prince.
Sig. I did not mean to fail in the respect
Due to your rank: in this I shall obey you.
Doge (*aside*). There now is nothing left me save to die;
And yet how near success! I would have fallen,
And proudly, in the hour of triumph, but
To miss it thus!—

Enter other Signors of the Night, *with* Bertuccio Faliero *prisoner.*

2d Sig. We took him in the act
Of issuing from the tower, where, at his order,
As delegated from the Doge, the signal
Had thus begun to sound.
1st Sig. Are all the passes
Which lead up to the palace well secured? [chiefs
2d Sig. They are—besides, it matters not; the
Are all in chains, and some even now on trial—
Their followers are dispersed, and many taken.
Ber. F. Uncle!
Doge. It is in vain to war with Fortune;
The glory hath departed from our house.
Ber. F. Who would have deem'd it?—Ah! one moment sooner!
Doge. That moment would have changed the face
This gives us to eternity—We'll meet it [of ages;
As men whose triumph is not in success,
But who can make their own minds all in all,
Equal to every fortune. Droop not, 'tis
But a brief passage—I would go alone,
Yet if they send us, as 'tis like, together,
Let us go worthy of our sires and selves.
Ber. F. I shall not shame you, uncle.
1st Sig. Lords, our orders
Are to keep guard on both in separate chambers,
Until the council call ye to your trial.
Doge. Our trial! will they keep their mockery up
Even to the last? but let them deal upon us,
As we had dealt on them, but with less pomp.
'Tis but a game of mutual homicides,
Who have cast lots for the first death, and they
Have won with false dice.—Who hath been our Judas?
1st Sig. I am not warranted to answer that.
Ber. F. I'll answer for thee—'tis a certain Bertram,
Even now deposing to the secret Giunta.
Doge. Bertram, the Bergamask! With what vile
We operate to slay or save! This creature, [tools
Black with a double treason, now will earn
Rewards and honours, and be stamp'd in story
With the geese in the Capitol, which gabbled
Till Rome awoke, and had an annual triumph,
While Manlius, who hurl'd down the Gauls, was cast (2)
From the Tarpeian.
1st Sig. He aspired to treason,
And sought to rule the state.
Doge. He saved the state,
And sought but to reform what he revived.
But this is idle—Come, sirs, do your work.
1st Sig. Noble Bertuccio, we must now remove you
Into an inner chamber.
Ber. F. Farewell, uncle!
If we shall meet again in life I know not,
But they perhaps will let our ashes mingle.
Doge. Yes, and our spirits, which shall yet go forth,
And do what our frail clay, thus clogg'd, hath fail'd in!
They cannot quench the memory of those
Who would have hurl'd them from their guilty thrones,
And such examples will find heirs, though distant.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Hall of the Council of Ten assembled, with the additional Senators who, on the Trials of the Conspirators for the Treason of Marino Faliero, *composed what was called the Giunta,—Guards, Officers, etc. etc.—*Israel Bertuccio *and* Philip Calendaro *as Prisoners.—*Bertram, Lioni, *and Witnesses, etc.* (3)

The Chief of the Ten, Benintende. (4)

Ben. There now rests, after such conviction of
Their manifold and manifest offences,
But to pronounce on these obdurate men

(1) In the MS.—
"Or met some unforeseen and { fatal / hideous } obstacle."—L. E.

(2) In the MS.—
"While Manlius, who hurl'd { down / back } the Gauls," etc.—L. E.

(3) "The fifth act, which begins with the arraignment of the original conspirators, is much in the style of that of Pierre and his associates in the old play. After them, the Doge is brought in: his part is very forcibly written throughout." *Jeffrey.*—L. E.

(4) "In the notes to *Marino Faliero*, it may be as well to say, that Benintende was not really of the Ten, but merely Grand Chancellor—a separate office, though an important one. It was an arbitrary alteration of mine." *B. Letters.*—L. E.

The sentence of the law:—a grievous task
To those who hear, and those who speak. Alas!
That it should fall to me! and that my days
Of office should be stigmatised, through all
The years of coming time, as bearing record
To this most foul and complicated treason
Against a just and free state, known to all
The earth as being the Christian bulwark 'gainst
The Saracen and the schismatic Greek,
The savage Hun, and not less barbarous Frank;
A city which has open'd India's wealth
To Europe; the last Roman refuge from
O'erwhelming Attila; the ocean's queen;
Proud Genoa's prouder rival! 'Tis to sap
The throne of such a city, these lost men
Have risk'd and forfeited their worthless lives—
So let them die the death.

I. Ber. We are prepared;
Your racks have done that for us. Let us die.

Ben. If ye have that to say which would obtain
Abatement of your punishment, the Giunta
Will hear you; if you have aught to confess,
Now is your time, perhaps it may avail ye.

I. Ber. We stand to hear, and not to speak.

Ben. Your crimes
Are fully proved by your accomplices,
And all which circumstance can add to aid them;
Yet we would hear from your own lips complete
Avowal of your treason: on the verge
Of that dread gulf which none repass, the truth
Alone can profit you on earth or heaven—
Say, then, what was your motive?

I. Ber. Justice!

Ben. What
Your object?

I. Ber. Freedom!

Ben. You are brief, sir.

I. Ber. So my life grows: I
Was bred a soldier, not a senator.

Ben. Perhaps you think by this blunt brevity
To brave your judges to postpone the sentence?

I. Ber. Do you be brief as I am, and, believe me,
I shall prefer that mercy to your pardon.

Ben. Is this your sole reply to the tribunal?

I. Ber. Go, ask your racks what they have wrung from us,
Or place us there again; we have still some blood left,
And some slight sense of pain in these wrench'd limbs:
But this ye dare not do: for if we die there—
And you have left us little life to spend
Upon your engines, gorged with pangs already—
Ye lose the public spectacle, with which
You would appal your slaves to further slavery!
Groans are not words, nor agony assent,
Nor affirmation truth, if nature's sense
Should overcome the soul into a lie,
For a short respite—must we bear or die?

Ben. Say, who were your accomplices?

I. Ber. The Senate!

Ben. What do you mean?

I. Ber. Ask of the suffering people,
Whom your patrician crimes have driven to crime.

Ben. You know the Doge?

I. Ber. I served with him at Zara
In the field, when *you* were pleading here your way
To present office; we exposed our lives,
While you but hazarded the lives of others,
Alike by accusation or defence;
And, for the rest, all Venice knows her Doge
Through his great actions, and the Senate's insults.

Ben. You have held conference with him?

I. Ber. I am weary—
Even wearier of your questions than your tortures:
I pray you pass to judgment.

Ben. It is coming.—
And you, too, Philip Calendaro, what
Have you to say why you should not be doom'd?

Cal. I never was a man of many words,
And now have few left worth the utterance.

Ben. A further application of you engine
May change your tone.

Cal. Most true, it *will* do so;
A former application did so; but
It will not change my words, or, if it did—

Ben. What then?

Cal. Will my avowal on yon rack
Stand good in law?

Ben. Assuredly.

Cal. Whoe'er
The culprit be whom I accuse of treason?

Ben. Without doubt, he will be brought up to trial.

Cal. And on this testimony would he perish?

Ben. So your confession be detail'd and full,
He will stand here in peril of his life.

Cal. Then look well to thy proud self, President!
For by the eternity which yawns before me,
I swear that *thou*, and only thou, shalt be
The traitor I denounce upon that rack,
If I be stretch'd there for the second time.

One of the Giunta. Lord President, 't were best proceed to judgment;
There is no more to be drawn from these men. (1)

Ben. Unhappy men! prepare for instant death.
The nature of your crime—our law—and peril
The state now stands in, leave not an hour's respite—
Guards! lead them forth, and upon the balcony
Of the red columns, where, on festal Thursday, (2)
The Doge stands to behold the chase of bulls,
Let them be justified: and leave exposed
Their wavering relics, in the place of judgment,
To the full view of the assembled people!—
And Heaven have mercy on their souls!

The Giunta. Amen!

I. Ber. Signors, farewell! we shall not all again
Meet in one place.

Ben. And lest they should essay
To stir up the distracted multitude—
Guards! let their mouths be gagg'd (3) even in the act
Of execution.—Lead them hence!

Cal. What! must we
Not even say farewell to some fond friend,
Nor leave a last word with our confessor?

Ben. A priest is waiting in the antechamber;
But, for your friends, such interviews would be
Painful to them, and useless all to you.

Cal. I knew that we were gagg'd in life; at least
All those who had not heart to risk their lives

(1) In the MS.—
"There is no more to be { drawn / wrung } from these men."—L. E.

(2) "Giovedì grasso,"—"fat or greasy Thursday,"—which I cannot literally translate in the text, was the day.

(3) Historical fact. See Sanuto, *Appendix*, Note [A].

Upon their open thoughts; but still I deem'd
That in the last few moments, the same idle
Freedom of speech accorded to the dying,
Would not now be denied to us; but since——

I. Ber. Even let them have their way, brave Calendaro!
What matter a few syllables? let's die
Without the slightest show of favour from them;
So shall our blood more readily arise
To Heaven against them, and more testify
To their atrocities, than could a volume
Spoken or written of our dying words!
They tremble at our voices—nay, they dread
Our very silence—let them live in fear!—
Leave them unto their thoughts, and let us now
Address our own above!—Lead on; we are ready.

Cal. Israel, hadst thou but hearken'd unto me
It had not now been thus; and yon pale villain,
The coward Bertram, would——

I. Ber. Peace, Calendaro!
What brooks it now to ponder upon this?

Ber. Alas! I fain you died in peace with me:
I did not seek this task.—'T was forced upon me.
Say you forgive me, though I never can
Retrieve my own forgiveness—frown not thus!

I. Ber. I die and pardon thee!

Cal. (*spitting at him.*) I die and scorn thee! (1)

[*Exeunt* Israel Bertuccio *and* Philip Calendaro, *Guards, etc.*

Ben. Now that these criminals have been disposed of,
'Tis time that we proceed to pass our sentence
Upon the greatest traitor upon record
In any annals, the Doge Faliero!
The proofs and process are complete; the time
And crime require a quick procedure: shall
He now be call'd in to receive the award?

The Giunta. Ay, ay.

Ben. Avogadori, order that the Doge
Be brought before the council.

One of the Giunta. And the rest,
When shall they be brought up?

Ben. When all the chiefs
Have been disposed of. Some have fled to Chiozza;
But there are thousands in pursuit of them,
And such precaution ta'en on terra firma,
As well as in the islands, that we hope
None will escape to utter in strange lands
His libellous tale of treasons 'gainst the senate.

Enter the Doge *as Prisoner, with Guards, etc. etc.*

Ben. Doge—for such still you are, and by the law
Must be consider'd, till the hour shall come
When you must doff the ducal bonnet from
That head, which could not wear a crown more noble
Than empires can confer, in quiet honour,
But it must plot to overthrow your peers,
Who made you what you are, and quench in blood
A city's glory—we have laid already
Before you in your chamber at full length,
By the Avogadori, all the proofs
Which have appear'd against you; and more ample
Ne'er rear'd their sanguinary shadows to
Confront a traitor. What have you to say
In your defence?

Doge. What shall I say to ye,
Since my defence must be your condemnation?
You are at once offenders and accusers,
Judges and executioners!—Proceed
Upon your power.

Ben. Your chief accomplices
Having confess'd, there is no hope for you.

Doge. And who be they?

Ben. In number many; but
The first now stands before you in the court,
Bertram, of Bergamo,—would you question him?

Doge (*looking at him contemptuously*). No.

Ben. And two others, Israel Bertuccio,
And Philip Calendaro, have admitted
Their fellowship in treason with the Doge.

Doge. And where are they?

Ben. Gone to their place, and now
Answering to Heaven for what they did on earth.

Doge. Ah! the plebeian Brutus, is he gone?
And the quick Cassius of the arsenal?—
How did they meet their doom?

Ben. Think of your own:
It is approaching. You decline to plead, then? (2)

Doge. I cannot plead to my inferiors, nor
Can recognise your legal power to try me.
Show me the law!

Ben. On great emergencies,
The law must be remodell'd or amended:
Our fathers had not fix'd the punishment
Of such a crime, as on the old Roman tables
The sentence against parricide was left
In pure forgetfulness; they could not render
That penal, which had neither name nor thought
In their great bosoms: who would have foreseen
That nature could be filed to such a crime
As sons 'gainst sires, and princes 'gainst their realms?
Your sin hath made us make a law which will
Become a precedent 'gainst such haught traitors,
As would with treason mount to tyranny;
Not even contented with a sceptre, till
They can convert it to a two-edged sword!
Was not the place of Doge sufficient for ye?
What's nobler than the signory of Venice?

Doge. The signory of Venice! You betray'd me—
You—you, who sit there, traitors as ye are!

(1) "I know what Foscolo means, about Calendaro's *spitting* at Bertram; *that*'s national—the objection, I mean. The Italians and French, with those 'flags of abomination' their pocket-handkerchiefs, spit there, and here, and every where else—in your face almost, and therefore *object* to it on the stage as *too familiar*. But we, who spit nowhere—but in a man's face when we grow savage—are not likely to feel this. Remember Massinger, and Kean's Sir Giles Overreach—

'Lord! *thus* I *spit* at thee and at thy counsel!'

Besides, Calendaro does not spit in Bertram's face; he spits *at* him, as I have seen the Mussulmans do upon the ground when they are in a rage. Again, he does not in fact despise Bertram, though he affects it,—as we all do, when angry with one we think our inferior. He is angry at not being allowed to die in his own way (although not afraid of death); and recollect, that he suspected and hated Bertram from the first. Israel Bertuccio, on the other hand, is a cooler and more concentrated fellow: he acts upon *principle* and impulse; Calendaro upon *impulse* and example. So there's argument for you.—'The Doge *repeats*;'—true, but it is from engrossing passion, and because he sees *different* persons, and is always obliged to recur to the *cause* uppermost in his mind. 'His speeches are long;'—true, but I wrote for the *closet*, and on the French and Italian model rather than yours, which I think not very highly of, for all your *old* dramatists, who are long enough too, God knows: *look* into any of them." *B. Letters.*—L. E.

(2) In the MS.—

"It is { impending, / approaching. } You decline to plead, then?"—L. E.

From my equality with you in birth,
And my superiority in action,
You drew me from my honourable toils
In distant lands—on flood—in field—in cities—
You singled me out like a victim to
Stand crown'd, but bound and helpless, at the altar
Where you alone could minister. I knew not—
I sought not—wish'd not—dream'd not the election,
Which reach'd me first at Rome, and I obey'd;
But found, on my arrival, that besides
The jealous vigilance which always led you
To mock and mar your sovereign's best intents,
You had, even in the interregnum of(1)
My journey to the capital, curtail'd
And mutilated the few privileges
Yet left the duke: all this I bore, and would
Have borne, until my very hearth was stain'd
By the pollution of your ribaldry,
And he, the ribald, whom I see amongst you—
Fit judge in such tribunal!—

Ben. (*interrupting him*). Michel Steno
Is here, in virtue of his office, as
One of the Forty; "the Ten" having craved
A Giunta of patricians from the senate
To aid our judgment in a trial arduous
And novel as the present: he was set
Free from the penalty pronounced upon him,
Because the Doge, who should protect the law,
Seeking to abrogate all law, can claim
No punishment of others by the statutes
Which he himself denies and violates.

Doge. His PUNISHMENT! I'd rather see him *there*,
Where he now sits, to glut him with my death,
Than in the mockery of castigation,
Which your foul, outward, juggling show of justice
Decreed as sentence! Base as was his crime,
'Twas purity compared with your protection.

Ben. And can it be, that the great Doge of Venice,
With three parts of a century of years
And honours on his head, could thus allow
His fury, like an angry boy's, to master
All feeling, wisdom, faith, and fear, on such
A provocation as a young man's petulance?

Doge. A spark creates the flame—'tis the last drop
Which makes the cup run o'er, and mine was full
Already: you oppress'd the prince and people;
I would have freed both, and have fail'd in both.
The price of such success would have been glory,
Vengeance, and victory, and such a name
As would have made Venetian history
Rival to that of Greece and Syracuse
When they were freed, and flourish'd ages after,
And mine to Gelon and to Thrasybulus:—
Failing, I know the penalty of failure
Is present infamy and death—the future
Will judge, when Venice is no more, or free;
Till then, the truth is in abeyance. Pause not;
I would have shown no mercy, and I seek none;
My life was staked upon a mighty hazard,
And being lost, take what I would have taken!
I would have stood alone amidst your tombs:
Now you may flock round mine, and trample on it,
As you have done upon my heart while living.

Ben. You do confess, then, and admit the justice
Of our tribunal?

Doge. I confess to have fail'd.
Fortune is female: from my youth her favours
Were not withheld; the fault was mine, to hope
Her former smiles again at this late hour.

Ben. You do not then in aught arraign our equity?

Doge. Noble Venetians! stir me not with questions.
I am resign'd to the worst; but in me still
Have something of the blood of brighter days,
And am not over-patient. Pray you, spare me
Further interrogation, which boots nothing,
Except to turn a trial to debate.
I shall but answer that which will offend you,
And please your enemies—a host already;
'Tis true, these sullen walls should yield no echo:
But walls have ears—nay, more, they have tongues; and if
There were no other way for truth to o'erleap them,(2)
You who condemn me, you who fear and slay me,
Yet could not bear in silence to your graves
What you would hear from me of good or evil;
The secret were too mighty for your souls:
Then let it sleep in mine, unless you court
A danger which would double that you escape.
Such my defence would be, had I full scope
To make it famous; for true *words* are *things*,
And dying men's are things which long outlive,
And oftentimes avenge them; bury mine,
If ye would fain survive me: take this counsel,
And though too oft ye made me live in wrath,
Let me die calmly; you may grant me this;—
I deny nothing—defend nothing—nothing
I ask of you, but silence for myself,
And sentence from the court!

Ben. This full admission
Spares us the harsh necessity of ordering
The torture to elicit the whole truth.(3)

Doge. The torture! you have put me there already,
Daily since I was Doge; but if you will
Add the corporeal rack, you may: these limbs
Will yield with age to crushing iron; but
There's that within my heart shall strain your engines.

Enter an OFFICER.

Officer. Noble Venetians! Duchess Faliero(4)
Requests admission to the Giunta's presence.

Ben. Say, conscript fathers,(5) shall she be admitted?

(1) "One source of feebleness in this passage, and it is one of frequent occurrence in all Lord Byron's plays, is his practice of ending his lines with insignificant monosyllables. '*Of*,' '*to*,' '*and*,' '*till*,' '*but*,' '*from*,' all occur in the course of a very few pages, in situations where, had the harmony or vigour of the line been consulted, the voice would have been allowed to pause, and the energy of the sentiment would have been carried to its highest tone of elevation. This we should have set down to the account of carelessness, had it not been so frequent, and had not the stiffness and labour of the author's general style almost tempted us to believe it systematic. A more inharmonious system of versification, or one more necessarily tending to weight and feebleness, could hardly have been invented. But, with all these defects, there is much to praise in the *Doge of Venice*." *Heber.*—L. E.

(2) In the MS.—

"There were no other way for truth to { pierce / o'erlop } them."—L. E.

(3) In the MS.—

"The torture { for the exposure of the truth. / to elicit the whole truth."—L. E.

(4) In the MS.—

"Noble Venetians! { Doge Faliero's consort. / with respect to the Duchess. / Duchess Faliero."—L. E.

(5) The Venetian senate took the same title as the Roman, of "conscript fathers."

One of the Giunta. She may have revelations, of
Unto the state, to justify compliance [importance
With her request.
Ben. Is this the general will?
All. It is.
Doge. O admirable laws of Venice!
Which would admit the wife, in the full hope
That she might testify against the husband.
What glory to the chaste Venetian dames!
But such blasphemers 'gainst all honour, as
Sit here, do well to act in their vocation.
Now, villain Steno! if this woman fail,
I 'll pardon thee thy lie, and thy escape,
And my own violent death, and thy vile life.

The Duchess *enters.* (1)

Ben. Lady! this just tribunal has resolved,
Though the request be strange, to grant it, and
Whatever be its purport, to accord
A patient hearing, with the due respect
Which fits your ancestry, your rank, and virtues:
But you turn pale—ho! there, look to the lady!
Place a chair instantly.
Ang. A moment's faintness—
'T is past; I pray you pardon me,—I sit not
In presence of my prince and of my husband,
While he is on his feet.
Ben. Your pleasure, lady?
Ang. Strange rumours, but most true, if all I hear
And see be sooth, have reach'd me, and I come
To know the worst, even at the worst; forgive
The abruptness of my entrance and my bearing.
Is it——I cannot speak—I cannot shape
The question—but you answer it ere spoken,
With eyes averted, and with gloomy brows—
Oh God! this is the silence of the grave!
Ben. (*after a pause.*) Spare us, and spare thyself
Of our most awful but inexorable [the repetition
Duty to heaven and man!
Ang. Yet speak; I cannot—
I cannot—no—even now, believe these things.
Is *he* condemn'd?
Ben. Alas!
Ang. And was he guilty?
Ben. Lady! the natural distraction of
Thy thoughts at such a moment makes the question
Merit forgiveness; else a doubt like this
Against a just and paramount tribunal
Were deep offence. But question even the Doge,
And if he can deny the proofs, believe him
Guiltless as thy own bosom.
Ang. Is it so?
My lord—my sovereign—my poor father's friend—
The mighty in the field, the sage in council;
Unsay the words of this man!—Thou art silent!
Ben. He hath already own'd to his own guilt,(2)
Nor, as thou see'st, doth he deny it now.
Ang. Ay, but he must not die! Spare his few years,
Which grief and shame will soon cut down to days!
One day of baffled crime must not efface
Near sixteen lustres crowded with brave acts.
Ben. His doom must be fulfill'd, without remission
Of time or penalty—'tis a decree.
Ang. He hath been guilty, but there may be mercy.
Ben. Not, in this case, with justice.
Ang. Alas! signor,
He who is only just is cruel; who
Upon the earth would live were all judged justly?
Ben. His punishment is safety to the state.
Ang. He was a subject, and hath served the state;
He was your general, and hath saved the state;
He is your sovereign, and hath ruled the state. (3)
One of the Council. He is a traitor, and betray'd
the state.
Ang. And, but for him, there now had been no state
To save or to destroy; and you, who sit
There to pronounce the death of your deliverer,
Had now been groaning at a Moslem oar,
Or digging in the Hunnish mines in fetters!
One of the Council. No lady, there are others who
would die
Rather than breathe in slavery!
Ang. If there are so
Within *these* walls, *thou* art not of the number:
The truly brave are generous to the fallen!
Is there no hope?
Ben. Lady, it cannot be.
Ang. (*turning to the Doge.*) Then die, Faliero:
since it must be so;
But with the spirit of my father's friend.
Thou hast been guilty of a great offence,
Half-cancell'd by the harshness of these men.
I would have sued to them—have pray'd to them—
Have begg'd as famish'd mendicants for bread—
Have wept as they will cry unto their God
For mercy, and be answer'd as they answer—
Had it been fitting for thy name or mine,
And if the cruelty in their cold eyes
Had not announced the heartless wrath within.
Then, as a prince, address thee to thy doom!
Doge. I have lived too long not to know how to die!
Thy suing to these men were but the bleating
Of the lamb to the butcher, or the cry
Of seamen to the surge: I would not take
A life eternal, granted at the hands
Of wretches, from whose monstrous villanies
I sought to free the groaning nations!
Michel Steno. Doge,
A word with thee, and with this noble lady,
Whom I have grievously offended. Would

(1) "The drama, which has the merit, uncommon in modern performances, of embodying no episodical deformity whatever, now hurries in full career to its close. Every thing is despatched with the stern decision of a tyrannical aristocracy. There is no hope of mercy on any side,—there is no petition,—nay, there is no wish for mercy. Even the plebeian conspirators have too much Venetian blood in them to be either scared by the approach, or shaken in the moment, of death: and, as for the Doge, he bears himself as becomes a warrior of sixty years, and a deeply-insulted prince. At the moment, however, which immediately precedes the pronouncing of the sentence, admission is asked and obtained by one from whom less of the Spartan firmness might have been expected. This is Angiolina. She indeed hazards one fervent prayer to the unbending senate; but she sees in a moment that it is in vain, and she recovers herself on the instant; and turning to her lord, who stands calm and collected at the foot of the council-table, speaks words worthy of him and of her. Nothing can be more unexpected, or more beautiful, than the behaviour of the young patrician who interrupts their conversation." *Lockhart.*—L. E.

(2) In the MS.—
"He hath already { own'd to / granted } his own guilt."—L. E.

(3) In the MS.—
"He is your sovereign, and hath { sway'd / ruled } the state."—L. E.

Sorrow, or shame, or penance on my part,
Could cancel the inexorable past!
But since that cannot be, as Christians let us
Say farewell, and in peace: with full contrition
I crave, not pardon, but compassion from you,
And give, however weak, my prayers for both.

Ang. Sage Benintende, now chief judge of Venice,
I speak to thee, in answer to yon signor.
Inform the ribald Steno, that his words
Ne'er weigh'd in mind with Loredano's daughter
Further than to create a moment's pity
For such as he is: would that others had
Despised him as I pity! I prefer
My honour to a thousand lives, could such
Be multiplied in mine, but would not have
A single life of others lost for that
Which nothing human can impugn—the sense
Of virtue, looking not to what is call'd
A good name for reward, but to itself.
To me the scorner's words were as the wind
Unto the rock: but as there are—alas!
Spirits more sensitive, on which such things
Light as the whirlwind on the waters; souls
To whom dishonour's shadow is a substance
More terrible than death, here and hereafter;
Men whose vice is to start at vice's scoffing,
And who, though proof against all blandishments
Of pleasure, and all pangs of pain, are feeble
When the proud name on which they pinnacled
Their hopes is breathed on, jealous as the eagle
Of her high aiery; let what we now
Behold, and feel, and suffer, be a lesson
To wretches how they tamper in their spleen
With beings of a higher order. Insects
Have made the lion mad ere now; a shaft
I' the heel o'erthrew the bravest of the brave;
A wife's dishonour was the bane of Troy;
A wife's dishonour unking'd Rome for ever;
An injured husband brought the Gauls to Clusium,
And thence to Rome, which perish'd for a time;
An obscene gesture cost Caligula
His life, while Earth yet bore his cruelties;
A virgin's wrong made Spain a Moorish province;
And Steno's lie, couch'd in two worthless lines,
Hath decimated Venice, put in peril
A senate which hath stood eight hundred years,
Discrown'd a prince, cut off his crowuless head,
And forged new fetters for a groaning people!
Let the poor wretch, like to the courtesan
Who fired Persepolis, be proud of this,
If it so please him—'twere a pride fit for him!
But let him not insult the last hours of
Him, who, whate'er he now is, *was* a hero,
By the intrusion of his very prayers;
Nothing of good can come from such a source,
Nor would we aught with him, nor now, nor ever:
We leave him to himself, that lowest depth
Of human baseness. Pardon is for men,
And not for reptiles—we have none for Steno,
And no resentment: things like him must sting,
And higher beings suffer; 'tis the charter
Of life. The man who dies by the adder's fang
May have the crawler crush'd, but feels no anger:
'Twas the worm's nature; and some men are worms
In soul, more than the living things of tombs. (1)

Doge. (*to Ben.*) Signor! complete that which you deem your duty.

Ben. Before we can proceed upon that duty,
We would request the princess to withdraw;
'Twill move her too much to be witness to it.

Ang. I know it will, and yet I must endure it,
For 'tis a part of mine—I will not quit,
Except by force, my husband's side.—Proceed!
Nay, fear not either shriek, or sigh, or tear;
Though my heart burst, it shall be silent.—Speak!
I have that within which shall o'ermaster all.

Ben. Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice,
Count of Val di Marino, Senator,
And some time General of the Fleet and Army,
Noble Venetian, many times and oft
Intrusted by the state with high employments,
Even to the highest, listen to the sentence:
Convict by many witnesses and proofs,
And by thine own confession, of the guilt
Of treachery and treason, yet unheard of (2)
Until this trial—the decree is death.
Thy goods are confiscate unto the state,
Thy name is razed from out her records, save
Upon a public day of thanksgiving
For this our most miraculous deliverance, (3)
When thou art noted in our calendars
With earthquakes, pestilence, and foreign foes,
And the great enemy of man, as subject
Of grateful masses for Heaven's grace in snatching
Our lives and country from thy wickedness.
The place wherein as Doge thou shouldst be painted,
With thine illustrious predecessors, is
To be left vacant, with a death black veil
Flung over these dim words engraved beneath,—
"This place is of Marino Faliero,
Decapitated for his crimes."

Doge. "His crimes!"
But let it be so:—it will be in vain.
The veil which blackens o'er this blighted name,
And hides, or seems to hide, these lineaments,
Shall draw more gazers than the thousand portraits
Which glitter round it in their pictured trappings—
Your delegated slaves—the people's tyrants! (4)
"Decapitated for his crimes!"—*What* crimes?
Were it not better to record the facts,
So that the contemplator might approve,
Or at the least learn *whence* the crimes arose?
When the beholder knows a Doge conspired,
Let him be told the cause—it is your history.

(1) "The Duchess is formal and cold, without even that degree of love for her old husband which a child might have for her parent, or a pupil for her instructor. Even in this her longest and best speech, at the most touching moment of the catastrophe, she can moralise, in a strain of pedantry less natural to a woman than to any other person similarly circumstanced, on lions stung by gnats, Achilles, Helen, Lucretia, the siege of Clusium, Caligula, Caba, and Persepolis! The lines are fine in themselves, indeed; and if they had been spoken by Benintende as a funeral oration over the Duke's body, or still more, perhaps, if they had been spoken by the Duke's counsel on his trial, they would have been perfectly in place and character. But that is not the highest order of female intellect which is disposed to be long-winded in distress; nor does any one, either male or female, who is really and deeply affected, find time for wise saws and instances ancient and modern." *Heber.*—L. E.

(2) In the MS.—
"Of treachery and treason never heard of."—L. E.

(3) In the MS.—
"For this { our most / almost } miraculous deliverance."—L. E.

(4) This and the five preceding lines are not in the original MS.—L. E.

Ben. Time must reply to that; our sons will judge
Their fathers' judgment, which I now pronounce:
As Doge, clad in the ducal robes and cap,
Thou shalt be led hence to the Giants' Staircase,
Where thou and all our princes are invested;
And there, the ducal crown being first resumed
Upon the spot where it was first assumed,
Thy head shall be struck off; and Heaven have mercy
Upon thy soul!

Doge. Is this the Giunta's sentence?

Ben. It is.

Doge. I can endure it.—And the time?

Ben. Must be immediate.—Make thy peace with God:
Within an hour thou must be in His presence.

Doge. I am already; and my blood will rise
To Heaven before the souls of those who shed it.—
Are all my lands confiscated?

Ben. They are;
And goods, and jewels, and all kind of treasure,
Except two thousand ducats—these dispose of.

Doge. That's harsh.—I would have fain reserved the lands
Near to Treviso, which I hold by investment
From Laurence the Count-bishop of Ceneda,
In fief perpetual to myself and heirs,
To portion them (leaving my city spoil,
My palace and my treasures, to your forfeit)
Between my consort and my kinsmen.

Ben. These
Lie under the state's ban; their chief, thy nephew,
In peril of his own life; but the council
Postpones his trial for the present. If
Thou will'st a state unto thy widow'd princess,
Fear not, for we will do her justice.

Ang. Signors,
I share not in your spoil! From henceforth, know
I am devoted unto God alone,
And take my refuge in the cloister.

Doge. Come!
The hour may be a hard one, but 't will end.
Have I aught else to undergo save death? (1)

Ben. You have nought to do, except confess and die.
The priest is robed, the scimitar is bare,
And both await without.—But, above all,
Think not to speak unto the people; they
Are now by thousands swarming at the gates,
But these are closed: the Ten, the Avogadori,
The Giunta, and the chief men of the Forty,
Alone will be beholders of thy doom,
And they are ready to attend the Doge.

Doge. The Doge!

Ben. Yes, Doge, thou hast lived and thou shalt die
A sovereign; till the moment which precedes
The separation of that head and trunk,
That ducal crown and head shall be united.
Thou hast forgot thy dignity in deigning
To plot with petty traitors; not so we,
Who in the very punishment acknowledge
The prince. Thy vile accomplices have died
The dog's death, and the wolf's; but thou shalt fall
As falls the lion by the hunters, girt
By those who feel a proud compassion for thee,
And mourn even the inevitable death
Provoked by thy wild wrath, and regal fierceness.
Now we remit thee to thy preparation:
Let it be brief, and we ourselves will be
Thy guides unto the place where first we were
United to thee as thy subjects and
Thy senate; and must now be parted from thee
As such for ever, on the self-same spot.—
Guards! form the Doge's escort to his chamber.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Doge's Apartment.

The Doge *as Prisoner, and the* Duchess *attending him.*

Doge. Now, that the priest is gone, 't were useless
To linger out the miserable minutes; [all
But one pang more, the pang of parting from thee,
And I will leave the few last grains of sand,
Which yet remain of the accorded hour,
Still falling—I have done with Time.

Ang. Alas!
And I have been the cause, the unconscious cause;
And for this funeral marriage, this black union,
Which thou, compliant with my father's wish,
Didst promise at *his* death, thou hast seal'd thine own.

Doge. Not so: there was that in my spirit ever
Which shaped out for itself some great reverse;
The marvel is, it came not until now—
And yet it was foretold me.

Ang. How foretold you?

Doge. Long years ago—so long, they are a doubt
In memory, and yet they live in annals:
When I was in my youth, and served the senate
And signory as podesta and captain
Of the town of Treviso, on a day
Of festival, the sluggish bishop who
Convey'd the host aroused my rash young anger,
By strange delay, and arrogant reply
To my reproof; I raised my hand and smote him
Until he reel'd beneath his holy burthen;
And, as he rose from earth again, he raised
His tremulous hands in pious wrath towards heaven.
Thence pointing to the host, which had fallen from him,
He turn'd to me, and said, "The hour will come
When he thou hast o'erthrown shall overthrow thee:
The glory shall depart from out thy house,
The wisdom shall be shaken from thy soul,
And in thy best maturity of mind
A madness of the heart shall seize upon thee; (2)
Passion shall tear thee when all passions cease
In other men, or mellow into virtues;
And majesty, which decks all other heads,
Shall crown to leave thee headless; honours shall
But prove to thee the heralds of destruction,
And hoary hairs of shame, and both of death,
But not such death as fits an aged man."
Thus saying, he pass'd on.—That hour is come.

Ang. And with this warning couldst thou not have
To avert the fatal moment, and atone, [striven
By penitence, for that which thou hadst done?

Doge. I own the words went to my heart, so much
That I remember'd them amid the maze

(1) In the MS.—

"Have I aught else to undergo { ere / save } death?"—L. E.

(2) In the MS.—

"A madness of the heart shall rise within."—L. E.

Of life, as if they form'd a spectral voice,
Which shook me in a supernatural dream;
And I repented; but 't was not for me
To pull in resolution: what must be
I could not change, and would not fear.—Nay more,
Thou canst not have forgot, what all remember,
That on my day of landing here as Doge,
On my return from Rome, a mist of such
Unwonted density went on before
The Bucentaur, like the columnal cloud
Which usher'd Israel out of Egypt, till
The pilot was misled, and disembark'd us
Between the pillars of Saint Mark's, where 't is
The custom of the state to put to death
Its criminals, instead of touching at
The Riva della Paglia, as the wont is,—
So that all Venice shudder'd at the omen.

Ang. Ah! little boots it now to recollect
Such things.

Doge. And yet I find a comfort in
The thought that these things are the work of Fate;
For I would rather yield to gods than men,
Or cling to any creed of destiny,
Rather than deem these mortals, most of whom
I know to be as worthless as the dust,
And weak as worthless, more than instruments
Of an o'er-ruling power; they in themselves
Were all incapable—they could not be
Victors of him who oft had conquer'd for them!

Ang. Employ the minutes left in aspirations
Of a more healing nature, and in peace,
Even with these wretches, take thy flight to heaven.

Doge. I *am* at peace: the peace of certainty
That a sure hour will come, when their sons' sons,
And this proud city, and these azure waters,
And all which makes them eminent and bright,
Shall be a desolation and a curse,
A hissing and a scoff unto the nations,
A Carthage, and a Tyre, an Ocean Babel!

Ang. Speak not thus now; the surge of passion still
Sweeps o'er thee to the last; thou dost deceive
Thyself, and canst not injure them—be calmer.

Doge. I stand within eternity, and see
Into eternity, and I behold—
Ay, palpable as I see thy sweet face
For the last time—the days which I denounce
Unto all time against these wave-girt walls,
And they who are indwellers.

Guard (coming forward). Doge of Venice,
The Ten are in attendance on your highness.

Doge. Then farewell, Angiolina!—one embrace—
Forgive the old man who hath been to thee
A fond but fatal husband—love my memory—
I would not ask so much for me still living,
But thou canst judge of me more kindly now,
Seeing my evil feelings are at rest.
Besides, of all the fruit of these long years,
Glory, and wealth, and power, and fame, and name,
Which generally leave some flowers to bloom
Even o'er the grave, I have nothing left, not even
A little love, or friendship, or esteem,
No, not enough to extract an epitaph
From ostentatious kinsmen; in one hour
I have uprooted all my former life,
And outlived every thing, except thy heart,
The pure, the good, the gentle, which will oft
With unimpair'd but not a clamorous grief(1)
Still keep——Thou turn'st so pale!—Alas! she faints,
She has no breath, no pulse—Guards! lend your aid—
I cannot leave her thus, and yet 't is better,
Since every lifeless moment spares a pang.
When she shakes off this temporary death,
I shall be with the Eternal.—Call her women—
One look!—how cold her hand!—as cold as mine
Shall be, ere she recovers.—Gently tend her,
And take my last thanks——I am ready now.

[*The Attendants of* Angiolina *enter and surround their mistress, who has fainted.—Exeunt the* Doge, *Guards, etc. etc.*

SCENE III.

The Court of the Ducal Palace: the outer gates are shut against the people.—The Doge *enters in his ducal robes, in procession with the Council of Ten and other Patricians, attended by the Guards, till they arrive at the top of the "Giants' Staircase" (where the Doges took the oaths); the Executioner is stationed there with his sword.—On arriving, a Chief of the Ten takes off the ducal cap from the Doge's head.*

Doge. So now the Doge is nothing, and at last
I am again Marino Faliero:
'Tis well to be so, though but for a moment.(2)
Here was I crown'd, and here, bear witness, Heaven!
With how much more contentment I resign
That shining mockery, the ducal bauble,
Than I received the fatal ornament.

One of the Ten. Thou tremblest, Faliero!

Doge. 'Tis with age, then.(3)

Ben. Faliero! hast thou aught further to commend,
Compatible with justice, to the senate?

Doge. I would commend my nephew to their mercy,
My consort to their justice; for methinks
My death, and such a death, might settle all
Between the state and me.

Ben. They shall be cared for;
Even notwithstanding thine unheard-of crime.

Doge. Unheard of! ay, there's not a history
But shows a thousand crown'd conspirators
Against the people; but to set them free
One sovereign only died, and one is dying.

Ben. And who were they who fell in such a cause?

Doge. The King of Sparta, and the Doge of Venice—
Agis and Faliero!

Ben. Hast thou more
To utter or to do?

Doge. May I speak?

(1) In the MS.—
"With unimpair'd but not outrageous grief."—L. E.

(2) In the MS.—
"'T is well to be so / I am glad to be so, } though but for a moment."—L. E.

(3) This was the actual reply of Bailly, *maire* of Paris, to a Frenchman who made him the same reproach on his way to execution, in the earliest part of their revolution. I find in reading over (since the completion of this tragedy), for the first time these six years, *Venice Preserved*, a similar reply on a different occasion by Renault, and other coincidences arising from the subject. I need hardly remind the gentlest reader, that such coincidences must be accidental, from the very facility of their detection by reference to so popular a play on the stage and in the closet as Otway's *chef-d'œuvre*.

Ben. Thou may'st;
But recollect the people are without,
Beyond the compass of the human voice.
Doge. I speak to Time and to Eternity,(1)
Of which I grow a portion, not to man.
Ye elements! in which to be resolved
I hasten, let my voice be as a spirit
Upon you! Ye blue waves! which bore my banner,
Ye winds! which flutter'd o'er as if you loved it,
And fill'd my swelling sails, as they were wafted
To many a triumph! Thou, my native earth,
Which I have bled for, and thou foreign earth,
Which drank this willing blood from many a wound!
Ye stones, in which my gore will not sink, but
Reek up to Heaven! Ye skies, which will receive it;
Thou sun! which shinest on these things, and Thou!
Who kindlest and who quenchest suns!(2)—Attest!
I am not innocent—but are these guiltless?
I perish'd, but not unavenged; far ages
Float up from the abyss of time to be,
And show these eyes, before they close, the doom
Of this proud city, and I leave my curse
On her and hers for ever!——Yes, the hours
Are silently engendering of the day,
When she, who built 'gainst Attila a bulwark,
Shall yield, and bloodlessly and basely yield
Unto a bastard Attila, without
Shedding so much blood in her last defence
As these old veins, oft drain'd in shielding her,
Shall pour in sacrifice.—She shall be bought
And sold, and be an appanage to those
Who shall despise her!(3)—She shall stoop to be
A province for an empire, petty town
In lieu of capital, with slaves for senates,
Beggars for nobles,(4) panders for a people!(5)
Then when the Hebrew 's in thy palaces,(6)
The Hun in thy high places, and the Greek
Walks o'er thy mart, and smiles on it for his!
When thy patricians beg their bitter bread
In narrow streets, and in their shameful need
Make their nobility a plea for pity!
Then, when the few who still retain a wreck
Of their great fathers' heritage shall fawn
Round a barbarian Vice of Kings' Vice-gerent,
Even in the palace where they sway'd as sovereigns,
Even in the palace where they slew their sovereign,
Proud of some name they have disgraced, or sprung
From an adulteress, boastful of her guilt
With some large gondolier or foreign soldier,
Shall bear about their bastardy in triumph
To the third spurious generation;(7)—when
Thy sons are in the lowest scale of being,

(1) "Sentence being passed upon the Doge, he is brought with much pomp to the place of execution. His last speech is a grand prophetic rant; something strained and elaborate—but eloquent and terrible." *Jeffrey.*—L. E.

(2) In the MS.—

——" and Thou!
Who makest and destroyest suns!"

"Change this," says Lord Byron, "to—

——' and Thou!
Who kindlest and who quenchest suns!'"

B. Letters, Feb. 2, 1821.—L. E.

(3) Should the dramatic picture seem harsh, let the reader look to the historical, of the period prophesied, or rather of the few years preceding that period. Voltaire calculated their "nostre bene merite meretrici" at 12,000 of regulars, without including volunteers and local militia, on what authority I know not; but it is, perhaps, the only part of the population not decreased. Venice once contained two hundred thousand inhabitants: there are now about ninety thousand; and TRUSS!! Few individuals can conceive, and none could describe, the actual state into which the more than infernal tyranny of Austria has plunged this unhappy city. From the present decay and degeneracy of Venice under the Barbarians, there are some honourable individual exceptions. There is Pasqualigo, the last, and, alas! *posthumous* son of the marriage of the Doges with the Adriatic, who fought his frigate with far greater gallantry than any of his French coadjutors in the memorable action off Lissa. I came home in the squadron with the prizes in 1811, and recollect to have heard Sir William Hoste, and the other officers engaged in that glorious conflict, speak in the highest terms of Pasqualigo's behaviour. There is the Abbate Morelli. There is Alvise Querini, who, after a long and honourable diplomatic career, finds some consolation for the wrongs of his country, in the pursuits of literature with his nephew, Vittor Benzon, the son of the celebrated beauty, the heroine of "La Biondina in Gondoletta." There are the patrician poet Morosini, and the poet Lamberti, the author of the "Biondina," etc. and many other estimable productions; and, not least in an Englishman's estimation, Madame Michelli, the translator of Shakspeare. There are the young Dandolo and the improvvisatore Carrer, and Giuseppe Albrizzi, the accomplished son of an accomplished mother. There is Aglietti, and, were there nothing else, there is the immortality of Canova. Cicognara, Mustoxithi, Bucati, etc. etc. I do not reckon, because the one is a Greek, and the others were born at least a hundred miles off, which, throughout Italy, constitutes, if not a *foreigner*, at least a *stranger* (*forestiere*).

(4) In the MS.—

"Beggars for nobles, { lazars / lepers / wretches } for a people!"—L. E.

(5) The following sketch of the indigent Venetian noble is by Gritti:—

"Sono un povero ladro aristocratico
Errante per la Veneta palude,
Che i denti per il mio duro panatico
Aguzzo in su la cote e in su l' incude;
Mi slombo in piedi, e a seder' mi snatico,
Ballotando or la fame, or la virtude;
Prego, piango, minaccio, insisto, adulo,
Ed ho me stesso, e la mia patria in culo."

"I'm a poor peer of Venice, loose among her
Marshes! With standing bows I've double grown,
And in my trade of place and pension-monger,
Sate till I've ground my buttocks to the bone;
Balloting now *for merit*, now for *hunger*;
Breaking myself, my teeth, upon a stone.
I crave, cringe, storm, and strive, through life's short furze,
And vote friends, self, and country all — ——:" *Rose.*—L. E.

(6) The chief palaces on the Brenta now belong to the Jews; who, in the earlier times of the republic, were only allowed to inhabit Mestri, and not to enter the city of Venice. The whole commerce is in the hands of the Jews and Greeks, and the Huns form the garrison.

(7) "It must be owned," says Bishop Heber, "that the Duke bears his calamities with a patience which would be more heroic if it were less wordy. It is possible that a condemned man might recollect his quarrel with the Bishop of Treviso, and the evil omen which accompanied his solemn landing at Venice. But there are not many condemned men who, during a last and stinted interview with a beloved wife, would have employed so much time in relating anecdotes of themselves; and we should least of all expect it in one whose fiery character would have induced him to hurry forward to his end. The same objection applies to his prophecy of the future miseries of Venice. Its language and imagery are, doubtless, extremely powerful and impressive; but we cannot allow that it is either dramatic or characteristic. A prophecy (which we knew to be *ex post facto*) is, under any circumstances, one of the cheapest and least artificial of poetical machines. But, under such circumstances as the present, no audience could have endured so long a speech without disgust and weariness; and Marino Faliero was most likely to have met his death like our own Sydney—

'With no harangue, idly proclaim'd aloud,
To catch the worthless plaudit of the crowd;
No feeble boast, death's terrors to defy,
Yet still delaying, as afraid to die!'

Slaves turn'd o'er to the vanquish'd by the victors,
Despised by cowards for greater cowardice,
And scorn'd even by the vicious for such vices
As, in the monstrous grasp of their conception,
Defy all codes to image or to name them;
Then, when of Cyprus, now thy subject kingdom,
All thine inheritance shall be her shame
Entail'd on thy less virtuous daughters, grown
A wider proverb for worse prostitution;—
When all the ills of conquer'd states shall cling thee,
Vice without splendour, sin without relief
Even from the gloss of love to smooth it o'er,
But in its stead, coarse lusts of habitude,
Prurient yet passionless, cold-studied lewdness,
Depraving nature's frailty to an art;—
When these and more are heavy on thee, when
Smiles without mirth, and pastimes without pleasure,
Youth without honour, age without respect,
Meanness and weakness, and a sense of woe
'Gainst which thou wilt not strive, and darest not murmur, (1)
Have made thee last and worst of peopled deserts,
Then, in the last gasp of thine agony,
Amidst thy many murders, think of *mine!*
Thou den of drunkards with the blood of princes! (2)
Gehenna of the waters! thou sea Sodom! (3)
Thus I devote thee to the infernal gods!
Thee and thy serpent-seed! (4)
[*Here the* Doge *turns and addresses the Executioner.*
Slave, do thine office!
Strike as I struck the foe! Strike as I would
Have struck those tyrants! Strike deep as my curse!
Strike—and but once!
[*The* Doge *throws himself upon his knees, and as the Executioner raises his sword the scene closes.*

His last speech to the executioner would, probably, have been his only one:—

——'Slave, do thine office!
Strike as I struck the foe! Strike as I would
Have struck those tyrants! Strike deep as my curse!
Strike—and but once!'"—*Quar. Rev.* vol. xxvii. p. 90.

We are surprised that Bishop Heber did not quote Andrew Marvell's magnificent lines on Charles I.:—

"While round the armed bands
Did clap their bloody hands,
He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene;
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try;
Nor call'd the gods with vulgar spight,
To vindicate his helpless right,
But bow'd his comely head
Down, as upon a bed."—L. E.

(1) If the Doge's prophecy seem remarkable, look to the following, made by Alamanni, two hundred and seventy years ago:—"There is one very singular prophecy concerning Venice: 'If thou dost not change,' it says to that proud republic, 'thy liberty, which is already on the wing, will not reckon a century more than the thousandth year.' If we carry back the epocha of Venetian freedom to the establishment of the government under which the republic flourished, we shall find that the date of the election of the first Doge is 697; and if we add one century to a thousand, that is, eleven hundred years, we shall find the sense of the prediction to be literally this: 'Thy liberty will not last till 1797.' Recollect that Venice ceased to be free in the year 1796, the fifth year of the French republic; and you will perceive, that there never was prediction more pointed, or more exactly followed by the event. You will, therefore, note as very remarkable the three lines of Alamanni addressed to Venice; which, however, no one has pointed out:—

'Se non cangi pensier, un secol solo
Non contera sopra 'l millesimo anno
Tua libertà, che va fuggendo a volo.'

Many prophecies have passed for such, and many men have been called prophets for much less." *Ginguené, Hist. Lit. de l'Italie,* t. ix. p. 144.

(2) Of the first fifty Doges, *five* abdicated—*five* were banished with their eyes put out—*five* were MASSACRED—and *nine* deposed; so that *nineteen* out of fifty lost the throne by violence, besides two who fell in battle: this occurred long previous to the reign of Marino Faliero. One of his more immediate predecessors, Andrea Dandolo, died of vexation. Marino Faliero himself perished as related. Amongst his successors, *Foscari,* after seeing his son repeatedly tortured and banished, was deposed, and died of breaking a blood-vessel, on hearing the bell of Saint-Mark's toll for the election of his successor. Morosini was impeached for the loss of Candia; but this was previous to his dukedom, during which he conquered the Morea, and was styled the Peloponnesian. Faliero might truly say,

"Thou den of drunkards with the blood of princes!"

(3) In the MS.—

"Thou brothel of the waters! thou sea Sodom!"—L. E.

(4) "The sentence is pronounced, a brief hour is permitted for the last devotions, and then,—still robed in his ducal gown, and wearing the diadem,—preceded with all the pomp of his station, from which he is to be degraded in the moment only before the blow be struck,—Marino Faliero is led solemnly to the Giant's Staircase, at the summit of which he had been crowned. On that spot he is to expiate his offence against the majesty of the Venetian state. His wife struggles to accompany him to the dreadful spot, but she faints, and he leaves her on the marble pavement, forbidding them to raise her, until all had been accomplished with himself. Lord Byron breaks out with all his power in the curse with which he makes this old man take leave of the scene of his triumphs and his sorrows. The present abject condition of her that "once did hold the gorgeous East in fee"—the barbarian sway under which she is bowed down to the dust—the profligacy of manners (which ought rather, perhaps, to have been represented as the cause than the consequence of the loss of Venetian liberty)—all these topics are handled—and handled as no writer but Byron could have dared to handle them." *Lockhart.*—L. E.

SCENE IV.

The Piazza and Piazzetta of Saint Mark's.—The People in crowds gathered round the grated gates of the Ducal Palace, which are shut.

First Citizen. I have gain'd the gate, and can discern the Ten,
Robed in their gowns of state, ranged round the Doge.
Second Cit. I cannot reach thee with mine utmost effort.
How is it? let us hear at least, since sight
Is thus prohibited unto the people,
Except the occupiers of those bars.
First Cit. One has approach'd the Doge, and now they strip
The ducal bonnet from his head—and now
He raises his keen eyes to Heaven; I see
Them glitter, and his lips move—Hush, hush!—no,
'T was but a murmur—Curse upon the distance!
His words are inarticulate, but the voice
Swells up like mutter'd thunder; would we could
But gather a sole sentence!
Second Cit. Hush! we perhaps may catch the sound.
First Cit. 'T is vain,
I cannot hear him.—How his hoary hair
Streams on the wind like foam upon the wave!
Now—now—he kneels—and now they form a circle
Round him, and all is hidden—but I see
The lifted sword in air——Ah! hark! it falls!
[*The People murmur.*
Third Cit. Then they have murder'd him who would have freed us.

Fourth Cit. He was a kind man to the commons ever. [barr'd.

Fifth Cit. Wisely they did to keep their portals
Would we had known the work they were preparing
Ere we were summon'd here—we would have brought
Weapons, and forced them!

Sixth Cit. Are you sure he's dead?

First Cit. I saw the sword fall—Lo! what have we here?

Enter on the Balcony of the Palace which fronts Saint Mark's Place a CHIEF OF THE TEN, (1) *with a bloody sword. He waves it thrice before the People, and exclaims,*

"Justice hath dealt upon the mighty Traitor!"

[*The gates are opened; the populace rush in towards the "Giant's Staircase," where the execution has taken place. The foremost of them exclaims to those behind,*

The gory head (2) rolls down the Giants' Steps!

[*The curtain falls.* (3)

(1) "Un Capo de' Dieci" are the words of Sanuto's Chronicle.

(2) In the MS.—

"The gory head is rolling down the steps!
"The head is rolling down the gory steps!"—L. E.

(3) "As a play, *Marino Faliero* is deficient in the attractive passions, in probability, and in depth and variety of interest; and revolts throughout, by the extravagant disproportion which the injury bears to the unmeasured resentment with which it is pursued. As a poem, though it occasionally displays great force and elevation, it obviously wants both grace and facility. The diction is often heavy and cumbrous, and the versification without sweetness or elasticity. It is generally very verbose, and sometimes exceedingly dull. Altogether it gives us the impression of a thing worked out against the grain, and not poured forth from the fulness of the heart or the fancy;—the ambitious and elaborate work of a powerful mind engaged with an unsuitable task—not the spontaneous effusion of an exuberant imagination, sporting in the fulness of its strength. Every thing is heightened and enforced with visible effort and design; and the noble author is often contented to be emphatic by dint of exaggeration, and eloquent by the common topics of declamation. Lord Byron is, undoubtedly, a poet of the very first order, and has talents to reach the very highest honours of the drama. But he must not again disdain love, and ambition, and jealousy; he must not substitute what is merely *bizarre* and extraordinary, for what is naturally and universally interesting, nor expect, by any exaggerations, so to rouse and rule our sympathies by the senseless anger of an old man, and the prudish proprieties of an untempted woman, as by the agency of the great and simple passions with which, in some of their degrees, all men are familiar, and by which alone the Dramatic Muse has hitherto wrought her miracles." *Jeffrey.*—L. E.

"On the whole, the *Doge of Venice** is the effect of a powerful and cultivated mind. It has all the requisites of tragedy, sublimity, terror, and pathos—all but that without which the rest are unavailing, interest! With many detached passages which neither derogate from Lord Byron's former fame, nor would have derogated from the reputation of our best ancient tragedians, it is, as a whole, neither sustained nor impressive. The poet, except in the soliloquy of Lioni, scarcely ever seems to have written with his own thorough good liking. He may be suspected throughout to have had in his eye some other model than nature; and we rise from his work with the same feeling as if we had been reading a translation. For this want of interest the subject itself is, doubtless, in some measure to blame; though, if the same subject had been differently treated, we are inclined to believe a very different effect would have been produced. But for the constraint and stiffness of the poetry, we have nothing to blame but the apparent resolution of its author to set (at whatever risk) an example of classical correctness to his uncivilised countrymen, and rather to forego success than to succeed after the manner of Shakspeare." *Heber.*—L. E.

* In *Blackwood's Magazine* for 1822, we find a comical rhyming chronicle of Lord Byron's poetical history, of which the following specimen may amuse the reader:—

"To Venice he bied him,
And that city supplied him
With the matter capricious
For his *Beppo* facetious;
A model, so please ye,
Of a style free and easy.
The story that's in it
Might be told in a minute;
But *par parenthèse* chatting,
On this thing and that thing,
Keeps the shuttlecock flying,
And attention from dying.
There are some I could mention,
Think the author's intention
Was to sneer and disparage
The vow made in marriage;
But the sneer, as I take it,
Is against folks who break it.
"Thunders in now on horseback
'*Mazeppa*' the Cossack;
Though he was not a Hetman
In performing that feat, man,
And a wag, for his trouble,
Call'd him John Gilpin's double.
"The Great *Doge of Venice*
Little joy stirr'd within us;
And the purse of old Drury
Was not burst, I assure ye,
With the weight of the treasure,
When, in spite of displeasure,
And legal injunction,
Abjuring compunction,
This play they enlisted,
And to act it persisted,
Till 't was thoroughly hiss'd at."—L. E.

(4) Mr. Francis Cohen, now Sir Francis Palgrave, K. H., the learned author of the *Rise and Progress of the English Constitution, History of the Anglo-Saxons*, etc. etc.—L. E.

(5) In a letter to Mr. Murray, dated Ravenna, July 30, 1821, Lord B. says:—"Enclosed is the best account of the Doge Faliero, which was only sent to me, from an old MS., the other day. Get it translated, and append it as a note to the next edition. You will, perhaps, be pleased to see, that my conceptions of his character were correct; though I regret not having met with the extract before. You will perceive that he himself said exactly what he is made to say about the Bishop of Treviso. You will see also that he spoke little, and those only words of rage and disdain, AFTER his arrest; which is the case in the play, except when he breaks out at the close of Act fifth. But his speech to the conspirators is better in the MS. than in the play. I wish I had met with it in time."—L. E.

APPENDIX.

NOTE [A.]

I AM obliged for the following excellent translation of the old Chronicle to Mr. F. Cohen, (4) to whom the reader will find himself indebted for a version that I could not myself—though after many years' intercourse with Italian—have given by any means so purely and so faithfully. (5)

STORY OF MARINO FALIERO, DOGE XLIX. MCCCLIV.

On the eleventh day of September, in the year of our Lord 1354, Marino Faliero was elected and chosen to be the Duke of the Commonwealth of Venice. He was Count of Valdemarino, in the Marches of Treviso, and a Knight, and a wealthy man to boot. As soon as the election was completed it was resolved, in the Great Council, that a deputation of twelve should be

despatched to Marino Faliero the Duke, who was then on his way from Rome; for when he was chosen, he was ambassador at the court of the Holy Father, at Rome,—the Holy Father himself held his court at Avignon. When Messer Marino Faliero the Duke was about to land in this city, on the 5th day of October, 1354, a thick haze came on, and darkened the air; and he was enforced to land on the place of Saint Mark, between the two columns, on the spot where evil-doers are put to death; and all thought that this was the worst of tokens.—Nor must I forget to write that which I have read in a chronicle. When Messer Marino Faliero was Podesta and Captain of Treviso, the Bishop delayed coming in with the holy sacrament, on a day when a procession was to take place. Now, the said Marino Faliero was so very proud and wrathful, that he buffeted the Bishop, and almost struck him to the ground: and, therefore, Heaven allowed Marino Faliero to go out of his right senses, in order that he might bring himself to an evil death.

When this Duke had held the dukedom during nine months and six days, he, being wicked and ambitious, sought to make himself Lord of Venice, in the manner which I have read in an ancient chronicle. When the Thursday arrived upon which they were wont to hunt the bull, the bull-hunt took place as usual; and, according to the usage of those times, after the bull-hunt had ended, they all proceeded unto the palace of the Duke, and assembled together in one of his halls; and they disported themselves with the women. And until the first bell tolled they danced, and then a banquet was served up. My Lord the Duke paid the expenses thereof, provided he had a Duchess, and after the banquet they all returned to their homes.

Now to this feast there came a certain Ser Michele Steno, a gentleman of poor estate and very young, but crafty and daring, and who loved one of the damsels of the Duchess. Ser Michele stood amongst the women upon the solajo; and he behaved indiscreetly, so that my Lord the Duke ordered that he should be kicked off the solajo; and the esquires of the Duke flung him down from the solajo accordingly. Ser Michele thought that such an affront was beyond all bearing; and when the feast was over, and all other persons had left the palace, he, continuing heated with anger, went to the hall of audience, and wrote certain unseemly words relating to the Duke and the Duchess upon the chair in which the Duke was used to sit; for in those days the Duke did not cover his chair with cloth of sendal, but he sat in a chair of wood. Ser Michele wrote thereon—"*Marin Falier, the husband of the fair wife; others kiss her, but he keeps her.*" In the morning the words were seen, and the matter was considered to be very scandalous: and the Senate commanded the Avogadori of the Commonwealth to proceed therein with the greatest diligence. A largess of great amount was immediately proffered by the Avogadori, in order to discover who had written these words. And at length it was known that Michele Steno had written them. It was resolved in the Council of Forty that he should be arrested; and he then confessed that, in a fit of vexation and spite, occasioned by his being thrust off the solajo in the presence of his mistress, he had written the words. Therefore the Council debated thereon. And the Council took his youth into consideration, and that he was a lover; and therefore they adjudged that he should be kept in close confinement during two months, and that afterwards he should be banished from Venice and the state during one year. In consequence of this merciful sentence the Duke became exceedingly wroth, it appearing to him that the Council had not acted in such a manner as was required by the respect due to his ducal dignity; and he said that they ought to have condemned Ser Michele to be hanged by the neck, or at least to be banished for life.

Now it was fated that my Lord Duke Marino was to have his head cut off. And as it is necessary when any effect is to be brought about, that the cause of such effect must happen, it therefore came to pass, that on the very day after sentence had been pronounced on Ser Michele Steno, being the first day of Lent, a gentleman of the house of Barbaro, a choleric gentleman, went to the arsenal, and required certain things of the masters of the galleys. This he did in the presence of the Admiral of the arsenal, and he, hearing the request, answered, "No, it cannot be done." High words arose between the gentleman and the Admiral, and the gentleman struck him with his fist just above the eye; and as he happened to have a ring on his finger, the ring cut the Admiral and drew blood. The Admiral, all bruised and bloody, ran straight to the Duke to complain, and with the intent of praying him to inflict some heavy punishment upon the gentleman of Cà Barbaro.—"What wouldst thou have me do for thee?" answered the Duke:—"think upon the shameful gibe which hath been written concerning me; and think on the manner in which they have punished that ribald Michele Steno, who wrote it; and see how the Council of Forty respect our person." Upon this the Admiral answered,—"My Lord Duke, if you would wish to make yourself a prince, and to cut all those cuckoldy gentlemen to pieces, I have the heart, if you do but help me, to make you prince of all this state; and then you may punish them all." Hearing this, the Duke said,—"How can such a matter be brought about?"—and so they discoursed thereon.

The Duke called for his nephew, Ser Bertuccio Faliero, who lived with him in the palace, and they communed about this plot. And without leaving the place, they sent for Philip Calendaro, a seaman of great repute, and for Bertuccio Israello, who was exceedingly wily and cunning. Then taking counsel amongst themselves, they agreed to call in some others; and so, for several nights successively, they met with the Duke at home in his palace. And the following men were called in singly; to wit:—Niccolo Fagiuolo, Giovanni da Corfu, Stefano Fagiono, Niccolo dalle Bende, Niccolo Biondo, and Stefano Trivisano. It was concerted that sixteen or seventeen leaders should be stationed in various parts of the city, each being at the head of forty men, armed and prepared; but the followers were not to know their destination. On the appointed day they were to make affrays amongst themselves here and there, in order that the Duke might have a pretence for tolling the bells of San Marco; these bells are never rung but by the order of the Duke. And at the sound of the bells, these sixteen or seventeen, with their followers, were to come to San Marco, through the streets which open upon the Piazza. And when the noble and leading citizens should come into the Piazza, to know the cause of the riot, then the conspirators were to cut them in pieces; and this work being finished, my Lord Marino Faliero the Duke was to be proclaimed the Lord of Venice. Things having been thus settled, they agreed to fulfil

their intent on Wednesday, the 15th day of April, in the year 1355. So covertly did they plot, that no one ever dreamt of their machinations.

But the Lord, who hath always helped this most glorious city, and who, loving its righteousness and holiness, hath never forsaken it, inspired one Beltramo Bergamasco to be the cause of bringing the plot to light, in the following manner. This Beltramo, who belonged to Ser Niccolo Lioni of Santo Stefano, had heard a word or two of what was to take place; and so, in the before-mentioned month of April, he went to the house of the aforesaid Ser Niccolo Lioni, and told him all the particulars of the plot. Ser Niccolo, when he heard all these things, was struck dead, as it were, with affright. He heard all the particulars; and Beltramo prayed him to keep it all secret; and if he told Ser Nicolo, it was in order that Ser Niccolo might stop at home on the 15th of April, and thus save his life. Beltramo was going, but Ser Niccolo ordered his servants to lay hands upon him, and lock him up. Ser Niccolo then went to the house of Messer Giovanni Gradenigo Nasoni, who afterwards became Duke, and who also lived at Santo Stefano, and told him all. The matter seemed to him to be of the very greatest importance, as indeed it was; and they two went to the house of Ser Marco Cornaro, who lived at San Felice; and, having spoken with him, they all three then determined to go back to the house of Ser Niccolo Lioni, to examine the said Beltramo; and having questioned him, and heard all that he had to say, they left him in confinement. And then they all three went into the sacristy of San Salvatore, and sent their men to summon the Councillors, the Avogadori, the Capi de' Dieci, and those of the Great Council.

When all were assembled, the whole story was told to them. They were struck dead, as it were, with affright. They determined to send for Beltramo. He was brought in before them. They examined him, and ascertained that the matter was true; and, although they were exceedingly troubled, yet they determined upon their measures. And they sent for the Capi de' Quarante, the Signori di Notte, the Capi de' Sestieri, and the Cinque della Pace; and they were ordered to associate to their men other good men and true, who were to proceed to the houses of the ringleaders of the conspiracy, and secure them. And they secured the foreman of the arsenal, in order that the conspirators might not do mischief. Towards nightfall, they assembled in the palace. When they were assembled in they palace, they caused the gates of the quadrangle of the palace to be shut. And they sent to the keeper of the bell-tower, and forbade the tolling of the bells. All this was carried into effect. The before-mentioned conspirators were secured, and they were brought to the palace; and, as the Council of Ten saw that the Duke was in the plot, they resolved that twenty of the leading men of the state should be associated to them, for the purpose of consultation and deliberation, but that they should not be allowed to ballot.

The counsellors were the following:—Ser Giovanni Mocenigo, of the Sestiero of San Marco; Ser Almoro Veniero da Santa Marina, of the Sestiero of Castello; Ser Tomaso Viadro, of the Sestiero of Caneregio; Ser Giovanni Sanudo, of the Sestiero of Santa Croce; Ser Pietro Trivisano, of the Sestiero of San Paolo; Ser Pantalione Barbo il Grande, of the Sestiero of Ossoduro. The Avogadori of the Commonwealth were Zufredo Morosini, and Ser Orio Pasqualigo; and these did not ballot. Those of the Council of Ten were Ser Giovanni Marcello, Ser Tommaso Sanudo, and Ser Micheletto Dolfino, the heads of the aforesaid Council of Ten. Ser Luca da Legge, and Ser Pietro da Mosto, inquisitors of the aforesaid Council. And Ser Marco Polani, Ser Marina Veniero, Ser Lando Lombardo, and Ser Nicoletto Trivisano, of Sant' Angelo.

Late in the night, just before the dawning, they chose a junta of twenty noblemen of Venice from amongst the wisest, and the worthiest, and the oldest. They were to give counsel, but not to ballot. And they would not admit any one of Cà Faliero. And Niccolo Faliero, and another Niccolo Faliero, of San Tomaso, were expelled from the Council, because they belonged to the family of the Doge. And this resolution of creating the junta of twenty was much praised throughout the state. The following were the members of the junta of twenty:—Ser Marco Giustiniani, Procuratore, Ser Andrea Erizzo, Procuratore, Ser Lionardo Giustiniani, Procuratore, Ser Andrea Contarini, Ser Simone Dandolo, Ser Nicolo Volpe, Ser Giovanni Loredano, Ser Marco Diedo, Ser Giovanni Gradenigo, Ser Andrea Cornaro, Cavaliere, Ser Marco Soranzo, Ser Rinieri da Mosto, Ser Gazano Marcello, Ser Marino Morosini, Ser Stefano Belegno, Ser Nicolo Lioni, Ser Filippo Orio, Ser Marco Trivisano, Ser Jacopo Bragadino, Ser Giovanni Foscarini.

These twenty were accordingly called in to the Council of Ten; and they sent for my Lord Marino Faliero the Duke: and my Lord Marino was then consorting in the palace with people of great estate, gentlemen, and other good men, none of whom knew yet how the fact stood.

At the same time Bertuccio Israello, who, as one of the ringleaders, was to head the conspirators in Santa Croce, was arrested and bound, and brought before the Council. Zanello del Brin, Nicoletto di Rosa, Nicoletto Alberto, and the Guardiaga, were also taken, together with several seamen, and people of various ranks. These were examined, and the truth of the plot was ascertained.

On the 16th of April judgment was given in the Council of Ten, that Filippo Calendaro and Bertuccio Israello should be hanged upon the red pillars of the balcony of the palace, from which the Duke is wont to look at the bull-hunt: and they were hanged with gags in their mouths.

The next day the following were condemned:—Niccolo Zucculo, Nicoletto Blondo, Nicoletto Doro, Marco Giuda, Jacomello Dagolino, Nicoletto Fidele, the son of Filippo Calendaro, Marco Torello, called Israello, Stefano Trivisano, the money-changer of Santa Margherita, and Antonio dalle Bende. These were all taken at Chiozza, for they were endeavouring to escape. Afterwards, by virtue of the sentence which was passed upon them in the Council of Ten, they were hanged on successive days; some singly and some in couples, upon the columns of the palace, beginning from the red columns, and so going onwards towards the canal. And other prisoners were discharged, because, although they had been involved in the conspiracy, yet they had not assisted in it: for they were given to understand by some of the heads of the plot, that they were to come armed and prepared for the service of the state, and in order to secure certain criminals; and they knew nothing else. Nicoletto Alberto, the Guardiaga, and

Bartolommeo Ciriuolo and his son, and several others, who were not guilty, were discharged.

On Friday, the 16th day of April, judgment was also given, in the aforesaid Council of Ten, that my Lord Marino Faliero, the Duke, should have his head cut off; and that the execution should be done on the landing-place of the stone staircase, where the Dukes take their oath when they first enter the palace. On the following day, the 17th of April, the doors of the palace being shut, the Duke had his head cut off, about the hour of noon. And the cap of estate was taken from the Duke's head before he came down stairs. When the execution was over, it is said that one of the Council of Ten went to the columns of the palace over against the place of St. Mark, and that he showed the bloody sword unto the people, crying out with a loud voice—"The terrible doom hath fallen upon the traitor!"—and the doors were opened, and the people all rushed in, to see the corpse of the Duke, who had been beheaded.

It must be known that Ser Giovanni Sanudo, the councillor, was not present when the aforesaid sentence was pronounced; because he was unwell and remained at home. So that only fourteen balloted; that is to say, five councillors, and nine of the Council of Ten. And it was adjudged, that all the lands and chattels of the Duke, as well as of the other traitors, should be forfeited to the state. And as a grace to the Duke, it was resolved in the Council of Ten, that he should be allowed to dispose of two thousand ducats out of his own property. And it was resolved, that all the councillors and all the Avogadori of the Commonwealth, those of the Council of Ten, and the members of the junta, who had assisted in passing sentence on the Duke and the other traitors, should have the privilege of carrying arms both by day and by night in Venice, and from Grado to Cavazere. And they were also to be allowed two footmen carrying arms, the aforesaid footmen living and boarding with them in their own houses. And he who did not keep two footmen might transfer the privilege to his sons or his brothers; but only to two. Permission of carrying arms was also granted to the four Notaries of the Chancery, that is to say, of the Supreme Court, who took the depositions; and they were, Amedio, Nicoletto di Lorino, Steffanello, and Pietro de Compostelli, the secretaries of the Signori di Notte.

After the traitors had been hanged, and the Duke had had his head cut off, the state remained in great tranquillity and peace. And, as I have read in a Chronicle, the corpse of the Duke was removed in a barge, with eight torches, to his tomb in the church of San Giovanni e Paolo, where it was buried. The tomb is now in that aisle in the middle of the little church of Santa Maria della Pace, which was built by Bishop Gabriel of Bergamo. It is a coffin of stone, with these words engraven thereon: "*Heic jacet Dominus Marinus Faletro Dux.*"—And they did not paint his portrait in the hall of the Great Council:—but in the place where it ought to have been, you see these words:—"*Hic est locus Marini Faletro, decapitati pro criminibus.*"—And it is thought that his house was granted to the church of Sant' Apostolo; it was that great one near the bridge. Yet this could not be the case, or else the family bought it back from the church; for it still belongs to Cà Faliero. I must not refrain from noting, that some wished to write the following words in the place where his portrait ought to have been, as aforesaid:—"*Marinus Faletro Dux, temeritas me cepit. Pœnas lui, decapitatus pro criminibus.*"—Others, also, indited a couplet, worthy of being inscribed upon his tomb.

"Dux Venetum jacet heic, patriam qui prodere tentans,
Sceptra, decus, censum perdidit, atque caput."

Note [B.]

PETRARCH ON THE CONSPIRACY OF MARINO FALIERO. (1)

"Al giovane Doge Andrea Dandolo succedette un vecchio, il quale tardi si pose al timone della repubblica, ma sempre prima di quel, che facea d' uopo a lui, ed alla patria: egli è Marino Faliero, personaggio a me noto per antica dimestichezza. Falsa era l' opinione intorno a lui, giacchè egli si mostrò fornito più di coraggio, che di senno. Non pago della prima dignità, entrò con sinistro piede nel pubblico Palazzo: imperciocchè questo Doge de' Veneti, magistrato sacro in tutti i secoli, che dagli antichi fù sempre venerato qual nume in quella città, l' altr' jeri fù decollato nel vestibolo dell' istesso Palazzo. Discorrerei fin dal principio le cause di un tale evento, se così vario, ed ambiguo non ne fosse il grido. Nessuno però lo scusa, tutti affermano, che egli abbia voluto cangiar qualche cosa nell' ordine della repubblica a lui tramandato dai maggiori. Che desiderava egli di più? Io son d' avviso, che egli abbia ottenuto ciò, che non si concedette a nessun altro: mentre adempiva gli uffici di legato presso il Pontefice, e sulle rive del Rodano trattava la pace, che io prima di lui avevo indarno tentato di conchiudere, gli fù conferito l' onore del Ducato, che nè chiedeva, nè s' aspettava. Tornato in patria, pensò a quello, cui nessuno non pose mente giammai, e soffrì quello, che a niuno accadde mai di soffrire: giacchè in quel luogo celeberrimo, e chiarissimo, e bellissimo infra tutti quelli, che io vidi, ove i suoi antenati avevano ricevuti grandissimi onori in mezzo alle pompe trionfali, ivi egli fù trascinato in modo servile, e spogliato delle insegne ducali, perdette la testa, e macchiò col proprio sangue le soglie del tempio, l' atrio del Palazzo, e le scale marmoree rendute spesse volte illustri o dalle solenni festività, o dalle ostili spoglie. Ho notato il luogo, ora noto il tempo: è l' anno del Natale di Christo 1355, fù il giorno 18 d' Aprile. Si alto è il grido sparso, che se alcuno esaminerà la disciplina, e le costumanze di quella città, e quanto mutamento di cose venga minacciato dalla morte di un sol uomo (quantunque molti altri, come narrano, essendo complici, o subirono l' istesso supplicio, o lo aspettano) si accorgerà, che nulla di più grande avvenne ai nostri tempi nella Italia. Tu forse qui attendi il mio giudizio: assolvo il popolo, se si deve credere alla fama, benchè abbia potuto e castigare più mitemente, e con maggior dolcezza vendicare il suo dolore: ma non così facilmente, si modera un' ira giusta insieme, e grande in un numeroso popolo principalmente, nel quale il precipitoso, ed instabile volgo aguzza gli stimoli dell' irracondia con rapidi, e sconsigliati clamori. Compatisco, e nell' istesso tempo mi adiro con quell' infelice uomo, il quale adorno di un' insolito onore, non so, che cosa si volesse negli estremi anni della sua vita: la calamità di lui diviene

(1) "Had a copy taken of an extract from *Petrarch's Letters*, with reference to the conspiracy of the Doge Marino Faliero, containing the poet's opinion of the matter." *B. Diary*, Feb. 11. 1821.—L. E.

sempre più grave, perchè dalla sentenza contra di esso promulgata aperirà, che egli fù non solo misero, ma insano, e demente, e che con vane arti si usurpò per tanti anni una falsa fama di sapienza. Ammonisco i Dogi, i quali gli succederanno, che questo e un' esempio posto innanzi ai loro occhi, quale specchio, nel quale veggano d' essere non Signori, ma Duci, anzi nemmeno Duci, ma onorati servi della Repubblica. Tu sta sano; e giacchè fluttuano le pubbliche cose, sforziamoci di governar modestissimamente i privati nostri affari."—LEVATI, *Viaggi di Petrarca*, vol. iv, p. 323.

The above Italian translation from the Latin epistles of Petrarch proves—

1stly, That Marino Faliero was a personal friend of Petrarch's; "antica dimestichezza," old intimacy, is the phrase of the poet.

2dly, That Petrarch thought that he had more courage than conduct, "più di *coraggio* che di senno."

3dly, That there was some jealousy on the part of Petrarch; for he says that Marino Faliero was treating of the peace which he himself had "vainly attempted to conclude."

4thly, That the honour of the Dukedom was conferred upon him, which he neither sought nor expected, "che nè chiedeva nè aspettava," and which had never been granted to any other in like circumstances, "ciò che non si concedette a nessun altro," a proof of the high esteem in which he must have been held.

5thly, That he had a reputation for *wisdom*, *only* forfeited by the last enterprise of his life, "si usurpò per tanti anni una falsa fama di sapienza"—"He had usurped for so many years a false fame of wisdom," rather a difficult task, I should think. People are generally found out before eighty years of age, at least in a republic.

From these, and the other historical notes which I have collected, it may be inferred, that Marino Faliero possessed many of the qualities, but not the success, of a hero; and that his passions were too violent. The paltry and ignorant account of Dr. Moore falls to the ground. Petrarch says, "that there had been no greater event in his times" (*our times* literally), "nostri tempi," in Italy. He also differs from the historian in saying that Faliero was "on the banks of the *Rhone*," instead of at Rome, when elected; the other accounts say, that the deputation of the Venetian senate met him at Ravenna. How this may have been, it is not for me to decide, and is of no great importance. Had the man succeeded, he would have changed the face of Venice, and perhaps of Italy. As it is, what *are* they both?

NOTE [C.]

VENETIAN SOCIETY AND MANNERS.

"Vice without splendour, sin without relief
Even from the gloss of love to smooth it o'er,
But, in its stead, coarse lusts of habitude," etc.
(*See* p. 387, col. 1.)

"To these attacks, so frequently pointed by the government, against the clergy,—to the continual struggles between the different constituted bodies,—to those enterprises carried on by the mass of the nobles against the depositaries of power,—to all those projects of innovation, which always ended by a stroke of state policy; we must add a cause not less fitted to spread contempt for ancient doctrines, *this was the excess of corruption*.

"That freedom of manners, which had been long boasted of as the principal charm of Venetian society, had degenerated into scandalous licentiousness: the tie of marriage was less sacred in that Catholic country, than among those nations where the laws and religion admit of its being dissolved. Because they could not break the contract, they feigned that it had not existed; and the ground of nullity, immodestly alleged by the married pair, was admitted with equal facility by priests and magistrates, alike corrupt. These divorces, veiled under another name, became so frequent, that the most important act of civil society was discovered to be amenable to a tribunal of exceptions; and to restrain the open scandal of such proceedings became the office of the police. In 1782, the Council of Ten decreed, that every woman who should sue for a dissolution of her marriage should be compelled to await the decision of the judges in some convent, to be named by the court. (1) Soon afterwards, the same council summoned all causes of that nature before itself. (2) This infringement on ecclesiastical jurisdiction having occasioned some remonstrance from Rome, the Council retained only the right of rejecting the petition of the married persons, and consented to refer such causes to the Holy Office as it should not previously have rejected. (3)

"There was a moment in which, doubtless, the destruction of private fortunes, the ruin of youth, the domestic discord occasioned by these abuses, determined the government to depart from its established maxims concerning the freedom of manners allowed the subject. All the courtesans were banished from Venice; but their absence was not enough to reclaim and bring back good morals to a whole people brought up in the most scandalous licentiousness. Depravity reached the very bosoms of private families, and even into the cloister; and they found themselves obliged to recall, and even to indemnify (4) women who sometimes gained possession of important secrets, and who might be usefully employed in the ruin of men whose fortunes might have rendered them dangerous. Since that time, licentiousness has gone on increasing; and we have seen mothers, not only selling the innocence of their daughters, but selling it by a contract, authenticated by the signature of a public officer, and the performance of which was secured by the protection of the laws. (5)

"The parlours of the convents of noble ladies, and the houses of the courtesans, though the police carefully kept up a number of spies about them, were the only assemblies for society in Venice; and in these two places, so different from each other, there was equal freedom. Music, collations, gallantry, were not more forbidden in the parlours than at the re-

(1) *Correspondence of M. Schlick*, French chargé d'affaires. Despatch of 24th August, 1782.

(2) *Ibid.* Despatch, 31st August.

(3) *Ibid.* Despatch of 3d September, 1785.

(4) The decree for their recall designates them as *nostre benemerite meretriei*: a fund and some houses, called *Case rampone*, were assigned to them; hence the opprobrious appellation of *Carampane*.

(5) Mayer, *Description of Venice*, vol. ii. and M. Archenholz, *Picture of Italy*, vol. i. ch. 2.

sinos. There were a number of casinos for the purpose of public assemblies, where gaming was the principal pursuit of the company. It was a strange sight to see persons of either sex masked, or grave personages in their magisterial robes, round a table, invoking chance, and giving way at one instant to the agonies of despair, at the next to the illusions of hope, and that without uttering a single word.

"The rich had private casinos, but they lived *incognito* in them; and the wives whom they abandoned found compensation in the liberty they enjoyed. The corruption of morals had deprived them of their empire. We have just reviewed the whole history of Venice, and we have not once seen them exercise the slightest influence."—DARU: *Hist. de la Répub. de Venise*, vol. v. p. 95.

NOTE [D.]

ACCOUNT OF THE ANCIENT VENETIAN NOBILITY, WITH THE CAUSES OF ITS DECAY.

> "She shall stoop to be
> A province for an empire, petty town
> In lieu of capital, with slaves for senates,
> Beggars for nobles, panders for a people!"
> Act V. Scene 3.

"The nobles of Venice, though all equal in the eye of the law, were fancifully divided into three classes; the first distinguished as that of the *sangue blò* or *sangue colombin*, i. e. blue blood or pigeon's blood; the second, as the division of the *morèl de mezo*, or the middle piece; and the poorest of all as *Bernaboti*, or Barnabites, from their inhabiting small and cheap houses in the parish of St. Barnabas.

"It will be easily conceived that the poor nobility must have been numerous in a state which considered all the legitimate sons of a patrician as noble; where commerce no longer offered a resource, and the only profession left was that of the law. This class, therefore, subsisting upon the employments of the republic, civil or military, at home and abroad, was necessarily ruined by the revolution. But the cause of the almost general havoc which involved the Venetian aristocracy is not so immediately visible; the less so, as the laws of the *fede-commesso*, which corresponds with our *entail*, were sufficiently rigorous in old Venice.

"I shall try, according to the information I have received, to explain how this was accomplished. The first and foremost cause was the excessive indolence and profusion of the last generations of the nobility, who appear to have resembled the ancestor of Sir Roger de Coverley; who, he tells us, 'would sign a deed for a mortgage covering one half his estate with his glove on:' with this difference, however, that the Venetian patrician could only mortgage his estate during his own natural life; a circumstance which, it appears at first sight, should have been the protection of the ancient houses of Venice. The protection was, however, in most instances, of no avail.

"In almost all countries the laws of honour often contravene the laws of the land, often mischievously; but they sometimes come in aid of sound morality. Such was their effect here. The law of the *fede-commesso* allowed a son to charge himself with the debts of a father, without prejudice to his successors; but it being considered as a point of honour to take up this burden, the son's son succeeded to it, and the debts of one generation were perpetuated through diverse succeeding ones.

"Things were in this state when the old government was overthrown, and the law of *fede-commesso* abolished here, as well as all over the countries revolutionised by France. The consequence was, the immediate seizure of property so encumbered. This was inevitable; and the creditor of the family of *Cornèr*, or any other Venetian house, seized upon his own.

"Thus one of the indirect consequences of the revolution was the destruction of an immense number of Venetian families of the *sangue blò* and *morèl de mezo*. It was, however, more immediately destructive to those denominated the Barnabites, who were at once cut off from all the lucrative offices of the state. Nor was this all: the daughters of the indigent nobility had all of them pensions which they brought in dowry to their husbands; but place and pension, though bestowed for life, were annihilated, and, in the place of these, a miserable stipend of two Venetian livres a-day (not quite ten-pence English) was bestowed on those who condescended to accept of it, by the mushroom municipality which flourished for its day out of the ruins of the aristocracy. Poor as this pittance was, even in this country where necessaries bear a price out of all proportion to luxuries, numbers *did* accept it, under the idea that it would be increased under happier circumstances; but the French, it will be easily believed, did not augment it, and (what could scarcely be believed but by those versed in the proceedings of the cabinet of Vienna) the Austrian government clipped this miserable mite, and clogged it with conditions which neither the revolutionary municipality nor the French were illiberal enough to impose.

"The municipality gave *their* compensation, and, the whole of the *terra ferma* being in possession of the enemy, perhaps they could give no more—the municipality gave it as unrestricted as the pensions it was to replace: the French made no alteration in the system; but the Austrians have not only limited it to persons not having two hundred ducats a-year (twenty-five pounds sterling), but have insisted upon its being spent in their own dominions. Of the rigour with which this condition is exacted, take the following example:—A lady, ignorant of the regulations which had been introduced, was absent two years in the south of France; she returned, and claimed the arrears of her pension, without having specified where she had been. The arrears were paid, after the usual difficulties; but her absence having been ascertained, she was ordered to disgorge her prey, under the threat of being excluded from all further provision.

"I have said, after the usual difficulties: I will now illustrate these. (1) Another lady claimed *seven months*' arrears of pension, due during a residence in Lombardy and the Venetian state. Now, this was a claim verifiable by a single instrument, her passport, which ascertained the day of her arrival in every town,

(1) This is by no means a single case: A Venetian judge, displaced, but pensioned by the Austrians, neglected to receive his allowance according to the example of the others. At length he applied for his arrears, which were denied him. "What!" said he, "will you not give me what others have received?" "No!" was the answer, "and those others will be forced to refund."—Note that these pensions had been paid in virtue of a solemn and *printed* decree.

by the signature of accredited officers of the Austrian police. Notwithstanding this, she was *seven months* more before she could obtain her demand. These were spent in the presentation of petitions, always by order, always on stamped paper, and in the almost daily beat of half the official stairs of Venice, either in person or in proxy.

"But I willingly turn away my eyes from a picture, every detail of which is painful, and, having described the fortunes of the Venetian nobility, shall give some account of their honours. The patricians, as I said before, all equal in the eye of the law, had no titles as such, excepting that of *your Excellency;* though some bore them, as *Counts, etc.* of *terra ferma,* before being enrolled in the nobility of Venice; and some had titles assigned them as compensations for, or rather as memorials of, fallen greatness. Thus the *Querini,* formerly lords of *Crema,* had the distinction continued to them, after *Crema* was absorbed in the Venetian state.

"These families, however, usually let their titles sleep, considering the quality of an untitled Venetian patrician as superior to any other distinction. Nor does this seem to have been an odd refinement, for the old republic sold titles for a pittance to whoever could pay for them, though such a person might not even have had the education of a gentleman. (1) It was natural, therefore, that a lord of *Crema* should fear being confounded with this countly *canaglia,* and sink his having any thing in common with such a crew.

"The great political revolution that has taken place, destroying the splendour of the *libro d'oro,* has induced some to produce their *terra ferma* titles; but the majority content themselves with the style of *Cavaliere,* (2) which does not necessarily denote actual knighthood; and is often used almost as liberally in Italy, as the denomination of Squire now is in England. A striking proof, indeed, of good sense and dignity was given by the great body of the Venetian nobility, on being invited by Austria to claim nobility and title from her, on the verification of their rights; the great body of them merely desiring a recognition of their rank, without availing themselves of the offer held out to them. A few, indeed, have pursued a different line of conduct, and received patents of princes," etc.—ROSE: *Letters from the North of Italy,* vol. ii. p. 105.

(1) The qualification to be a Count was about what is supposed to qualify for knighthood in England, and the fee paid for the title, if I am rightly informed, £20 or £40.

(2) No order of knighthood was peculiar to Venice, and her citizens were precluded by law from becoming members of foreign orders.

The Vision of Judgment.

BY QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS. (1)

SUGGESTED BY THE COMPOSITION SO ENTITLED BY THE AUTHOR OF "WAT TYLER."

"A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word."

PREFACE.

IT hath been wisely said, that "One fool makes many;" and it hath been poetically observed,

"That fools rush in where angels fear to tread."—*Pope.*

If Mr. Southey had not rushed in where he had no business, and where he never was before, and never will be again, the following poem would not have been written. It is not impossible that it may be as good as his own, seeing that it cannot, by any species of stupidity, natural or acquired, be *worse.* The gross flattery, the dull impudence, the renegado intolerance and impious cant, of the poem by the author of *Wat Tyler,* are something so stupendous as to form the sublime of himself—containing the quintessence of his own attributes.

So much for his poem—a word on his preface. In

(1) Had not the chronological order been again departed from, on the same grounds already explained with reference to *Childe Harold,* the reader would have had before him, ere he reaches this page of our collection, the two first Cantos of *Don Juan.* Those Cantos were printed without Lord Byron's name; but all the world knew that they were his; and Mr. Southey was far from being singular, in lamenting and condemning the spirit in which parts of them had been written.

The Laureate, in 1821, published a piece, in English hexameters, entitled *A Vision of Judgment:* and which Lord Byron, in criticising it, laughs at as "the Apotheosis of George the Third." In the preface to this poem, after some observations on the peculiar style of its versification, Mr. Southey introduced the following remarks:—

"I am well aware that the public are peculiarly intolerant of such innovations; not less so than the populace are of any foreign fashion, whether of foppery or convenience. Would that this literary intolerance were under the influence of a saner judgment, and regarded the morals more than the manner of a composition; the spirit rather than the form! Would that it were directed against those monstrous combinations of horrors and mockery, lewdness and impiety, with which English poetry has, in our days, first been polluted! For more than half a century English literature had been distinguished by its moral purity, the effect, and, in its turn, the cause, of an improvement in national manners. A father might, without apprehension of evil, have put into the hands of his children any book which issued from the press, if it did not bear, either in its title-page or frontispiece, manifest signs that it was intended as furniture for the brothel. There was no danger in any work which bore the name of a respectable publisher, or was to be procured at any respectable bookseller's. This was particularly the case with regard to our poetry. It is now no longer so; and woe to those by whom the offence cometh! The greater the talents of the offender, the greater is his guilt, and the more enduring will be his shame. Whether it be that the laws are in themselves unable to abate an evil of this magnitude, or whether it be that they are remissly administered, and with such injustice that the celebrity of an offender serves as a privilege whereby he obtains impunity, individuals are bound to consider that such pernicious works would neither be published nor written, if they were discouraged as they might, and ought to be, by public feeling: every person, therefore, who par-

this preface it has pleased the magnanimous Laureate to draw the picture of a supposed "Satanic school," the which he doth recommend to the notice of the legislature; thereby adding to his other laurels the ambition of those of an informer. If there exists any where, excepting in his imagination, such a school, is he not sufficiently armed against it by his own intense vanity? The truth is, that there are certain

chases such books, or admits them into his house, promotes the mischief, and thereby, as far as in him lies, becomes an aider and abettor of the crime.

"The publication of a lascivious book is one of the worst offences which can be committed against the well-being of society. It is a sin, to the consequences of which no limits can be assigned, and those consequences no after-repentance in the writer can counteract. Whatever remorse of conscience he may feel when his hour comes (and come it must!) will be of no avail. The poignancy of a death-bed repentance cannot cancel one copy of the thousands which are sent abroad; and as long as it continues to be read, so long is he the pander of posterity, and so long is he heaping up guilt upon his soul in perpetual accumulation.

"These remarks are not more severe than the offence deserves, even when applied to those immoral writers who have not been conscious of any evil intention in their writings, who would acknowledge a little levity, a little warmth of colouring, and so forth, in that sort of language with which men gloss over their favourite vices, and deceive themselves. What then should be said of those for whom the thoughtlessness and inebriety of wanton youth can no longer be pleaded, but who have written in sober manhood and with deliberate purpose?—Men of diseased* hearts and depraved imaginations, who, forming a system of opinions to suit their own unhappy course of conduct, have rebelled against the holiest ordinances of human society, and hating that revealed religion which, with all their efforts and bravadoes, they are unable entirely to disbelieve, labour to make others as miserable as themselves, by infecting them with a moral virus that eats into the soul! The school which they have set up may properly be called the Satanic school; for though their productions breathe the spirit of Belial in their lascivious parts, and the spirit of Moloch in those loathsome images of atrocities and horrors which they delight to represent, they are more especially characterised by a Satanic spirit of pride and audacious impiety, which still betrays the wretched feeling of hopelessness wherewith it is allied.

"This evil is political as well as moral, for indeed moral and political evils are inseparably connected. Truly has it been affirmed by one of our ablest and clearest reasoners, that 'the destruction of governments may be proved and deduced from the general corruption of the subjects' manners, as a direct and natural cause thereof, by a demonstration as certain as any in the mathematics.' There is no maxim more frequently enforced by Machiavelli, than that where the manners of a people are generally corrupted, there the government cannot long subsist,—a truth which all history exemplifies; and there is no means whereby that corruption can be so surely and rapidly diffused, as by poisoning the waters of literature.

"Let rulers of the state look to this, in time! But, to use the words of South, 'if our physicians think the best way of *curing* a disease is to *pamper* it,—the Lord in mercy prepare the kingdom to *suffer*, what He by miracle only can prevent!'

"No apology is offered for these remarks. The subject led to them; and the occasion of introducing them was willingly taken, because it is the duty of every one, whose opinion may have any influence, to expose the drift and aim of those writers who are labouring to subvert the foundations of human virtue and of human happiness."

Lord Byron rejoined as follows:—

"Mr. Southey, in his pious preface to a poem whose blasphemy is as harmless as the sedition of *Wat Tyler*, because it is equally absurd with that sincere production, calls upon the 'legislature to look to it,' as the toleration of such writings led to the French Revolution; *not* such writings as *Wat Tyler*, but as those of the 'Satanic school.' This is not true, and Mr. Southey knows it to be not true. Every French writer of any freedom was persecuted; Voltaire and Rousseau were exiles, Marmontel and Diderot were sent to the Bastille, and a perpetual war was waged with the whole class by the existing despotism. In the next place, the French Revolution was *not* occasioned by any writings whatsoever, but must have occurred had no such writers ever existed. It is the fashion to attribute every thing to the French Revolution, and the French Revolution to every thing but its real cause. That cause is obvious

*["Summi poetæ in omni poetarum sæculo viri fuerunt probi: in nostris id videmus et videmus; neque alius est error a veritate longiùs quàm magna ingenia magnis necessario corrumpi vitiis. Secundo plerique posthabent primum, hi malignitate, illi ignorantiâ; et quum aliquem inveniunt styli morumque vitiis notatum, nec inficetum tamen nec in libris edendis parcum, eum stipant, prædicant, occupant, amplectuntur. Si mores aliquantulum vellet corrigere, si stylum curare paululum, si fervido ingenio temperare, si moræ tantillum interponere, tum ingens nescio quid et vere epicum, quadraginta annos natus, procuderat. Ignorant verò febri culis non indicari vires, impatientiam ab imbecillitate non differre, ignorant a levi homine et inconstante multa fortasse scribi posse plusquam mediocria, nihil compositum, arduum, æternum." Savagius Landor, *De Culta atque Usu Latini Sermonis*. "This essay, which is full of fine critical remarks and striking thoughts felicitously expressed, reached me from Pisa, while the proof of the present sheet was before me. Of its author (the author of *Gebir* and *Count Julian*) I will only say in this place, that, to have obtained his approbation as a poet, and possessed his friendship as a man, will be remembered among the honours of my life, when the petty enmities of this generation will be forgotten, and its ephemeral reputations shall have passed away."—*Mr. Southey's Note.*]

—the government exacted too much, and the people could neither *give* nor *bear more*. Without this, the Encyclopedists might have written their fingers off without the occurrence of a single alteration. And the *English* revolution—(the first, I mean)—what was it occasioned by? The *Puritans* were surely as pious and moral as Wesley or his biographer? Acts—acts on the part of government, and *not* writings against them, have caused the past convulsions, and are tending to the future.

"I look upon such as inevitable, though no revolutionist; I wish to see the English constitution restored, and not destroyed. Born an aristocrat, and naturally one by temper, with the greater part of my present property in the funds, what have *I* to gain by a revolution? Perhaps I have more to lose in every way than Mr. Southey, with all his places and presents for panegyrics and abuse into the bargain. But that a revolution is inevitable, I repeat. The government may exult over the repression of petty tumults; these are but the receding waves repulsed and broken for a moment on the shore, while the great tide is still rolling on and gaining ground with every breaker. Mr. Southey accuses us of attacking the religion of the country; and is he abetting it by writing lives of *Wesley?* One mode of worship is merely destroyed by another. There never was, nor ever will be, a country without a religion. We shall be told of *France* again: but it was only Paris and a frantic party, which for a moment upheld their dogmatic nonsense of theo-philanthropy. The church of England, if overthrown, will be swept away by the sectarians and not by the sceptics. People are too wise, too well informed, too certain of their own immense importance in the realms of space, ever to submit to the impiety of doubt. There may be a few such diffident speculators, like water in the pale sunbeam of human reason, but they are very few; and their opinions, without enthusiasm or appeal to the passions, can never gain proselytes—unless, indeed, they are persecuted—*that*, to be sure, will increase any thing.

"Mr. Southey, with a cowardly ferocity, exults over the anticipated 'death-bed repentance' of the objects of his dislike; and indulges himself in a pleasant *Vision of Judgment*, in prose as well as verse, full of impious impudence. What Mr. Southey's sensations or ours may be in the awful moment of leaving this state of existence, neither he nor we can pretend to decide. In common, I presume, with most men of any reflection, *I* have not waited for a 'death-bed' to repent of many of my actions, notwithstanding the 'diabolical pride' which this pitiful renegado in his rancour would impute to those who scorn *him*. Whether upon the whole the good or evil of my deeds may preponderate is not for me to ascertain; but as my means and opportunities have been greater, I shall limit my present defence to an assertion (easily proved, if necessary), that I, 'in my degree,' have done more real good in any one given year, since I was twenty, than Mr. Southey in the whole course of his shifting and turncoat existence." There are several actions to which I can look back with an honest pride, not to be damped by the calumnies of a hireling. There are others to which I recur with sorrow and repentance; but the only *act* of *my* life of which Mr. Southey can have any real knowledge, as it was one which brought me in contact with a near connection of his own,† did no dishonour to that connection nor to me.

"I am not ignorant of Mr. Southey's calumnies on a different occasion, knowing them to be such, which he scattered abroad on his return from Switzerland against me and others: they have done him no good in this world; and if his creed be the right one, they will do him less in the next. What *his* 'death-bed' may be, it is not my province to predicate; let him settle it with his Maker, as I must do with mine. There is something at once ludicrous and blasphemous in this arrogant scribbler of all work sitting down to deal damnation and destruction upon his fellow-creatures, with *Wat Tyler*, the *Apotheosis of George the Third*, and the *Elegy on Martin the Regicide*, all shuffled together in his writing-desk. One of his consolations appears to be a Latin note from a work of a Mr. Landor, the author of *Gebir*, whose friendship for Robert Southey will, it seems, 'be an honour to him when the ephemeral disputes and ephemeral reputations of the day are forgotten.' I for one neither envy him 'the friendship,' nor the glory in reversion which is to accrue from it, like Mr. Thelusson's fortune, in the third and fourth generation. This friendship will probably be as memorable as his own epics, which (as I quoted to him ten or twelve years ago in *English Bards*) Porson said 'would be remembered when Homer and Virgil are forgotten,—and not till then.' For the present, I leave him."

Mr. Southey was not disposed to let this pass unanswered. He, on the 5th of January, 1822, addressed to the Editor of the London *Courier* a letter, of which we shall quote all that is of importance:—

* "Here Lord Byron very modestly informs us, that he has done more good in any one year of his life, than Mr. Southey has done in the whole of the years he has lived upon the earth. We are much at a loss to understand the drift of this very candid communication. Does Lord Byron mean to say, that he has given away more money in charity than the Laureate could afford to do? We believe that this may very well be so; but why trumpet his own almsgiving in such a pompous fashion upon the house-top? There are plenty of good rich old widow ladies, who have subscribed lots of money to all sorts of charities, and advertised all their largesses in the newspapers;—but are they entitled on that account to talk of themselves as doing more 'good' than Southey?" *Blackwood*, 1822.—L. E.

† Mr. Coleridge.—See Moore's *Life of Byron*.

writers whom Mr. S. imagines, like Scrub, to have "talked of *him;* for they laughed consumedly."

I think I know enough of most of the writers to whom he is supposed to allude, to assert, that they, in their individual capacities, have done more good, in the charities of life, to their fellow-creatures in any one year, than Mr. Southey has done harm to himself by his absurdities in his whole life; and this is saying a great deal. But I have a few questions to ask.

"I come at once to his Lordship's charge against me, blowing away the abuse with which it is frothed, and evaporating a strong acid in which it is suspended. The residuum then appears to be, that 'Mr. Southey, on his return from Switzerland (in 1817), scattered abroad calumnies, knowing them to be such, against Lord Byron and others.' To this I reply with *a direct and positive denial.*

"If I had been told in that country that Lord Byron had turned Turk, or Monk of La Trappe,—that he had furnished a *harem*, or endowed an hospital, I might have thought the account, whichever it had been, possible, and repeated it accordingly; passing it, as it had been taken, in the small change of conversation, for no more than it was worth. In this manner I might have spoken of him, as of Baron Geramb,* the Green Man,† the Indian Jugglers, or any other *figurante* of the time being. There was no reason for any particular delicacy on my part in speaking of his Lordship: and, indeed, I should have thought any thing which might be reported of him would have injured his character as little as the story which so greatly annoyed Lord Keeper Guildford, that he had ridden a rhinoceros. He may ride a rhinoceros, and though every body would stare, no one would wonder. But making no inquiry concerning him when I was abroad, because I felt no curiosity, I heard nothing, and had nothing to repeat. When I spoke of wonders to my friends and acquaintance on my return, it was of the flying-tree at Alpnacht, and the Eleven Thousand Virgins of Cologne—not of Lord Byron. I sought for no stater subject than St. Ursula.

"Once, and only once, in connection with Switzerland, I have alluded to his Lordship; and, as the passage was curtailed in the press, I take this opportunity of restoring it. In the *Quarterly Review*, speaking incidentally of the Jungfrau, I said, 'it was the scene where Lord Byron's Manfred met the Devil and bullied him—though the Devil must have won his cause before any tribunal in this world, or the next, if he had not pleaded more feebly for himself than his advocate, in a cause of canonization, ever pleaded for him.'

"With regard to the 'others,' whom his Lordship accuses me of calumniating, I suppose he alludes to a party of his friends, whose names I found written in the album at Mount-Anvert, with an avowal of Atheism annexed, in Greek, and an indignant comment, in the same language, underneath it.§ Those names, with that avowal and the comment, I transcribed in my note-book, and spoke of the circumstance on my return. If I had published it, the gentleman in question would not have thought himself slandered, by having that recorded of him, which he has so often recorded of himself.

"The many opprobrious appellations which Lord Byron has bestowed upon me, I leave as I find them, with the praises which he has bestowed upon himself.

> 'How easily is a noble spirit discern'd
> From harsh and sulphurous matter that flies out
> In contumelies, makes a noise, and stinks!'—*B. Jonson.*

But I am accustomed to such things; and, so far from irritating me are the enemies who use such weapons, that, when I hear of their attacks, it is some satisfaction to think they have thus employed the malignity which must have been employed somewhere, and could not have been directed against any person whom it could possibly molest or injure less. The viper, however venomous in purpose, is harmless in effect, while it is biting at the file. It is seldom, indeed, that I waste a word, or a thought, upon those who are perpetually assailing me. But abhorring, as I do, the personalities which disgrace our current literature, and averse from controversy as I am, both by principle and inclination, I make no profession of non-resistance. When the offence and the offender are such as to call for the whip and the branding-iron, it has been both seen and felt that I can inflict them.

"Lord Byron's present exacerbation is evidently produced by an infliction of this kind—not by hearsay reports of my conversation, four years ago, transmitted him from England. The cause may be found in certain remarks upon the Satanic school of poetry, contained in my preface to the *Vision of Judgment*. Well would it be for Lord Byron if he could look back upon any of his writings, with as much satisfaction as I shall always do upon what is there said of that flagitious school. Many persons, and parents especially, have expressed their gratitude to me for having applied the branding-iron where it was so richly deserved. The Edinburgh Reviewer, indeed, with that honourable feeling by which his criticisms are so peculiarly distinguished, suppressing the remarks themselves, has imputed them wholly to envy on my part. I give him, in this instance, full credit for sincerity: I believe he was equally incapable of comprehending a worthier motive, or of inventing a worse; and, as I have never condescended to expose, in any instance, his pitiful malevolence, I thank him for having, in this, stripped it bare himself, and exhibited it in its bald, naked, and undisguised deformity.

"Lord Byron, like his encomiast, has not ventured to bring the matter of those animadversions into view. He conceals the fact, that they are directed against the authors of blasphemous and lascivious books; against men who, not content with indulging their own vices, labour to make others the slaves of sensuality, like themselves; against public panders, who, mingling impiety with lewdness, seek at once to destroy the cement of social order, and to carry profanation and pollution into private families, and into the hearts of individuals.

"His Lordship has thought it not unbecoming in him to call me a scribbler of all work. Let the word *scribbler* pass; it is an appellation which will not stick, like that of *the Satanic school*. But, if a scribbler, how am I one of *all work?* I will tell Lord Byron what I have *not* scribbled—what kind of work I have *not* done. I have never published libels upon my friends and acquaintance, expressed my sorrow for those libels, and called them in during a mood of better mind—and then re-issued them when the evil spirit, which for a time had been cast out, had returned and taken possession, with seven others, more wicked than himself. I have never abused the power, of which every author is in some degree possessed, to wound the character of a man, or the heart of a woman. I have never sent into the world a book to which I did not dare to affix my name; or which I feared to claim in a court of justice, if it were pirated by a knavish bookseller. I have never manufactured furniture for the brothel. None of *these things* have I done; none of the foul work by which literature is perverted to the injury of mankind. My hands are clean: there is no 'damned spot' upon them—no blood, which 'all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten.'

"Of the work which I *have* done, it becomes me not here to speak, save only as relates to the Satanic school, and its Coryphæus, the author of *Don Juan*. I have held up that school to public detestation, as enemies to the religion, the institutions, and the domestic morals of the country. I have given them a designation to which *their founder and leader answers*. I have sent a stone from my sling which has smitten their Goliath in the forehead. I have fastened his name upon the gibbet, for reproach and ignominy, as long as it shall endure.—Take it down who can!

"One word of advice to Lord Byron before I conclude.—When he attacks me again, let it be in rhyme. For one who has so little command of himself, it will be a great advantage that his temper should be obliged to *keep tune*. And while he may still indulge in the same rankness and virulence of insult, the metre will, in some degree, seem to lessen its vulgarity."

Lord Byron, without waiting for the closing hint of the foregoing letter, had already "attacked" Mr. Southey "in rhyme." On October 1, 1821, he says to Mr. Moore,—

"I have written about sixty stanzas of a poem, in octave stanzas (in the Pulci style, which the fools in England think was invented by Whistlecraft—it is as old as the hills, in Italy,) called *The Vision of Judgment*, by Quevedo Redivivus. In this it is my intention to put the said George's Apotheosis in a Whig point of view, not forgetting the Poet Laureate, for his preface and his other demerits."

Lord Byron had proceeded some length in the performance thus announced, before Mr. Southey's letter to the *Courier* fell into his hands. On seeing it, his Lordship's feelings were so excited, that he could not wait for revenge in ink shed, but on the instant, despatched a cartel of mortal defiance to the Poet Laureate, through the medium of Mr. Douglas Kinnaird,—to whom he thus writes, February 6, 1822:—

"I have got Southey's pretended reply: what remains to be done is to call him out. The question is, would he come? for, if he would not, the whole thing would appear ridiculous, if I were to take a long and expensive journey to no purpose. You must be my second, and, as such, I wish to consult you. I apply to you as one well versed in the duello, or monomachie. Of course I shall come to England as privately as possible, and leave it (supposing that I was the survivor) in the same manner; having no other object which could bring me to that country except to settle quarrels accumulated during my absence."

Mr. Kinnaird, justly appreciating the momentary exacerbation under which Lord Byron had written the challenge which this letter enclosed, and fully aware how absurd the whole business would seem to his distant friend after the lapse of such a period as must intervene before the return of post from Keswick to Ravenna, put Lord Byron's warlike missive aside; and it never was heard of by Mr. Southey until after the death of its author. Meantime Lord Byron had continued his "attack in rhyme"—and his *Vision of Judgment*, after ineffectual negotiations with various publishers in London, at length saw the light in 1822, in the pages of the unfortunate *Liberal*.—L. E.

* Baron Geramb.—a German Jew, who, for some time, excited much public attention in London, by the extravagance of his dress. Being very troublesome and menacing in demanding remuneration from Government, for a proposal he had made of engaging a body of Croat troops in the service of England, he was, in 1812, sent out of the country under the Alien Act.—L. E.

† The *Green Man* was a popular afterpiece, so called from the hero, who wore every thing green, hat, gloves, etc. etc.—L. E.

§ Mr. P. B. Shelley signed his name, with the addition of ἄθεος, in this album.—L. E.

1stly, Is Mr. Southey the Author of *Wat Tyler?*

2dly, Was he not refused a remedy at law by the highest judge of his beloved England, because it was a blasphemous and seditious publication? (1)

3dly, Was he not entitled by William Smith, in full parliament, "a rancorous renegado?" (2)

4thly, Is he not Poet Laureate, with his own lines on Martin the regicide staring him in the face? (3)

And, 5thly, Putting the four preceding items together, with what conscience dare *he* call the attention of the laws to the publications of others, be they what they may?

I say nothing of the cowardice of such a proceeding; its meanness speaks for itself; but I wish to touch upon the *motive*, which is neither more nor less than that Mr. S. has been laughed at a little in some recent publications, as he was of yore in the *Anti-jacobin* by his present patrons. (4) Hence all this "skimble scamble stuff" about "Satanic," and so forth. However, it is worthy of him—"*qualis ab incepto.*"

If there is any thing obnoxious to the political opinions of a portion of the public in the following poem, they may thank Mr. Southey. He might have written hexameters, as he has written every thing else, for aught that the writer cared—had they been upon another subject. But to attempt to canonise a monarch, who, whatever were his household virtues, was neither a successful nor a patriot king,—inasmuch as several years of his reign passed in war with America and Ireland, to say nothing of the aggression upon France, —like all other exaggeration, necessarily begets opposition. In whatever manner he may be spoken of in this new *Vision*, his *public* career will not be more favourably transmitted by history. Of his private virtues (although a little expensive to the nation) there can be no doubt.

With regard to the supernatural personages treated of, I can only say that I know as much about them, and (as an honest man) have a better right to talk of them than Robert Southey. I have also treated them more tolerantly. The way in which that poor insane creature, the Laureate, deals about his judgments in the next world, is like his own judgment in this. If it was not completely ludicrous, it would be something worse. I don't think that there is much more to say at present.

QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.

P. S.—It is possible that some readers may object, in these objectionable times, to the freedom with which saints, angels, and spiritual persons discourse in this *Vision*. But, for precedents upon such points, I must refer him to Fielding's *Journey from this World to the next*, and to the Visions of myself, the said Quevedo, in Spanish or translated. The reader is also requested to observe, that no doctrinal tenets are insisted upon or discussed; that the person of the Deity is carefully withheld from sight, which is more than can be said for the Laureate, who hath thought proper to make him talk, not "like a school divine," but like the unscholarlike Mr. Southey. The whole action passes on the outside of heaven; and Chaucer's *Wife of Bath*, Pulci's *Morgante Maggiore*, Swift's *Tale of a Tub*, and the other works above referred to, are cases in point of the freedom with which saints, etc. may be permitted to converse in works not intended to be serious. Q. R.

*** Mr. Southey being, as he says, a good Christian and vindictive, threatens, I understand, a reply to this our answer. It is to be hoped that his visionary faculties will in the mean time have acquired a little more judgment, properly so called: otherwise he will get himself into new dilemmas. These apostate jacobins furnish rich rejoinders. Let him take a specimen.

(1) In 1821, when Mr. Southey applied to the Court of Chancery for an injunction to restrain the publication of *Wat Tyler*, Lord Chancellor Eldon pronounced the following judgment:—"I have looked into all the affidavits, and have read the book itself. The bill goes the length of stating, that the work was composed by Mr. Southey in the year 1794; that it is his own production, and that it has been published by the defendants without his sanction or authority; and therefore seeking an account of the profits which have arisen from, and an injunction to restrain, the publication. I have examined the cases that I have been able to meet with containing precedents for injunctions of this nature, and I find that they all proceed upon the ground of a title to the property in the plaintiff. On this head a distinction has been taken, to which a considerable weight of authority attaches, supported, as it is, by the opinion of Lord Chief Justice Eyre; who has expressly laid it down, that a person cannot recover in damages for a work which is, in its nature, calculated to do injury to the public. Upon the same principle this court refused an injunction in the case of Walcot" (Peter Pindar) "*v.* Walker, inasmuch as he could not have recovered damages in an action. After the fullest consideration, I remain of the same opinion as that which I entertained in deciding the case referred to. Taking all the circumstances into my consideration, it appears to me, that I cannot grant this injunction, until after Mr. Southey shall have established his right to the property by action."—Injunction refused.—L. E.

(2) Mr. William Smith, M. P. for Norwich, made a virulent attack on Mr. Southey in the House of Commons on the 14th of March, 1817, and the Laureate replied by a letter in the *Courier*. As this Speech and Answer embrace almost all the points on which Lord Byron ever assailed his distinguished brother poet, we think it right to place both in an Appendix to *Quevedo Redivivus*.—See p. 409, 410, *post*.—L. E.

(3) Among the effusions of Mr. Southey's juvenile muse, we find this "Inscription for the Apartment in Chepstow Castle, where Henry Martin, the Regicide, was imprisoned thirty years:—

"For thirty years secluded from mankind
Here Martin linger'd. Often have these walls
Echo'd his footsteps, as with even tread
He paced around his prison. Not to him
Did Nature's fair varieties exist;
He never saw the sun's delightful beams;
Save when through yon high bars he pour'd a sad
And broken splendour. Dost thou ask his crime?
He had rebell'd against the King, and sat
In judgment on him; for his ardent mind
Shaped goodliest plans of happiness on earth,
And peace and liberty. Wild dreams! but such
As Plato loved; such as, with holy zeal,
Our Milton worshipp'd. Blessed hopes! awhile
From man withheld; even to the latter days,
When Christ shall come, and all things be fulfill'd."

(4) The following imitation of the Inscription on the Regicide's Apartment, written by Mr. Canning, appeared in the *Anti-Jacobin*:—

"*Inscription for the Door of the Cell in Newgate, where Mrs. Brownrigg, the 'Prentice-side, was confined, previous to her Execution.*

"For one long term, or ere her trial came,
Here Brownrigg linger'd. Often have these cells
Echo'd her blasphemies, as with shrill voice
She scream'd for fresh geneva. Not to her
Did the blithe fields of Tothill, or thy street,
St. Giles, its fair varieties expand;
Till at the last, in slow-drawn cart, she went
To execution. Dost thou ask her crime?
She whipp'd two female 'prentices to death,
And hid them in the coal-hole. For her mind
Shaped strictest plans of discipline. Sage schemes!
Such as Lycurgus taught, when at the shrine
Of the Orthyan goddess he bade flog
The little Spartans; such as erst chastised
Our Milton, when at college. For this act
Did Brownrigg swing. Harsh laws! But time shall come
When France shall reign, and laws be all repeal'd."—L. E.

Mr. Southey laudeth grievously "one Mr. Landor," who cultivates much private renown in the shape of Latin verses; and not long ago, the Poet Laureate dedicated to him, it appeareth, one of his fugitive lyrics, upon the strength of a poem called *Gebir*. Who could suppose, that in this same *Gebir* the aforesaid Savage Landor (1) (for such is his grim cognomen) putteth into the infernal regions no less a person than the hero of his friend Mr. Southey's heaven,—yea, even George the Third! See also how personal Savage becometh, when he hath a mind. The following is his portrait of our late gracious sovereign:—

(Prince Gebir having descended into the infernal regions, the shades of his royal ancestors are, at his request, called up to his view; and he exclaims to his ghostly guide)—

"Aroar, what wretch that nearest us? what wretch
Is that with eyebrows white and slanting brow?
Listen! him yonder, who, bound down supine,
Shrinks yelling from that sword there, engine-hung.
He too amongst my ancestors! I hate
The despot, but the dastard I despise.
Was he our countryman?"
"Alas, O king!
Iberia bore him, but the breed accurst
Inclement winds blew blighting from north-east."
"He was a warrior then, nor fear'd the gods?"
"Gebir, he fear'd the demons, not the gods,
Though them indeed his daily face adored;
And was no warrior, yet the thousand lives
Squander'd, as stones to exercise a sling,
And the tame cruelty and cold caprice—
Oh madness of mankind! address'd, adored!"

Gebir, p. 28.

I omit noticing some edifying Ithyphallics of Savagius, wishing to keep the proper veil over them, if his grave but somewhat indiscreet worshipper will suffer it; but certainly these teachers of "great moral lessons" are apt to be found in strange company.

THE VISION OF JUDGMENT.

I.

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate:
His keys were rusty, and the lock was dull,
So little trouble had been given of late;
Not that the place by any means was full,
But since the Gallic era "eighty-eight"
The devils had ta'en a longer, stronger pull,
And "a pull altogether," as they say
At sea—which drew most souls another way.

II.

The angels all were singing out of tune,
And hoarse with having little else to do,
Excepting to wind up the sun and moon,
Or curb a runaway young star or two,
Or wild colt of a comet, which too soon
Broke out of bounds o'er the ethereal blue,
Splitting some planet with its playful tail,
As boats are sometimes by a wanton whale.

III.

The guardian seraphs had retired on high,
Finding their charges past all care below;
Terrestrial business fill'd nought in the sky
Save the recording angel's black bureau;
Who found, indeed, the facts to multiply
With such rapidity of vice and woe,
That he had stripp'd off both his wings in quills,
And yet was in arrear of human ills.

IV.

His business so augmented of late years,
That he was forced, against his will, no doubt
(Just like those cherubs, earthly ministers),
For some resource to turn himself about
And claim the help of his celestial peers,
To aid him ere he should be quite worn out
By the increased demand for his remarks;
Six angels and twelve saints were named his clerks.

V.

This was a handsome board—at least for heaven;
And yet they had even then enough to do,
So many conquerors' cars were daily driven,
So many kingdoms fitted up anew;
Each day too slew its thousands six or seven,
Till at the crowning carnage, Waterloo,
They threw their pens down in divine disgust—
The page was so besmear'd with blood and dust.

VI.

This by the way; 'tis not mine to record
What angels shrink from: even the very devil
On this occasion his own work abhorr'd,
So furfeited with the infernal revel:
Though he himself had sharpen'd every sword,
It almost quench'd his innate thirst of evil.
(Here Satan's sole good work deserves insertion—
'Tis, that he has both generals in reversion.)

VII.

Let's skip a few short years of hollow peace,
Which peopled earth no better, hell as wont,
And heaven none—they form the tyrant's lease,
With nothing but new names subscribed upon 't;
'T will one day finish: meantime they increase,
"With seven heads and ten horns," and all in front,
Like Saint John's foretold beasts; but ours are born
Less formidable in the head than horn.

VIII.

In the first year of freedom's second dawn (2)
Died George the Third; (3) although no tyrant, one
Who shielded tyrants, till each sense withdrawn
Left him nor mental nor external sun:

(1) Walter Savage Landor, Esq., author of *Count Julian*, a tragedy—*Imaginary Conversations*, in three series—and various other works, was an early friend of Mr. Southey, and difference of politics has never disturbed their personal feelings towards each other. Mr. Landor has long resided in Italy.—L. E.

(2) George III. died the 29th of January, 1820,—a year in which the revolutionary spirit broke out all over the south of Europe.—L. E.

(3) Here perhaps, the reader will thank us for transcribing a few of Mr. Southey's hexameters:—

"Pensive, though not in thought, I stood at the window, beholding
Mountain, and lake, and vale; the valley disrobed of its verdure:
Thus as I stood, the bell, which awhile from its warning had rested,
Sent forth its note again, TOLL! TOLL! through the silence of evening.
'T is a deep dull sound, that is heavy and mournful at all times.
For it tells of mortality always. But heavier this day
Fell on the conscious ear its deeper and mournfuller import,
Yea, in the heart it sunk; for this was the day when the herald,
Breaking his wand, should proclaim that George our King was departed.
Thou art released! I cried: thy soul is deliver'd from bondage!
Thou, who hast lain so long in mental and visual darkness,
Thou art in yonder heaven! thy place is in light and in glory.
Come, and behold!—methought a startling voice from the twilight

A better farmer ne'er brush'd dew from lawn,
  A worse king never left a realm undone!
He died—but left his subjects still behind,
One half as mad—and t'other no less blind.

IX.

He died!—his death made no great stir on earth;
  His burial made some pomp; there was profusion
Of velvet, gilding, brass, and no great dearth
  Of aught but tears—save those shed by collusion.
For these things may be bought at their true worth;
  Of elegy there was the due infusion—
Bought also; and the torches, cloaks, and banners,
Heralds, and relics of old Gothic manners,

X.

Form'd a sepulchral melo-drame. Of all
  The fools who flock'd to swell or see the show,
Who cared about the corpse? The funeral
  Made the attraction, and the black the woe.
There throbb'd not there a thought which pierced the pall;
  And when the gorgeous coffin was laid low,
It seem'd the mockery of hell to fold
The rottenness of eighty years in gold.(1)

XI.

So mix his body with the dust! It might
  Return to what it *must* far sooner, were
The natural compound left alone to fight
  Its way back into earth, and fire, and air;
But the unnatural balsams merely blight
  What nature made him at his birth, as bare
As the mere million's base unmummied clay—
Yet all his spices but prolong decay.

XII.

He's dead—and upper earth with him has done;
  He's buried; save the undertaker's bill,
Or lapidary scrawl, the world is gone
  For him, unless he left a German will; (2)
But where's the proctor who will ask his son?
  In whom his qualities are reigning still,
Except that household virtue, most uncommon,
Of constancy to a bad ugly woman.

XIII.

"God save the king!" It is a large economy
  In God to save the like; but if he will
Be saving, all the better; for not one am I
  Of those who think damnation better still:
I hardly know, too, if not quite alone am I
  In this small hope of bettering future ill
By circumscribing, with some slight restriction,
The eternity of hell's hot jurisdiction.

XIV.

I know this is unpopular; I know
  'Tis blasphemous; I know one may be damn'd
For hoping no one else may e'er be so;
  I know my catechism; I know we are cramm'd
With the best doctrines till we quite o'erflow;
  I know that all save England's church have shamm'd,
And that the other twice two hundred churches
And synagogues have made a *damn'd* bad purchase.

XV.

God help us all! God help me too! I am,
  God knows, as helpless as the devil can wish,
And not a whit more difficult to damn
  Than is to bring to land a late-hook'd fish,
Or to the butcher to purvey the lamb;
  Not that I'm fit for such a noble dish
As one day will be that immortal fry
Of almost every body born to die.

XVI.

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate,
  And nodded o'er his keys; when, lo! there came
A wondrous noise he had not heard of late—
  A rushing sound of wind, and stream, and flame;
In short, a roar of things extremely great,
  Which would have made aught save a saint exclaim;
But he, with first a start and then a wink,
Said, "There's another star gone out, I think!"

XVII.

But ere he could return to his repose,
  A cherub flapp'd his right wing o'er his eyes—
At which Saint Peter yawn'd, and rubb'd his nose:
  "Saint porter," said the angel, "prithee rise!"
Waving a goodly wing, which glow'd, as glows
  An earthly peacock's tail, with heavenly dyes:
To which the saint replied, "Well, what's the matter?
"Is Lucifer come back with all this clatter?"

XVIII.

"No," quoth the cherub; "George the Third is dead." (3)
  "And who *is* George the Third?" replied the apostle:
"*What George? what Third?*" "The king of England," said
  The angel. "Well! he won't find kings to jostle
Him on his way; but does he wear his head?
  Because the last we saw here had a tussle,
And ne'er would have got into heaven's good graces,
Had he not flung his head in all our faces.

Answer'd; and therewithal I felt a stroke as of lightning,
With a sound like the rushing of winds, or the roaring of waters.
If from without it came I knew not, so sudden the seizure;
Or if the brain itself in that strong flash had expended
All its electric stores. Of strength and of thought it bereft me;
Hearing, and sight, and sense were gone."—L. E.

(1) In Southey:—

"So, by the unseen comforted, raised I my head in obedience:
And in a vault I found myself placed, arch'd over on all sides.
Narrow and low was that house of the dead. Around it were coffins,
Each in its niche and pails, and urns, and funeral hatchments,
Velvets of Tyrian dye, retaining their hues unfaded;
Blazonry vivid still, as if fresh from the touch of the limner;
Nor was the golden fringe, nor the golden broidery, tarnish'd."
L. E.

(2) Lord Byron alludes to an idle story about George III., that he had secreted and destroyed the testament of George II.—L. E.

(3) In Southey:—

"O'er the adamantine gates an Angel stood on the summit.
Ho! he exclaim'd, King George of England cometh to judgment!
Hear, Heaven! Ye Angels, hear! Souls of the Good and the Wicked
Whom it concerns, attend! Thou Hell, bring forth his accusers!
As the sonorous summons was utter'd, the Winds, who were waiting,
Bore it abroad through Heaven; and Hell, in her nethermost corners,
Heard and obey'd in dismay.
A multitudinous army
Came at the awful call. In semicircle inclining,
Tier over tier they took their place: aloft, in the distance,
Far as the sight could pierce, that glorious company glisten'd.
From the skirts of the shining assembly, a slippery vapour
Rose in the blue serene, and moving onward it deepen'd,
Taking a denser form."—L. E.

XIX.

"He was, if I remember, king of France; (1)
That head of his, which could not keep a crown
On earth, yet ventured in my face to advance
A claim to those of martyrs—like my own:
If I had had my sword, as I had once
When I cut ears off, I had cut him down;
But having but my *keys*, and not my brand,
I only knock'd his head from out his hand.

XX.

"And then he set up such a headless howl,
That all the saints came out and took him in;
And there he sits by St. Paul, cheek by jowl;
That fellow Paul—the parvenu! The skin
Of Saint Bartholomew, which makes his cowl
In heaven, and upon earth redeem'd his sin
So as to make a martyr, never sped
Better than did this weak and wooden head.

XXI.

"But had it come up here upon its shoulders,
There would have been a different tale to tell;
The fellow-feeling in the saints beholders
Seems to have acted on them like a spell;
And so this very foolish head heaven solders
Back on its trunk: it may be very well,
And seems the custom here, to overthrow
Whatever has been wisely done below."

XXII.

The angel answer'd, "Peter! do not pout:
The king who comes has head and all entire,
And never knew much what it was about—
He did as doth the puppet—by its wire,
And will be judged like all the rest, no doubt:
My business and your own is not to inquire
Into such matters, but to mind our cue—
Which is to act as we are bid to do."

XXIII.

While thus they spake, the angelic caravan,
Arriving like a rush of mighty wind,
Cleaving the fields of space, as doth the swan
Some silver stream (say Ganges, Nile, or Inde,
Or Thames, or Tweed), and 'midst them an old man
With an old soul, and both extremely blind,
Halted before the gate, and in his shroud
Seated their fellow-traveller on a cloud. (2)

XXIV.

But, bringing up the rear of this bright host
A spirit of a different aspect waved
His wings, like thunder-clouds above some coast
Whose barren beach with frequent wrecks is paved:
His brow was like the deep when tempest-toss'd;
Fierce and unfathomable thoughts engraved
Eternal wrath on his immortal face,
And *where* he gazed a gloom pervaded space.

XXV.

As he drew near, he gazed upon the gate
Ne'er to be enter'd more by him or Sin,
With such a glance of supernatural hate,
As made Saint Peter wish himself within;
He patter'd with his keys at a great rate,
And sweated through his apostolic skin:
Of course his perspiration was but ichor,
Or some such other spiritual liquor.

XXVI.

The very cherubs huddled all together,
Like birds when soars the falcon; and they felt
A tingling to the tip of every feather,
And form'd a circle like Orion's belt
Around their poor old charge; who scarce knew whither
His guards had led him, though they gently dealt
With royal manes (for by many stories,
And true, we learn the angels all are Tories).

XXVII.

As things were in this posture, the gate flew
Asunder, and the flashing of its hinges
Flung over space a universal hue
Of many-colour'd flame, until its tinges
Reach'd even our speck of earth, and made a new
Aurora-borealis spread its fringes
O'er the North Pole; the same seen, when ice-bound,
By Captain Parry's crew, in "Melville's Sound." (3)

XXVIII.

And from the gate thrown open issued beaming
A beautiful and mighty Thing of Light, (4)

(1) Louis XVI., guillotined on the 21st of January, 1793. —L. E.

(2) In Southey:—

"Then I beheld the King. From a cloud which cover'd the pavement
His reverend form sprose: heavenward his face was directed,
Heavenward his eyes were raised, and heavenward his arms were extended.
Presently one approach'd to greet him with joyful obeisance
He of whom, in an hour of woe, the assassin bereaved us
When his counsels most, and his resolute virtue, were needed.
Thou! said the Monarch, here? Thou, PERCEVAL, summon'd before me?—
Then, as his waken'd mind to the weal of the country reverted,
What of his son, he ask'd, what course by the Prince had been follow'd?
Right in his father's steps hath the Regent trod, was the answer:
Firm hath he proved, and wise, at a time when weakness or error
Would have sunk us in shame, and to ruin have hurl'd us headlong.—
Peace is obtain'd then at last, with safety and honour! the Monarch
Cried, and he clasp'd his hands,—I thank thee, O merciful Father!—
Peace hath been won by the sword, the faithful minister answer'd.
Paris hath," etc.—L. E.

(3) See Captain Sir Edward Parry's *Voyage, in 1819-20, for the Discovery of a North-west Passage*:—"I believe it is almost impossible for words to give an idea of the beauty and variety which this magnificent phenomenon displayed. The luminous arch had broken into irregular masses, streaming with much rapidity in different directions, varying continually in shape and interest, and extending themselves from north, by the east, to north. At one time a part of the arch near the zenith was bent into convolutions resembling those of a snake in motion, and undulating rapidly, an appearance which we had not before observed. The end towards the north was also bent like a shepherd's crook. The usual pale light of the aurora strongly resembled that produced by the combustion of phosphorus; a very slight tinge of red was noticed on this occasion, when the aurora was most vivid, but no other colours were visible." P. 135.—L. E.

(4) In Southey:—

"Thus as he spake, methought the surrounding space dilated;
Over-head I beheld the infinite ether; beneath us
Lay the solid expanse of the firmament spread like a pavement;
Wheresoever I look'd, there was light and glory around me:
Brightest it seem'd in the East, where the New Jerusalem glitter'd,
Eminent on a hill, there stood the Celestial City;
Beaming afar it shone; its towers and cupolas rising
High in the air serene, with the brightness of gold in the furnace,
Where on their breadth the splendour lay intense and quiescent;
Part with a fierier glow, and a short quick tremulous motion
Like the burning pyropus; and turrets and pinnacles sparkled,
Playing in jets of light, with a diamond-like glory coruscant.
Drawing near, I beheld what over the portal was written:
This is the Gate," etc.—L. E.

ıt with glory, like a banner streaming
torious from some world-o'erthrowing fight;
ıor comparisons must needs be teeming
h earthly likenesses, for here the night
y obscures our best conceptions, saving
aa Southcote, (1) or Bob Southey raving.

XXIX.

; the archangel Michael: all men know
: make of angels and archangels, since
's scarce a scribbler has not one to show,
m the fiends' leader to the angels' prince.
also are some altar-pieces, though
ally can't say that they much evince
inner notions of immortal spirits;
t the connoisseurs explain *their* merits.

XXX.

el flew forth in glory and in good;
goodly work of him from whom all glory
good arise; the portal past—he stood;
ore him the young cherubs and saints hoary—
young, begging to be understood
looks, not years; and should be very sorry
ite they were not older than St. Peter,
ıerely that they seem'd a little sweeter).

XXXI.

herubs and the saints bow'd down before
ıt arch-angelic hierarch, the first
sences angelical, who wore
e aspect of a god; but this ne'er nursed
in his heavenly bosom, in whose core
thought, save for his Maker's service, durst
le, however glorified and high;
ıew him but the viceroy of the sky.

XXXII.

ıd the sombre silent Spirit met—
ey knew each other both for good and ill;
was their power, that neither could forget
; former friend and future foe; but still
was a high, immortal, proud regret
either's eye, as if 'twere less their will
destiny to make the eternal years
date of war, and their "champ-clos" the spheres.

XXXIII.

ıere they were in neutral space: we know,
ım Job, that Satan hath the power to pay
ıvenly visit thrice a-year or so;
d that "the sons of God," like those of clay,
keep him company; and we might show
ım the same book, in how polite a way
lialogue is held between the Powers
ood and Evil—but 'twould take up hours.

XXXIV.

this is not a theologic tract,
prove, with Hebrew and with Arabic,
If Job be allegory or a fact,
But a true narrative; and thus I pick
From out the whole but such and such an act
As sets aside the slightest thought of trick.
'Tis every tittle true, beyond suspicion,
And accurate as any other vision.

XXXV.

The spirits were in neutral space, before
The gate of heaven; like eastern thresholds is
The place where Death's grand cause is argued o'er,
And souls despatch'd to that world or to this;
And therefore Michael and the other wore
A civil aspect: though they did not kiss,
Yet still between his Darkness and his Brightness
There pass'd a mutual glance of great politeness.

XXXVI.

The Archangel bow'd, not like a modern beau,
But with a graceful oriental bend,
Pressing one radiant arm just where below
The heart in good men is supposed to tend.
He turn'd as to an equal, not too low,
But kindly; Satan met his ancient friend
With more hauteur, as might an old Castilian
Poor noble meet a mushroom rich civilian.

XXXVII.

He merely bent his diabolic brow
An instant; and then raising it, he stood
In act to assert his right or wrong, and show
Cause why King George by no means could or should
Make out a case to be exempt from woe
Eternal, more than other kings, endued
With better sense and hearts, whom history mentions,
Who long have "paved hell with their good intentions." (2)

XXXVIII.

Michael began: "What wouldst thou with this man,
Now dead, and brought before the Lord? What ill
Hath he wrought since his mortal race began,
That thou canst claim him? Speak! and do thy will,
If it be just: if in this earthly span
He hath been greatly failing to fulfil
His duties as a king and mortal, say,
And he is thine; if not, let him have way."

XXXIX.

"Michael!" replied the Prince of Air, "even here
Before the gate of him thou servest, must
I claim my subject: and will make appear
That as he was my worshipper in dust,
So shall he be in spirit, although dear
To thee and thine, because nor wine nor lust
Were of his weaknesses; yet on the throne
He reign'd o'er millions to serve me alone.

XL.

"Look to *our* earth, or rather *mine;* it was,
Once, more thy master's: but I triumph not

(1) Johanna Southcote, the aged lunatic, who fancied f, and was believed by many followers, to be with of a new Messiah, died in 1815. There is a full ac- of her in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. xxiv. p. 496.

(2) "No saint in the course of his religious warfare was more sensible of the unhappy failure of pious resolves than Dr. Johnson: he said one day, talking to an acquaintance on this subject, 'Sir, hell is paved with good intentions.'" —Croker's *Boswell*, vol. iii. p. 235.—L. E.

In this poor planet's conquest; nor, alas!
Need he thou servest envy me my lot:
With all the myriads of bright worlds which pass
In worship round him, he may have forgot
Yon weak creation of such paltry things:
I think few worth damnation save their kings,—

XLI.

"And these but as a kind of quit-rent, to
Assert my right as lord; and even had
I such an inclination, 'twere (as you
Well know) superfluous: they are grown so bad,
That hell has nothing better left to do
Than leave them to themselves: so much more mad
And evil by their own internal curse,
Heaven cannot make them better, nor I worse.

XLII.

"Look to the earth, I said, and say again:
When this old, blind, mad, helpless, weak, poor worm
Began in youth's first bloom and flush to reign,
The world and he both wore a different form,
And much of earth and all the watery plain
Of ocean call'd him king: through many a storm
His isles had floated on the abyss of time;
For the rough virtues chose them for their clime.

XLIII.

"He came to his sceptre young; he leaves it old:
Look to the state in which he found his realm,
And left it; and his annals too behold,—
How to a minion first he gave the helm;
How grew upon his heart a thirst for gold,
The beggar's vice, which can but overwhelm
The meanest hearts; and for the rest, but glance
Thine eye along America and France.

XLIV.

"'Tis true, he was a tool from first to last
(I have the workmen safe); but as a tool
So let him be consumed. From out the past
Of ages, since mankind have known the rule
Of monarchs—from the bloody rolls amass'd
Of sin and slaughter—from the Cæsars' school,
Take the worst pupil; and produce a reign
More drench'd with gore, more cumber'd with the slain.

XLV.

"He ever warr'd with freedom and the free;
Nations as men, home subjects, foreign foes,
So that they utter'd the word 'Liberty!'
Found George the Third their first opponent. Whose
History was ever stain'd as his will be
With national and individual woes?
I grant his household abstinence; I grant
His neutral virtues, which most monarchs want;

XLVI.

"I know he was a constant consort; own
He was a decent sire, and middling lord.
All this is much, and most upon a throne;
As temperance, if at Apicius' board,
Is more than at an anchorite's supper shown.
I grant him all the kindest can accord;
And this was well for him, but not for those
Millions who found him what Oppression chose.

XLVII.

"The New World shook him off; the Old yet groans
Beneath what he and his prepared, if not
Completed: he leaves heirs on many thrones
To all his vices, without what begot
Compassion for him—his tame virtues; drones
Who sleep, or despots who have now forgot
A lesson which shall be re-taught them, wake
Upon the thrones of earth; but let them quake!

XLVIII.

"Five millions of the primitive, who hold
The faith which makes ye great on earth, implored
A *part* of that vast *all* they held of old,—
Freedom to worship—not alone your Lord,
Michael, but you, and you, Saint Peter! Cold
Must be your souls, if you have not abhorr'd
The foe to catholic participation
In all the license of a Christian nation.

XLIX.

"True! he allow'd them to pray God; but as
A consequence of prayer, refused the law
Which would have placed them upon the same base
With those who did not hold the saints in awe."
But here Saint Peter started from his place,
And cried, "You may the prisoner withdraw:
Ere heaven shall ope her portals to this Guelph,
While I am guard, may I be damn'd myself!

L.

"Sooner will I with Cerberus exchange
My office (and *his* is no sinecure)
Than see this royal Bedlam bigot range
The azure fields of heaven, of that be sure!"
"Saint!" replied Satan, "you do well to avenge
The wrongs he made your satellites endure; (1)
And if to this exchange you should be given,
I'll try to coax *our* Cerberus up to heaven."

LI.

Here Michael interposed: "Good saint! and devil!
Pray, not so fast; you both outrun discretion.
Saint Peter! you were wont to be more civil:
Satan! excuse this warmth of his expression,
And condescension to the vulgar's level:
Even saints sometimes forget themselves in session.
Have you got more to say?"—"No."—"If you please,
I'll trouble you to call your witnesses."

LII.

Then Satan turn'd and waved his swarthy hand,
Which stirr'd with its electric qualities
Clouds farther off than we can understand,
Although we find him sometimes in our skies;
Infernal thunder shook both sea and land
In all the planets, and hell's batteries
Let off the artillery, which Milton mentions
As one of Satan's most sublime inventions. (2)

(1) George III.'s determination against the Catholic claims.—L. E.

(2) In Southey:—

——"From the opposite region,
Heavy and sulphurous clouds roll'd on, and completed the circle
There with the Spirits accurst, in congenial darkness enveloped
Were the Souls of the Wicked, who, wilful in guilt and error,
Chose the service of sin, and now were abiding its wages.
Change of place to them brought no reprieval from anguish;
They in their evil thoughts and desires of impotent malice,
Envy, and hate, and blasphemous rage, and remorse unavailing,

LIII.

This was a signal unto such damn'd souls
  As have the privilege of their damnation
Extended far beyond the mere controls
  Of worlds past, present, or to come; no station
Is theirs particularly in the rolls
  Of hell assign'd; but where their inclination
Or business carries them in search of game,
They may range freely—being damn'd the same.

LIV.

They are proud of this—as very well they may,
  It being a sort of knighthood, or gilt key
Stuck in their loins; (1) or like to an "entrée"
  Up the back stairs, or such free-masonry.
I borrow my comparisons from clay,
  Being clay myself. Let not those spirits be
Offended with such base low likenesses;
We know their posts are nobler far than these.

LV.

When the great signal ran from heaven to hell—
  About ten million times the distance reckon'd
From our sun to its earth, as we can tell
  How much time it takes up, even to a second,
For every ray that travels to dispel
  The fogs of London, through which, dimly beacon'd,
The weathercocks are gilt some thrice a year,
If that the *summer* is not too severe:—(2)

LVI.

I say that I can tell—'t was half a minute:
  I know the solar beams take up more time
Ere, pack'd up for their journey, they begin it;
  But then their telegraph is less sublime,
And if they ran a race, they would not win it
  'Gainst Satan's couriers bound for their own clime.
The sun takes up some years for every ray
To reach its goal—the devil not half a day.

LVII.

Upon the verge of space, about the size
  Of half-a-crown, a little speck appear'd
(I've seen a something like it in the skies
  In the Ægean, ere a squall); it near'd,
And, growing bigger, took another guise;
  Like an aërial ship it tack'd, and steer'd,
Or *was* steer'd (I am doubtful of the grammar
Of the last phrase, which makes the stanza stammer—

LVIII.

But take your choice); and then it grew a cloud;
  And so it was—a cloud of witnesses. (3)
But such a cloud! No land e'er saw a crowd
  Of locusts numerous as the heavens saw these;
They shadow'd with their myriads space; their loud
  And varied cries were like those of wild geese
(If nations may be liken'd to a goose),
And realised the phrase of "hell broke loose."

LIX.

Here crash'd a sturdy oath of stout John Bull,
  Who damn'd away his eyes as heretofore:
There Paddy brogued "By Jasus!"—"What 's your wull?"
The temperate Scot exclaim'd: the French ghost swore
In certain terms I sha'n't translate in full,
  As the first coachman will; and 'midst the roar,
The voice of Jonathan was heard to express,
"*Our* president is going to war, I guess."

LX.

Besides there were the Spaniard, Dutch, and Dane;
  In short, a universal shoal of shades,
From Otaheite's isle to Salisbury Plain,
  Of all climes and professions, years and trades,
Ready to swear against the good king's reign,
  Bitter as clubs in cards are against spades:
All summon'd by this grand "subpœna," to
Try if kings mayn't be damn'd like me or you.

LXI.

When Michael saw this host, he first grew pale,
  As angels can; next, like Italian twilight,
He turn'd all colours—as a peacock's tail,
  Or sunset streaming through a Gothic skylight
In some old abbey, or a trout not stale,
  Or distant lightning on the horizon *by* night,
Or a fresh rainbow, or a grand review
Of thirty regiments in red, green, and blue.

LXII.

Then he address'd himself to Satan: "Why—
  My good old friend, for such I deem you, though
Our different parties make us fight so shy,
  I ne'er mistake you for a *personal* foe;
Our difference is *political*, and I
  Trust that, whatever may occur below,
You know my great respect for you: and this
Makes me regret whate'er you do amiss—

LXIII.

"Why, my dear Lucifer, would you abuse
  My call for witnesses? I did not mean
That you should half of earth and hell produce;
  'T is even superfluous, since two honest, clean,
True testimonies are enough: we lose
  Our time, nay, our eternity, between
The accusation and defence: if we
Hear both, 't will stretch our immortality."

Carried a hell within, to which all outer affliction,
So it abstracted the sense, might be deem'd a remission of torment.
At the edge of the cloud, the Princes of Darkness were marshall'd;
Dimly descried within were wings and truculent faces;
And in the thick obscure there struggled a mutinous uproar,
Railing, and fury, and strife, that the whole deep body of darkness
Roll'd like a troubled sea, with a wide and a manifold motion."—L. E.

(1) A gold or gilt key, peeping from below the skirts of the coat, marks a lord-chamberlain.—L. E.

(2) An allusion to Horace Walpole's expression in a letter—"the summer has set in with *its usual severity*."—L. E.

(3) In Southey:—

"On the cerulean floor by that dread circle surrounded,
Stood the soul of the King alone. In front was the Presence
Veil'd with excess of light; and behind was the blackness of darkness;
When the trumpet was blown, and the Angel made proclamation—
Lo, where the King appears! Come forward, ye who arraign him!
Forth from the lurid cloud a Demon came at the summons,
It was the Spirit by whom his righteous reign had been troubled,
Likest in form uncouth to the hideous Idols whom India
(Long by guilty neglect to hellish delusions abandon'd)
Worships with horrible rites of self-destruction and torture.
Many-headed and monstrous the fiend; with numberless faces,
Numberless bestial ears erect to all rumours, and restless,
And with numberless mouths which were fill'd with lies as with arrows.
Clamours arose as he came, a confusion of turbulent voices,
Maledictions, and blatant tongues, and viperous hisses;
And in the buhbuh of senseless sounds the watchwords of faction,—
Freedom, Invaded Rights, Corruption, and War, and Oppression,—
Loudly enounced were heard."—L. E.

LXIV.

Satan replied, "To me the matter is
Indifferent, in a personal point of view:
I can have fifty better souls than this
With far less trouble than we have gone through
Already; and I merely argued his
Late majesty of Britain's case with you
Upon a point of form: you may dispose
Of him; I 've kings enough below, God knows!"

LXV.

Thus spoke the Demon (1) (late call'd "multifaced"
By multo-scribbling Southey). "Then we 'll call
One or two persons of the myriads placed
Around our congress, and dispense with all
The rest," quoth Michael: "Who may be so graced
As to speak first? there 's choice enough—who shall
It be?" Then Satan answer'd, "There are many;
But you may choose Jack Wilkes as well as any."

LXVI.

A merry, cock-eyed, (2) curious-looking sprite
Upon the instant started from the throng,
Dress'd in a fashion now forgotten quite;
For all the fashions of the flesh stick long
By people in the next world; where unite
All the costumes since Adam's, right or wrong,
From Eve's fig-leaf down to the petticoat,
Almost as scanty, of days less remote.

LXVII.

The spirit look'd around upon the crowds
Assembled, and exclaim'd, "My friends of all
The spheres, we shall catch cold amongst these clouds;
So let's to business: why this general call?
If those are freeholders I see in shrouds,
And 'tis for an election that they bawl,
Behold a candidate with unturn'd coat!
Saint Peter, may I count upon your vote?"

LXVIII.

"Sir," replied Michael, "you mistake; these things
Are of a former life, and what we do
Above is more august; to judge of kings
Is the tribunal met: so now you know."
"Then I presume those gentlemen with wings,"
Said Wilkes, "are cherubs; and that soul below
Looks much like George the Third, but to my mind
A good deal older—Bless me! is he blind?"

LXIX.

"He is what you behold him, and his doom
Depends upon his deeds," the Angel said.
"If you have aught to arraign in him, the tomb
Gives license to the humblest beggar's head
To lift itself against the loftiest."—"Some,"
Said Wilkes, "don't wait to see them laid in lead,
For such a liberty—and I, for one,
Have told them what I thought beneath the sun."

LXX.

"*Above* the sun repeat, then, what thou hast
To urge against him," said the Archangel. "Why,"
Replied the spirit, "since old scores are past,
Must I turn evidence? In faith, not I.
Besides, I beat him hollow at the last,
With all his Lords and Commons: in the sky
I don't like ripping up old stories, since
His conduct was but natural in a prince.

LXXI.

"Foolish, no doubt, and wicked, to oppress
A poor unlucky devil without a shilling;
But then I blame the man himself much less
Than Bute and Grafton, and shall be unwilling
To see him punish'd here for their excess,
Since they were both damn'd long ago, and still in
Their place below: for me, I have forgiven,
And vote his 'habeas-corpus' into heaven."

(1) In Southey:—

"But when he stood in the Presence,
Then was the Fiend dismay'd, though with impudence clothed as a garment;
And the lying tongues were mute, and the lips which had scatter'd
Accusation and slander, were still. No time for evasion
This, in the Presence he stood: no place for flight; for dissembling
No possibility there. From the souls on the edge of the darkness,
Two he produced, prime movers and agents of mischief, and bade them [labour'd.
Show themselves faithful now to the cause for which they had
Wretched and guilty souls, where now their audacity? Where now
Are the insolent tongues, so ready of old at rejoinder?
Where the lofty pretences of public virtue and freedom?
Where the gibe, and the jeer, and the threat, the envenom'd invective,
Calumny, falsehood, fraud, and the whole ammunition of malice?
Wretched and guilty souls, they stood in the face of their Sovereign,
Conscious and self-condemn'd; confronted with him they had injured,
At the Judgment-seat* they stood."—L. E.

(2) In Southey:—

"Beholding the foremost,
Him by the *cast of his eye* oblique, I knew as the firebrand
Whom the unthinking populace held for their idol and hero,
Lord of Misrule of his day. But how was that countenance altered!
Where emotion of fear or of shame had never been witnessed;
That invincible forehead abash'd; and those eyes, wherein malice
Once had been wont to shine with wit and hilarity temper'd,
Into how deep a gloom their mournful expression had settled!
Little availed it now that not from a purpose malignant,
Not with evil intent, he had chosen the service of evil,
But of his own desires the slave, with profligate impulse,
Solely by selfishness moved, and reckless of aught that might follow
Could he plead in only excuse a confession of baseness?
Could he hide the extent of his guilt; or hope to atone for
Faction excited at home, when all old feuds were abated,
Insurrection abroad, and the train of woes that had follow'd!
Discontent and disloyalty, like the teeth of the dragon,
He had sown on the winds; they had ripen'd beyond the Atlantic;†

* In reference to this part of Mr. Southey's poem, the Eclectic Reviewer, we believe the late Rev. Robert Hall, said:—"Mr. Southey's *Vision of Judgment* is unquestionably a profane poem. The assertion will stagger those only who do not consider what is the import of the word. Profaneness is the irreverent use of sacred names and things. A burlesque of things sacred, whether intentional or not, is profaneness. To apply the language of Scripture in a ludicrous connection is to profane it. The mummery of prayer on the stage, though in a serious play, is a gross profanation of sacred things. And all acts which come under the taking of God's name in vain are acts of profaneness. According to this definition of the word, the Laureate's *Vision of Judgment* is a poem grossly and unpardonably profane. Mr. Southey's intention was, we are well persuaded, very far from being irreligious; and, indeed, the profaneness of the poem partly arises from the ludicrous effect produced by the bad taste and imbecility of the performance, for which his intentions are clearly not answerable. Whatever liberties a poet may claim to take, in representations partly allegorical, with the invisible realities of the world to come, the ignis fatuus of political zeal has, in this instance, carried Mr. Southey far beyond any assignable bounds of poetical license. It would have been enough to celebrate the apotheosis of the monarch; but, when he proceeds to travestie the final judgment, and to convert the awful tribunal of Heaven into a drawing-room levee, where he, the Poet Laureate, takes upon himself to play the part of a lord in waiting, presenting one Georgian worthy after another to kiss hands on promotion,—what should be grave is, indeed, turned to farce."—L. E.

† "Our new world has generally the credit of having first lighted the torch which was to illuminate, and soon set in a blaze, the greater part of Europe; yet, I think the first flint was struck, and the first spark elicited, by the patriot John Wilkes, a few years before. In a time of profound peace, the restless spirit of men, deprived of other objects of public curiosity, seized with avidity on those questions which were then agitated with so much violence in England, touching the rights of the people and of the government, and the nature of power. The end of the political drama was in favour of what was called, and in some respects was, the liberty of the people. Encouraged by the success of this great comedian, the curtain was no sooner dropped on the scene of Europe, than new actors hastened to raise it again in America, and to give the world a new play, infinitely more interesting and more brilliant than the first." *Simond.*—L. E.

LXXII.

"Wilkes," said the Devil, "I understand all this;
You turn'd to half a courtier ere you died,(1)
And seem to think it would not be amiss
To grow a whole one on the other side
Of Charon's ferry; you forget that *his*
Reign is concluded; whatsoe'er betide,
He won't be sovereign more: you've lost your labour,
For at the best he will but be your neighbour.

LXXIII.

"However, I knew what to think of it,
When I beheld you, in your jesting way,
Flitting and whispering round about the spit
Where Belial, upon duty for the day,
With Fox's lard was basting William Pitt,
His pupil; I knew what to think, I say:
That fellow even in hell breeds farther ills;
I'll have him *gagg'd*—'twas one of his own bills.

LXXIV.

"Call Junius!" (2) From the crowd a shadow stalk'd,
And at the name there was a general squeeze,
So that the very ghosts no longer walk'd
In comfort, at their own aerial ease,
But were all ramm'd, and jamm'd (but to be balk'd,
As we shall see), and jostled hands and knees,
Like wind compress'd and pent within a bladder,
Or like a human colic, which is sadder.

LXXV.

The shadow came—a tall, thin, grey-hair'd figure,
That look'd as it had been a shade on earth;
Quick in its motions, with an air of vigour,
But nought to mark its breeding or its birth:
Now it wax'd little, then again grew bigger,
With now an air of gloom, or savage mirth;
But as you gazed upon its features, they
Changed every instant—to *what*, none could say.

LXXVI.

The more intently the ghosts gazed, the less
Could they distinguish whose the features were;
The Devil himself seem'd puzzled even to guess;
They varied like a dream—now here, now there;
And several people swore from out the press,
They knew him perfectly; and one could swear
He was his father: upon which another
Was sure he was his mother's cousin's brother:

LXXVII.

Another, that he was a duke, or knight,
An orator, a lawyer, or a priest,
A nabob, a man-midwife;(3) but the wight
Mysterious changed his countenance at least
As oft as they their minds: though in full sight
He stood, the puzzle only was increased;
The man was a phantasmagoria in
Himself—he was so volatile and thin.(4)

LXXVIII.

The moment that you had pronounced him *one*,
Presto! his face changed, and he was another;
And when that change was hardly well put on,
It varied, till I don't think his own mother
(If that he had a mother) would her son
Have known, he shifted so from one to t'other;
Till guessing from a pleasure grew a task,
At this epistolary "Iron Mask."(5)

LXXIX.

For sometimes he, like Cerberus, would seem—
"Three gentlemen at once" (as sagely says
Good Mrs. Malaprop); then you might deem
That he was not even *one;* now many rays
Were flashing round him; and now a thick steam
Hid him from sight—like fogs on London days:
Now Burke, now Tooke, he grew to people's fancies,
And certes often like Sir Philip Francis.(6)

LXXX.

I've an hypothesis—'tis quite my own;
I never let it out till now, for fear
Of doing people harm about the throne,
And injuring some minister or peer,
On whom the stigma might perhaps be blown:
It is—my gentle public, lend thine ear!
'Tis, that what Junius we are wont to call
Was *really*, *truly*, nobody at all.

LXXXI.

I don't see wherefore letters should not be
Written without hands, since we daily view
Them written without heads; and books, we see,
Are fill'd as well without the latter too:
And really till we fix on somebody
For certain sure to claim them as his due,
Their author, like the Niger's mouth, will bother
The world to say if *there* be mouth or author.

Thence in natural birth, sedition, revolt, revolution.
France had received the seeds, and reap'd the harvest of horrors:
Where—where should the plague be stay'd? Oh, most to be pitied
They of all souls in bale, who see no term to the evil
They by their guilt have raised, no end to their inner upbraidings!
Him I could not choose but know," etc.—L. E.

(1) For the political history of John Wilkes, who died chamberlain of the city of London, we must refer to any history of the reign of George III. His profligate personal character is abundantly displayed in the collection of his letters, published by *his daughter!* since his death.—L. E.

(2) In Southey:—

"Who might the other be, his comrade in guilt and in suffering,
Brought to the proof like him, and shrinking like him from the trial?
Nameless the Libeller lived, and shot his arrows in darkness;
Undetected he pass'd to the grave, and, leaving behind him
Noxious works on earth, and the pest of an evil example,
Went to the world beyond, where no offences are hidden.
Mask'd had he been in his life, and now a visor of iron,
Riveted round his head, had abolish'd his features for ever.
Speechless the slanderer stood, and turn'd his face from the Monarch,
Iron-bound as it was, . . . so insupportably dreadful,
Soon or late, to conscious guilt is the eye of the injured."—L. E.

(3) Among the various persons to whom the *Letters of Junius* have been attributed we find the Duke of Portland, Lord George Sackville, Sir Philip Francis, Mr. Burke, Mr. Dunning, the Rev. John Horne Tooke, Mr. Hugh Boyd, Dr. Wilmot, etc.—L. E.

(4) "I don't know what to think. Why should Junius be dead? If suddenly apoplexed, would he rest in his grave without sending his εἴδωλον to shout in the ears of posterity, 'Junius was X. Y. Z., Esq. buried in the parish of * * * * *. Repair his monument, ye churchwardens! Print a new edition of his Letters, ye booksellers!' Impossible,—the man *must be alive*, and will never die without the disclosure. I like him;—he was a good hater."—*B. Diary*, Nov. 23, 1813.—Sir Philip Francis died in Dec. 1818.—L. E.

(5) The mystery of "l'homme au masque de fer," the everlasting puzzle of the last century, has at length, in general opinion, been cleared up, by a French work published in 1825, and which formed the basis of an entertaining one in English by Lord Dover. See the *Quarterly Review*, vol. xxxiv. p. 19.—L. E.

(6) "That the work entitled *The Identity of Junius with a distinguished Living Character established* proves Sir Philip Francis to be Junius, we will not affirm; but this we

LXXXII.

"And who and what art thou?" the Archangel said.
"For *that* you may consult my title-page,"
Replied this mighty shadow of a shade:
"If I have kept my secret half an age,
I scarce shall tell it now.—"Canst thou upbraid,"
Continued Michael, "George Rex, or allege
Aught further?" Junius answer'd, "You had better
First ask him for *his* answer to my letter:

LXXXIII.

"My charges upon record will outlast
The brass of both his epitaph and tomb."
"Repent'st thou not," said Michael, "of some past
Exaggeration? something which may doom
Thyself if false, as him if true? Thou wast
Too bitter—is it not so?—in thy gloom
Of passion."—"Passion!" cried the phantom dim,
"I loved my country, and I hated him.

LXXXIV.

"What I have written, I have written: let
The rest be on his head or mine!" So spoke
Old "Nominis Umbra;" (1) and while speaking yet,
Away he melted in celestial smoke. (2)
Then Satan said to Michael, "Don't forget [Tooke,
To call George Washington, (3) and John Horne
And Franklin;"—but at this time there was heard
A cry for room, though not a phantom stirr'd.

LXXXV.

At length with jostling, elbowing, and the aid
Of cherubim appointed to that post,
The devil Asmodeus to the circle made
His way, and look'd as if his journey cost
Some trouble. When his burden down he laid,
"What's this?" cried Michael; "why, 'tis not a
"I know it," quoth the incubus; "but he [ghost!"
Shall be one, if you leave the affair to me.

LXXXVI.

"Confound the renegado! I have sprain'd
My left wing, he's so heavy; one would think
Some of his works about his neck were chain'd.
But to the point; while hovering o'er the brink
Of Skiddaw (4) (where as usual it still rain'd),
I saw a taper, far below me, wink,
And, stooping, caught this fellow at a libel—
No less on history than the Holy Bible.

LXXXVII.

"The former is the devil's scripture, and
The latter yours, good Michael; so the affair
Belongs to all of us, you understand.
I snatch'd him up just as you see him there,
And brought him off for sentence out of hand:
I've scarcely been ten minutes in the air—
At least a quarter it can hardly be:
I dare say that his wife is still at tea."

LXXXVIII.

Here Satan said, "I know this man of old,
And have expected him for some time here;
A sillier fellow you will scarce behold,
Or more conceited in his petty sphere:
But surely it was not worth while to fold
Such trash below your wing, Asmodeus dear:
We had the poor wretch safe (without being bored
With carriage) coming of his own accord.

LXXXIX.

"But since he's here, let's see what he has done."
"Done!" cried Asmodeus, "he anticipates
The very business you are now upon,
And scribbles as if head clerk to the Fates.
Who knows to what his ribaldry may run,
When such an ass as this, like Balaam's, prates?"
"Let's hear," quoth Michael, "what he has to say;
You know we're bound to that in every way."

XC.

Now the bard, glad to get an audience, which
By no means often was his case below,
Began to cough, and hawk, and hem, and pitch
His voice into that awful note of woe
To all unhappy hearers within reach
Of poets when the tide of rhyme's in flow;
But stuck fast with his first hexameter,
Not one of all whose gouty feet would stir.

can safely assert, that it accumulates such a mass of circumstantial evidence, as renders it extremely difficult to believe he is not; and that, if so many coincidences shall be found to have misled us in this case, our faith in all conclusions drawn from proofs of a similar kind may henceforth be shaken." *Mackintosh.*—L. E.

(1) The well-known motto of Junius is, "*Stat nominis umbra.*"—L. E.

(2) In Southey:—

"Caitiffs, are ye dumb? cried the multifaced demon in anger;
Think ye then by shame to shorten the term of your penance?
Back to your penal dens!—And with horrible grasp gigantic
Seizing the guilty pair, he swung them aloft, and in vengeance
Hurl'd them all abroad, far into the sulphurous darkness.
Sons of Faction, be warn'd! And ye, ye slanderers! learn ye
Justice, and bear in mind that after death there is judgment.
Whirling, away they flew! Nor long himself did he tarry,
Ere from the ground where he stood, caught up by a vehement whirlwind,
He too was hurried away; and the blast with lightning and thunder
Volleying aright and aloft amid the accumulate blackness,
Scatter'd its inmates accurst, and beyond the limits of ether
Drove the hideous host obscene: they howling and groaning
Fell precipitate down to their dolorous place of endurance."—L. E.

(3) In Southey:—

"The roll of the thunder
Ceased, and all sounds were hush'd, till again from the gate adamantine
Was the voice of the angel heard through the silence of heaven.
Ho! he exclaim'd, King George of England standeth in judgment!
Hell hath been dumb in his presence. Ye who on earth arraign'd him,
Come ye before him now, and here accuse or absolve him!
. . . From the souls of the blessed
Some were there then who advanced; and more from the skirts of the meeting,
Spirits who had not yet accomplish'd their purification,
Yet being cleansed from pride, from faction and error delivered,
Purged of the film wherewith the eye of the mind is clouded,
They, in their better state, saw all things clear . . .
One alone remain'd, when the rest had retired to their station:
Silently he had stood, and still unmoved and in silence,
With a steady mien, regarded the face of the Monarch.
Thoughtful a while he gazed:—
'Here then at the Gate of Heaven we are met!' said the Spirit;
'King of England! albeit in life opposed to each other,
Here we meet at last. Not unprepared for the meeting
Ween I; for we had both outlived all enmity, rendering
Each to each that justice which each from each had withholden.
In the course of events, to thee I seem'd as a Rebel,
Thou a Tyrant to me;—so strongly doth circumstance rule men
During evil days, when right and wrong are confounded!'
'Washington!' said the Monarch, 'well hast thou spoken, and truly;
Just to thyself and to me. On them is the guilt of the contest
Who, for wicked ends, with foul arts of faction and falsehood,
Kindled and fed the flame: but verily they have their guerdon.
Thou and I are free from offence.'—
When that spirit withdrew, the Monarch around the assembly
Look'd, but none else came forth," etc.—L. E.

(4) Mr. Southey's residence is on the shore of Derwentwater, near the mountain Skiddaw.—L. E.

XCI.

But ere the spavin'd dactyls could be spurr'd
Into recitative, in great dismay
Both cherubim and seraphim were heard
To murmur loudly through their long array;
And Michael rose ere he could get a word
Of all his founder'd verses under way, [best—
And cried, "For God's sake stop, my friend! 'twere
Non Di, non homines—you know the rest." (1)

XCII.

A general bustle spread throughout the throng,
Which seem'd to hold all verse in detestation;
The angels had of course enough of song
When upon service; and the generation
Of ghosts had heard too much in life, not long
Before, to profit by a new occasion! [what! (2)
The monarch, mute till then, exclaim'd, "What!
Pye (3) come again? No more—no more of that!"

XCIII.

The tumult grew; a universal cough
Convulsed the skies, as during a debate,
When Castlereagh has been up long enough
(Before he was first minister of state,
I mean—the *slaves hear now*); some cried "Off, off!"
As at a farce; till, grown quite desperate,
The bard Saint Peter pray'd to interpose
(Himself an author) only for his prose.

XCIV.

The varlet was not an ill-favour'd knave;
A good deal like a vulture in the face,
With a hook nose and a hawk's eye, which gave
A smart and sharper-looking sort of grace
To his whole aspect, which, though rather grave,
Was by no means so ugly as his case;
But that indeed was hopeless as can be,
Quite a poetic felony "*de se*."

XCV.

Then Michael blew his trump, and still'd the noise
With one still greater, as is yet the mode
On earth besides; except some grumbling voice,
Which now and then will make a slight inroad
Upon decorous silence, few will twice
Lift up their lungs when fairly overcrow'd;
And now the bard could plead his own bad cause,
With all the attitudes of self-applause.

XCVI.

He said—(I only give the heads)—he said,
He meant no harm in scribbling; 'twas his way
Upon all topics; 'twas, besides, his bread,
Of which he butter'd both sides; 'twould delay
Too long the assembly (he was pleased to dread),
And take up rather more time than a day,
To name his works—he would but cite a few—
Wat Tyler—Rhymes on Blenheim—Waterloo.

XCVII.

He had written praises of a regicide;
He had written praises of all kings whatever;
He had written for republics far and wide,
And then against them bitterer than ever:
For pantisocracy he once had cried
Aloud, a scheme less moral than 'twas clever;
Then grew a hearty anti-jacobin—
Had turn'd his coat—and would have turn'd his skin.

XCVIII.

He had sung against all battles, and again
In their high praise and glory; he had call'd
Reviewing (4) "the ungentle craft," and then
Become as base a critic as e'er crawl'd—
Fed, paid, and pamper'd by the very men
By whom his muse and morals had been maul'd:
He had written much blank verse, and blanker prose,
And more of both than any body knows. (5)

XCIX.

He had written Wesley's life:—here turning round
To Satan, "Sir, I'm ready to write yours,
In two octavo volumes, nicely bound,
With notes and preface, all that most allures
The pious purchaser; and there's no ground
For fear, for I can choose my own reviewers:
So let me have the proper documents,
That I may add you to my other saints."

C.

Satan bow'd, and was silent. "Well, if you,
With amiable modesty, decline
My offer, what says Michael? There are few
Whose memoirs could be render'd more divine.
Mine is a pen of all work; not so new
As it was once, but I would make you shine
Like your own trumpet. By the way, my own
Has more of brass in it, and is as well blown.

(1) "Mediocribus esse poetis
"Non Di, non homines, non concessere columnæ."—*Horace.*
"Tout genre est permis, hors le genre ennuyeux."—*Boileau.*

(2) The king's trick of repeating his words in this way was a fertile source of ridicule to Peter Pindar (Dr. Wolcot); for example—

"The conquering monarch, stopping to take breath
Amidst the regiments of death,
Now turn'd to Whitbread with complacence round,
And, merry, thus address'd the man of beer:—
'Whitbread, is 't true? I hear, I hear,
You 're of an ancient family—renown'd—
What! What! I 'm told that you 're a limb
Of Pym, the famous fellow Pym:
What, Whitbread, is it true what people say?
Son of a roundhead are you? hæ! hæ! hæ!
Thirtieth of January don't you feed?
Yes, yes, you eat calf's head, you eat calf's head"!—L. E.

(3) Henry James Pye, the predecessor of Mr. Southey in the poet-laureateship, died in 1813. He was the author of many works, besides his official Odes, among others *Alfred*, an epic poem—all of which have been long since defunct. Pye was a man of good family in Berkshire, sat some time in parliament, and was eminently respectable in every thing but his poetry.—L. E.

(4) See *Life of Henry Kirke White.*

(5) "This sarcasm about Southey's professional authorship comes with a bad grace from a man who, for several years, has been in the habit of receiving several thousand pounds per annum, all for value received in verse and prose, from the magnificent exchequer of Albemarle Street. What right has Lord Byron to sneer at Southey as a 'writer of all work?' Has he not himself published, within these two years, two volumes of tragic blank verse; one volume of licentious *ottava rima;* one pamphlet of clever polemical criticism, seasoned with personalities against all sorts of men; besides writing an Armenian grammar?" *Blackwood*, 1822.—L. E.

CI.

"But talking about trumpets, here's my Vision!
Now you shall judge, all people; yes, you shall
Judge with my judgment, and by my decision
Be guided who shall enter heaven or fall. (1)
I settle all these things by intuition,
Times present, past, to come, heaven, hell, and all,
Like King Alfonso. (2) When I thus see double,
I save the Deity some worlds of trouble."

CII.

He ceased, and drew forth an MS.; and no
Persuasion on the part of devils, or saints,
Or angels, now could stop the torrent; so
He read the first three lines of the contents;
But at the fourth, the whole spiritual show
Had vanish'd, with variety of scents,
Ambrosial and sulphureous, as they sprang,
Like lightning, off from his "melodious twang." (3)

CIII.

Those grand heroics acted as a spell;
The angels stopp'd their ears and plied their pinions;
The devils ran howling, deafen'd, down to hell;
The ghosts fled, gibbering, for their own dominions—
(For 'tis not yet decided where they dwell,
And I leave every man to his opinions);
Michael took refuge in his trump—but, lo!
His teeth were set on edge, he could not blow!

CIV.

Saint Peter, who has hitherto been known
For an impetuous saint, upraised his keys,
And at the fifth line knock'd the poet down; (4)
Who fell like Phaëton, but more at ease,
Into his lake, for there he did not drown;
A different web being by the Destinies
Woven for the Laureate's final wreath, whene'er
Reform shall happen either here or there.

CV.

He first sank to the bottom—like his works,
But soon rose to the surface—like himself;
For all corrupted things are buoy'd like corks, (5)
By their own rottenness, light as an elf,
Or wisp that flits o'er a morass: he lurks,
It may be, still, like dull books on a shelf,
In his own den, to scrawl some "Life" or "Vision," (6)
As Welborn says—"the devil turn'd precisian."

(1) In Southey:—

"Lift up your heads, ye gates; and ye everlasting portals,
Be ye lift up! For lo! a glorified Monarch approacheth,
One who in righteousness reign'd, and religiously govern'd his people.
Who are these that await him within?—Nassau, the deliverer,
Him I knew . . . Thou, too, O matchless Eliza,
Excellent Queen, wert there! and thy brother's beautiful spirit.
There too was he of the sable mail, the hero of Cressy,
Lion-hearted Richard was there, redoubtable warrior!
. . . . . I saw the spirit of Alfred—
Alfred than whom no prince with loftier intellect gifted.
. . . Bede I beheld, who humble and holy,
Shone like a single star, serene in a night of darkness.
Bacon also was there, the marvellous Friar;
Thee, too, Father Chaucer! I saw, and delighted to see thee—
And Shakspeare, who in our hearts for himself hath erected an empire,
. . . . A train, whom nearer duty attracted,
Through the Gate of Bliss came forth to welcome their Sovereign,
Many were they, and glorious all. Conspicuous among them
Wolfe was seen; and the Seaman who fell on the shores of Owhyhee;*
And the mighty Musician of Germany,† ours by adoption,
Who beheld in the King his munificent pupil and patron—
There, too, Wesley I saw and knew—And Burke I beheld there.
Here, where wrongs are forgiven, was the injured Hastings beside him;
There was our late-lost Queen, the nation's example of virtue,"
etc. etc. etc.—L. E.

(2) Alfonso, speaking of the Ptolemean system, said, that "had he been consulted at the creation of the world, he would have spared the Maker some absurdities."

(3) See Aubrey's account of the apparition which disappeared "with a curious perfume and a *most melodious twang*;" or see the *Antiquary*, vol. i. p. 225.—["As the vision shut his volume, a strain of *delightful music* seemed to fill the apartment."—"The usual time," says Grose, "at which ghosts make their appearance is midnight, and seldom before it is dark; though some audacious spirits have been said to appear even by day-light; but of this there are few instances, and those mostly ghosts who had been laid, and whose terms of confinement were expired. I cannot learn that ghosts carry tapers in their hands, as they are sometimes depicted. Dragging chains is not the fashion of English ghosts: chains and black vestments being chiefly the accoutrements of foreign spectres seen in arbitrary governments; dead or alive, English spirits are free. During the narration of its business, a ghost must by no means be interrupted by questions of any kind: its narrations being completed, it vanishes away, frequently in a flash of light; in which case, some ghosts have been so considerate as to desire the party to whom they appeared to shut their eyes:—sometimes its departure is attended with *most delightful music*." *Provincial Glossary*.—L. E.]

* Cook. † Handel.

(4) In Southey:—

"When I beheld them meet, the desire of my soul o'ercame me;
And when with harp and voice the loud hosannahs of welcome
Fill'd the rejoicing sky, as the happy company entered
Through the Everlasting Gates; I, too, press'd forward to enter—
But the weight of the body withheld me.—I stamp'd to the fountain,
Eager to drink thereof, and to put away all that was earthly:
Darkness came over me then at the chilling touch of the water.
And my feet, methought, sunk, and I fell precipitate. Starting,
Then I awoke, and beheld the mountains in twilight before me,
Dark and distinct; and, instead of the rapturous sound of hosannahs,
Heard the bell from the tower, TOLL! TOLL! through the silence of evening."—L. E.

(5) A drowned body lies at the bottom till rotten; it then floats, as most people know.

[Curran in one of his speeches compared a bad man to "a dead body buoyant on a corrupted stream, and rising as it rots." We quote the simile from recollection, but without any intention of interpreting the coincidence into a charge of plagiarism against Lord Byron.—P. E.]

(6) "Southey's *Vision of Judgment* appears to us to be an ill-judged and not a well-executed work. It certainly has added nothing to the reputation of its author in any respect. The nobleness of his motive does not atone for the indiscretion of putting it into so reprehensible a form. Milton's example will, perhaps, be pleaded in his vindication; but Milton alone has ever founded a fiction on the basis of revelation, without degrading his subject. He alone has succeeded in carrying his readers into the spiritual world. No other attempt of the kind has ever appeared that can be read without a constant feeling of something like burlesque, and a wish that the Tartarus and Elysium of the idolatrous Greeks should still be the hell and the heaven of poetry. A smile at the puerilities, and a laugh at the absurdity of the poet, might then be enjoyed by the reader, without an apprehension that he was guilty of profanity in giving it. Milton has been blamed by the most judicious critics, and his warmest admirers, for expressing the counsels of Eternal Wisdom, and the decrees of Almighty Power, by words assigned to the Deity. It offends against poetical propriety and poetical probability. It is impossible to deceive ourselves into a momentary and poetical belief that words proceeded from the Holy Spirit, except on the warrant of inspiration itself. It is here only that Milton fails, and here Milton sometimes shocks. The language and conduct ascribed by Milton to his inferior spirits, accord so well with our conceptions and belief respecting their nature and existence, that in many places we forget that they are, in any respect, the creatures of imagination. The blasphemies of Milton's devils offend not a pious ear, because they are devils who utter them. Nor are we displeased with the poet's presumption in feigning language for heavenly

CVI.

As for the rest, to come to the conclusion
Of this true dream, the telescope is gone
Which kept my optics free from all delusion,
And show'd me what I in my turn have shown;
All I saw farther, in the last confusion,
Was, that King George slipp'd into heaven for one;
And when the tumult dwindled to a calm,
I left him practising the hundredth psalm.(1)

APPENDIX.

Note [A.]

MR. WILLIAM SMITH'S SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, MARCH 14, 1817. See *antè*, p. 404.

"The honourable member then adverted to that tergiversation of principle which the career of political individuals so often presented. He was far from supposing, that a man who set out in life with the profession of certain sentiments was bound to conclude life with them. He thought there might be many occasions in which a change of opinion, when that change was unattended by any personal advantages, when it appeared entirely disinterested, might be the result of sincere conviction. But what he most detested, what most filled him with disgust, was the settled, determined malignity of a renegado. He had read in a publication (*The Quarterly Review*), certainly entitled to much respect from its general literary excellences, though he differed from it in its principles, a passage alluding to the recent disturbances, which passage was as follows:—

"'When the man of free opinions commences professor of moral and political philosophy for the benefit of the public—the fables of old credulity are then verified—his very breath becomes venomous, and every page which he sends abroad carries with it poison to the unsuspicious reader. We have shown, on a former occasion, how men of this description are acting upon the public, and have explained in what manner a large part of the people have been prepared for the virus with which they inoculate them. The dangers arising from such a state of things are now fully apparent, and the designs of the incendiaries, which have for some years been proclaimed so plainly, that they ought, long ere this, to have been prevented, are now manifested by overt acts.'

"With the permission of the House, he would read an extract from a poem recently published, to which, he supposed, the above writer alluded (or at least to productions of a similar kind), as constituting a part of notoriety, to the dazzling of all men's eyes and his own—this it was—this was the bitter disappointment which made him determine to give way.'—*Ibid.* p. 51.

"Now let us hear Lord Byron himself:—

"'Genoa, 9bre 18th, 1822.—They will, of course, attribute motives of all kinds; but I shall not abandon a man like Hunt because he is unfortunate. Why, I could have no *pecuniary* motives, and, least of all, in connection with Hunt.'

"'Genoa, 10bre 25th, 1822.—Now do you see what you and your friends do by your injudicious rudeness? actually cement a sort of connection which you strove to prevent, and which, had the Hunts *prospered*, would not, in all probability, have continued. As it is, I will not quit them in their adversity, though it should cost me character, fame, money, and the usual et cetera. My original motives I already explained; (in the letter which you thought proper to show;) they are the *true* ones, and I abide by them, as I tell you, and I told Leigh Hunt, when he questioned me on the subject of that letter. He was violently hurt, and never will forgive me at the bottom; but I cannot help that. I never meant to make a parade of it; but if he chose to question me, I could only answer the plain truth, and I confess, I did not see any thing in the letter to hurt him, unless I said he was "a *bore*," which I don't remember. Had this Journal gone on well, and I could have aided to make it better for them, I should then have left them, after a safe pilotage off a lee-shore, to make a prosperous voyage by themselves. As it is, I can't, and would not if I could, leave them among the breakers. As to any community of feeling, thought, or opinion, between Leigh Hunt and me, there is little or none. We meet rarely, hardly ever; but I think him a good-principled and able man, and must do as I would be done by. I do not know what world he has lived in; but I have lived in three or four, but none of them like his Keats-and-Kangaroo terra incognita. Alas! poor Shelley! how he would have laughed had he lived! and how we used to laugh now and then at various things which are grave in the suburbs.'"

The Reviewer proceeds to comment on Mr. Hunt's general abuse of Lord Byron's manners, habits, and conversation, in these terms:—

"The witness is, in our opinion, disqualified to give evidence upon any such subjects: his book proves him to be equally ignorant of what manners are, and incompetent to judge what manners ought to be: his elaborate portraiture of his own habits is from beginning to end a very caricature of absurdity; and the man who wrote this book, studiously cast, as the whole language of it is, in a free-and-easy conversational tone, has no more right to decide about the conversation of such a man as Lord Byron, than has a pert apprentice to pronounce *ex cathedrâ*—from his one-shilling

spirits, because it is a language that lifts the soul to heaven; and we more than believe, we know and feel, that, whatever may be the nature of the language of angels, the language of the poet truly interprets their sentiments. The words are human; but the truths they express, and the doctrines they teach, are divine. Nothing of the same kind can be said of *any* other fable, serious or ludicrous, pious or profane, that has yet been written in any age or language." *Blackwood*, 1822.—L. E.

(1) The *Vision of Judgment* appeared, as has been already said, in the *Liberal*—a Journal which, consisting chiefly of pieces by the late Mr. Hazlitt and Mr. Leigh Hunt, was not saved from ruin by a few contributions, some of the highest merit, by Lord Byron. In his work, entitled *Lord Byron and his Contemporaries*, Mr. Hunt assaulted the dead poet, with reference to this unhappy Journal; and his charges were thus taken to pieces at the time in the *Quarterly Review*:—

"Mr. Hunt describes himself as pressed by Lord Byron into the undertaking of that hapless magazine: Lord Byron, on the contrary, represents himself as urged to the service by the Messrs. Hunt themselves." *e. g.*

"'Genoa, Oct. 9, 1822.—I am afraid the Journal is a bad business, and won't do, but in it I am sacrificing myself for others. *I* can have no advantage in it. I believe the *brothers Hunts* to be honest men; I am sure that they are poor ones; they have not a nap. They *pressed me to engage in this work, and in an evil hour I consented; still I shall not repent if I can do them the least service.* I have done all I can for Leigh Hunt since he came here, but it is almost useless: his wife is ill; his six children not very tractable; and in affairs of this world he himself is a perfect child. The death of Shelley left them totally aground; and I could not see them in such a state without using the common feelings of humanity, and what means were in my power to set them afloat again.'

"Again—Mr. Hunt represents Lord Byron as dropping his connection with *The Liberal*, partly because his friends at home (Messrs. Moore, Hobhouse, Murray, etc.) told him it was a discreditable one, and partly because the business did not turn out lucrative.

"'It is a mistake to suppose, that he was not mainly influenced by the expectation of profit. He expected very large returns from *The Liberal*. Readers in these days need not be told, that periodical works which have a large sale are a mine of wealth: Lord Byron had calculated that matter well.'—*Lord Byron and his Contemporaries*, p. 50.

"'The failure of the large profits—the non-appearance of the golden visions he had looked for, of the *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly* returns—of the solid and splendid proofs of this new country which he should conquer in the regions

of the virus with which the public mind had been infected:—

'My brethren, these are truths and weighty ones.
Ye are all equal; nature made ye so.
Equality is your birthright:—when I gaze
On the proud palace, and behold one man,
In the blood-purpled robes of royalty,
Feasting at ease, and lording over millions;
Then turn me to the hut of poverty,
And see the wretched labourer, worn with toil,
Divide his scanty morsel with his infants,
I sicken, and, indignant at the sight,
Blush for the patience of humanity.'

"He could read many other passages from these works equally strong on both sides; but, if they were written by the same person, he should like to know from the honourable and learned gentleman opposite, why no proceedings had been instituted against the author. The poem *Wat Tyler* appeared to him to be the most seditious book that was ever written; its author did not stop short of exhorting to general anarchy; he vilified kings, priests, and nobles, and was for universal suffrage, and perfect equality. The Spencean plan could not be compared with it; that miserable and ridiculous performance did not attempt to employ any arguments; but the author of *Wat Tyler* constantly appealed to the passions, and in a style which the author, at that time, he supposed, conceived to be eloquence. Why, then, had not those who thought it necessary to suspend the Habeas Corpus act taken notice of this poem? Why had not they discovered the author of that seditious publication, and visited him with the penalties of the law? The work was not published secretly, it was not handed about in the darkness of night, but openly and publicly sold in the face of day. It was at this time to be purchased at almost every bookseller's shop in London: it was now exposed for sale in a bookseller's shop in Pall Mall, who styled himself bookseller to one or two of the royal family. He borrowed the copy, from which he had just read the extract, from an honourable friend of his, who bought it in the usual way; and, therefore, he supposed there could be no difficulty in finding out the party that wrote it. He had heard, that when a man of the name of Winterbottom was some years ago confined in Newgate, the manuscript had been sent to him, with liberty to print it for his own advantage, if he thought proper; but that man, it appeared, did not like to risk the publication; and, therefore, it was now first issued into the world. It must remain with the government, and their legal advisers, to take what steps they might deem most advisable to repress this seditious work, and punish its author. In bringing it under the notice of the House, he had merely spoken in defence of his constituents, who had been most grossly calumniated; and he thought that what he had said would go very far to exculpate them. But he wished to take this bull by the horns."—See HANSARD'S *Parl. Debates*, vol. xxxvii. p. 1088.

NOTE [B.]

A LETTER TO WILLIAM SMITH, ESQ. M.P. BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

SIR,—You are represented in the newspapers as having entered, during an important discussion in parliament, into a comparison between certain passages in the *Quarterly Review*, and the opinions which were held by the author of *Wat Tyler*, three-and-twenty years ago. It appears farther, according to the same authority, that the introduction of so strange a criticism, in so unfit a place, did not arise from the de-

gallery, to wit—on the dialogue of a polite comedy. We can easily believe, that Lord Byron never talked his best when this was his *Companion*. We can also believe that Lord Byron's serious conversation, even in its lowest tone, was often unintelligible to Mr. Leigh Hunt. We are morally certain, that in such company Lord Byron talked, very often indeed, for the mere purpose of amusing himself at the expense of his ignorant, fantastic, lack-a-daisical guest; that he considered the Magnus Apollo of Paradise Row as a precious butt, and acted accordingly. We therefore consider Mr. Hunt's evidence as absolutely inadmissible, on strong *preliminary* grounds. But what are we to say to it, when we find it, as we do, totally and diametrically at variance both with the substance and complexion of Lord Byron's epistolary correspondence; and with the oral testimonies of men whose talents, originally superior beyond all possibility of measurement to Mr. Hunt's, have been matured and perfected by study, both of books and men, such as Mr. Hunt never even dreamed of; who had the advantage of meeting Lord Byron on terms of perfect equality to all intents and purposes; and who, qualified, as they probably were, above any of their contemporaries, to appreciate Lord Byron, whether as a poet, or as a man of high rank and pre-eminent fame, mingling in the world in society such as he ought never to have sunk below, all with one voice pronounce an opinion exactly and in every particular, as well as looking to things broadly and to the general effect, the reverse of that which this unworthy and ungrateful dependant has thought himself justified in promulgating, on the plea of a penury which no Lord Byron survives to relieve? It is too bad that he who has, in his own personal conduct, as well as in his writings, so much to answer for—who abused great opportunities and great talents so lamentably—who sinned so deeply, both against the society to which he belonged and the literature in which his name will ever hold a splendid place—it is really too bad, that Lord Byron, in addition to the grave condemnation of men able to appreciate both his merits and his demerits, and well disposed to think more in sorrow than in

anger of the worst errors that existed along with so much that was excellent and noble—it is by much too bad that this great man's glorious though melancholy memory

'Must also bear the vile attacks
Of ragged curs and vulgar hacks'

whom he fed;—that his bones must be scraped up from their bed of repose to be at once grinned and howled over by creatures who, even in the least hyena-like of their moods, can touch nothing that mankind would wish to respect without polluting it."

Mr. Moore's Verses on Mr. Hunt's work must not be omitted here.

Next week will he publish'd (as "Lives" are the rage)
The whole Reminiscences, wondrous and strange,
Of a small puppy-dog, that lived once in the cage
Of the late noble lion at Exeter 'Change.

Though the dog is a dog of the kind they call "mud,"
'T is a puppy that much to good-breeding pretends;
And few dogs have such opportunities had
Of knowing how lions behave—among friends.

How that animal eats, how he moves, how he drinks,
Is all noted down by this Boswell so small;
And 'tis plain, from each sentence, the puppy-dog thinks
That the lion was no such great things after all.

Though he roar'd pretty well—this the puppy allows—
It was all, he says, borrow'd—all second-hand roar;
And he vastly prefers his own little bow-wows
To the loftiest war-note the lion could pour.

'T is, indeed, as good fun as a *Cynic* could ask,
To see how this cockney-bred setter of rabbits
Takes gravely the lord of the forest to task,
And judges of lions by puppy-dog habits.

Nay, fed as he was (and this makes it a dark case)
With sops every day from the lion's own pan,
He lifts up his leg at the noble beast's carcass,
And—does all a dog so diminutive can.

However, the book 's a good book, being rich in
Examples and warnings to lions high-bred,
How they suffer small mongrelly curs in their kitchen,
Who 'll feed on them living, and foul them when dead.—

bate, but was a premeditated thing; that you had prepared yourself for it by stowing the *Quarterly Review* in one pocket, and *Wat Tyler* in the other; and that you deliberately stood up for the purpose of reviling an individual who was not present to vindicate himself, and in a place which afforded you protection.

My name, indeed, was not mentioned; but that I was the person whom you intended, was notorious to all who heard you. For the impropriety of introducing such topics in such an assembly, it is farther stated, that you received a well-merited rebuke from Mr. Wynn, who spoke on that occasion as much from his feelings towards one with whom he has lived in uninterrupted friendship for nearly thirty years, as from a sense of the respect which is due to parliament. It is, however, proper that I should speak explicitly for myself. This was not necessary in regard to Mr. Brougham,—he only carried the quarrels as well as the practices of the *Edinburgh Review* into the House of Commons. But as calumny, Sir, has not been your vocation, it may be useful, even to yourself, if I comment upon your first attempt.

First, as to the *Quarterly Review*. You can have no other authority for ascribing any particular paper in that journal to one person or to another, than common report; in following which you may happen to be as much mistaken as I was when, upon the same grounds, I supposed Mr. William Smith to be a man of candour, incapable of grossly and wantonly insulting an individual.

The *Quarterly Review* stands upon its own merits. It is not answerable for any thing more than it contains. What I may have said, or thought, in any part of my life, no more concerns that journal than it does you, or the House of Commons: and I am as little answerable for the journal, as the journal for me. What I may have written in it is a question which you, Sir, have no right to ask, and which certainly I will not answer. As little right have you to take that for granted which you cannot possibly know. The question, as respects the *Quarterly Review*, is not who wrote the paper which happens to have excited Mr. William Smith's displeasure, but whether the facts which are there stated are true, the quotations accurate, and the inferences just: the reviewer, whoever he may be, may defy you to disprove them.

Secondly, as to *Wat Tyler*. Now, Sir, though you are not acquainted with the full history of this notable production, yet you could not have been ignorant that the author whom you attacked at such unfair advantage was the aggrieved and not the offending person. You knew that this poem had been written very many years ago, in his early youth. You knew that a copy of it had been surreptitiously obtained, and made public by some skulking scoundrel, who had found booksellers, not more honourable than himself, to undertake the publication. You knew that it was published without the writer's knowledge, for the avowed purpose of insulting him, and with the hope of injuring him if possible. You knew that the transaction bore upon its face every character of baseness and malignity. You knew that it must have been effected either by robbery or by breach of trust. These things, Mr. William Smith, you knew! And, knowing them as you did, I verily believe, that if it were possible to revoke what is irrevocable, you would at this moment be far more desirous of blotting from remembrance the disgraceful speech which stands upon record in your name, than I should be of cancelling the boyish composition that gave occasion to it. *Wat Tyler* is full of errors,—but they are the errors of youth and ignorance; they bear no indication of an ungenerous spirit, or of a malevolent heart.

For the book itself, I deny that it is a seditious performance; for it places in the mouths of the personages who are introduced nothing more than a correct statement of their real principles. That it is a mischievous publication, I know; the errors which it contains being especially dangerous at this time. Therefore I came forward without hesitation to avow it, to claim it as my own property, which had never been alienated, and to suppress it. And I am desirous that my motives in thus acting should not be misunderstood. The piece was written under the influence of opinions which I have long since outgrown, and repeatedly disclaimed, but for which I have never affected to feel either shame or contrition: they were taken up conscientiously in early youth, they were acted upon in disregard of all worldly considerations, and they were left behind in the same straightforward course, as I advanced in years. It was written when republicanism was confined to a very small number of the educated classes; when those who were known to entertain such opinions were exposed to personal danger from the populace; and when a spirit of Anti-jacobinism was predominant, which I cannot characterise more truly than by saying, that it was as unjust and as intolerant, though not quite as ferocious, as the Jacobinism of the present day. Had the poem been published during any quiet state of the public mind, the act of dishonesty in the publisher would have been the same; but I should have left it unnoticed, in full confidence that it would have been forgotten as speedily as it deserved. But in these times, it was incumbent upon me to come forward as I have done. It became me to disclaim whatever had been erroneous and intemperate in my former opinions, as frankly and as fearlessly as I once maintained them. And this I did, not as one who felt himself in any degree disgraced by the exposure of the crude and misdirected feelings of his youth (feelings right in themselves, and wrong only in their direction), but as one whom no considerations have ever deterred from doing what he believed to be his duty.

When, therefore, Mr. William Smith informed the House of Commons that the author of *Wat Tyler* thinks no longer upon certain points as he did in his youth, he informed that legislative assembly of nothing more than what the author has shown, during very many years, in the course of his writings;—that while events have been moving on upon the great theatre of human affairs, his intellect has not been stationary. But when the member for Norwich asserts (as he is said to have asserted) that I impute evil motives to men merely for holding now the same doctrines which I myself formerly professed, and when he charges me (as he is said to have charged me) with the malignity and baseness of a renegade, the assertion and the charge are as *false*, as the language in which they are conveyed is coarse and insulting.

Upon this subject I must be heard farther. The *Edinburgh Review* has spoken somewhere of those vindictive and jealous writings in which Mr. Southey has brought forward his claims to the approbation of the public. This is one of those passages for which

of the revolution,—if they have hoped that Buonaparte might succeed in the usurpation of Portugal and Spain, and the subjugation of the Continent,—the change is in them, in their feelings and their principles, not in me and in mine. At no time of my life have I held any opinions like those of the Buonapartists and revolutionists of the present day;—never could I have held any communion with such men in thought, word, or deed,—my nature, God be thanked! would always have kept me from them instinctively, as it would from toad or asp. Look through the whole writings of my youth, including, if you please, *Wat Tyler;* there can be no danger that its errors should infect a gentleman who has called upon the attorney-general to prosecute the author,—and he would not be the worse were he to catch from it a little of the youthful generosity which it breathes. I ask you, Sir, in which of those writings I have appealed to the base or the malignant feelings of mankind,—and I ask you whether the present race of revolutionary writers appeal to any other? What man's private character did I stab? Whom did I libel? Whom did I slander? Whom did I traduce? These miscreants live by calumny and sedition; they are libellers and liars by trade.

The one object to which I have ever been desirous of contributing according to my power, is the removal of those obstacles by which the improvement of mankind is impeded; and to this the whole tenour of my writings, whether in prose or verse, bears witness. This has been the pole-star of my course; the needle has shifted according to the movements of the state-vessel wherein I am embarked, but the direction to which it points has always been the same. I did not fall into the error of those who, having been the friends of France when they imagined that the cause of liberty was implicated in her success, transferred their attachment from the republic to the military tyranny in which it ended, and regarded with complacency the progress of oppression because France was the oppressor. "They had turned their faces toward the east in the morning to worship the rising sun, and in the evening they were looking eastward still, obstinately affirming that still the sun was there." (1) I, on the contrary, altered my position as the world went round. For so doing, Mr. William Smith is said to have insulted me with the appellation of RENEGADE; and if it be indeed true that the foul aspersion passed his lips, I brand him for it on the forehead with the name of SLANDERER! Salve the mark as you will, Sir, it is ineffaceable! You must bear it with you to your grave, and the remembrance of it will outlast your epitaph.

And now, Sir, learn what are the opinions of the man to whom you have offered this public and notorious wrong,—opinions not derived from any contagion of the times, nor entertained with the unreflecting eagerness of youth, nor adopted in connection with any party in the state; but gathered patiently, during many years of leisure and retirement, from books, observation, meditation, and intercourse with living minds who will be the light of other ages.

Greater changes in the condition of this country have been wrought during the last half century, than an equal course of years had ever before produced. Without entering into the proofs of this proposition, suffice it to indicate, as among the most efficient causes, the steam and the spinning-engines, the mail-coach, and the free publication of the debates in parliament: hence have followed, in natural and necessary consequence, increased activity, enterprise, wealth, and power; but, on the other hand, greediness of gain, looseness of principle, half-knowledge (more perilous than ignorance), vice, poverty, wretchedness, discontent, and political insecurity. The changes which have taken place render other changes inevitable; forward we must go, for it is not possible to retrace our steps; the hand of the political horologe cannot go back, like the shadow upon Hezekiah's dial;—when the hour comes, it must strike.

Slavery has long ceased to be tolerable in Europe: the remains of feudal oppression are disappearing even in those countries which have improved the least: nor can it be much longer endured that the extremes of ignorance, wretchedness, and brutality, should exist in the very centre of civilised society. There can be no safety with a populace half Luddite, half Lazzaroni. Let us not deceive ourselves. We are far from that state in which any thing resembling equality would be possible; but we are arrived at that state in which the extremes of inequality are become intolerable. They are too dangerous, as well as too monstrous, to be borne much longer. Plans which would have led to the utmost horrors of insurrection have been prevented by the government, and by the enactment of strong but necessary laws. Let it not, however, be supposed that the disease is healed, because the ulcer may skin over. The remedies by which the body-politic can be restored to health must be slow in their operation. The condition of the populace, physical, moral, and intellectual, must be improved, or a *Jacquerie*, a *Bellum Servile*, sooner or later will be the result. It is the people at this time who stand in need of reformation, not the government.

The government must better the condition of the populace; and the first thing necessary is to prevent it from being worsened. It must no longer suffer itself to be menaced, its chief magistrate insulted, and its most sacred institutions vilified with impunity. It must curb the seditious press, and keep it curbed. For this purpose, if the laws are not at present effectual, they should be made so; nor will they then avail unless they are vigilantly executed. I say this, well knowing to what obloquy it will expose me, and how grossly and impudently my meaning will be misrepresented; but I say it, because if the licentiousness of the press be not curbed, its abuse will most assuredly one day occasion the loss of its freedom.

This is the first and most indispensable measure; for without this all others will be fruitless. Next in urgency is the immediate relief of the poor. I differ, *toto cœlo*, from Mr. Owen, of Lanark, in one main point. To build upon any other foundation than religion is building upon sand. But I admire his practical benevolence,—I love his enthusiasm,—and I go far with him in his earthly views. What he has actually done entitles him to the greatest attention and respect. I sincerely wish that his plan for the extirpation of pauperism should be fairly tried. To employ the poor in manufactures is only shifting the evil, and throwing others out of employ, by bringing more labour, and more produce of labour, into a market which is already overstocked.

Wise and extensive plans of foreign colonization

(1) I quote my own words, written in 1809.

contribute essentially to keep a state like England in health; but we must not overlook the greater facility of colonising at home. Would it not be desirable that tracts of waste land should be purchased with public money, to be held as national domains, and colonised with our disbanded soldiers and sailors, and people who are in want of employment, dividing them into estates of different sizes according to the capability of the speculators, and allotting to every cottage that should be erected there a certain proportion of ground? Thus should we make immediate provision for those brave men whose services are no longer required for the defence of their country;—thus should we administer immediate relief to the poor, lighten the poor-rates, give occupation to various branches of manufacture, and provide a permanent source of revenue, accruing from the increased prosperity of the country. There never was a time when every rood of ground maintained its man; but surely it is allowable to hope that whole districts will not always be suffered to lie waste while multitudes are in want of employment and of bread.

A duty scarcely less urgent than that of diminishing the burthen of the poor-rates, is that of providing for the education of the lower classes. Government must no longer, in neglect of its first and paramount duty, allow them to grow up in worse than heathen ignorance. They must be trained in the way they should go: they must be taught to "fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man." Mere reading and writing will not do this: they must be instructed according to the established religion; they must be fed with the milk of sound doctrine: for states are secure in proportion as the great body of the people are attached to the institutions of their country. A moral and religious education will induce habits of industry; the people will know their duty, and find their interest and their happiness in following it. Give us the great boon of parochial education, so connected with the church as to form part of the establishment, and we shall find it a bulwark to the state as well as to the church. Let this be done, let saving banks be generally introduced, let new channels for industry be opened (as soon as the necessities of the state will permit) by a liberal expenditure in public works, by colonising our waste lands at home and regularly sending off our swarms abroad, and the strength, wealth, and security of the nation will be in proportion to its numbers.

Never, indeed, was there a more senseless cry than that which is at this time raised, for retrenchment in the public expenditure as a means of alleviating the present distress. That distress arises from a great and sudden diminution of employment, occasioned by many coinciding causes, the chief of which is that the war-expenditure of from forty to fifty millions yearly has ceased. Men are out of employ:—the evil is that too little is spent,—and, as a remedy, we are exhorted to spend less! Every where there are mouths crying out for food because the hands want work; and at this time, and for this reason, the state-quack requires further reduction! Because so many hands are unemployed, he calls upon government to throw more upon the public, by reducing its establishments and suspending its works! *O lepidum caput!* And it is by such heads as this that we are to be reformed!

"Statesmen," says Mr. Burke, "before they value themselves on the relief given to the people by the destruction (or diminution) of their revenue, ought first to have carefully attended to the solution of this problem:—whether it be more advantageous to the people to pay considerably, and to gain in proportion; or to gain little or nothing, and to be disburthened of all contribution." And in another place this great statesman says, "the prosperity and improvement of nations has generally increased with the increase of their revenues; and they will both continue to grow and flourish, as long as the balance between what is left to strengthen the efforts of individuals, and what is collected for the common efforts of the state, bear to each other a due reciprocal proportion, and are kept in a close correspondence and communication." This opinion is strikingly corroborated by the unexampled prosperity which the country enjoyed during the war, —a war of unexampled expenditure: and the stupendous works of antiquity, the ruins of which at this day so mournfully attest the opulence and splendour of states which have long since ceased to exist, were in no slight degree the causes of that prosperity of which they are the proofs. Instead therefore of this senseless cry for retrenchment, which is like prescribing depletion for a patient whose complaints proceed from inanition, a liberal expenditure should be advised in works of public utility and magnificence. For if experience has shown us that increased expenditure during war, and a proportionately increasing prosperity, have been naturally connected as cause and consequence, it is neither rash nor illogical to infer, that a liberal expenditure in peace upon national works would produce the same beneficial effect, without any of the accompanying evil. Money thus expended will flow like chyle into the veins of the state, and nourish and invigorate it. Build, therefore, our monuments for Trafalgar and Waterloo, and let no paltry considerations prevent them from being made worthy of the occasion, and of the country;—of the men who have fought, conquered, and died for us;—of Nelson, of Wellington, and of Great Britain. Let them be such as may correspond in splendour with the actions to which they are consecrated, and vie, if possible, in duration, with the memory of those immortal events. They are for after-ages; the more magnificent they may be, the better will they manifest the national sense of great public services, and the more will they excite and foster that feeling in which great actions have their root. In proportion to their magnificence, also, will be the present benefit, as well as the future good; for they are not, like the Egyptian pyramids, to be raised by bondsmen under rigorous taskmasters: the wealth which is taken from the people returns to them again, like vapours which are drawn imperceptibly from the earth, but distributed to it in refreshing dews and fertilising showers. What bounds could imagination set to the welfare and glory of this island, if a tenth part, or even a twentieth of what the war expenditure has been, were annually applied in improving and creating harbours, in bringing our roads to the best possible state, in colonising upon our waste lands, in reclaiming fens and conquering tracts from the sea, in encouraging the liberal arts, in erecting churches, in building and endowing schools and colleges, and making war upon physical and moral evil with the whole artillery of wisdom and righteousness, with all the resources of science, and all the ardour of enlightened and enlarged benevolence?

It is likewise incumbent upon government to take heed lest, in its solicitude for raising the necessary

revenue, there should be too little regard for the means by which it is raised. It should beware of imposing such duties as create a strong temptation to evade them. It should be careful that all its measures tend, as much as possible, to the improvement of the people, and especially careful that nothing be done which can tend in any way to corrupt them. It should reform its prisons; and apply some remedy to the worst grievance which exists,—the enormous expenses, the chicanery, and the ruinous delays of the law.

Machiavelli says, that legislators ought to suppose all men to be naturally bad;—in no point has that sagacious statesman been more erroneous. Fitter it is, that governments should think well of mankind; for the better they think of them, the better they will find them, and the better they will make them. Government must reform the populace, the people must reform themselves. This is the true reform; and compared with this all else is *flocci, nauci, nihili, pili.*

Such, Sir, are in part the views of the man whom you have traduced. Had you perused his writings, you could not have mistaken them; and I am willing to believe that if you had done this, and formed an opinion for yourself, instead of retailing that of wretches who are at once the panders of malice and the pioneers of rebellion, you would neither have been so far forgetful of your parliamentary character, nor of the decencies between man and man, as so wantonly, so unjustly, and in such a place, to have attacked one who had given you no provocation.

Did you imagine that I should sit down quietly under the wrong, and treat your attack with the same silent contempt as I have done all the abuse and calumny with which, from one party or the other, Antijacobins or Jacobins, I have been assailed in daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly publications, since the year 1796, when I first became known to the public? The place where you made the attack, and the manner of the attack, prevent this.

How far the writings of Mr. Southey may be found to deserve a favourable acceptance from after-ages, time will decide; but a name, which, whether worthily or not, has been conspicuous in the literary history of its age, will certainly not perish. Some account of his life will always be prefixed to his works, and transferred to literary histories, and to the biographical dictionaries, not only of this, but of other countries. There it will be related, that he lived in the bosom of his family, in absolute retirement; that in all his writings there breathed the same abhorrence of oppression and immorality, the same spirit of devotion, and the same ardent wishes for the melioration of mankind; and that the only charge which malice could bring against him was that, as he grew older, his opinions altered concerning the means by which that melioration was to be effected; and that as he learned to understand the institutions of his country, he learned to appreciate them rightly, to love, and to revere, and to defend them. It will be said of him, that in an age of personality, he abstained from satire; and that during the course of his literary life, often as he was assailed, the only occasion on which he ever condescended to reply, was, when a certain Mr. William Smith insulted him in parliament with the appellation of renegade. On that occasion, it will be said, that he vindicated himself, as it became him to do, and treated his calumniator with just and memorable severity. Whether it shall be added, that Mr. William Smith redeemed his own character, by coming forward with honest manliness and acknowledging that he had spoken rashly and unjustly, concerns himself, but is not of the slightest importance to me.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Heaven and Earth;

A MYSTERY.(1)

FOUNDED ON THE FOLLOWING PASSAGE IN GENESIS, CHAP. VI.

"And it came to pass . . . that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose."

"And woman, wailing for her demon lover."—*Coleridge.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANGELS.

SAMIASA.
AZAZIEL.
RAPHAEL *the Archangel.*

MEN.

NOAH *and his Sons.*
IRAD.
JAPHET.

WOMEN.

ANAH.
AHOLIBAMAH.

Chorus of Spirits of the Earth.— Chorus of Mortals.

(1) *Heaven and Earth* was written at Ravenna, in October, 1821. In forwarding it to Mr. Murray, in the following month, Lord Byron says—"Enclosed is a lyrical drama, entitled *A Mystery.* You will find it pious enough, I trust—

HEAVEN AND EARTH.

PART I.

SCENE I.

A woody and mountainous District near Mount Ararat.—Time, midnight.

Enter ANAH *and* AHOLIBAMAH.

Anah. OUR father sleeps: it is the hour when they
Who love us are accustom'd to descend,
Through the deep clouds, o'er rocky Ararat:—
How my heart beats!

Aho. Let us proceed upon

Our invocation.
Anah. But the stars are hidden.
I tremble.
Aho. So do I, but not with fear
Of aught save their delay.
Anah. My sister, though
I love Azaziel more than——oh, too much!
What was I going to say? my heart grows impious.
Aho. And where is the impiety of loving
Celestial natures?
Anah. But, Aholibamah,
I love our God less since his angel loved me:
This cannot be of good; and though I know not
That I do wrong, I feel a thousand fears
Which are not ominous of right.
Aho. Then wed thee
Unto some son of clay, and toil and spin!
There's Japhet loves thee well, hath loved thee long:
Marry, and bring forth dust!
Anah. I should have loved
Azaziel not less were he mortal; yet
I am glad he is not. I can not outlive him.
And when I think that his immortal wings
Will one day hover o'er the sepulchre
Of the poor child of clay which so adored him,
As he adores the Highest, death becomes
Less terrible; but yet I pity him:
His grief will be of ages, or at least
Mine would be such for him, were I the seraph,
And he the perishable.
Aho. Rather say,
That he will single forth some other daughter
Of Earth, and love her as he once loved Anah.
Anah. And if it should be so, and she loved him,
Better thus than that he should weep for me.
Aho. If I thought thus of Samiasa's love,
All seraph as he is, I'd spurn him from me.
But to our invocation!—'Tis the hour.
Anah. Seraph!
From thy sphere!
Whatever star contain thy glory;
In the eternal depths of heaven
Albeit thou watchest with "the seven," (1)
Though through space infinite and hoary
Before thy bright wings worlds be driven,
Yet hear!
Oh! think of her who holds thee dear!
And though she nothing is to thee,
Yet think that thou art all to her.
Thou canst not tell,—and never be
Such pangs decreed to aught save me,—
The bitterness of tears.
Eternity is in thine years,
Unborn, undying beauty in thine eyes;
With me thou canst not sympathise,
Except in love, and there thou must
Acknowledge that more loving dust
Ne'er wept beneath the skies.
Thou walk'st thy many worlds, thou see'st
The face of him who made thee great,
As he hath made me of the least
Of those cast out from Eden's gate:
Yet, seraph dear!
Oh hear!
For thou hast loved me, and I would not die
Until I know what I must die in knowing,
That thou forgett'st in thine eternity
Her whose heart death could not keep from o'erflowing
For thee, immortal essence as thou art!
Great is their love who love in sin and fear;
And such, I feel, are waging in my heart
A war unworthy: to an Adamite
Forgive, my seraph! that such thoughts appear,
For sorrow is our element;
Delight
And Eden kept afar from sight,
Though sometimes with our visions blent.
The hour is near
Which tells me we are not abandon'd quite.—
Appear! Appear!
Seraph!
My own Azaziel! be but here,
And leave the stars to their own light.
Aho. Samiasa!
Wheresoe'er
Thou rulest in the upper air—
Or warring with the spirits who may dare
Dispute with him
Who made all empires, empire; or recalling
Some wandering star, which shoots through the abyss,
Whose tenants dying, while their world is falling,
Share the dim destiny of clay in this;
Or joining with the inferior cherubim,
Thou deignest to partake their hymn—
Samiasa!
I call thee, I await thee, and I love thee.
Many may worship thee, that will I not:
If that thy spirit down to mine may move thee,
Descend and share my lot!
Though I be form'd of clay,
And thou of beams

at least some of the chorus might have been written by Sternhold and Hopkins themselves for that, and perhaps for melody. As it is longer, and more lyrical and Greek, than I intended at first, I have not divided it into acts, but called what I have sent *Part First;* as there is a suspension of the action, which may either close there without impropriety, or be continued in a way that I have in view. I wish the first part to be published before the second; because, if it don't succeed, it is better to stop there, than to go on in a fruitless experiment." Though without delay revised by Mr. Gifford, and printed, this "First Part" was not published till 1822, when it appeared in the second number of the *Liberal*. The *Mystery* was never completed.

"The great power of this *Mystery* is in its fearless and daring simplicity. Lord Byron faces at once all the grandeur of his sublime subject. He seeks for nothing, but it rises before him in its death-doomed magnificence. Man, or angel, or demon, the being who mourns, or laments, or exults, is driven to speak by his own soul. The angels deign not to use many words, even to their beautiful paramours; and they scorn Noah and his sententious sons. The first scene is a woody and mountainous district, near Mount Ararat; and the time midnight. Mortal creatures, conscious of their own wickedness, have heard awful predictions of the threatened flood, and all their lives are darkened with terror. But the sons of God have been dwellers on earth, and women's hearts have been stirred by the beauty of these celestial visitants. Anah and Aholibamah, two of these angel-stricken maidens, come wandering along while others sleep, to pour forth their invocations to their demon lovers. They are of very different characters: Anah, soft, gentle and submissive; Aholibamah, proud, impetuous, and aspiring—the one loving in fear, and the other in ambition." *Wilson.*—L. E.

(1) The archangels, said to be seven in number, and to occupy the eighth rank in the celestial hierarchy.

More bright than those of day
On Eden's streams,
Thine immortality can not repay
With love more warm than mine
My love. There is a ray
In me, which, though forbidden yet to shine,
I feel was lighted at thy God's and thine.
It may be hidden long: death and decay
Our mother Eve bequeath'd us—but my heart
Defies it: though this life must pass away,
Is *that* a cause for thee and me to part?
Thou art immortal—so am I: I feel—
I feel my immortality o'ersweep
All pains, all tears, all fears, and peal,
Like the eternal thunders of the deep,
Into my ears this truth—"Thou livest for ever!"
But if it be in joy
I know not, nor would know;
That secret rests with the Almighty giver
Who folds in clouds the fonts of bliss and woe.
But thee and me he never can destroy;
Change us he may, but not o'erwhelm; we are
Of as eternal essence, and must war
With him if he will war with us: with *thee*
I can share all things, even immortal sorrow;
For thou hast ventured to share life with *me*,
And shall *I* shrink from thine eternity?
No! though the serpent's sting should pierce me thorough,
And thou thyself wert like the serpent, coil
Around me still! and I will smile,
And curse thee not; but hold
Thee in as warm a fold
As——But descend; and prove
A mortal's love
For an immortal. If the skies contain
More joy than thou canst give and take, remain! (1)
Anah. Sister! sister! I view them winging
Their bright way through the parted night.
Aho. The clouds from off their pinions flinging,
As though they bore to-morrow's light.
Anah. But if our father see the sight!
Aho. He would but deem it was the moon
Rising unto some sorcerer's tune
An hour too soon.
Anah. They come! *he* comes!—Azaziel!
Aho. Haste
To meet them! Oh! for wings to bear
My spirit, while they hover there,
To Samiasa's breast!
Anah. Lo! they have kindled all the west,
Like a returning sunset;—lo!
On Ararat's late secret crest
A mild and many-colour'd bow,
The remnant of their flashing path,
Now shines! and now, behold! it hath
Return'd to night, as rippling foam,
Which the leviathan hath lash'd
From his unfathomable home,
When sporting on the face of the calm deep,
Subsides soon after he again hath dash'd
Down, down, to where the ocean's fountains sleep. (2)
Aho. They have touch'd earth! Samiasa!
Anah. My Azaziel!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. (3)

Enter Irad *and* Japhet.

Irad. Despond not: wherefore wilt thou wander thus
To add thy silence to the silent night,
And lift thy tearful eye unto the stars?
They cannot aid thee.
Japh. But they soothe me—now
Perhaps she looks upon them as I look.
Methinks a being that is beautiful
Becometh more so as it looks on beauty,
The eternal beauty of undying things.
Oh, Anah!
Irad. But she loves thee not.
Japh. Alas!
Irad. And proud Aholibamah spurns me also.
Japh. I feel for thee too.
Irad. Let her keep her pride
Mine hath enabled me to bear her scorn:
It may be, time too will avenge it.
Japh. Canst thou
Find joy in such a thought?
Irad. Nor joy nor sorrow.
I loved her well; I would have loved her better,
Had love been met with love: as 'tis, I leave her
To brighter destinies, if so she deems them.
Japh. What destinies?
Irad. I have some cause to think
She loves another.
Japh. Anah?
Irad. No; her sister.
Japh. What other?
Irad. That I know not; but her air,
If not her words, tells me she loves another.
Japh. Ay, but not Anah: she but loves her God.
Irad. Whate'er she loveth, so she loves thee not,
What can it profit thee? (4)
Japh. True, nothing; but
I love.
Irad. And so did I.
Japh. And now thou lovest not,
Or think'st thou lovest not, art thou happier?
Irad. Yes.
Japh. I pity thee.
Irad. Me! why?

(1) "This invocation is extremely beautiful: its chief beauty lies in the continuous and meandering flow of its impassioned versification. At its close,—and it might well win down to earth erring angels from heaven,—the maidens disappear in the midnight darkness, hoping the presence of their celestial lovers." *Wilson.*—L. E.

(2) "Lord Byron here takes a wide career, and is sometimes obscure and confused; but the flashes of fire continually break through, and illumine the clouds of smoke and vapour. The extravagance is dictated by passion. His muse, even in her riddles and digressions, has a sybil-like prophetic fury." *Jeffrey.*—L. E.

(3) "In the second scene, Japhet, Noah's son, and Irad—the earthly and despised lovers of the two maidens—appear. Their talk is somewhat dull; which, we presume, is natural in such circumstances." *Wilson.*—L. E.

(4) "This is one of those bitter taunting sarcasms that escape from Lord Byron's pen, in spite of himself. Japhet is afterwards introduced alone, in a mountainous cave, and his soliloquy, bemoaning his own fate, and the approaching destruction of mankind, is interrupted by a band of demons, rejoicing over the event. This scene is terrible." *Jeffrey.*—L. E.

Japh. For being happy,
Deprived of that which makes my misery.
Irad. I take thy taunt as part of thy distemper;
And would not feel as thou dost, for more shekels
Than all our father's herds would bring, if weigh'd
Against the metal of the sons of Cain—
The yellow dust they try to barter with us,
As if such useless and discolour'd trash,
The refuse of the earth, could be received
For milk, and wool, and flesh, and fruits, and all
Our flocks and wilderness afford.—Go, Japhet,
Sigh to the stars, as wolves howl to the moon—
I must back to my rest.
Japh. And so would I,
If I could rest.
Irad. Thou wilt not to our tents, then?
Japh. No, Irad; I will to the cavern, whose
Mouth they say opens from the internal world,
To let the inner spirits of the earth
Forth, when they walk its surface.
Irad. Wherefore so?
What wouldst thou there?
Japh. Soothe further my sad spirit
With gloom as sad: it is a hopeless spot,
And I am hopeless.
Irad. But 'tis dangerous;
Strange sounds and sights have peopled it with terrors.
I must go with thee.
Japh. Irad, no; believe me
I feel no evil thought, and fear no evil.
Irad. But evil things will be thy foe the more,
As not being of them: turn thy steps aside,
Or let mine be with thine.
Japh. No, neither, Irad;
I must proceed alone.
Irad. Then peace be with thee!
[*Exit* Irad.
Japh. (*solus.*) Peace! I have sought it where it should be found,
In love—with love, too, which perhaps deserved it;
And, in its stead, a heaviness of heart—
A weakness of the spirit—listless days,
And nights inexorable to sweet sleep—
Have come upon me. Peace! what peace? the calm
Of desolation, and the stillness of
The untrodden forest, only broken by
The sweeping tempest through its groaning boughs;
Such is the sullen or the fitful state
Of my mind overworn. The earth's grown wicked;
And many signs and portents have proclaim'd
A change at hand, and an o'erwhelming doom
To perishable beings. Oh, my Anah!
When the dread hour denounced shall open wide
The fountains of the deep, how mightest thou
Have lain within this bosom, folded from
The elements; this bosom, which in vain
Hath beat for thee, and then will beat more vainly,
While thine——Oh, God! at least remit to her
Thy wrath! for she is pure amidst the failing
As a star in the clouds, which cannot quench
Although they obscure it for an hour. My Anah!
How would I have adored thee, but thou wouldst not;
And still would I redeem thee—see thee live
When ocean is earth's grave, and, unopposed
By rock or shallow, the leviathan,
Lord of the shoreless sea and watery world,
Shall wonder at his boundlessness of realm.
[*Exit* Japhet.

Enter Noah *and* Shem.

Noah. Where is thy brother Japhet?
Shem. He went forth,
According to his wont, to meet with Irad,
He said; but, as I fear, to bend his steps
Towards Anah's tents, round which he hovers nightly,
Like a dove round and round its pillaged nest;
Or else he walks the wild up to the cavern
Which opens to the heart of Ararat.
Noah. What doth he there? It is an evil spot
Upon an earth all evil; for things worse
Than even wicked men resort there: he
Still loves this daughter of a fated race,
Although he could not wed her if she loved him,
And that she doth not. Oh, the unhappy hearts
Of men! that one of my blood, knowing well
The destiny and evil of these days,
And that the hour approacheth, should indulge
In such forbidden yearnings! Lead the way;
He must be sought for!
Shem. Go not forward, father;
I will seek Japhet.
Noah. Do not fear for me:
All evil things are powerless on the man
Selected by Jehovah.—Let us on.
Shem. To the tents of the father of the sisters?
Noah. No; to the cavern of the Caucasus.
[*Exeunt* Noah *and* Shem.

SCENE III.

The Mountains.—A Cavern, and the Rocks of Caucasus.

Japh. (*solus.*) Ye wilds, that look eternal; and thou cave,
Which seem'st unfathomable; and ye mountains,
So varied and so terrible in beauty;
Here, in your rugged majesty of rocks
And toppling trees, that twine their roots with stone
In perpendicular places, where the foot
Of man would tremble, could he reach them—yes,
Ye look eternal! Yet, in a few days,
Perhaps even hours, ye will be changed, rent, hurl'd
Before the mass of waters; and yon cave,
Which seems to lead into a lower world,
Shall have its depths search'd by the sweeping wave,
And dolphins gambol in the lion's den!
And man——Oh, men! my fellow-beings! Who
Shall weep above your universal grave,
Save I? Who shall be left to weep? My kinsmen
Alas! what am I better than ye are,
That I must live beyond ye? Where shall be
The pleasant places where I thought of Anah
While I had hope? or the more savage haunts,
Scarce less beloved, where I despair'd for her?
And can it be!—Shall yon exulting peak,
Whose glittering top is like a distant star,
Lie low beneath the boiling of the deep?
No more to have the morning sun break forth,
And scatter back the mists in floating folds
From its tremendous brow? no more to have
Day's broad orb drop behind its head at even,
Leaving it with a crown of many hues?
No more to be the beacon of the world,
For angels to alight on, as the spot
Nearest the stars? And can those words "*no more*"

Be meant for thee, for all things, save for us,
And the predestined creeping things reserved
By my sire to Jehovah's bidding? May
He preserve *them*, and *I not* have the power
To snatch the loveliest of earth's daughters from
A doom which even some serpent, with his mate,
Shall 'scape to save his kind to be prolong'd,
To hiss and sting through some emerging world,
Reeking and dank from out the slime, whose ooze
Shall slumber o'er the wreck of this until
The salt morass subside into a sphere
Beneath the sun, and be the monument,
The sole and undistinguish'd sepulchre,
Of yet quick myriads of all life? How much
Breath will be still'd at once! All-beauteous world!
So young, so mark'd out for destruction, I
With a cleft heart look on thee day by day,
And night by night—thy number'd days and nights!
I cannot save thee, cannot save even her
Whose love had made me love thee more; but as
A portion of thy dust, I cannot think
Upon thy coming doom without a feeling
Such as—Oh God! and canst thou—[*He pauses.*(1)

A rushing sound from the cavern is heard, and shouts of laughter—afterwards, a Spirit passes.

Japh. In the name
Of the Most High, what art thou?
Spirit (*laughs*). Ha! ha! ha!
Japh. By all that earth holds holiest, speak!
Spirit (*laughs*). Ha! ha!
Japh. By the approaching deluge! by the earth,
Which will be strangled by the ocean! by
The deep, which will lay open all her fountains!
The heaven, which will convert her clouds to seas,
And the Omnipotent who makes and crushes!
Thou unknown, terrible, and indistinct,
Yet awful Thing of Shadows, speak to me!
Why dost thou laugh that horrid laugh?
Spirit. Why weep'st thou?
Japh. For earth and all her children.
Spirit. Ha! ha! ha! [*Spirit vanishes.*
Japh. How the fiend mocks the tortures of a world,
The coming desolation of an orb,
On which the sun shall rise and warm no life!
How the earth sleeps! and all that in it is
Sleep too upon the very eve of death!
Why should they wake to meet it? What is here,
Which look like death in life, and speak like things
Born ere this dying world? They come like clouds!
[*Various Spirits pass from the cavern.*
Spirit. Rejoice!
The abhorred race
Which could not keep in Eden their high place,
But listen'd to the voice
Of knowledge without power,
Are nigh the hour
Of death!
Not slow, not single, not by sword, nor sorrow,
Nor years, nor heart-break, nor time's sapping motion,
Shall they drop off. Behold their last to-morrow!
Earth shall be ocean!
And no breath,
Save of the winds, be on the unbounded wave!
Angels shall tire their wings, but find no spot:
Not even a rock from out the liquid grave
Shall lift its point to save,
Or show the place where strong Diluvia hath dwelt,
After long looking o'er the ocean wide
For the expected ebb which cometh not:
All shall be void,
Destroy'd!
Another element shall be the lord
Of life, and the abhorr'd
Children of dust be quench'd; and of each hue
Of earth nought left but the unbroken blue;
And of the variegated mountain
Shall nought remain
Unchanged, or of the level plain;
Cedar and pine shall lift their tops in vain:
All merged within the universal fountain,
Man, earth, and fane, shall die,
And sea and sky
Look vast and lifeless in the Eternal eye.
Upon the foam
Who shall erect a home?
Japh. (*coming forward.*) My sire!
Earth's seed shall not expire;
Only the evil shall be put away
From day.
Avaunt! ye exulting demons of the waste!
Who howl your hideous joy
When God destroys whom you dare not destroy:
Hence! haste!
Back to your inner caves!
Until the waves
Shall search you in your secret place,
And drive your sullen race
Forth, to be roll'd upon the tossing winds
In restless wretchedness along all space!
Spirit. Son of the saved!
When thou and thine have braved
The wide and warring element;
When the great barrier of the deep is rent,
Shalt thou and thine be good or happy?—No!
Thy new world and new race shall be of woe—
Less goodly in their aspect, in their years
Less than the glorious giants, who
Yet walk the world in pride,
The Sons of Heaven by many a mortal bride:
Thine shall be nothing of the past, save tears.
And art thou not ashamed
Thus to survive,
And eat, and drink, and wive?
With a base heart so far subdued and tamed,
As even to hear this wide destruction named,
Without such grief and courage, as should rather
Bid thee await the world-dissolving wave,
Than seek a shelter with thy favour'd father,
And build thy city o'er the drown'd earth's grave!
Who would outlive their kind,
Except the base and blind?
Mine
Hateth thine
As of a different order in the sphere,
But not our own.
There is not one who hath not left a throne
Vacant in heaven to dwell in darkness here.

(1) "This soliloquy has the fault of being too long and wire drawn. At its close, spirits rush from the cavern, and result in the approaching calamity of the world: a dialogue ensues between Japhet and one of them, and a chorus is sung by a body of them, part of which is truly noble." *Campbell.*—L. E.

Rather than see his mates endure alone.
Go, wretch! and give
A life like thine to other wretches—live!
And when the annihilating waters roar
Above what they have done,
Envy the giant patriarchs then no more,
And scorn thy sire as the surviving one!
Thyself for being his son!

Chorus of Spirits issuing from the Cavern.

Rejoice!
No more the human voice
Shall vex our joys in middle air
With prayer;
No more
Shall they adore;
And we, who ne'er for ages have adored
The prayer-exacting Lord,
To whom the omission of a sacrifice
Is vice;
We, we shall view the deep's salt sources pour'd
Until one element shall do the work
Of all in chaos; until they,
The creatures proud of their poor clay,
Shall perish, and their bleached bones shall lurk
In caves, in dens, in clefts of mountains, where
The deep shall follow to their latest lair;
Where even the brutes, in their despair,
Shall cease to prey on man and on each other,
And the striped tiger shall lie down to die
Beside the lamb, as though he were his brother;
Till all things shall be as they were,
Silent and uncreated, save the sky;
While a brief truce
Is made with Death, who shall forbear
The little remnant of the past creation,
To generate new nations for his use;
This remnant, floating o'er the undulation
Of the subsiding deluge, from its slime,
When the hot sun hath baked the reeking soil
Into a world, shall give again to Time
New beings—years—diseases—sorrow—crime—
With all companionship of hate and toil,
Until——

Japh. (*interrupting them.*) The Eternal will
Shall deign to expound this dream
Of good and evil; and redeem
Unto himself all times, all things;
And, gather'd under his almighty wings,
Abolish hell!
And to the expiated Earth
Restore the beauty of her birth,
Her Eden in an endless paradise,
Where man no more can fall as once he fell,
And even the very demons shall do well!

Spirits. And when shall take effect this wondrous spell?

Japh. When the Redeemer cometh; first in pain,
And then in glory.

Spirits. Meantime still struggle in the mortal chain,
Till earth wax hoary;
War with yourselves, and hell, and heaven, in vain,
Until the clouds look gory
With the blood reeking from each battle-plain;
New times, new climes, new arts, new men; but still,
The same old tears, old crimes, and oldest ill,
Shall be amongst your race in different forms;
But the same moral storms
Shall oversweep the future, as the waves
In a few hours the glorious giants' graves. (1)

Chorus of Spirits.

Brethren, rejoice!
Mortal, farewell!
Hark! hark! already we can hear the voice
Of growing ocean's gloomy swell;
The winds, too, plume their piercing wings;
The clouds have nearly fill'd their springs;
The fountains of the great deep shall be broken,
And heaven set wide her windows; (2) while mankind
View, unacknowledged, each tremendous token—
Still, as they were from the beginning, blind.
We hear the sound they cannot hear, [sphere;
The mustering thunders of the threatening
Yet a few hours their coming is delay'd;
Their flashing banners, folded still on high,
Yet undisplay'd,
Save to the Spirit's all-pervading eye.
Howl! howl! O Earth!
Thy death is nearer than thy recent birth;
Tremble, ye mountains, soon to shrink below
The ocean's overflow!
The wave shall break upon your cliffs; and shells,
The little shells, of ocean's least things be
Deposed where now the eagle's offspring dwells—
How shall he shriek o'er the remorseless sea!
And call his nestlings up with fruitless yell,
Unanswer'd, save by the encroaching swell;—
While man shall long in vain for his broad wings,
The wings which could not save:—
Where could he rest them, while the whole space brings
Nought to his eye beyond the deep, his grave?
Brethren, rejoice!
And loudly lift each superhuman voice—
All die,
Save the slight remnant of Seth's seed—
The seed of Seth,
Exempt for future sorrow's sake from death.
But of the sons of Cain
None shall remain;
And all his goodly daughters
Must lie beneath the desolating waters;
Or, floating upward, with their long hair laid
Along the wave, the cruel Heaven upbraid,
Which would not spare
Beings even in death so fair.
It is decreed,
All die!
And to the universal human cry
The universal silence shall succeed!
Fly, brethren, fly!
But still rejoice!
We fell!
They fall!
So perish all
These petty foes of Heaven who shrink from hell!
[*The Spirits disappear, soaring upwards.*

(1) "And there were giants in the earth in those days, and after; mighty men, which were of old, men of renown." *Genesis.*

(2) "The same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened." —*Ibid.*

Ja. (*solus.*) God hath proclaim'd the destiny of earth;
My father's ark of safety hath announced it;
The very demons shriek it from their caves;
The scroll (1) of Enoch prophesied it long
In silent books, which, in their silence, say
More to the mind than thunder to the ear:
And yet men listen'd not, nor listen; but
Walk darkling to their doom; which, though so nigh,
Shakes them no more in their dim disbelief,
Than their last cries shall shake the Almighty purpose,
Or deaf obedient ocean, which fulfils it.
No sign yet hangs its banner in the air;
The clouds are few, and of their wonted texture;
The sun will rise upon the earth's last day
As on the fourth day of creation, when
God said unto him, "Shine!" and he broke forth
Into the dawn, which lighted not the yet
Unform'd forefather of mankind—but roused
Before the human orison the earlier
Made and far sweeter voices of the birds,
Which in the open firmament of heaven
Have wings like angels, and like them salute
Heaven first each day before the Adamites:
Their matins now draw nigh—the east is kindling—
And they will sing! and day will break! Both near,
So near! the awful close. For these must drop
Their outworn pinions on the deep; and day,
After the bright course of a few brief morrows,—
Ay, day will rise; but upon what?—a chaos,
Which was ere day; and which, renew'd, makes time
Nothing! for, without life, what are the hours?
No more to dust than is eternity
Unto Jehovah, who created both.
Without him, even eternity would be
A void: without man, time, as made for man,
Dies with man, and is swallow'd in that deep
Which has no fountain; as his race will be
Devour'd by that which drowns his infant world.—
What have we here? Shapes of both earth and air?
No—*all* of heaven, they are so beautiful.
I cannot trace their features; but their forms,
How lovelily they move along the side
Of the grey mountain, scattering its mist!
And after the swart savage spirits, whose
Infernal immortality pour'd forth
Their impious hymn of triumph, they shall be
Welcome as Eden. It may be they come
To tell me the reprieve of our young world,
For which I have so often pray'd—They come!
Anah! oh, God! and with her (2)——

Enter Samiasa, Azaziel, Anah, *and* Aholibamah.

Anah. Japhet!
Sam. Lo!
A son of Adam!
Aza. What doth the earth-born here,
While all his race are slumbering?
Japh. Angel! what
Dost thou on earth, when thou shouldst be on high?
Aza. Know'st thou not, or forgett'st thou, that a part
Of our great function is to guard thine earth?
Japh. But all good angels have forsaken earth,
Which is condemn'd; nay, even the evil fly
The approaching chaos. Anah! Anah! my
In vain, and long, and still-to-be beloved!
Why walk'st thou with this spirit, in those hours
When no good spirit longer lights below?
Anah. Japhet, I cannot answer thee; yet, yet
Forgive me——
Japh. May the Heaven, which soon no more
Will pardon, do so! for thou art greatly tempted.
Aho. Back to thy tents, insulting son of Noah!
We know thee not.
Japh. The hour may come when thou
May'st know me better; and thy sister know
Me still the same which I have ever been.
Sam. Son of the patriarch, who hath ever been
Upright before his God, whate'er thy griefs,
And thy words seem of sorrow, mix'd with wrath,
How have Azaziel, or myself, brought on thee
Wrong?
Japh. Wrong! the greatest of all wrongs; but thou
Say'st well, though she be dust, I did not, could not,
Deserve her. Farewell, Anah! I have said
That word so often! but now say it, ne'er
To be repeated. Angel! or whate'er
Thou art, or must be soon, hast thou the power
To save this beautiful—*these* beautiful
Children of Cain?
Aza. From what?
Japh. And is it so,
That ye too know not? Angels! angels! ye
Have shared man's sin, and, it may be, now must
Partake his punishment; or, at the least,
My sorrow.
Sam. Sorrow! I ne'er thought till now
To hear an Adamite speak riddles to me.
Japh. And hath not the Most High expounded them?
Then ye are lost, as they are lost.
Aho. So be it!
If they love as they are loved, they will not shrink
More to be mortal, than I would to dare
An immortality of agonies
With Samiasa!
Anah. Sister! sister! speak not
Thus.
Aza. Fearest thou, my Anah?
Anah. Yes, for thee:
I would resign the greater remnant of
This little life of mine, before one hour
Of thine eternity should know a pang.
Japh. It is for *him*, then! for the seraph thou
Hast left me! That is nothing, if thou hast not
Left thy God too! for unions like to these,
Between a mortal and an immortal, cannot
Be happy or be hallow'd. We are sent
Upon the earth to toil and die; and they
Are made to minister on high unto
The Highest: but if he can *save* thee, soon
The hour will come in which celestial aid

(1) The Book of Enoch, preserved by the Ethiopians, is said by them to be anterior to the flood.

(2) "The spirits disappear soaring upwards, and Japhet has again recourse to a very fine soliloquy. He is now joined by Anah and Aholibamah, who are accompanied by the two angels, Samiasa and Azaziel. The angels seem somewhat sulky, and are extremely laconic; they look like Quakers yet unmoved by the spirit—dull dogs. But Japhet takes them to task very severely. Noah and Shem now join the party, and a conversation ensues between them all, neither very spirited nor very edifying—when enters Raphael the Archangel, who holds a highly poetical dialogue with Samiasa." *Wilson.*—L. E.

Alone can do so.
Anah. Ah! he speaks of death.
Sam. Of death to *us!* and those who are with us!
But that the man seems full of sorrow, I
Could smile.
Japh. I grieve not for myself, nor fear;
I am safe, not for my own deserts, but those
Of a well-doing sire, who hath been found
Righteous enough to save his children. Would
His power was greater of redemption! or
That by exchanging my own life for hers,
Who could alone have made mine happy, she,
The last and loveliest of Cain's race, could share
The ark which shall receive a remnant of
The seed of Seth!
Aho. And dost thou think that we,
With Cain's, the eldest-born of Adam's, blood
Warm in our veins,—strong Cain! who was begotten
In Paradise,—would mingle with Seth's children?
Seth, the last offspring of old Adam's dotage?
No, not to save all earth, were earth in peril!
Our race hath alway dwelt apart from thine
From the beginning, and shall do so ever.
Japh. I did not speak to thee, Aholibamah!
Too much of the forefather whom thou vauntest
Has come down in that haughty blood which springs
From him who shed the first, and that a brother's!
But thou, my Anah! let me call thee mine,
Albeit thou art not; 't is a word I cannot
Part with, although I must from thee. My Anah!
Thou who dost rather make me dream that Abel
Had left a daughter, whose pure pious race
Survived in thee, so much unlike thou art
The rest of the stern Cainites, save in beauty,
For all of them are fairest in their favour——
Aho. (*interrupting him.*) And wouldst thou have her like our father's foe
In mind, in soul? If *I* partook thy thought,
And dream'd that aught of *Abel* was in *her!*—
Get thee hence, son of Noah; thou makest strife.
Japh. Offspring of Cain, thy father did so!
Aho. But
He slew not Seth: and what hast thou to do
With other deeds between his God and him?
Japh. Thou speakest well: his God hath judged him, and
I had not named his deed, but that thyself
Didst seem to glory in him, nor to shrink
From what he had done.
Aho. He was our fathers' father;
The eldest-born of man, the strongest, bravest,
And most enduring:—Shall I blush for him
From whom we had our being? Look upon
Our race; behold their stature and their beauty,
Their courage, strength, and length of days——
Japh. They are number'd.
Aho. Be it so! but while yet their hours endure,
I glory in my brethren and our fathers.
Japh. My sire and race but glory in their God,
Anah! and thou?——
Anah. Whate'er our God decrees,
The God of Seth as Cain, I must obey,
And will endeavour patiently to obey.
But could I dare to pray in his dread hour
Of universal vengeance (if such should be),
It would not be to live, alone exempt
Of all my house. My sister! oh, my sister!
What were the world, or other worlds, or all
The brightest future, without the sweet past—
Thy love—my father's—all the life, and all
The things which sprang up with me, like the stars,
Making my dim existence radiant with
Soft lights which were not mine? Aholibamah!
Oh! if there should be mercy—seek it, find it:
I abhor death, because that thou must die.
Aho. What! hath this dreamer, with his father's ark,
The bugbear he hath built to scare the world,
Shaken *my* sister? Are *we* not the loved
Of seraphs? and if we were not, must we
Cling to a son of Noah for our lives?
Rather than thus——But the enthusiast dreams
The worst of dreams, the fantasies engender'd
By hopeless love and heated vigils. Who
Shall shake these solid mountains, this firm earth,
And bid those clouds and waters take a shape
Distinct from that which we and all our sires
Have seen them wear on their eternal way?
Who shall do this?
Japh. He whose one word produced them.
Aho. Who *heard* that word?
Japh. The universe, which leap'd
To life before it. Ah! smilest thou still in scorn?
Turn to thy seraphs: if they attest it not,
They are none.
Sam. Aholibamah, own thy God!
Aho. I have ever hail'd our Maker, Samiasa,
As thine, and mine: a God of love, not sorrow.
Japh. Alas! what else is love but sorrow? Even
He who made earth in love had soon to grieve
Above its first and best inhabitants.
Aho. 'Tis said so.
Japh. It is even so.

Enter Noah *and* Shem.

Noah. Japhet! what
Dost thou here with these children of the wicked?
Dread'st thou not to partake their coming doom?
Japh. Father, it cannot be a sin to seek
To save an earth-born being; and behold,
These are not of the sinful, since they have
The fellowship of angels.
Noah. These are they, then,
Who leave the throne of God, to take them wives
From out the race of Cain; the sons of heaven,
Who seek earth's daughters for their beauty?
Aza. Patriarch!
Thou hast said it.
Noah. Woe, woe, woe to such communion!
Has not God made a barrier between earth
And heaven, and limited each, kind to kind?
Sam. Was not man made in high Jehovah's image?
Did God not love what he had made? And what
Do we, but imitate and emulate
His love unto created love?
Noah. I am
But man, and was not made to judge mankind,
Far less the sons of God; but as our God
Has deign'd to commune with me, and reveal
His judgments, I reply, that the descent
Of seraphs from their everlasting seat
Unto a perishable and perishing,
Even on the very *eve* of *perishing*, world,
Cannot be good.
Aza. What! though it were to save?
Noah. Not ye, in all your glory, can redeem
What he who made you glorious hath condemn'd.

Were your immortal mission safety, 't would
Be general, not for two, though beautiful;
And beautiful they are, but not the less
Condemn'd.
Japh. Oh, father! say it not.
Noah. Son! son!
If that thou wouldst avoid their doom, forget
That they exist: they soon shall cease to be;
While thou shalt be the sire of a new world,
And better.
Japh. Let me die with *this*, and *them!*
Noah. Thou *shouldst* for such a thought, but shalt
Who *can* redeems thee. [not; he
Sam. And why him and thee,
More than what he, thy son, prefers to both?
Noah. Ask Him who made thee greater than myself
And mine, but not less subject to his own
Almightiness. And lo! his mildest and
Least to be tempted messenger appears!

Enter RAPHAEL *the Archangel.* (1)

Raph. Spirits!
Whose seat is near the throne,
What do ye here?
Is thus a seraph's duty to be shown,
Now that the hour is near
When earth must be alone?
Return!
Adore and burn
In glorious homage with the elected "seven."
Your place is heaven.
Sam. Raphael!
The first and fairest of the sons of God,
How long hath this been law,
That earth by angels must be left untrod?
Earth! which oft saw
Jehovah's footsteps not disdain her sod!
The world he loved, and made
For love; and oft have we obey'd
His frequent mission with delighted pinions:
Adoring him in his least works display'd;
Watching this youngest star of his dominions;
And, as the latest birth of his great word,
Eager to keep it worthy of our Lord.
Why is thy brow severe?
And wherefore speak'st thou of destruction near?
Raph. Had Samiasa and Azaziel been
In their true place, with the angelic choir,
Written in fire
They would have seen
Jehovah's late decree,
And not inquired their Maker's breath of me:
But ignorance must ever be
A part of sin;
And even the spirits' knowledge shall grow less
As they wax proud within;
For Blindness is the first-born of Excess.
When all good angels left the world, ye stay'd,
Stung with strange passions, and debased
By mortal feelings for a mortal maid:
But ye are pardon'd thus far, and replaced
With your pure equals. Hence! away! away!
Or stay,
And lose eternity by that delay!
Aza. And thou! if earth be thus forbidden
In the decree
To us until this moment hidden,
Dost thou not err as we
In being here?
Raph. I came to call ye back to your fit sphere,
In the great name and at the word of God.
Dear, dearest in themselves, and scarce less dear
That which I came to do: till now we trod
Together the eternal space; together
Let us still walk the stars. True, earth must die!
Her race, return'd into her womb, must wither,
And much which she inherits: but oh! why
Cannot this earth be made, or be destroy'd,
Without involving ever some vast void
In the immortal ranks? immortal still
In their immeasurable forfeiture.
Our brother Satan fell; his burning will
Rather than longer worship dared endure!
But ye, who still are pure!
Seraphs! less mighty than that mightiest one,
Think how he was undone!
And think if tempting man can compensate
For heaven desired too late?
Long have I warr'd,
Long must I war
With him who deem'd it hard
To be created, and to acknowledge Him
Who 'midst the cherubim
Made him as sun to a dependent star,
Leaving the archangels at his right hand dim.
I loved him—beautiful he was: oh heaven!
Save *his* who made, what beauty and what power
Was ever like to Satan's! Would the hour
In which he fell could ever be forgiven!
The wish is impious: but, oh ye!
Yet undestroy'd, be warn'd! Eternity
With him, or with his God, is in your choice:
He hath not tempted you; he cannot tempt
The angels, from his further snares exempt:
But man hath listen'd to his voice,
And ye to woman's—beautiful she is,
The serpent's voice less subtle than her kiss.
The snake but vanquish'd dust; but she will draw
A second host from heaven, to break heaven's law.
Yet, yet, oh fly!
Ye cannot die;
But they
Shall pass away,
While ye shall fill with shrieks the upper sky
For perishable clay,
Whose memory in your immortality
Shall long outlast the sun which gave them day.
Think how your essence differeth from theirs
In all but suffering! why partake
The agony to which they must be heirs—
Born to be plough'd with tears, and sown with cares,
And reap'd by Death, lord of the human soil?
Even had their days been left to toil their path
Through time to dust, unshorten'd by God's wrath,
Still they are Evil's prey and Sorrow's spoil.
Aho. Let them fly!
I hear the voice which says that all must die
Sooner than our white-bearded patriarchs died;
And that on high
An ocean is prepared,

(1) In the original MS. "Michael."—"I return you," says Lord Byron to Mr. M., "the revise. I have softened the part to which Gifford objected, and changed the name of Michael to Raphael, who was an angel of gentler sympathies."—*B. Letters*, July 6, 1822.—L. E.

While from below
The deep shall rise to meet heaven's overflow.
Few shall be spared,
It seems; and, of that few, the race of Cain
Must lift their eyes to Adam's God in vain.
Sister! since it is so,
And the eternal Lord
In vain would be implored
For the remission of one hour of woe,
Let us resign even what we have adored,
And meet the wave, as we would meet the sword,
If not unmoved, yet undismay'd,
And wailing less for us than those who shall
Survive in mortal or immortal thrall,
And, when the fatal waters are allay'd,
Weep for the myriads who can weep no more.
Fly, seraphs! to your own eternal shore,
Where winds nor howl nor waters roar.
Our portion is to die,
And yours to live for ever:
But which is best, a dead eternity,
Or living, is but known to the great Giver.
Obey him, as we shall obey;
I would not keep this life of mine in clay
An hour beyond his will;
Nor see ye lose a portion of his grace,
For all the mercy which Seth's race
Find still.
Fly!
And as your pinions bear ye back to heaven,
Think that my love still mounts with thee on high,
Samiasa!
And if I look up with a tearless eye,
'Tis that an angel's bride disdains to weep —
Farewell! Now rise, inexorable deep!
Anah. And must we die?
And must I lose thee too,
Azaziel?
Oh, my heart! my heart!
Thy prophecies were true!
And yet thou wert so happy too!
The blow, though not unlook'd for, falls as new:
But yet depart!
Ah! why?
Yet let me not retain thee—fly!
My pangs can be but brief; but thine would be
Eternal, if repulsed from heaven for me.
Too much already hast thou deign'd
To one of Adam's race!
Our doom is sorrow: not to us alone,
But to the spirits who have not disdain'd
To love us, cometh anguish with disgrace.
The first who taught us knowledge hath been hurl'd
From his once archangelic throne
Into some unknown world:
And thou, Azaziel! No—
Thou shalt not suffer woe
For me. Away! nor weep!
Thou canst not weep; but yet
Mayst suffer more, not weeping: then forget
Her, whom the surges of the all-strangling deep
Can bring no pang like this. Fly! fly!
Being gone, 't will be less difficult to die.
Japh. Oh say not so!
Father! and thou, archangel, thou!
Surely celestial mercy lurks below
That pure severe serenity of brow:
Let them not meet this sea without a shore,
Save in our ark, or let me be no more!
Noah. Peace, child of passion, peace!
If not within thy heart, yet with thy tongue
Do God no wrong!
Live as he wills it—die, when he ordains,
A righteous death, unlike the seed of Cain's.
Cease, or be sorrowful in silence; cease
To weary Heaven's ear with thy selfish plaint.
Wouldst thou have God commit a sin for thee?
Such would it be
To alter his intent
For a mere mortal sorrow. Be a man!
And bear what Adam's race must bear, and can.
Japh. Ay, father! but when they are gone,
And we are all alone,
Floating upon the azure desert, and
The depth beneath us hides our own dear land,
And dearer, silent friends and brethren, all
Buried in its immeasurable breast,
Who, who, our tears, our shrieks, shall then com-
Can we in desolation's peace have rest? [mand?
O God! be thou a God, and spare
Yet while 'tis time!
Renew not Adam's fall:
Mankind were then but twain,
But they are numerous now as are the waves
And the tremendous rain,
Whose drops shall be less thick than would their graves,
Were graves permitted to the seed of Cain.
Noah. Silence, vain boy! each word of thine's a crime.
Angel! forgive this stripling's fond despair.
Raph. Seraphs! these mortals speak in passion: Ye!
Who are, or should be, passionless and pure,
May now return with me.
Sam. It may not be:
We have chosen, and will endure.
Raph. Say'st thou?
Aza. He hath said it, and I say, Amen!
Raph. Again!
Then from this hour,
Shorn as ye are of all celestial power,
And aliens from your God.
Farewell!
Japh. Alas! where shall they dwell?
Hark, hark! Deep sounds, and deeper still,
Are howling from the mountain's bosom:
There's not a breath of wind upon the hill,
Yet quivers every leaf, and drops each blossom:
Earth groans as if beneath a heavy load.
Noah. Hark, hark! the sea-birds cry!
In clouds they overspread the lurid sky,
And hover round the mountain, where before
Never a white wing, wetted by the wave,
Yet dared to soar,
Even when the waters wax'd too fierce to brave.
Soon it shall be their only shore,
And then, no more!
Japh. The sun! the sun!
He riseth, but his better light is gone;
And a black circle, bound
His glaring disk around,
Proclaims earth's last of summer days hath shone!
The clouds return into the hues of night,
Save where their brazen-colour'd edges streak
The verge where brighter morns were wont to break
Noah. And lo! yon flash of light,
The distant thunder's harbinger, appears!

It cometh! hence, away!
Leave to the elements their evil prey!
Hence to where our all-hallow'd ark uprears
Its safe and wreckless sides!
Japh. Oh, father, stay!
Leave not my Anah to the swallowing tides!
Noah. Must we not leave all life to such? Begone!
Japh. Not I.
Noah. Then die
With them!
How darest thou look on that prophetic sky,
And seek to save what all things now condemn,
In overwhelming unison
With just Jehovah's wrath!
Japh. Can rage and justice join in the same path?
Noah. Blasphemer! darest thou murmur even now?
Raph. Patriarch, be still a father! smooth thy brow:
Thy son, despite his folly, shall not sink:
He knows not what he says, yet shall not drink
With sobs the salt foam of the swelling waters;
But be, when passion passeth, good as thou,
Nor perish like heaven's children with man's daughters.
Aho. The tempest cometh; heaven and earth unite
For the annihilation of all life.
Unequal is the strife
Between our strength and the Eternal Might!
Sam. But ours is with thee; we will bear ye far
To some untroubled star,
Where thou and Anah shalt partake our lot:
And if thou dost not weep for thy lost earth,
Our forfeit heaven shall also be forgot.
Anah. Oh! my dear father's tents, my place of birth,
And mountains, land, and woods! when ye are not,
Who shall dry up my tears?
Aza. Thy spirit-lord.
Fear not; though we are shut from heaven,
Yet much is ours, whence we can not be driven.
Raph. Rebel! thy words are wicked, as thy deeds
Shall henceforth be but weak: the flaming sword,
Which chased the first-born out of Paradise,
Still flashes in the angelic hands.
Aza. It cannot slay us: threaten dust with death,
And talk of weapons unto that which bleeds.
What are thy swords in our immortal eyes?
Raph. The moment cometh to approve thy strength;
And learn at length
How vain to war with what thy God commands.
Thy former force was in thy faith.

Enter Mortals, flying for refuge.

Chorus of Mortals.

The heavens and earth are mingling—God! oh God!
What have we done? Yet spare!
Hark! even the forest beasts howl forth their prayer!
The dragon crawls from out his den,
To herd, in terror, innocent with men;
And the birds scream their agony through air.
Yet, yet, Jehovah! yet withdraw thy rod
Of wrath, and pity thine own world's despair!
Hear not man only, but all nature plead! [clay!
Raph. Farewell, thou earth! ye wretched sons of
I cannot, must not, aid you. 'Tis decreed!
[*Exit* Raphael.
Japh. Some clouds sweep on as vultures for their prey,
While others, fix'd as rocks, await the word
At which their wrathful vials shall be pour'd.
No azure more shall robe the firmament,
Nor spangled stars be glorious: Death hath risen:
In the sun's place a pale and ghastly glare
Hath wound itself around the dying air. (1)
Aza. Come, Anah! quit this chaos-founded prison,
To which the elements again repair,
To turn it into what it was: beneath
The shelter of these wings thou shalt be safe,
As was the eagle's nestling once within
Its mother's.—Let the coming chaos chafe
With all its elements! Heed not their din!
A brighter world than this, where thou shalt breathe
Ethereal life, will we explore:
These darken'd clouds are not the only skies.
[Azaziel *and* Samiasa *fly off, and disappear with* Anah *and* Aholibamah. (2)
Japh. They are gone! They have disappear'd amidst the roar
Of the forsaken world; and never more,
Whether they live, or die with all earth's life,
Now near its last, can aught restore
Anah unto these eyes. (3)

Chorus of Mortals.

Oh son of Noah! mercy on thy kind!
What! wilt thou leave us all—all—*all* behind?

(1) "In his description of the deluge, which is a varied and recurring master-piece,—(we hear it foretold, and we see it come,)—Lord Byron appears to us to have had an eye to Poussin's celebrated picture, with the sky hanging like a weight of lead upon the waters, the sun quenched and lurid, the rocks and trees, with fugitives upon them gloomily watching their fate, and a few figures struggling vainly with the overwhelming waves." *Jeffrey.*—L. E.

(2) "The elopement of spirits with children of dust is an incident that wants the sanction of reason, good-taste, popular opinion, history, or tradition. It is only countenanced by the mythology which school-boys learn from their pantheons, and, when endowed with natural good sense, learn to despise before they cease to be boys; and by the romances, which the good sense of later ages has discarded from their literature, although the *superior* sense of this enlightened age seems willing to restore them to favour. Milton is so far from countenancing any thing so monstrous and inconceivable as sexual love between spiritual and material creatures, that his Adam speaks to Raphael of the passion to which he was too much enthralled by female charms, even where it was properly and naturally placed, as a weakness of which he seems to be half ashamed—

——— 'Here passion first I felt—
Commotion strange! In all enjoyments else,
Superior and unmoved. Here only, weak
Against the charms of Beauty's powerful glance.'

The angel rebukes him for yielding to a subjection unworthy the perfection of his nature, and warns him of the debasement and disgrace in which it might involve him. This produces a question from the man, whether sexual love made no part of the happiness of the blest abode? To whom the angel (with 'a smile that glowed celestial rosy red, love's proper hue',) answered—

'Let it suffice thee, that thou know'st
Us happy; and without love no happiness!
Whatever pure thou in thy body enjoy'st,
And pure thou wert created, we enjoy
In eminence.'

What Adam says, on another occasion, may be applied to these unnatural conjunctions:—

'Among unequals, what society
Can sort, what harmony, and true delight?'

In Lord Byron's poem, they are censured by Noah, as improper and unlawful; but this does not lessen the absurdity of supposing them possible." *Anon.*—L. E.

(3) "The despair of the mortal lovers for the loss of their mortal mistresses is well and pathetically expressed." *Jeffrey.*—L. E.

fe amidst the elemental strife,
'st within thy guarded ark?
her (offering her infant to Japhet). Oh let
this child embark!
ought him forth in woe,
But thought it joy
see him to my bosom clinging so.
Why was he born?
What hath he done—
My unwean'd son—
Jehovah's wrath or scorn?
there in this milk of mine, that death
tir all heaven and earth up to destroy
My boy,
the waters o'er his placid breath?
, thou seed of Seth!
d be—with him who made
l thy race, for which we are betray'd!
Peace! 't is no hour for curses, but for prayer!

Chorus of Mortals.

For prayer!!!
And where
Shall prayer ascend,
e swoln clouds unto the mountains bend
And burst,
hing oceans every barrier rend,
the very deserts know no thirst?
Accursed
ho made thee and thy sire!
our curses vain; we must expire;
as we know the worst,
ould our hymn be raised, our knees be bent
e implacable Omnipotent,
must fall the same?
h made earth, let it be his shame,
ke a world for torture.—Lo! they come,
hsome waters, in their rage!
their roar make wholesome nature dumb!
rest's trees (coeval with the hour
aradise upsprung,
ve gave Adam knowledge for her dower,
his first hymn of slavery sung),
ssy, vast, yet green in their old age,
Are overtopp'd,
mmer blossoms by the surges lopp'd,
ise, and rise, and rise.
ve look up to the lowering skies—
y meet the seas,
t out God from our beseeching eyes.
, son of Noah, fly! and take thine ease
allotted ocean-tent;
, all floating o'er the element,
ses of the world of thy young days:
Then to Jehovah raise
Thy song of praise!
rtal. Blessed are the dead
Who die in the Lord!
And though the waters be o'er earth outspread,
Yet, as *his* word
Be the decree adored:
He gave me life—he takes it out
The breath which is his own:
And though these eyes should be for ever shut,
Nor longer this weak voice before his throne
Be heard in supplicating tone,
Still blessed be the Lord,
For what is past,
For that which is:
For all are his,
From first to last—
Time—space—eternity—life—death—
The vast known and immeasurable unknown.
He made, and can unmake;
And shall *I*, for a little gasp of breath,
Blaspheme and groan?
No; let me die, as I have lived, in faith,
Nor quiver, though the universe may quake!

Chorus of Mortals.

Where shall we fly?
Not to the mountains high;
For now their torrents rush, with double roar,
To meet the ocean, which, advancing still,
Already grasps each drowning hill,
Nor leaves an unsearch'd cave.

Enter a Woman.

Woman. Oh, save me, save!
Our valley is no more:
My father and my father's tent,
My brethren and my brethren's herds,
The pleasant trees, that o'er our noonday bent
And sent forth evening songs from sweetest birds,
The little rivulet which freshen'd all
Our pastures green,
No more are to be seen.
When to the mountain cliff I climb'd this morn,
I turn'd to bless the spot,
And not a leaf appear'd about to fall;—
And now they are not!—
Why was I born?
Japh. To die! in youth to die;
And happier in that doom,
Than to behold the universal tomb
Which I
Am thus condemn'd to weep above in vain.
Why, when all perish, why must I remain? (1)

[*The waters rise: Men fly in every direction; many are overtaken by the waves; the Chorus of Mortals disperses in search of safety up the mountains: Japhet remains upon a rock, while the Ark floats towards him in the distance.*

his poem, or rather first part of a poem, for so it is be, carries with it the peculiar impress of the enius. It displays great vigour, and even a sever-e, throughout; which is another proof, if proof ed, that elevation of writing is to be obtained only l regard to simplicity. It may be perused without the feelings of the sensitive, or furnishing an ob-e discriminating morality of any Lord Chancellor. n has evidently endeavoured to sustain the interest em, by depicting natural but deep-drawn thoughts, ir freshness and intensity, with as little fictitious aid as possible. Nothing is circumlocutory: there is no going about and about to enter at length upon his object, but he impetuously rushes into it at once. All over the poem there is a gloom cast suitable to the subject: an ominous fearful hue, like that which Poussin has flung over his inimitable picture of the Deluge. We see much evil, but we dread more. All is out of earthly keeping, as the events of the time are out of the course of nature. Man's wickedness, the perturbed creation, fear-struck mortals, demons passing to and fro in the earth, an overshadowing solemnity, and unearthly loves, form together the materials. That it has

faults is obvious: prosaic passages, and too much tedious soliloquising: but there is the vigour and force of Byron to fling into the scale against these: there is much of the sublime in description, and the beautiful in poetry. Prejudice, or ignorance, or both, may condemn it; but while true poetical feeling exists amongst us, it will be pronounced not unworthy of its distinguished author."—*Campbell.*

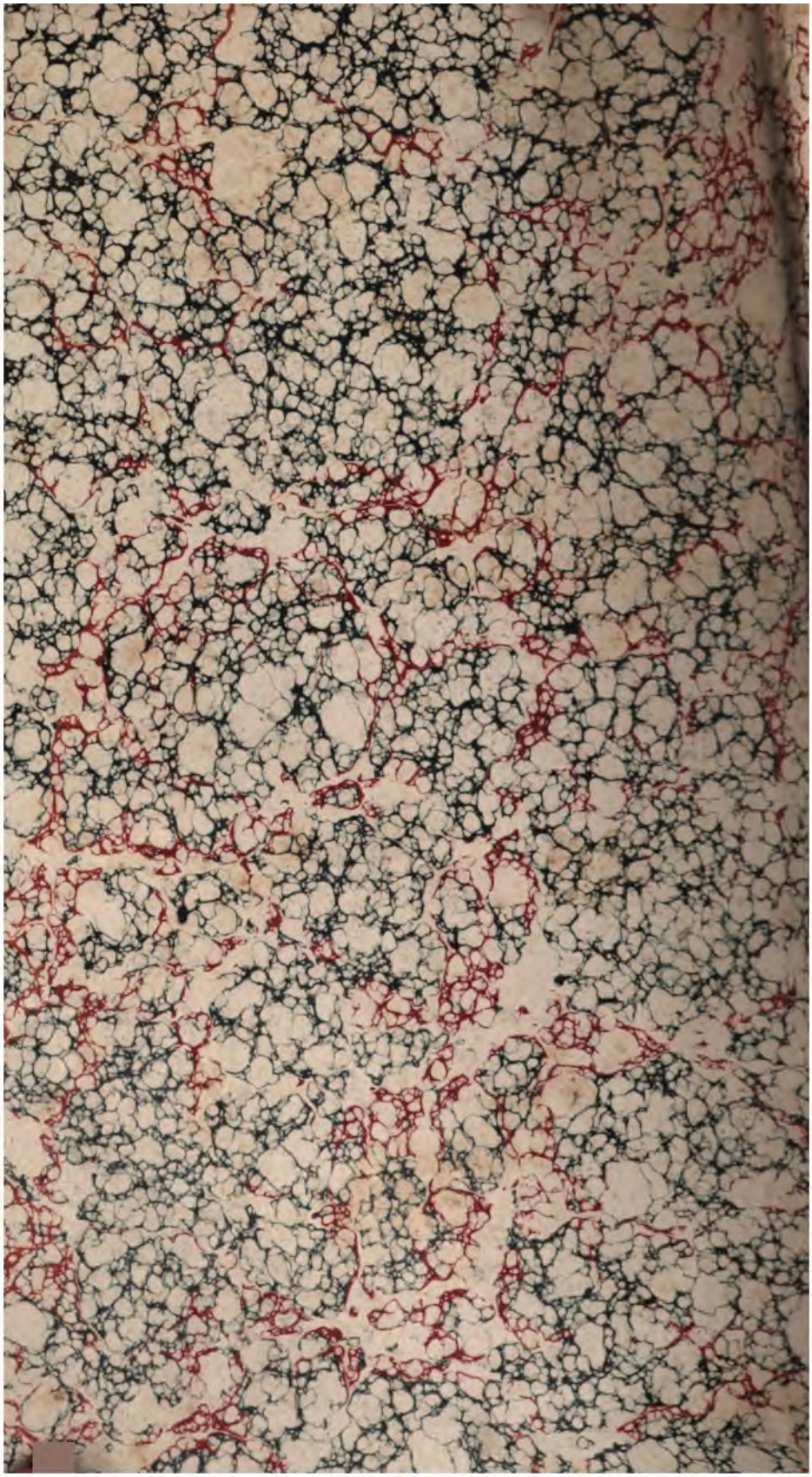
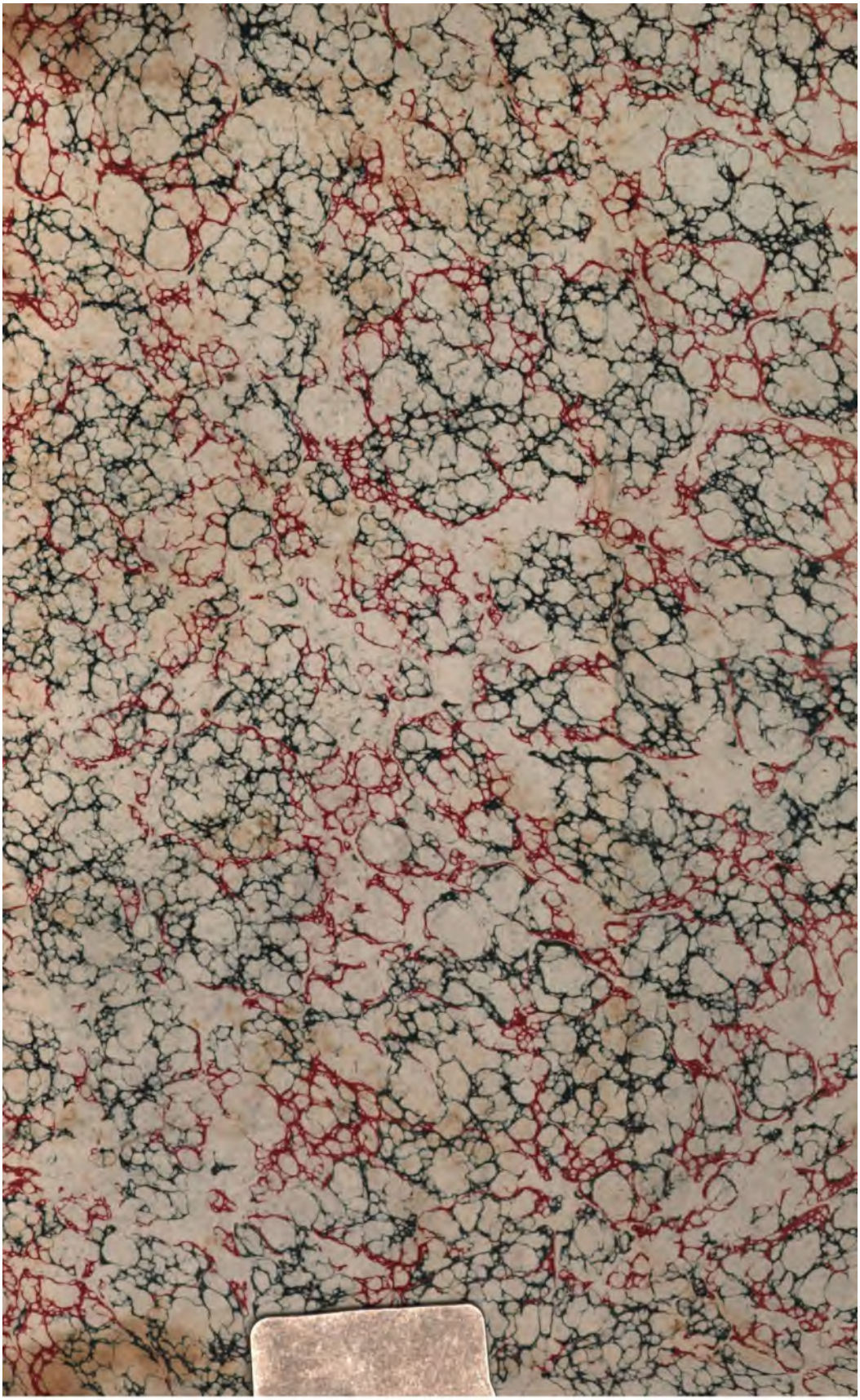
"It appears that this is but the first part of a poem; but it is likewise a poem, and a fine one too, within itself. We confess that we see little or nothing objectionable in it, either as to theological orthodoxy, or general human feeling. It is solemn, lofty, fearful, wild, tumultuous, and shadowed all over with the darkness of a dreadful disaster. Of the angels who love the daughters of men we see little, and know less—and not too much of the love and passion of the fair lost mortals. The inconsolable despair preceding and accompanying an incomprehensible catastrophe, pervades the whole composition; and its expression is made sublime by the noble strain of poetry in which it is said or sung. Sometimes there is heaviness—dulness—as if it were pressed in on purpose; intended, perhaps, to denote the occasional stupefaction, drowsiness, and torpidity of soul produced by the impending destruction upon the latest of the antediluvians. But, on the whole, it is not unworthy of Lord Byron."—*Wilson.*

"Lord Byron's *Mystery*, with whatever crudeness and defects it is chargeable, certainly has more poetry and music in it than any of his dramatic writings since *Manfred;* and has also the peculiar merit of throwing us back, in a great degree, to the strange and preternatural time of which it professes to treat. It is truly, and in every sense of the word, a meeting of Heaven and Earth; angels are seen ascending and descending, and the windows of the sky are opened to deluge the face of nature. We have an impassioned picture of the strong and devoted attachment inspired into the daughters of men by angel forms, and have placed before us the emphatic picture of 'woman wailing for her demon lover.' There is a like conflict of the passions as of the elements—all wild, chaotic, uncontrollable, fatal; but there is a discordant harmony in all this—a keeping in the colouring and the time. In handling the unpolished page, we look upon the world before the Flood, and gaze upon a doubtful blank, with only a few straggling figures, part human and part divine; while, in the expression of the former, we read the fancies, ethereal and lawless, that lifted the eye of beauty to the skies, and in the latter, the human passions that 'drew angels down to earth.'"—*Jeffrey.*

"According to that vague and mysterious conception of grandeur which religious or poetic minds associate with the antediluvian ages of the world, 'there were giants in those days:' the face of nature, the animal and vegetable productions, the stature, the longevity, the passions of men, were of a vast and majestic growth, unknown in the later and more feeble days of our ordinary world. Hence, from a poet who throws himself back into those times, we make the unreasonable demand, that he should keep the scenes and persons whom he introduces to our notice sufficiently allied to our common sympathies to excite our interest; while, at the same time, they must appear as almost belonging to another earth, and a different race of beings. We imperiously require that degree of reality, without which no poetry can become lastingly popular; yet that reality must be far removed from all our ordinary notions; the region visited by angels must be formed of the same elements, yet possess a totally different character from that which we inhabit: the sons and daughters of men, who enjoyed familiar intercourse with a higher race of beings, while we are to feel for them as akin to ourselves, must partake in some degree of the unearthly nature of their celestial visitants. To this at once real and unreal world, among this human yet at the same time almost preterhuman race, we must be transported by the imagination of the poet; and the slightest incongruity, the most insignificant vulgarism, or anachronism, or even too great similarity to the ordinary features of nature, breaks the charm at once, and destroys the character of the picture, as a faithful representation of the primeval earth, and the mighty race which nature too still yet in her prime of youth. Among all the wonderful excellencies of Milton, nothing surpasses the pure and undisturbed idealism with which he has drawn our first parents, so completely human as to excite our most ardent sympathies, yet so far distinct from the common race of men as manifestly to belong to a higher and uncorrupted order of being. In like manner, his Paradise is formed of the universal productions of nature—the flowers, the fruits, the trees, the waters, the cool breezes, the soft and sunny skies, the majestic hills that skirt the scene; yet the whole is of an earlier, a more prolific, a more luxuriant vegetation: it fully comes up to our notion of what the earth might have been before it was 'cursed of its Creator.' This is the more remarkable, as Milton himself sometimes destroys, or at least mars, the general effect of his picture, by the introduction of incongruous thoughts or images. It has, and without justice, been said, that sometimes

'God the Father turns a school divine;'

and it is impossible, now and then, not to regret the intrusion of the religious controversies of modern days. The poet's passions are, on occasions, too strong for his imagination, drag him down to earth, and, for the sake of some ill-timed allusion to some of those circumstances which had taken possession of his mighty mind, he runs the hazard of breaking the solemn enchantment with which he has spell-bound our captive senses. Perhaps, of later writers, Lord Byron alone has caught the true tone, in his short drama called *Heaven and Earth*. Here, notwithstanding that we cannot but admit the great and manifold delinquencies against correct taste, particularly some perfectly indifferent metrical whimsies, yet all is in keeping—all is strange, poetic, oriental; the lyric abruptness, the prodigal accumulation of images in one part, and the rude simplicity in others—above all, the general tone of description as to natural objects, and of language and feeling in the scarcely mortal beings which come forth upon the scene, seem to throw us upward into the age of men before their lives were shortened to the narrow span of three-score years and ten, and when all that walked the earth were not born of woman."—*Milman.*

"From the *Loves of the Angels*, we turn to a 'strain of higher mood;' with feelings much like those which would arise on leaving the contemplation of a 'Holy Family' by Carlo Dolce, to behold the 'Last Judgment' of Michael Angelo. The Mystery of *Heaven and Earth* is conceived in the best style of the greatest masters of poetry and painting. It is not unworthy of Dante, and of the mighty artist to whom we have alluded. As a picture of the last deluge, it is incomparably grand and awful. The characters, too, are invested with great dignity and grace. Nothing can be more imposing and fascinating than the haughty, and imperious, and passionate beauty of the daughter of Cain; or any thing more venerable than the mild but inflexible dignity of the patriarch Noah. We trust that no one will be found with feelings so obtuse, with taste so perverted, or with malignity so undisguised, as to mar the beauties of pictures like these, by imputing to their author the cool possession of those sentiments which he exhibits as extorted from perishing mortals, in their last instants of despair and death. Such a poem as this, if read aright, is calculated, by its lofty passion and sublime conceptions, to exalt the mind and to purify the heart beyond the power of many a sermon homily. It will remain an imperishable monument of the transcendent talents of its author; whom it has raised, in our estimation, to a higher pitch of pre-eminence than he ever before attained." *M. Mag.*—L. E.

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